



A PROMISE.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



STANDING at the holy altar,
Lifting high the Chalice fair,
I will take the vow you murmured,
And will gently place it there.

It will mingle with the life-blood
Which our Saviour shed for thee
In the shady olive-garden
Of the lone Gethsemene.

Or as when it dyed His raiment
Like the red juice of the vine,
Or as sparkling on the circlet
Which His royal brows entwine.

It was sprinkled on the pathway
Which His sacred footsteps trod,
And His careless creatures trampled
In the precious blood of God.

One there was who faintly murmured
Sighs of pity, words of praise,
As to her sweet eyes it sparkled
Lighted by faith's golden rays.

In the three long hours streaming
From those wounded feet and hands,
Like a time glass swift revealing
Passing life by glancing sands.