



WHEN MARY WOKE.

† It was Mary slept on the fragrant hay—
 As a folded lily sleeps—
 With the Christ-Child close in her circling arms
 As leaf to the blossom keeps,
 And the moonlight stole through the stable door
 As a careful watcher creeps.

It was Mary woke in the quiet morn—
 Most good was her smile to see—
 "Oh, fair little Son, I have dreamed a dream
 As sweet as a dream may be."
 And the heart of the Christ-Child answered,
 Though never a word spake He.

"For I saw Thee stand in a lofty place."
 She said, "amid honours meet ;
 There were roses red in Thy open hands
 And roses red at Thy feet."

"Oh, Mother, my Mother, yea, roses red
 As blood in My veins may beat."

"And I heard the sound of the joy of men,
 And Thine were their cries," she said,
 "And they gave Thee drink in a carven cup
 One raised to Thy lordly head."

"Oh, Mother, the drink that I drink that day
 Is as tears thy eyes must shed."

"And a ring of the beaten gold," she said,
 "The circlet above Thy hair,
 Oh, I dreamed I saw Thee a crowned king
 In a wondrous crown and rare."

"Oh, my Mother, the crown men keep for Me
 The flesh of my brow must tear."

"And behold, on my own glad breast," she said,
 "Oh, methought, right royally,
 Were seven great jewels that flashed and shone,
 Fair gifts that I had from Thee."

"Oh, Mother, the seven wounds in Thy heart
 Thou shalt bear for love of me!"

It was Mary who soothed the Christ-Child's tears,
 Nor deemed that He wept Her pain
 What time on the hill of Calvary,
 In the dricen mist and rain,
 On the blown, bleak hill of Calvary,
 Her dream should be dreamed again,

—Theodosia Garrison.

