

Let me mingle tears with thee, Mourning Him who mourn'd for me, All the days that I may live : By the Cross with thee to stay, There with thee to weep and pray, Is all I ask of thee to give.	Wounded with His ev'ry wound, Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd In His very Blood away ; Be to me, O Virgin, nigh, Lest in flames I burn and die, In His awful Judgment-day !
Virgin of all virgins best ! Listen to my fond request : Let me share thy grief divine ; Let me, to my latest breath, In my body bear the death Of that dying Son of thine !	Christ, when thou shalt call me hence, Be thy Mother my defence, Be thy Cross my victory ; While my body here decays, May my soul thy goodness praise, Safe in Paradise with thee ! Amen.

### Hymn

TO THE HONOUR OF MARY, THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOD,

*The original of which was composed by St. Casimir, son of Casimir Jagellonius, King of Poland, who used to recite it every day. It was found placed under the head of that Saint, at the time of the restoration of his tomb in the year 1604, and is much to be admired for its elegance and devotion.*

#### DECADE I.

Each day, my soul, Tell Mary's praise, Her ev'ry deed, Her Festal Days. With wond'ring look, Come contemplate Her Mother's joy, Blest Virgin state ! Oh, call on Her, Soon thus to be From weight of sin And tempest free !	Us She endows With heav'nly gifts : With grace to shine, Our heart uplifts.  Thy meed, my tongue, Accomplish well ; Of Curse removed Her trophies tell.  Earth's Queen is She,— Thy whole life long, Proclaim Her praise In ceaseless song !
--	---

With it resound  
My senses all ;  
So blest a Maid  
Oft-times recall !

Not one there is  
Of eloquence  
Meet to declare  
Her excellence :

Praise, all, your Joy,  
God's Mother-maid ;  
By none 't will be  
With truth portray'd !

Still, in Her praise,  
My thought imparts  
Some benefit  
To holy hearts.

*Hail Mary.*

DECADE II.

Though none I know  
To praise her meet,  
'T would madness be  
Her not to greet.

With things of Heav'n  
Her learning fraught,  
False dreams of men  
Hath put to nought.

Her life the Church  
Bedecks, like flowers ;  
Her words and deeds  
Are grace's dow'rs.

Eve's sin to us  
Closed Paradise ;  
To Mary's faith  
It open flies.

Lost man, by Eve,  
Hath exile found :  
By Mary he  
Is homeward bound.

The praise of all  
Her merit gains,  
And specially  
Their love obtains.

Her Son, obey'd  
Through Her, may I  
Behold with joy  
When'er I die !

O'er woman blest,—  
Their glory, Thou !  
How high o'er all  
We thee avow !

Hear graciously,  
And save from Hell,  
Make meat for grace  
Who praise Thee well !

Hope of th' opprest !  
Fair Jesse's Rod !  
Light of the Deep !  
The Shrine of-God !

*Hail Mary.*

DECADE III.

Fulness of grace,  
Life's Standard true,  
God's Temple, and  
Truth's Pattern new !

Thou to lorn souls  
Dost Heav'n assure,  
Nor bent nor bought  
By Serpent's lure.

The King's fair choice,—  
Hail, queenly Maid !—  
Who made all worlds,  
By all obey'd.

Chaste Lily-flow'r !  
Pure budding Rose !  
Chaste choirs thou guid'st  
To Heaven's repose !

Give me the pow'r  
Of hand and speech,  
Thy merits high  
With might to preach !

But oh, to me  
First mem'ry grant  
Oft, as is meet,  
Thy praise to chant !

Though soil'd and dumb  
My lips I know,  
Still I must dare  
Thy meed to shew.

Virgin, rejoice,  
Thus praised to be ;  
Cause to the lost  
Of liberty !

O Mother-Maid !  
O Mother pure !  
Like fruitful palm,  
Aye to endure !

By Thee, sweet Flow'r,  
Refresh'd to be,  
We trust, whose Fruit  
Hath set us free !

*Hail Mary.*

DECADE IV.

All-beauteous One,  
Who know'st no stain,  
Oh, make us pure,  
To praise Thee fain !

By Thee, O Blest !  
Through faith, are giv'n,  
And oped to men  
The realms of Heav'n.

Lo, the glad world  
New light displays ;  
The darkness doff'd  
Of ancient days.

Poor are the great,  
And rich the poor ;—  
As thou foretold'st,—  
They want no more !

Through thee the bad  
Forsake their way ;  
And doctrines strange  
Are driv'n away.

Thou teachest us  
The world t' eschew,  
To fight with sin,  
The flesh subdue.

With holy zeal  
Aloft to rise,  
The body tame,  
For Heav'nly prize.

The Lord was borne  
Thy womb within,  
Us to remould,  
Debased by sin.

Mother intact !  
He made all things,  
Who is thy Son,—  
The King of kings !

Blest Conqu'ress, thus  
With Death to cope,  
And Life restore  
To sinking Hope !

*Hail Mary.*

DECADE V.

Blest be the King,  
Thy conqu'ring Son,  
Whose birth for Heav'n  
Our race hath won !

Consoler Thou  
Of our despair,  
Redeem our loss,  
Our ills repair !

Th' e'erlasting Rest  
For me obtain,  
Saved from the Lake  
Of fiery pain.

I sigh for Thee  
My wounds to cure ;  
To my request  
All grace procure !

Chaste, pure, and meek  
That I may be,  
Just, upright, good,  
From malice free,

Of learning fraught  
With holy store,  
Made eloquent  
In Sacred lore,

Kind, grave, and firm,  
In love mature,  
Humble, patient,  
Simple, and pure,

To ill not prone,  
In heart e'er wise,  
Oft doing good,  
Abhorring lies.

Christ's faithful souls  
Aid and protect,  
'Mid earthly cares  
To stand erect.

Nor light nor star,  
Star of the Sea !  
May seek to vie  
In praise with Thee.

*Hail Mary.*

DECADE VI.

Thy sons uphold  
By thy sweet prayer,  
Their sorrows heal,  
Their guilt repair.

Glad, them to free  
From Satan's fraud,  
Who in true flesh  
Hast borne thy God !

With Son divine,  
How chaste a flow'r,  
Retaining still  
Thy Virgin's dow'r !

A Mother, yet  
Maid undefiled !  
Thy Maker's nurse  
And He thy Child !

Oh, keep me near  
To Jesu's side !  
Tho' wreck'd the world,  
Still safe I'll ride.

Rein in my wrath,  
Drive lust away ;  
When sin allures,  
Be Thou my Stay !

No worldly aim  
My soul deprave ;  
Grows blind and hard,  
Ambition's slave !

Nor pride, nor wrath  
My bosom swell ;  
Where triumph these,  
Who hath not fell ?

Pray God by grace,  
My heart to keep ;  
Lest Satan sow  
Tares while I sleep.

Aid and console,  
Who love to praise  
Thy deeds divine,  
Thy Festal Days !

*Hail Mary.*

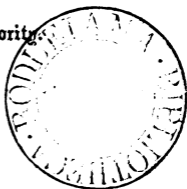
The Paradise  
OF  
The Christian Soul,

DELIGHTFUL FOR ITS CHOICEST PLEASURES OF  
PIETY OF EVERY KIND.

BY  
JAMES MERLO HORSTIUS,  
OF THE CHURCH OF THE B. VIRGIN MARY IN PASCULO PASTORIS AT COLOGNE.

A NEW AND COMPLETE TRANSLATION.

By Loyal Authority:



LONDON: BURNS & OATES,  
PORTMAN STREET & PATERNOSTER ROW.

1877.

138 . Digitized by Google 394.

## Hymn

*To the Honor of Mary, the Virgin Mother of  
God. Composed by St. Casimir.*

(New Translation.)

## DECAS I.

Omni die dic Mariæ  
Mea laudes anima ;  
Ejus festa, ejus gesta  
Cole devotissima.

Contemplare et mirare  
Ejus celsitudinem,  
Dic felicem Genitri-  
cem,  
Dic beatam Virginem.

Ipsam cole, ut de  
mole  
Criminum te liberet,  
Hanc appella, ne pro-  
cella  
Vitiorum superet.

Hæc persona nobis  
dona  
Contulit cœlestia.  
Hæc Regina nos di-  
vinâ  
Collustravit gratiâ.

## DECADE I.

Each day, my soul,  
Tell Mary's praise,  
Her ev'ry deed,  
Her Festal days.

With wond'ring look,  
Come contemplate  
Her Mother's joy,  
Blest Virgin state!

Oh, call on Her,  
Soon thus to be  
From weight of sin  
And tempest free!

Us She endows  
With heav'nly gifts;  
With grace to shine,  
Our heart uplifts.

Lingua mea, dic tro-  
phæ,  
Virginis puerpuræ.  
Que inflictum male-  
dictum  
Miro transfert germine.

Sine fine dic Reginæ  
Mundi laudum cantica;  
Ejus bona semper sona,  
Semper illa prædica.

Omnes mei sensus ei  
Personate gloriam.  
Frequentate tam  
beatæ  
Virginis memoriam.

Nullus certè tam di-  
sertæ,  
Exstat eloquentiæ,  
Qui condignos promat  
hymnos  
Ejus excellentiæ.

Omnes laudent, undè  
gaudent,  
Matrem Dei Virginem,  
Nullus fingat quod at-  
tingat  
Ejus celestudinem.

Thy meed, my tongue,  
Accomplish well,  
Of curse removed,  
Her trophies tell.

Earth's Queen is She—  
Thy whole life long,  
Proclaim Her praise  
In ceaseless song!

With it resound  
My senses all;  
So blest a Maid  
Oft-times recall!

Not one there is  
Of eloquence  
Meet to declare  
Her excellence!

Praise, all, your Joy,  
God's Mother maid  
By none 't will be  
With truth por-  
trayed;

Sed necesse, quod pro-  
desse  
Piis constat mentibus.  
Ut intendam, quod im-  
pendam  
In ipsius laudibus.  
Ave Maria.

## DECAS II.

Quamvis sciam, quod  
Mariam  
Nemo dignè prædicet,  
Tamen vanuset insanus  
Quisquis illam reticet.

Cujus vita erudita  
Disciplinæ cœlica ;  
Argumenta et fig-  
menta  
Destruxit hæretica.

Cujus mores tamqu-  
am flores  
Exornant Ecclesiam ;  
Actiones et sermones  
Miram præstant grati-  
am.

Evæ crimen nobis li-  
men  
Paradisi clauserat.

Still, In Her praise.  
My thought imparts  
Some benefit  
To holy hearts.  
Hail Mary.

## DECADE II.

Though none I know  
To praise Her meet,  
'Twould madness be  
Her not to greet.

With things of Heav'n  
Her learning fraught,  
False dreams of men  
Hath put to nought.

Her life the Church  
Bedecks, like flow-  
ers ;  
Her words and deeds  
Are grace's dow'rs.

Eve's sin to us  
Closed Paradise



Hæc dum credit et  
obedit,  
Cœli claustra reserat.

Propter Evam homo  
sævam  
Acceptit sententiam ;  
Per Mariam habet viam  
Quæ ducit ad patriam.

Hæc manda et laudan-  
da  
Cunctis specialiter :  
Venerari, prædicari  
Eam decet jugiter.

Ipsa donet, ut, quod  
monet  
Natus ejus, faciam :  
Ut finita carnis vita  
Lætus hunc aspiciam.

Ocuntarum fœmina-  
rum  
Decus atque gloria !  
Quam electam et evec-  
tam  
Scimus super omnia.

Clemens audi, tuæ laudi  
Quos instantes conspi-  
cis,

To Mary's faith  
It open lies.

Lost man, by Eve,  
Hath exile found :  
By Mary he  
Is homeward bound.

The praise of all  
Her merit gains,  
And specially  
Their love obtains.

Her Son, obey'd  
Through Her, may I  
Behold with joy  
Whene'er I die !

O'er women blest,—  
Their glory, Thou !  
How high o'er all  
We the avow !

Hear graciously,  
And save from Hell,

Munda reos, et fac eos  
Donis dignos colicis

Virgo Jesse, spes op-  
pressæ  
Mentis et refugium,  
Decus mundi, lux pro-  
fundi,  
Domini sacrarium.  
Ave Maria.

## DECAS III.

Vitæ forma, morum  
norma,  
Plenitudo gratiæ.  
Dei templum, et exem-  
plum  
Totius justitiæ.

Virgo salve, per quam  
valvæ  
Cœli patent miseris;  
Quam non flexit nec  
allexit  
Fraus serpentis veteris.

Generosa et formosa,  
David regis filia.  
Quam elegit rex, qui  
regit  
Et creavit omnia.

Make meet for grace  
Who praise Thee well.

Hope of th' opprest !  
Fair Jesse's Rod !  
Light of the Deep !  
The Shrine of God !  
Hail Mary.

## DECADE III.

Fulness of grace,  
Life's Standard true.  
God's Temple, and  
Truth's Pattern new !

Thou to lorn souls  
Dost Heav'n assure,  
Nor bent nor bought  
By Serpent's lure.

The King's fair choice,  
Hail, queenly Maid  
Who made all worlds.  
By all obey'd.

Gemma, decens, rosa  
 recéns,  
 Castitatis lilium,  
 Castum chorum\* ad  
 polorum  
 Quæ perducis gaudi-  
 um.

Actionis et sermonis  
 Facultatem tribue  
 Ut tuorum meritorum,  
 Laudes promam stren-  
 nue.

Opto nimis, ut impri-  
 mis  
 Des mihi memoriam,  
 Ut decenter et fre-  
 quenter  
 Tuam cantem gloriam.

Quamvis muta et pol-  
 luta  
 Mea sciam labia,  
 Præsumentum, nec si-  
 lendum  
 Est de tua gloria.

Virgo gaude, omni  
 laude  
 Digna et præconio.

Chaste Lily flow'r !  
 Pure budding Rose !  
 Chaste choirs thou  
 guid'st  
 To Heaven's repose!

Give me the pow'r  
 Of hand and speech,  
 Thy merits high  
 With might to preach !

But oh, to me  
 First mem'ry grant,  
 Oft as is meet,  
 Thy praise to chant !

Though soil'd and  
 dumb  
 My lips I know,  
 Still I must dare  
 Thy meed to show.

Virgin rejoice,  
 Thus praised to be

Quæ damnatis libertatis  
Facta es occasio.

Semper munda et fecunda,  
Virgo tu puerpera.  
Mater alma velut palma  
Florens et fructifera.

Ejus flore et adore  
Recreari capimus,  
Cujus fructu nos a  
luctu  
Liberari credimus.  
Ave Maria.

## DECAS IV.

Pulchra tota sine  
notâ  
Cujus cunque maculæ,  
Fac nos mundos et  
jucundos  
Te laudare sedule.  
O beata, per quem  
data  
Nova mundo gaudia!  
Et aperta fide certa  
Regna sunt cœlestia.

Cause to the lost  
Of liberty!

O Mother-Maid!  
O Mother pure!  
Like fruitful palm,  
Aye to endure!

By Thee, sweet Flow'r  
Kefresh'd to be,  
We trust, whose Fruit  
Hath set us free!  
Hail Mary.

## DECADE IV.

All beauteous One  
Who know'st no stain  
Oh, make us pure,  
To praise Thee fain!  
By Thee, O Blest!  
Through faith, are  
given,  
And op'd to men  
The realms of Heaven.

Per te mundus læta-  
bundus  
Novo fulget lumine,  
Antiquarum tenebra-  
rum  
Exutus calegine.

Nunc potestas sunt  
egentes,  
Sicut olim dixeras ;  
Et egeni fiunt pleni.  
Ut tu prophetaveras.

Per te morum corrup-  
torum  
Delinquuntur devia,  
Doctrinarum perversa-  
rum  
Pulsa sunt præstigia.

Mundi luxus atque  
fluxus  
Docuisti spernere :  
Deum quæri, carnem  
Vitiis resistere. (teri.

Mentis cursum tendi  
sursum  
Pietatis studio,  
Corpus анги motus  
frangi  
Pro cœlesti præmio.

Lo, the glad world  
New light displays  
The darkness doff'd  
Of ancient days.

Poor are the great,  
And rich the poor ;  
As thou foretold'st, —  
They want no more!

Through thee the bad  
Forsake their way ;  
And doctrines strange  
Are driven away.

Thou teachest us  
The world t' eschew  
To fight with sin,  
The flesh subdue.

With holy zeal  
Aloft to rise,  
The body tame,  
For Heav'nly prize.

Tu portasti inter casti  
 Ventris claustra Domi-  
 num  
 Redemptoram, ad ho-  
 norem  
 Nos reformans pristi-  
 num.

Mater facta sed intacta  
 Genuisti filium,  
 Regem regum atque  
 rerum  
 Creatorum omnium.

Benedicta, per quam  
 victa  
 Mortis est sententia :  
 Destitutis spe salutis  
 Datur indulgentia.  
 Ave Maria.

## DECAS V.

Benedictus rex invictus  
 Cujus mater crederis,  
 Nobis datus, ex te na-  
 tus  
 Nostris salus generis.

Reparatrix, Consola-  
 trix  
 Des perantis animæ

The Lord was borne  
 Thy womb within,  
 Us to remould,  
 Debased by sin.

Mother intact  
 He made all things,  
 Who is thy Son, —  
 Tho King of kings !

Blest Conqu'ress, thus  
 With Death to cope,  
 And life restore  
 To sinking Hope !  
 Hail Mary.

## DECADE V.

Blest be the King,  
 Thy conqu'ring Son,  
 Whose Birth for Hea-  
 ven  
 Our race hath won !

Consoler Thou  
 Of our despair

A pressura, que ven-  
tura  
Malis est nos redime.

Pro me pete, ut quiete  
Sempiterna perfruar,  
Ne tormentis combu-  
rentis  
Stagni miser obruar.

Quod requiro, quod  
suspiro,  
Mea sana vulnera;  
Et da menti te poscenti  
Gratiarum munera.

Ut sim castus et mo-  
destus. [us,  
Dulcis, blandus, sobri-  
Pius, rectus, circum-  
spectus,  
Simultatis nescius.

Eruditus et minitus  
Divinis eloquiis,  
Timoratus et ornatus  
Sacris exercitiis.

Constans gravis et su-  
avis,  
Benignus, amabilis

Redeem our loss,  
Our ills repair!

The e'erlasting Rest,  
For me obtain,  
Saved from the Lake  
Of fiery pain.

I sigh for Thee  
My wounds to cure,  
To my request  
All grace procure!

Chaste, pure, and meek  
That I may be,  
Just, upright, good,  
From malice free.

Of learning fraught  
With holy store,  
Made eloquent  
In Sacred love,

Kind, grave, and firm,  
In love mature,

Simplex, purus et ma-  
 turus,  
 Patiens et humilis.

Humble, patient,  
 Simple, and pure.

Corde prudens, ore  
 studens,  
 Veritatem dicere,  
 Malum, nolens, Deum  
 colens  
 Pio semper opere.

To ill not prone,  
 In heart e'er wise,  
 Oft doing good,  
 Abhorring lies.

Esto tutrix et adju-  
 trix —  
 Christiani populi;  
 Pacem præsta, ne mo-  
 lesta  
 Nos perturbent sæ-  
 culi.

Christ's faithful souls  
 Aid and protect,  
 'Mid earthly cares  
 To stand erect.

Salutaris stella maris  
 Summis digna laudi-  
 bus,  
 Quæ præcellis cunctis  
 stellis  
 Atque luminaribus.  
 Ave Maria.

Nor light nor star,  
 Star of the Sea,  
 May seek to vie  
 In praise with Ehee.  
 Hail Mary.



## DECAS VI.

Tuâ dulci prece fulci  
 Supplices et refove,  
 Quidquid gravat vel  
     depravat  
 Montes nostras, re-  
     move.

Virgo gaude, quod de  
     fraude,  
 Dæmonis nos liberas,  
 Dum in verâ et sin-  
     cerâ  
 Deum carne generas,

Illibata et dotata  
 Cœlesti progenie,  
 Gravidata, nec privata  
 Flore pudicitix.

Nam quod eras, per-  
     severas,  
 Dum intacta generas,  
 Illum tractans atque  
 Per lactans,  
 Per quem facta fueras.

## DECADE VI.

Thy sons uphold  
 By thy sweet pray'r,  
 Their sorrows heal,  
 Their guilt repair.

Glad, them to free  
 From Satan's fraud,  
 Who in true flesh  
 Hast borne thy God!

With Son divine,  
 How chaste a flow'r,  
 Retaining still  
 Thy Virgin's dow'r!

A Mother, yet  
 Maid undefiled  
 Thy Maker's nurse,  
 And He thy Child!

Commendare me dig-  
nare  
Christo tuo Filio :  
Ut non cadam, sed  
evadam  
De mundi naufragio.

Fac me mitem, pelle  
litem,  
Compesce lasciviam,  
Contra crimen da mu-  
nimen  
Et mentis constanti-  
am.

Non me liget, nec fati-  
get  
Sæculi cupiditas :  
Que indurat et obsca-  
rat  
Mentes sibi subdi-  
tas.

Nunquàm ira, nun-  
quàm dira  
Me vincat elatio :  
Que multorum fit ma-  
lorum,  
Frequentur occasio

Oh, keep me near  
To Jesu's side !  
Tho' wrecked the  
world,  
Still safe I'll ride.

Rein in my wrath,  
Drive lust away  
When sin allures,  
Be Thou my stay.

No wordly aim  
My soul deprave ;  
Grows blind and hard,  
Ambition's slave !

Nor pride, nor wrath  
My bosom swell ;  
Where triumph these,  
Who hath not fell ?

<p>Ora Deum ut cor meum Sua servet gratia ; Nec antiquus inimicus Seminet zizania.</p>	<p>Pray God, by grace, My heart to keep ; Lest Satan sow Tares while I sleep.</p>
<p>Da levamen et juva- men Tuum illis jugiter, Tua festa sive gesta Qui colunt alacriter. Ave Maria.</p>	<p>Aid and console, Who love to praise Thy deeds divine, Thy Festal Days ! Hail Mary.</p>



*Fourth Hymn for the Sodality.*

*Tantum ergo Sacramentum.*

(See page 349.)



# **GATE OF HEAVEN**

OR,

**WAY OF THE CHILD OF MARY.**

A MANUAL OF

## **PRAYERS AND INSTRUCTIONS,**

COMPILED FROM APPROVED SOURCES

**FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.**

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