

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

Vol. XX.

MARCH, 1929

No. 2

"WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

Along the dawn-lit path she came
While blossoms slept,
And softly called the Master's name;
And softly wept;

Mary, the sinner, who had won
To sanctity,—
Who'd mourned for Holy Mary's Son
At Calvary,

Passed slowly down the garden way
When darkness died,
Seeking that far first Easter Day
The Crucified.

He had arisen glorified,
The Angel said,
Yet was her heart unsatisfied,—
Uncomforted;

For He had gone she knew not where;
Her eyes, tear-blind,
Saw not the Presence waiting there
So kind—so kind!

"Mary," He said, and Paradise
Sang in that word:
His tenderness revealed the guise
Of Christ, the Lord.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*