

## Heartsease.

"Touch Me not for I am not yet Ascended."

Not touch Thee! Are they over then for ever,  
 Those human ministries so sweet of old?  
 Further than starry distances can sever,  
 Severed by these Thy words, so starlike cold.  
 Thy "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Once, owned and welcomed 'mid the scoffs and scorning,  
 The tears and kisses fell upon Thy feet;  
 Now, on Thy rapturous Resurrection Morning,  
 May no adoring touch Thy triumph greet?  
 Nay, "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Thy lips the old familiar name have spoken,  
 Are the old needs of earth forever fled?  
 Is the last vase of alabaster broken?  
 Were the last balms outpoured upon Thee dead?  
 Yet "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Not touch Thee now, while earth may still detain Thee,  
 Thy feet still linger by the well-known ways?  
 How, when the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee,  
 High o'er the narrow light of our dim days,  
 Still "Touch Me not; I am not yet ascended."

Yet, on her heart that Easter joy first tasting,  
 Those grave words struck no discord of surprise;  
 Glad from Thy Presence on Thine errands hasting,  
 What strange sweet secret read she in Thine eyes,  
 Solving Thy "Touch Me not; not yet ascended."

Ascended to My Father and your Father,  
 The highest heavens, the lowly heart to fill;  
 Earth's "Blest" transfiguring to Heaven's "Blest rather;"—  
 She touched Thee when she left to do Thy will:  
 We touch Thee ever; for Thou art ascended.

"My and your Father," "brother, sister, mother,"  
 "Ye did it unto Me in these My least;"  
 Henceforth we touch Thee, serve Thee in each other,  
 Receive, adoring in each Eucharist;  
 We touch Thee ever; for Thou art ascended.

We touch Thee when the Gospel of Thy pardons  
 Heals and revives the heart from sin to cease;  
 Melting the doubt that chills, the fear that hinders,  
 In the great calm and sunshine of Thy peace:  
 We touch Thee ever; for Thou art ascended.