

On the soft clouds the Mother stands sublime,  
Girt round about with cherubs—like some tall  
And stately lily in a rose's bower.  
Safe in her arms rests the Child Divine  
That looks upon the world with infant grace,  
Yet with a consciousness of high emprise,  
Previsioning afar His Father's work!  
And the dread dawn that ushered Calvary!

*CHRIST AND THE MAGDALENE.*

[*St. Luke, chap. vii., 44-48.*]

Proud Simon, seest thou the woman here!  
Thou gavest me no welcome when I came,  
No water gavest thou to cool my feet,  
But this poor sinner washed them with her tears!

O Pharisee, how cold and harsh thy look!  
Thou hastened not to greet me at the door,  
No kiss of friendship didst thou proffer me,  
But lo! she hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

My weary feet all wounded for mankind,  
And throbbing head that wears a thorny crown!  
Thou didst not, Simon, soothe my head with oil,  
But she with precious ointment salved my feet!

Wherefore I say, O woman, be rejoiced;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole, thy burning love  
Hath all consumed thy past iniquities;  
Rejoice, rejoice, thy sins are washed away.