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Mater Dei.

"Et qui creavit me, requievit in tabernaculo meo."

O Mary how I envy thee the grace,
That hid within thy heart the Word Divine,
And made thy life a thing so consecrate
That angels knelt in throngs before thy shrine.

O Virgin lips as soft as full-blown rose,
Let me but taste the sweetness of your bliss
When hending o'er the star-like baby face
The Mother dropped a snowy, radiant kiss.

O eyes that gazed into the liquid depths
Of those two gleaming sapphire's purest blue
That shone beneath the aureoled baby brow,
Teach me the secret of your cloudless hue.

O hands that pressed the throbbing baby heart
Unto that lily-breast in close embrace,
Lead me through paths where lurking sin besets
And bring me, with Christ's beauty, face to face.

—Percy Vernon.