

*THE HEART OF MARY.*

ERE in thy Garden of Roses,  
 Maid, let me linger with thee ;  
 Here, where the Lover reposes,  
 Love in His principedom of Three !  
 Here, thou most wonderful Maiden—  
 Mother, and Maiden, and Spouse !  
 Here, in thy garden o'erladen  
 With roses of love-breathing vows.

Here let me lie in thy Garden—  
 Eden made perfect in plan,  
 Needing no angel for warden,  
 Filled with the Godhead of Man !  
 Here, where no Serpent may enter ;  
 Here, where the footfall of Sin  
 Never can tarnish this centre  
 Of loveliness Love lieth in.

Maid, thou art hearted with sweetness !  
 Maid, thou art lovely fair !  
 Builded of lilies completeness ;  
 Crowned with a sunlight of hair ;  
 And for the eyes of thee, blossom  
 Of heavens the heavens above ;  
 God for the breath of thy bosom ;  
 And for the heart of thee, Love !

And for the drops of it, roses,  
 Wonderful Maid, in whose blood  
 Fullness of Godhead reposes,  
 Blossoming out of each bud !  
 Every drop of thy sweetness  
 Budding and blowing with Him,  
 Maiden of matchless completeness,  
 Body of Godhead, and limb !

FRANK WATERS.