



ONE AVE IN TEMPTATION.

When o'er the garden of my soul,
Like thunder-clouds my passions roll,
And in the darkness and the din,
The unclean foe is climbing in,
O Queen of Angels, then be near,
Thou Mother of fair love and fear,
And for one *Ave's* space compel
The unseen battle-front of Hell,
That ere my half-consenting heart
Yield up its yet unconquered part,
In loving fear it swift may hide
Deep in thy Jesu's wounded side.
For this, thy silent tears were shed —
Three hours — three hours — while Jesus bled
For this, thine eyes beheld Him die ;
For this, thou heard'st His dying cry ;
For this, one word He uttered twice,
In finishing His Sacrifice :
" Son, see thy Mother : Mother, see
Thy son." Then, Mother, shelter me
Within the Wound, whose mystic rain
Eve's name restored without a stain
To thee : O Mother undefiled,
Remind me there, thy wayward child,
Of what was done upon the Rood,
What time began thy Motherhood.
Then from the garden of my heart,
The thunder-clouds shall straight depart,
The darkness and the din shall cease,
And my one *Ave* end in peace.

J. G. G. in English Messenger.