## Tly

VOL. 2.

## (firater.

 T

 The far light in the skie. The odorous lamps no longer thrill
The chambers of imperial towers, But to a garden, lone and still. There comes a form, and perfum
IIer way along the voiceless hill
She hears the birds sing 'mid the palm The early camels' bells afar;
She clasps the spices in her arms She clasps the spices in her arms,
Ifer resinous treasures, gifts and balm With sight and broken
Psams,
The penitent of Magdala! What wondrous scenes await her there!
The riven tomb, the angels white! "Nary?" She hastens the word to bea
The brow of Olivet is fair, The Levite rings the bells of prayer,
The new world wakes to light.
Mary! No woman ever bore
Such tidings to the werld as thine; Mary, who stood the cross before
Aud met the angels at the door
of IJesus' tomb-forevermore. Hope's messenger divine!
$\qquad$

##  <br> 



## 






 atit appliauce for which it is his inten
tion to sek a putent.
Wm




 the patst three weeks been in a very ciit
 to her ropy liome veasi, tor she wans calle


|o

