

## AT CHRISTMAS.

TO MARY IMMACULATE.



THE Christmas hymns outringing !  
 And my restless heart grew still ;  
 For thy sweet Name, closely clinging,  
 Did enthrall its stubborn will ;  
 As ivy, softly tremulous,  
 Doth round the rude oak wreath,  
 With leaves that cling, love-emulous,  
 To the rugged stem beneath.

O, thy Name through all the singing !  
 And a bud of lovely hope  
 Blew thence—a snow-drop springing  
 'Neath a heaven of sunny cope  
 And still the breathing melody  
 Shook murmurs from its leaves,  
 Like music of a summer sea  
 Heard far through stilly eves.

O, that Dawn of Love's Dayspringing !  
 And thereto the tears welled up,  
 Delight and sorrow wringing  
 From a sweet and bitter cup.  
 Sweet, sweet, the thought of Deity  
 With thy fair flesh indued ;  
 And bitter was the memory  
 Of mine ingratitude.

When shall these eyes behold thee, Maid,  
 Unveiled, face to face,  
 'Mid the glories that enfold thee  
 In thy far, fair Dwelling-Place ?  
 When shall this heart full measure beat  
 To music silent long—  
 Each throb of pulse a pleasure-beat,  
 Each breath of life a song ?

FRANK WATERS.