

To the Virgin Mother.

Maiden Mother meek and mild,
Take, oh, take me for thy child ;
All my life, oh, let it be
My best joy to think of thee !

When my eyes are closed in sleep
Through the night my slumber keep,
Make my Celest thought to be
How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright
Galls me with its golden light,
How my wailing thoughts may be
Turned to Jesus and to thee.

And, oh, teach me through the day,
Oft to raise my heart and say,
" Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh, guard thy little child ! "

Thus, sweet mother, day and night
Thou shalt guide my steps aright,
And my dying words shall be,
" Virgin Mother pray for me ! "

A priest once said to a child nine years of age, " My boy, whenever you are tempted to do what is wrong ask the holy Mother of Jesus to help you." " Only to think of her should be enough, I should think," was the tender reply.

