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Poetry.

"HE ANSWERS NOT A WORD."

MATT. XV. 21-29.

I.

OH ! what a cry of anguish wild—
 "Thou Son of David, heal my child !"
 Surely the Master must have heard,
 And yet—*He answers not a word !*

II.

No word from Him. But from the
 crowd
 Rises a murmur fierce and loud—
 "What does she here ? Why wait we
 thus ?
 Send her away—she wearies us !"

III.

Let them jeer on—she little heeds ;
 With bitter cry again she pleads.
 For her there is one only care—
 The Master, has He heard her prayer ?

IV.

He has ! He speaks ! Her heart beats
 fast !
 Oh joy ! The answer comes at last !
 But why that look so stern, so grave ?
 Can this be He who came to save ?

V.

"Woman," He says, "thou hast no
 plea !
 I am not sent to such as thee.
 To feed My chosen sheep I came ;
 Till they be filled thou hast no claim !"

VI.

"Send her away—what does she here ?"
 Again resounds the cruel jeer—
 "Daughter of an accursed race,
 Thou hast no claim, no plea—give
 place !"

VII.

No claim, no plea ! Yet lo ! again
 She pleads—she worships Him. In
 vain !
 "Woman," He says, "with children's
 bread,
 Dogs such as thou may not be fed !"

VIII.

Well may she now despair. But no !
 Quick answers she, with cheek aglow—
 "Truth, Lord—and by this very word
 I know, I know, that I am heard !"

IX.

"For while their bread the children eat,
 Some crumbs must fall beside their feet ;
 And crumbs are food for dogs like me !
 Truth, Lord—thy word contains my
 plea !"¹

X.

She has prevailed ! He speaks once
 more,
 But now that voice, so stern before,
 On her parched heart, in words of love,
 Falls like the dew from heaven above !

XI.

"O Woman, great thy faith indeed !
 Be it according to thy need !
 Thou hast been proved. Well hast
 thou fought !
 I heard thee when I answered not !"

XII.

LORD, WHEN THOU SEEMEST TO DELAY,
 YET WILL WE PRAY, AND PRAY, AND
 PRAY !
 WHAT THOUGH THOU ANSWER NOT A
 WORD,
 ENOUGH—WE KNOW THAT WE ARE
 HEARD.

PLUNKET-MEATH.

¹ An attempt is here made to give the force of the original, as rendered in the Revised Version—"Truth, Lord, *for* even the dogs eat," etc.