

the odour of the name of Jesus, and may run to me after this fragrance.

O Holy Mary, Mystical Rose! I beseech thee in the last hour of my death transform the brambles of my conscience into roses: let however, my soul be pierced by thee, and wounded with the thorns of grief and contrition, that it may reach that place where the rose stingeth not, and thy Beloved feedeth among the lilies, as long as the day of a happy eternity continues.

O Holy Mary, Tower of David! in the trouble and fear of death, be to me a tower of strength from the face of the enemy: be to me a wall, and let thy breasts be to me as a tower, that I may find peace and rest therein in the day of tribulation.

O Holy Mary, mother of mercy, Queen of clemency; let thy virginal compassion descend into my soul, that the bitterness of my heart may become sweet, when fear shall seize me in the day of death knowing that "my iniquities have gone over my head."

O Holy Mary, Tower of Ivory! in thy conception a white and immaculate rose! Be thou my refuge: banish the troubles of my soul when my spirit shall be in the gall of bitterness.

O Holy Mary, House of Gold! I have preferred to be the last in thy house rather than dwell in the tabernacles of sinners; make me as one of thy hired servants, that the bread of thy grace may abound in me, by which I may deserve at the end of life to enjoy that Angelic bread in whose strength I can walk even to the mount of God.

O Holy Mary, Ark of the Covenant! pray for me, that in the hour of my

death my angel may say to thy Son with a strong cry: arise unto my help, thou and the Ark of thy sanctification, that all who wish me evil may be put to flight, and conduct this soul which thou hast entrusted to my care into thy rest.

O Holy Mary Morning Star! which never knew the setting of crime, illuminate me with the brightness of thy countenance in my last hour, and look upon me intently with the eyes of thy mercy. Banish the prince of darkness far from me.

O Holy Mary, Health of the weak! Daughter of David have pity on me when my soul shall be grievously annoyed by the Devil, and thy servant shall lie on his bed torturing in pain. Grant O most Clement Mother, that thy Son may then say to me: I am thy salvation. Amen.

## THURSDAY.

O Holy Mary, blessed earth out of which hath sprung the wheat of the elect, and the wine that buddeth, forth virgins: true table of that bread of propitiation which descended from heaven, containing in it all the delight of Sweetness. Obtain by thy intercession, that I may be refreshed with this salutary food when my strength shall fail, that I may walk in its strength to that place where the blessed hunger no longer, nor the tide of misery cometh upon them.

O Holy Mary, Refuge of Sinners! to thee I fly; do not forget me when I shall be engaged in the last conflict, then shew the strength of thy power on my body and soul, that being assisted by thy mercy, and all my iniquities ta-