



Child of Mary.

*CHILD of Mary." Name of honor,
Prouder far than kingly crown —
God Himself, to win that title,
From His Heavenly throne came down
He, the first-born Child of Mary,
Calls us to His Mother's side,
Shares with us His dearest treasure :
" Mother, 'twas for these I died."*

*O ! Immaculate, unfallen,
Tarnished by no breath of sin !
Yet I dare call thee " Mother ;"
Open, Mother, let me in !
Thou of Mercy's self art, Mother,
And thy heart is meek and mild ;
Open wide thy arms and take me,
As a mother takes her child.*

*God forgive those erring Christians
Who would spurn the tender name,
Which with joy at Christ's own bidding,
Mary's loving children claim.
" Lo, your Mother ! " said he, dying ;
Yet some coldly turn away,
" Ah ! forgive them, sweetest Mother !
For they know not what they say,"*

*" Child of Mary." May my feelings,
Thoughts, words, deeds and heart's desires,
All befit a lowly creature,
Who to such high name aspires
Ne'er shall sin (for sin could only)
From my sinless Mother sever—
Mary's child till death shall call me,
Child of Mary—then forever,*