

*MARY TO THE INFANT JESUS,*

Wide heaven smiles o'er Thee ;  
The zephyrs adore Thee,  
As, quivering deep to heart, they fan Thy brow ;  
All nature before Thee  
Trembles for love and joy, as I do now.

The glory of morning  
Takes brighter adorning  
From Thee, bright Archetype of yon glad sun,  
Whose beams are turning  
Darkness to light, like Thee, O Luminous One !

The white clouds hover  
Like angels over  
Their infant Lord, Who was ere earth began,  
Or heavens did cover  
The waste new-marshalled with their mighty span.

The birds are singing  
Full throated, winging  
Their hearts on love-notes to a Love new-seen.  
The trees are flinging  
Glad murmurs from their leafy shadows green.

Sweet perturbations,  
New revelations  
From Thine own sphere, thrill Nature's utmost heart  
To glad pulsations,  
Now Thou art born, Who ever wert and art.

FRANK WATERS.