The Annunciation.

By the Rev. H. A. Birks, M.A.,
Vicar of Kingsbridge, Devon.

O THOU to whom the angel came
One early dawn at Nazareth,
His wings aglow with morning flame,
Heaven's incense in his trembling breath.
He found thee—so my spirit saith—
New wakened from thy guileless sleep,
That oft-recurring little death
That creeps upon us when stars peep.
And on that Resurrection morn
He told thee of a Wondrous Birth,
The age-long hope of man forlorn,
God's new creation of His earth.
"Hail, highly favoured one," he said;
"The Lord is with thee, do not dread!"

Mute wonder in her waking eyes,
Pure freshness in her virgin thought,
With tender infinite surmise
She mused what God, her God, had wrought,
And doubted not, but simply asked,
"How shall it be?" and still confessed
Omnipotence not overtasked
In giving God to man as guest.
But can her tender strength avail
Such mighty purpose to fulfil?
Empty of self, she could but hail
The Brooding of the Heavenly will:
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
Be it according to Thy Word."