



## Saint Theresa.



WITHIN the cloister by the waning  
light,  
Theresa walked absorbed in silent  
prayer,  
Alone in spirit with the Presence  
there,  
And full of wonder at His mystic  
might ;  
When from the shadow stepped into  
her sight  
A little child so simple, sweet and  
fair,  
Such radiant glory round His  
shining hair,  
That all about Him glowed in beauty  
bright.

"And who are you?" rang out His  
joyous cry.

"Theresa of my Jesus," answered  
she.

"But Thou, my Love" she trembled  
in reply.

"Jesus of my Theresa," whispered  
He.

Then all her heart went out in a  
happy sigh,

"Oh ! that my King should come  
so near to me !"