

*'THEY HAVE NO WINE.'*

**M**ARY Inviolatè, my Queen and Dearest,  
Ivory Tower, remote with God, yet nearest,  
Who else will understand  
In all this broken-into world . . .

Rose of the King, close-furled  
On fragrance, stretch your hand  
From Heaven to keep this heaven, seven-pearled!  
Not against hell, not against beckoned evil,  
(Though what has heaven worse than this selfless sin?)  
But 'gainst unknowing, lest it crown the devil  
With a crown cast far down, where do begin  
All twisted reasons to uncoil and show  
Their godless unsimplicity too late!  
O Simplest and most True,  
How God declared in you  
Body and soul are one! And with great wonder  
God does Himself forbid  
What He has joined, mankind to put asunder;  
Body without the spirit may not wed,  
Nor for the penny of expediency be sold  
What is for love to worship and to hold.  
Mary, if thou forknow  
There shall be taken  
This little bell-clear tower which I love so  
For use other than Paul's 'great sacrament,'  
To warn and waken  
Let no small seraph be like arrow sent:  
But bid Saint Death who sealed Christ safe for Life  
His office swiftly do,  
Mary, for her!

CECILY HALLACK.