

ken away, I may not be blotted out from the book of life.

O Holy Mary, Comfort of the Afflicted! I have sought a consoler in the hour of death, and have found none but thee to reconcile me to thy Son: for he honours thee so much as to deny thee nothing. When, therefore, my soul shall begin to tremble and grow sad, when the sorrows of death surround it, shew me for my consolation the fruit of thy womb.

O Holy Mary, Help of Christians! obtain for me in the hour of my death, that I may die a true Christian in the Catholic Apostolic Roman Faith: that I may fight bravely as a soldier of Christ against my enemies, and then arise to my succour, because my time and hour are come, to pass out of this world.

O Holy Mary, Queen of Angels! may the Angels of God succour me in the hour of my death, receiving my soul and presenting it in the sight of the most High. May the holy standard bearer Michael precede me, and at the tribunal of the just Judge, may thy mercy await me, in order to defend me, and render my most sweet Jesus propitious that I may not perish in the dreadful judgment.

O Holy Mary, Queen of Patriarchs! blessed fruit of Joachim and Anna! Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, sweet Jesus. Pray for me, that in the hour of my death I may receive the kingdom promised to Abraham.

O holy Mary, Queen of Apostles! as thy beloved Son, commended thee to his beloved disciple, saying: Son behold thy Mother, so do thou commend my soul to thy Son in the hour of my death, saying: Son, behold thy soul which thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

O holy Mary, Queen of Martyrs! excite in me a continual desire of shedding my blood for thy Son's love and faith, that in the hour of my death, being defended by the patience of the Martyrs, if camps should stand against me, I may not fear: then I beseech thee "instruct my hands for battle and my fingers for war."

O holy Mary, Queen of Confessors! obtain for me the gift of perseverance, lest after putting my hand to the plough I may look back, and become unfit for the kingdom of God. Therefore, in the hour of my death obtain for me, that by incessantly running after the promises of thy Son, I may deserve to obtain the prize of glory.

O holy, Mary, Queen of Virgins! the like of whom nature has never beheld, pray to my God that my tears may be my bread day and night lest thy Son shutting the gate of heaven against me, may say, "I know thee not." Father may He say: "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

FRIDAY.

O holy Mary? more than Martyr, by that grief which thou didst feel, when the sword of the cross pierced thy soul; when for me a sinner thou didst behold thy innocent Son expiring, after having commended thee to John, and his soul into the hands of his Father; I beseech thee, commend me into the hands of thy Son, that he may hide me in his wounds that thus my soul being purified by his blood, and safe in the midst of his wounds, I may deserve to hear: "This day though shalt be with me in Paradise."