

That passeth knowledge :

Thus he shared with Him

His Cup of Passion, who had borne His Cross
For many a weary year ; drank deep and drained
The chalice to the dregs ; then stooped to kiss
The Master's Feet, whereat, the Gracious One
Laid His dear, wounded Hand upon his head
To bless, to pardon.

Then the Vision passed,

The glory vanished, and the angel train
Followed the Lord they serve: the light of day
Again shone round him as he knelt and yet
The joy, the peace unspeakable, remained,
Never to pass away.

He rose to go

Forth to the daily task, as one who feels
His days are numbered, for the Master's Cup,
Divinely sweet, is still the cup of death,
For Him, for us: those that shall drink therein
Must die with Him; and so, the servant knew
His Lord would call Him soon, and was as one
Who draws toward his goal, at close of day,
After a toilsome journey, or as one
Whose task is nearly ended; who hath borne
The burden and the heat, who gladly lays
His sickle by, and hastens to his rest.

One day he sent for me, and I, who knew
His work was finished, sought His lowly room,
Bearing to Him the Bread of Life, to stay,
To strengthen him, in that last, awful hour
When flesh and spirit quail: confessed, annointed,
Fed with the Food Divine, he prayed me wait
A little while: "Not long," he said, "not long."
Thereat I heard him whisper, "Mary, help!"
"Sweet Jesu, mercy!" o'er and o'er again;
"Mother of God have pity! Mary, help!"
"My Jesu, mercy! Then, more faint and slow,
"Jesu!" and "Mary!" as his eyes grew dim.
Thereafter, silence, but the peace of God
Was on his face, the peace of those who die
In Mary's arms.