



## A Christmas-tide Communion.

MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

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Joseph, good Joseph, turn hither thy feet,  
Worn with the road, and unwelcoming street !  
Humble my shelter ; yet service awaits  
Thee and thy virginal Spouse at my gates.  
Worthy I am not to welcome ye in, —  
Mine is a dwelling dishonored by sin.  
Enter it, nathless, reform to arouse.  
Joseph, good Joseph, lead hither thy Spouse !

Mary, fair Mary, beneath my poor roof,  
Put the remorse of thy sinner to proof,  
Weigh my repentance in balance of tears  
Brimming the cup of my prodigal years.  
Thou art a woman, — a Mother to be. —  
Lacking a cradle, O make one of me !  
Crib in my bosom thy Babe und'fled. —  
Mary, fair Mary, bear hither thy Child !

Christ-Child, sweet Christ-Child, Hosanna to Thee !  
I am unworthy Thy manger to be  
Yet Thou dislaineest no soul that repents,  
Shriving its sins by Thy blest Sacraments.  
Nestle, then, Pure One, Within my sad breast,  
Lulling my evil, and waking my best !  
Chasten my soul with Thine infinite art, —  
Dear little Christ-Child, in crib of my heart.

Dear little Jesus, since such is Thy Name,  
Giftless to greet Thee, were surely my shame :  
Gold, myrrh, frankincense, accept, then, from me, —  
Faith, Hope and Charity shrined in the three !  
Faith in Thy Godhead, altho' Thou art man, —  
Son of the Virgin exempt from Sin's ban :  
Hope for Thy grace, my salvation to find ; —  
Love Divine, first ; then, of all humankind !