



## MARY MAGDELEN.

(SONNET.)



HERE rests the Nazarene, the Teacher wise,  
 Who hath in mortal form a look divine ;  
 In whose mild gaze love, hope and mercy shine,  
 And wounding tears for sinners in His eyes ?  
 Thus wildly asks with great heart-bursting sighs  
 One fallen from the maidens' noble line ;  
 And some deride her as one drunk with wine ;  
 And some with silent scorn her tears despise.  
 But He, the Man-God, sitting at the feast,  
 Showed to her soul of life the gain and loss ;  
 She sank a loathsome sinner at his feet ;  
 But loving much, from much she was released,  
 And in the end, aneath the saving Cross,  
 The spotless Mary and the cleansed one meet.

—† C. O'BRIEN, Abp. of Halifax.

