

A VISIT TO OUR BLESSED LADY AFTER
HOLY COMMUNION.

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
Should be profaned in me.

Wilt thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear,
To guard those 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 might find,
Teach me the thoughtful words of love
That soothe the anxious mind ;
Put far from me all proud replies
And each deceitful tone,
So that at length my words may be
Faint echoes of thine own.

Oh 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 think of me
From thy dear Son apart ;
Then give me from myself and sin
A refuge in thy heart.

— *Australian Messenger of*

The Sacred Heart of Jesus.