

people, bound to-a pillar, like a slave, and sinking under a shower of blows.—His blessed mother herself said to St. Bridget, "that at the first stroke of the scourging, the excess of grief which overspread her soul, did not permit her to continue standing." It was the sight of this, through the vista of ages, which made Jeremy exclaim, "How has the Lord in his fury covered with the darkness of death the daughter of Sion. St. Ephrem says, that seeing her dear Son all disfigured and covered with wounds Mary ceased not to lament and exclaim, "O, my Son, where is now thy beauty."

Who has inspired those cool executioners with so much rage? Who has placed in their hands the instruments of torture? Ah! does the innocent Lamb of God answer, *they are sinners, who have, as on an anvil, beaten on my back.* O, Mary, I shall say confidently with St. Bonaventure, O, sweet and element Virgin, I conjure you, by your sighs and groans, and the extreme pain you experienced at the sight of your son cruelly scourged, to obtain for me the salutary tears of a perfect contrition.

Flower.—Say the Seven Penitential Psalms.

Fruit.—Love of purity and modesty.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.

Mother of Christ, on thee we call!

Portal of Heaven, Star of the main,
Guide thou our footsteps, lest we fall,
And aid the fall'n to rise again.

All nature stood aglaze to see,
O mystery ineffable!

Thy Lord and Maker, born of Thee
To save lost man from sin and hell.

Mother and Maid, we bid thee hail,
The hail that came from Gabriel's tongue.
Soothe then, sweet Queen, the sinner's wail,
And reconcile him with thy Son.

AVE REGINA CÆLORUM.

Hail! Queen of Heaven, around whose throne
Angels and Archangels bend,
Mother of Him, whom mortals own,
True light of light, God without end.

Hail! purest Virgin, crowned with grace,
Beautiful beyond compare,
Pity man's frail and erring race,
And for the suppliant pour thy prayer.

REGINA CÆLI LETARE.

Rejoice! rejoice! O Queen of Heaven!

Alleluia!

For Christ, thy Son, from death's dark prison,

Alleluia!

As He foretold, this day hath risen!

Alleluia!

Oh, Pray to God that we may be forgiven!

Alleluia!

SALVE REGINA.

Hail! Heavenly Queen! Mother of Pity, Hail!

Hail! Thou, our life, our hope, our solace, hail!

Children of Eve! Exiles from Heaven!

To Thee, blessed Advocate, we cry;
And from this vale of sin and woe,
To Thee, our second mother sigh.

With eyes of pity, watch our steps,
The while we tread this earth upon.
And when our exile's o'er, present
Thy rosin children to thy Son.

Mary, benign and spotless Maid!

Sweet Patroness, lend us thine aid!