

" If I should pipe until you're ripe
I think that by degrees
You might become as wise as I
And chime in Wagnerese ! "

" Oh, no, kind Sir ! That could not be ! "
Replied the modest peas.
" We only play such simple airs
As suit the bumble-bees. "

When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child

WHEN Mary the Mother kissed the child
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of air
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rock began love's reign.
When that new light on their grave eyes broke
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke ;
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest, —
The God born out of the woman's side, —
The Babe of Heaven by Earth denied, —
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,
And naught to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star and the half-seen wings,
Then was the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to the God's estate.