

Should I ever, wilfully forgetting,
Fail to pay my God His homage due ;
Should I sin and live without regretting,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Stir my heart, while gazing on thy features,
With the old, old story, ever new—
How Our Lord has loved His sinful creatures ;
Then, dear Mother, show me what to do !

Plead my cause, for what can He refuse thee ?
Get me back His saving grace anew.
Ah ! I know thou dost not wish to lose me—
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

Thus alike when needful sorrows chasten,
As amid joy's visits fair and few,
To thy shrine with loving trust I hasten
Mother, tell me, what am I to ?

Be of all my friends the best and dearest—
O my counsellor, sincere and true !
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
Now I face my toils and cares anew ;
All through life and at its awful closing,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do ?

MISS E. C. DONNELLY,

In the "AVE MARIA."