

self, Jesus stripped of his garments and led to the Cross. John xix. 23, 24.

Imitate the disposition of Jesus, carrying his Cross. Heb. xii. 2.

Joy and gladden at being able to throw all your anxiety and sorrow into the heart of Jesus on the Cross. 1 Pet. 5. 7

Keep in remembrance, the last words and submission of Jesus on the Cross. John xix. 30.

Look frequently into holy Scripture, it is the book of the Cross. John v. 39. Apoc. i. 3.

Meditate on the maxims of Jesus on the Cross. John xix. 6, 7, 8. Col. iii. 16.

Nourish your body in order to glorify God—and so to die a true disciple of the Cross. Cor. x. 31.

Open your hearts to the wisdom of the Cross. Acts xvi. 14.

Prepare yourselves always for fresh Crosses. Acts xiv. 21.

Quit all things except the Cross. Luke ix. 23.

Rejoice and thank God for all your Crosses. Matt. v. 12. James i. 2.

Sacrifice all to follow Jesus dying on the Cross. Luke ix. 23. 1 Peter ii. 21.

Tremble, when you are without Crosses. Heb. xii. 6.

Use creatures to lead you to the Cross. 1 Cor. vii. 31.

Vary your occupations that you may be the better able to pray with Jesus on the Cross. Luke xxiii. 24, 46.

Watch and be vigilant, that you may be always ready to die with Jesus on the Cross. Mark xiii. 33.

Exile every thing, except the Cross. 1 Peter iv. i. 2.

Yield not to idleness, it will be a bar to your perseverance on the Cross. 1 Peter i. 7.

Zeal is consummated on the Cross. 1 John xix. 30.

And all good, honour, and glory succeed the death of a Christian on the Cross. Phillip ii. 8, 9.

Poetry:

A HYMN

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! most humbly I hail thee;

Thou Queen of the Angels look down upon me.

And, oh! when the heralds of sin shall assail me,

Then, Refuge of Sinners, I fly unto thee.

Ave Maria! while in danger I stray,

An exile from heaven, a pilgrim of woe;

Let virtue direct me aright in the way,

And Mater Maria, assist me below.

Ave Maria! when expiring I lie,

Exhausted with illness, and gasping for breath,

When life, like a culprit, is waiting to die,

Oh! lend me thy aid in the terrors of death.

Oh! "Mother of Mercy," thy face do not hide;

Thou "Mirror of Justice" and "Star of the Sea."

Oh! Virgin most clement of sinners, the guide;

In death I implore thine assistance for me.

To thee, as my advocate, I humbly bend,

Ave Maria, most tender and mild,

Be thou my mother, oh! be thou my friend.

Oh! Mother of mercy, look down on thy child.

Ave Maria! most humbly I hail thee;

Thou Queen of the Angels, look down upon me.

And, oh! when temptation and vice shall assail me,

Then, Refuge of sinners, I fly unto thee.