

The heavens were hushed in silence,  
 The earth lay very still,  
 As mighty Gabriel waited  
 The *fiat* of her will.  
 Then, purer than the water  
 Of Jordan's cleansing flood,  
 The blood of Anna's daughter  
 Became the Blood of God.

The moment just preceding  
 It coursed through Mary's veins,  
 And now the Saviour takes it  
 To wash away our stains.  
 The Heart of God lies beating  
 His Mother's Heart so near,  
 With well-nigh one pulsation  
 Of the love which casts out fear.

Oh, who can tell the wonders  
 That pass those Hearts between—  
 The Mother and her Maker,  
 The Almighty and His Queen !  
 Yet there are men who tell us  
 We may not honor thee,  
 Great David's royal Daughter,  
 Sweet bud of Jesse's tree !

Dear God, with exultation  
 I thank that Blood of Thine,  
 Which ransomed every nation,  
 And made Thy Mother mine !

A. P. J. C.

*Dole not thy duties out to God,  
 But let thy hand be free,  
 Look long at Jesus ; His sweet Blood  
 How was it dealt to thee ?*