

For All Who Die.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language:
It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every hier...

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

DETAILS OF THE LAST SOLEMN CEREMONIES.
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

On Sunday, October 11, the body of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, which had been embalmed on the previous afternoon, was placed on a catafalque in what is known as the great reception hall of the Episcopal cathedral. On the walls hung portraits of the deceased Prelates of the Archdiocese of New York. These were draped in black. The floor was covered with black cloth. At each end of the catafalque were placed twelve lighted candles. The body was habited in rochet, mozzetta, and the beretta. On the breast was a crucifix. During the day the religious and the clergy visited the room, and prayed about the catafalque containing the body. The Rosary was recited during each hour of the day. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Office of the Dead was recited by Jesuits, Redemptorists, Franciscans, Dominicans and Paulists. None of the laity were admitted. On Monday the Episcopal residence was seldom closed for any length of time. Clergymen began calling at an early hour from churches in the city or neighboring communities. A number of Protestant ministers also called. Two of them were from Philadelphia. All who called were permitted to view the remains. Sisters of Charity kept watch over the body on Monday night, assisted by Miss McCloskey, of Cincinnati; Miss Miller and Mrs. Cleary, of Washington; and Mrs. John Kelly, of this city, the four nieces of the Cardinal. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Office of the Dead was again chanted by members of the clergy.

On Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, was the hour appointed for the removal of the remains from the Archbishop's residence to the Cathedral. The pallbearers for the occasion were simply the sexton's assistants, together with a few priests. Meanwhile the procession of the clergy, of the choristers and acolytes, with Archbishop Corrigan, were assembled at the entrance, headed by a cross bearer carrying the processional cross. As the bier, bearing the body of the dead Cardinal in full pontifical robes, wearing on the head the white silk mitre, on the breast the Archbishop's cross, on the hand the sign of dignity, at the feet the scarlet hat of the Cardinal, and at the side the Archbishop's crozier, was borne in the procession office of the dead, boys formed, and moved slowly and solemnly down the south aisle to the main entrance, and thence up the nave a little way. The bier was laid on black velvet-draped rests prepared for its reception. The procession then again formed and moved up in the same slow and solemn manner to the catafalque. There the remains were reverently placed, the head with its white mitre, turned towards the right altar, which is one of the Cardinal's personal gifts to the Cathedral. The feet, with the scarlet hat, the crown of his long life of patient labor in the cause of his Church and of humanity, resting by them, were turned towards the main entrance. Tapers of unbleached wax burned dimly around the tall catafalque. In the afternoon, shortly after four o'clock, a large number of the clergy assembled again and chanted the Office of the Dead.

By this time, in spite of wind and rain, a vast assemblage of people of all conditions and creeds not only thronged the vast body of the Cathedral, but continued pouring in never-ending streams from all directions towards the Cathedral to view the remains and pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the venerable dead; and the long and never-ending procession gathered in volume as the hours lengthened into night, even until after ten o'clock, when the doors of the Cathedral were closed to all comers; and then the watchers through the night took their places by the bier. They consisted of members of the Society of the Holy Family, which is attached to the Cathedral, and of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

On Wednesday morning the Cathedral was again thrown open to the public, and for over twelve hours two lines of men and women filed past the catafalque at the rate of seventy per minute, or over 4,000 each hour. Within the massive pile the marching thousands preserved an impressive silence. Seldom have the residents of Fifth avenue witnessed such a gathering as that which stretched during the afternoon from Forty-sixth to Fifty-fourth street, and from opposite ends of the line moved at a snail's pace toward the Cathedral. If 50,000 people entered the Cathedral during the day, fully as many were unable to gain ingress.

The Office for the Dead was chanted, as on the previous days, at 4 o'clock. When the doors of the Cathedral were closed at night, thousands of people who wanted to get in were shut out. The casket was taken to the Cathedral at 10 o'clock. The police were compelled to force a lane for the man who carried it when they reached Madison avenue. It was taken through the society. About 11 o'clock the Cardinal's remains were placed in it. It was a very handsome piece of workmanship, constructed of San Domingo mahogany, 14 inches thick, with dovetailed sides, a double-paneled top, and three-inch cover, gradually rounded at the ends, and covered with purple silk plush. The sides and ends were draped with purple satin and festooned with gold fringe. The casket was lined with white satin, and festooned with satin fringe. It was furnished with a satin upholstered pillow for the head. The handles were solid oxidized silver bars, with gold tips, and the bars covered with purple silk. The plate was oxidized silver, set in a frame of purple silk, engraved with the name, date of birth and death, and coat of arms of Cardinal McCloskey, and an inscription similar to that put on the Cardinal's tomb under the high altar of the Cathedral:

JOHANNES Tit. S. Maris Supra Minervam S. R. E. Presb. Cardinalis McCloskey Archiepiscopus Secundus Family, St. Louis College, and the Brooklyn branch of the Catholic American Union, wearing violet silk badges covered with erape, were the ushers. In the organ-loft a greatly augmented choir and chorus were under Organist Fecher's lead. The soloists were Miss Martines, soprano; Misses Gornien and Miss Martin, alto; Mr. Lawton, tenor, and Mr. Merawski and Mr. Schwirski, basses. The scores before them were those of the Requiem Etienne, Cherubini; Dies Irae and Offertory—Domine Jesu Christe, Mozart; Sanctus and Agnus Dei, Cherubini; and Lamentation, Guilmant. At the chancel organ Father Lammell had at his command a boy choir, made up of the choristers of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle and the Cathedral parochial school.

A detachment of veterans, who volunteered to serve in the armies of Pius IX., marched in column of fours to the bier. Their uniforms of green and gold showed signs of service, and the medals that gleamed upon their breasts told of brave deeds done under the Great Flag, wrapped in erape, which Sergeant Major Dooley bore. Sergeant Major Murphy carried the national colors, furled in erape. Captain Kirwan commanded the detachment. The colors were planted at the foot of the bier and the veterans surrounded them. At 9.30 Dr. McDonnell, Cardinal McCloskey's private secretary, and Fathers Kelly, Lavalle, Slattery, and Malhears—the masters of ceremony—led from the sanctuary to the space without the High Altar a great train of choristers and priests.

At 10.30 o'clock the choir and chorus in the organ loft, and the many throated organ united in the first soft, sweet strains of the requiem, and a cross-bearer, upholding a golden archiepiscopal processional cross, appeared in the doorway of the sanctuary. At either side were taper-bearing acolytes, the Rev. Messrs. Colton and McCloskey. They proceeded Mrs. Quinn, Vicar-General; Preston, Vicar-General and Chancelor; Seton, Doane, Vicar-General of Newark; Power of Jersey City; Corcoran of Philadelphia, Sullivan, McColegan, and Quigley; Bishops Wallman of Ogdenburg, Bradley of Manchester, O'Reilly of Springfield, Rademacher of Nashville, Chataud of Vincennes, O'Hara of Scranton, Shanahan of Harrisburg, McMahon of Hartford, Borgess of Detroit, Ryan of Buffalo, De Goesbriand of Burlington, McQuaid of Rochester, O'Mahoney, coadjutor of the Diocese of Toronto, Loughlin of Brooklyn, O'Farrell of Trenton, Conroy of Carlisle, Rogers of Chatham, Carbery of Hamilton, Macabouaf of Colorado, and Keane of Richmond; and Archbishops Salpointe of Santa Fe, Williams of Boston, Ryan of Philadelphia, and Gibbons of Baltimore.

Archbishop Corrigan, as celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass, was attended by Monsignor Farley, assistant priest, wearing a cope of black velvet embroidered in silver, and Fathers Donnelly and McGee, deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, in black velvet dalmatics, incensed with silver embroideries. The Archbishop's chaplains, Dr. McElhenny and Fathers Aylward and McGrath, bearing his missals and a lighted taper, followed. The Monitors and the Bishops seated themselves in the oaken stalls on either side of the sanctuary. But Archbishop Gibbons, as the ruler of the oldest Catholic See in the United States, was led by the masters of ceremony to a raised chair of state on the Epistle side of the altar.

After the Mass, Father Kelly escorted Archbishop Gibbons to the pulpit. The Archbishop preached the following sermon: "The Lord exalted Aaron. He made an everlasting covenant with him and gave him the priesthood of the nation and made him blessed in glory. And he girded him about with a glorious girdle and clothed him with a robe of glory and crowned him with majestic attire. He chose him out of all men living to offer sacrifice to God for a memorial to make reconciliation for his people. And He gave him power in His commandments in the covenants of His judgments that he should teach Jacob His testimonies and give light to Israel in His law."—Ecclesiasticus.

MOST REVEREND AND RIGHT REVER-

END FATHERS, VENERABLE BROTHERS OF THE CLERGY AND DEAR BROTHERS OF THE LAITY: These words, spoken originally of Aaron, may be fittingly applied to the great High Priest, whose mortal remains now lie before you. For he, also, was chosen out of the living to fill the highest ecclesiastical position in this nation, and that he might teach Jacob His testimonies and give light to Israel in His law. The glorious ornaments of a Pontiff, to which the sacred text refers, have a two-fold signification: they symbolize in the eyes of the people his spiritual dignity and authority; to the Pontiff himself they represent the interior ornaments of virtue with which he should be adorned, and without which the most precious ornaments lose their lustre. In the expressive language of the Pontiff used on the occasion of the consecration of a Bishop, "non honor commendat vestitus sed operum animarum." It is not the glory of the vestments, but the splendor of the soul that commends itself to Almighty God. These scarlet robes of the Cardinal remind you of the exalted dignity to which he was raised. They reminded himself of the garment of innocence worn by his divine Master and crimsoned with His precious blood, and that he should be ready, if necessary, to lay down his life for the Faith. It is sad to think that your beloved Cardinal shall never again resume these robes of office, and shall never sit enthroned in this magnificent Cathedral, erected by himself, in which he lovingly imparted to you his paternal benediction. His death has brought sorrow to the Universal Church as well as to the Church of America and New York. It has filled with grief the great heart of the Sovereign Pontiff and the College of Cardinals, of which he was an illustrious member and distinguished ornament. It has grieved heavily upon you, venerable brethren of the clergy. You justly regarded in your Cardinal Archbishop a kind father, a devoted friend, a watchful shepherd, a fearless leader, and, above all, an impartial judge.

His death has stricken with sorrow you, also, brethren of the laity, and the sadness depicted on your countenances is the expression of the grief which fills your hearts. Nor is this grief confined to those who are of the household of the Faith. It extends to all classes and creeds of the community. The great heart of New York has mourned him, as well becomes the Empire City, lamenting the death of one of its most illustrious and honored citizens. Neither wealth, nor power, nor rank, could command such heartfelt and universal respect has been spontaneously paid to the remains of your revered Prelate. He had won the hearts of the people. The Christian Prelate is always a man of mark, a centre of observation to the eyes of the world. Like his Divine Master, he is "set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which will be contradicted." Various opinions are formed of him. Some say, as was of our Saviour, "He is a good man. Others say no, but that he sees to the people." He is loved most by those who know him best. Hated or suspected he may be by those who are strangers to him and to his sacred character. Yet he has been too prominent a factor in the civilization and moral regeneration to be ignored or despised. But to the eyes of faith the Bishop is exalted above angels, because he exercises powers not given to angels. The Bishop is the ambassador of God, appointed to vindicate His honor and proclaim His name among the nations of the earth. "For Christ," says the Apostle, "we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting by us." If it is esteemed a great privilege for a citizen to represent this great Republic in the courts of Europe, how much greater is the prerogative to represent the United States among the nations of the world. "As the Father," says our Saviour, "hath sent me, I also send you. Going, therefore, teach all nations—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

What a privilege to be the herald of God's law to the nations of the earth! "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and the preacher of peace, of him that sheweth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Zion, thy God shall reign!" How cherished a favor to be the bearer of the olive branch of peace to a world deluged by sin; to be appointed by Heaven to proclaim that gospel which brings glory to God and peace to men, that gospel which strengthens the weak, converts the sinner, reconciles enemies, comforts the afflicted, and holds out to all the promise of eternal life! The life of the Cardinal has never been written and never can be, and this is true of every Catholic Prelate of America. He never can have his Boswell. The biographer may release his public and official acts. He may recount the churches he erected; the schools he opened; the institutions of charity and religion which he established; the priests he ordained; the sermons he preached; the moral visitations he made. But he can know nothing of his private and inner life, which is "hidden with Christ in God." That is manifest to God's recording angel only. The biographer knows nothing of the Bishop's secret and confidential relations with his clergy and people, and even with many who are alien to his Faith. He is the daily depository of their cares and anxieties, of their troubles and afflictions, of their trials and temptations. They come to him for counsel in doubt, for spiritual and even temporal assistance. Were a Bishop's real life in its outward and inward fullness published, it would be more interesting than a novel. It is this true of the humblest Prelate in the land, with how much greater force may it be applied to one occupying the eminent position of your beloved Cardinal. How can I, then, my brethren, with a few moments of my disposal, attempt even a brief sketch of the Cardinal's life? I can only skim over the surface and touch upon a few salient features in his long and eventful career.

John McCloskey was born in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1810. That flourishing city, which now numbers 600,000 inhabitants, did not then contain 5,000 souls. Trained in the path of virtue and piety by his excellent Christian mother, he was sent about the age of twelve years, to St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., where he graduated with highest honor in 1828. This remarkable institution,

which has been the nursery of so many distinguished Bishops and priests of America, has been closely identified with the last four ordinaries of the diocese of New York. After pursuing a course of theological studies at the mountain, he was ordained by the venerable Bishop Dubois in 1834. Soon after, young Father McCloskey repaired to Rome, where he devoted two years to more profound theological studies. So talented and industrious a priest must have derived peculiar benefit from the exceptional advantages afforded in the Eternal City, where he imbibed that tender devotion to the Holy See which was a distinguished feature of his life. Another year he spent in visiting the principal countries of Europe. His contact with eminent men in the civil and ecclesiastical walks of life, and his habits of close observation, developed in him an intimate knowledge of mankind, which proved of incalculable advantage to him during his long administrative career. On returning to his native country he was assigned to the pastoral charge of St. Joseph's church in this city, where he remained a few years. But his great merits did not long escape the vigilant eye of Bishop Hughes. He was chosen as coadjutor to the Bishop and consecrated in 1844. When the diocese of Albany was created Dr. McCloskey was appointed its first Bishop, in 1847. Throughout the length and breadth of that extensive and flourishing portion of this province can be traced the footprints of the devoted Prelate, and the churches and institutions erected and founded during his administration bear testimony to his vigilance and apostolic zeal.

When the See of New York became vacant by the death of Archbishop Hughes, in 1864, the Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey was unanimously chosen to succeed him, and thus he assumed the leadership of the choice. Catholic clergy and faithful of New York, what sentiments of honest pride must be locked in your hearts at the bare mention of the names of these two illustrious pontiffs! They will compare favorably with the hierarchy of any See in Christendom, and they will shine forth as stars of the first magnitude in the glorious galaxy of successful prelates. They will ever serve as shining lights, to guide those who come after them in the paths of virtue and apostolic wisdom. These two Prelates had each his predominate traits of character. McCloskey, meek, gentle, retiring from the world, reminds us of Moses with uplifted hands praying on the mountain. Hughes, active, bold, vigorous, aggressive, was, as it were, another Jesus, fighting in the valley, armed with the Christian panoply of faith, truth and justice. The one recalls the Prince of the Apostles, blending authority with paternal kindness; the other reminds us of the Apostle of the Gentiles wielding the two-edged sword of the spirit, the sword of the tongue and the pen. In 1866 Archbishop McCloskey attended the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, of which he was a burning and shining light. It was an auspicious alike for his eloquence in the pulpit and for his wisdom in the council chamber. I will remember the discourse he delivered at the opening session. The clear, silvery tones of his voice, the grace of his gestures and manner, the persuasive eloquence and charm of his words, are indelibly imprinted on my memory and imagination. Just before ascending the pulpit a telegram was handed to him announcing the destruction by fire of his Cathedral. He did not betray the slightest emotion, notwithstanding the sudden and calamitous news. Next morning I expressed to him my surprise at his imperturbable manner. "The damage," he replied, "is done, and I cannot undo it. We must calmly submit to the will of Providence."

This habit of self-control, so characteristic of the man, was not the stern, unfeeling composition of the stoic philosopher; it was the serene tranquillity of the Christian priest, acquired by long and serious meditation at the feet of Christ. In the council chamber his colleagues always listened with marked attention and respect to his words, and rarely, if ever, did any of them dissent from the views that he expressed. In 1869 the Archbishop attended the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, the most important of which has ever taken place since the Council of Trent. The Bishops assembled from the various countries of Europe, North and South America, from Australia, from Africa, and from the islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific. They came from the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the cradle of the human family, and from the banks of the Jordan, the cradle of Christianity. They came from Mount Lebanon and various parts of the Holy Land, haloed by the footprints of our blessed Redeemer. Archbishop McCloskey was a conspicuous figure even in this august assembly. He was deemed worthy of being made a member of the Committee on Discipline, one of the most important of the Council, and Cardinal Capalti, who presided over the committee, spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the one-and-twenty years; we may form some estimation of the development of Catholicity when we consider that the number of churches has increased during that period from 70 to 170, and the number of clergy from 150 to 400. Your venerated Cardinal has left you, at his death, two great monuments of his zeal and two great legacies of his love. The Catholic Protectorate and this noble Cathedral, the grandest in the United States, will stand as lasting monuments of his zeal for religion and humanity. He has left you two precious legacies of his love,

and first the legacy of a pure and unblemished life as priest, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinal. He never tarnished the surplice of the priest, nor the rochet of the Bishop, nor the pallium of the Archbishop, nor the scarlet robes of the Cardinal. After spending upward of half a century in the exercise of the ministry, he goes down to his honored grave without a stain upon his moral character. He leaves you another precious legacy in the person of his gifted successor. When Moses died, says the Sacred Scripture, the people mourned for him thirty days. And Joshua, his successor, was filled with the spirit of wisdom, because Moses had laid his hands upon him, and the children of Israel obeyed Joshua as Moses had commanded them. The dying Cardinal laid his hands in benediction on his successor, and that benediction of the expiring patriarch will be as fruitful to the son of his adoption and the heir of his priestly throne as was Jacob's blessing to Joseph. And if he could speak from his bier he would say to you all: "As you loved and served and obeyed me, so will you love and serve and obey him. I regard as done for me what you do for him. I will live for you in him, and thus your father who was lost is found, having been dead he is come to life again."

Oh, beloved Pontiff! May thy soul be this day in Paradise! We cherish thy memory, and even in years to come, when thy life shall be viewed through the mellowing atmosphere of time, thy memory, like the memory of Josiah, will be as the composition of a sweet odor made by the art of the perfumer; thy memory shall be sweet as honey in every mouth, and as delicious music at a banquet. They will speak of thee as the kind and gentle and fatherly Cardinal McCloskey.

LITANY

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN WITH SENTENCES FROM THE FATHERS.

Catholic Columbian.
Holy Mary, pray for us.
Mary was so holy, that the Holy Spirit has deigned to come to her.—S. Augustin.
Holy Mother of God, pray for us.
All dignity and honor are comprehended, O Mary, in that which it is to be Mother of God.—S. Bernard.
Holy Virgin of virgins, pray for us.
God would have Mary a virgin, that out of one immaculate, the Immaculate should be brought forth to purge the stain of all.—S. Bernard.
Mother of Christ, pray for us.
Christ coming down into a virgin by the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, took flesh.—S. Crispian.
God made Mary His Mother, that she should be the Mother of all.—S. Anselm.
Mother of Divine Grace, pray for us.
Mary, thou art full of grace, which thou didst find from the Lord, and which thou hadst merited to diffuse through the world.—S. Augustin.
Mother most pure, pray for us.
O blessed above women, who vanquished the angels by purity.—S. Anselm.
What even of angelical purity shall dare to be compared with the purity of Mary, who was worthy to become the habitation of the Son of God.—S. Bernard.
Mother most chaste, pray for us.
Christ chose a virgin mother, that she might be to all a model of chastity.—S. Saphronius.
Mother inviolate, pray for us.
Mary, the immaculate mother of the holy and immaculate.—Origin.
Mother untouched, pray for us.
There is one thing in which Mary had no precedent, or can have a follower: the joy of being a mother, with the honor of being a virgin.—S. Bernard.
Holy Mary, blessed Mary, mother and virgin.—S. Chrysostom.
Mother most amiable, pray for us.
There was nothing austere in Mary, nothing terrible, all was gentleness.—S. Bernard.
Mary, amiable to contemplate.—S. Anselm.
Mary, amiable in all things.—S. Bernard.
Mother most wonderful, pray for us.
God showed his wonders in his Mother.—S. Bernard.
It is thy praise, O wonderful mother, that we are not able to celebrate thy praises by suitable encomiums.—S. Germ. Constant.
Mother of the Saviour, pray for us.
Mary, mother of the Saviour, the spouse of God.—S. Anselm.
Most prudent virgin, pray for us.
Mary was humble of heart, grave of speech, of a prudent mind.—S. Anselm.
Mary most prudent virgin.—S. Thomas a Kempis.
Venerable Virgin, pray for us.
Mary, venerated by an angel.—S. Idefonso.
Mary, after her Son, most worthy of honor.—S. Bernard.
Renowned virgin, pray for us.
What shall I, poor of genius, say of thee, O blessed Virgin, while all that I say is less praise than thy dignity deserves.—S. Augustin.
Mary is great in all times, all conditions, among tribes and people, and languages.—S. Anselm.
Powerful Virgin, pray for us.
As to Mary, when she is heard of her Son, it is to be answered.—S. Bernard.
Clement Virgin, pray for us.
Mary, clement to the penitent.—S. Bernard.
Mary is more clement and gentle than any mother.—S. Gregory.
Faithful Virgin, pray for us.
Eye had believed the serpent, Mary believed Gabriel. The fault that the former committed by believing the latter effaced by faith.—Tertullian.
The faith of Mary opened heaven.—S. Augustin.
Mirror of Justice, pray for us.
Mary is the mirror of pattern of all justice.—S. Ambrose.
Seat of Wisdom, pray for us.
The Celestial Wisdom built in Mary a home for Himself.—S. Bernard.
Mary, the home for dwelling of Eternal Wisdom.—S. Jerome.
Cause of our Joy, pray for us.
By Mary, universal joy came forth into the world.—S. Germanus.

Spiritual Vessel, pray for us.
Mary being about to give a body to the new-born God, becomes first, in spirit, the temple of God.—S. Hilary of Arles.
Honorable Vessel, pray for us.
Mary, beautiful and elect vessel of God.—S. Ephrem.
Singular Vessel of devotion, pray for us.
Sacred depository of the Holy Spirit.—S. Isidore of Seville.
Mystical Rose, pray for us.
Mary, the rose coming forth from the thorns of Judah, shedding over all a divine fragrance.—S. John Damascene.
Tower of Ivory, pray for us.
Mary, the house which the Eternal Wisdom built for Himself.—S. Bonaventura.
Mary, the beautiful temple of the Divine Humility.—S. Andrew of Crete.
House of Gold, pray for us.
Mary, truly the ark, gilded within and without with gold, which received the whole treasure of sanctification.—S. Gregory Thaumaturge.
Ark of the Covenant, pray for us.
Mary, the ark of sanctification, which contained the celestial manna.—S. Ambrose.
Gate of heaven, pray for us.
Mary, the gate of heaven.—S. Ephrem.
Mary, the door of heaven.—S. Thomas a Kempis.
Star of the Morning, pray for us.
Mary, the sun that knows no setting, the star ever clear and sparkling.—S. Bernard.
Mary, the star by whose guidance we sail to our country.—S. Germanus.
Health of the weak, pray for us.
By Mary God opened to us a place of public healing.—S. Basil.
Mary, health of the weak.—S. Thomas a Kempis.
Refuge of Sinners, pray for us.
Mary, the refuge and asylum of sinners.—S. Ephrem.
Comforter of the afflicted, pray for us.
Mary, who turned grief into sweet solace.—S. John Damascene.
Mary, founder of consolation.—S. Ephrem.
Help of Christians, pray for us.
Mary's name is a signal of hope.—S. Ephrem.
Queen of Angels, pray for us.
Mary, Queen of heaven and earth.—S. Anselm.
Ascending from the desert, the queen of angels.—S. Bernard.
Queen of Patriarchs, pray for us.
In Mary was the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the faith of Abraham, the chastity of Joseph, the humility of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the zeal of Elias.—S. Thom. of Villanova.
Queen of Apostles, pray for us.
Mary, apostle of apostles, evangelist of evangelists.—S. Anselm.
Queen of Martyrs, pray for us.
If all the sufferings in the world were collected together, they would not equal the sorrows of Mary.—S. Bernard of Sienna.
Queen of Confessors, pray for us.
In Mary the devotion of confessors.—S. Thomas of Villanova.
Queen of Virgins, pray for us.
The Virgin Christ and the Virgin Mary declared the principles of virginity in both sexes.—S. Jerome.
Queen of all Saints, pray for us.
All rivers flow into the sea, so the graces of all saints center in Mary. Queen conceived without original sin, pray for us.
The river of graces of angels centers in Mary, and the river of graces of patriarchs and prophets centers in Mary. The river of graces of the apostles and the river of graces of the martyrs centers in Mary. The river of graces of confessors centers in Mary, and the river of graces of virgins centers in Mary.
What wonder, that all graces should flow into the sea, out of which flows so much grace.—S. Bonaventura.

Prayer for All Men.
From an Ancient Latin Collection, 16th century.
O most sweet and gentle Jesus, Our Lord and Our God, we implore Thy mercy, that by the merits and intercession of the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and of all the Saints, Angels and Archangels, Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs, Confessors and Virgins, it may please Thee ever to increase the faith within the bosom of Thy Church. Make Thyself the guardian of those whose mission it is to govern us on earth. Give health to the sick, serene weather to those who are at sea, a prosperous journey to travelers, and grant them safe arrival at the harbor of eternal salvation. Give cheerfulness to the sad, strength to the feeble, liberty to the oppressed, deliverance to the captive; to strangers a happy return to their own land, charity to those who love not, the true faith to all who have it not, and to the faithful departed eternal rest. Amen.
Pater, Ave, Credo, Confiteor.
Mary most holy, Mother of Sorrows, who that intense martyrdom which thou didst suffer at the foot of the cross, during the three hours of Jesus' agony, deign to aid us all, children of thy sorrow, in our last agony, that by thy prayers we from our bed of death may pass to Heaven's holy joys, there to adorn thy crown.
Virgin most faithful, pray for us.
Queen of Martyrs, pray for us.
Pray for us, Virgin most sorrowful.
That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.
OUR PRAY.
Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Mother, may intercede for us before the Throne of Thy mercy, now and at the hour of our death—through whose most holy soul, in the hour of Thine own passion, the sword of sorrow passed. Through Thee, Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.
We guarantee the speedy, painless and permanent cure without knife, caustic or salve, of the largest pile tumors. Pamphlet and references sent for two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 662 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Prof. Lew's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.