



ASPIRATIONS TO MARY.

*Mother, upon my lips to-day, Christ's precious Blood was laid ;
That Blood which centuries ago, was for my ransom paid ;*

*And half in love, and half in fear, I seek for aid from Thee,
Lest what I worship, wrapt in awe, might be profaned by me.*

*Will Thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear, to guard these lips to day?
Lessen my words of idle worth, and govern all I say ;*

*Keep back the sharp and quick retorts that rise so easily :
Soften my speech, with gentle art, to sweetest charity.*

*Check Thou the laugh, or careless jest, that others harsh may find ;
Teach me the thoughtful words of love which soothe the anxious
[mind ;*

*Put far from me all proud replies, and each deceitful tone ;
So that my words, at length, may be faint echoes of thine own.*

*O mother, Thou art mine, to-day, by more than double right !
A soul where Christ reposed must be most precious in thy sight :*

*And Thou canst hardly look on me, from Thy dear Son apart ;
Then give me from myself and sin, a refuge in Thy Heart.*