



Magdalen.¹

(July 22nd.)

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair,
 She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
 She marked not the splendor that blazed on their board,
 But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
 Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her cheek,
 And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
 It seemed as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
 That one so unhallowed should treat in that hall;
 And so said the poor would be objects more meet,
 For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at His feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
 She dared not look up in the heav'n of His eyes;
 And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
 As her lips to His sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,
 In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
 He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven,
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

¹ See frontispiece.