

THE GRAVE AT BETHANY.

LOVE'S tears fell fast, like the thick rain that weepeth,
Earth's glory fled ;
" She goeth to the grave," they said, " she keepeth
Watch o'er the dead."
But she hath heard the Master's call, and goeth
Her Lord to meet ;
Her bursting heart with her pale form she throweth
Low at His feet.
" Had'st Thou been here !"—Faith's trembling sunbeam glistens
Through sorrow's cloud :
Touched with a feeling of her tears, He listens
In anguish bowed.
" Had'st Thou been here !"—Like gloom the land o'ershading,
Where sunshine slept,
Came o'er His Godlike soul that soft upraising,
And Jesus wept.
" Where have ye laid him ?"—Where the cypress clinging
Skirts the low cave,
He stands, a light o'er Death's dark empire flinging,
Mighty to save.
Hushed are all sounds, while like soft mists ascending,
Quiet and calm,
Goes up to heaven the solemn prayer portending
Grief's richest balm.
" Lazarus, come forth !"—Far down in death's abysses
The glad soul heard,
And, like a babe new waked by morning kisses,
To life is stirred :
And as a dream one waking moment tarries,
Then melts in night,
No thought of those dark days the spirit carries
Back to the light ;
But even as one who some brief while hath wandered
On field or foam,
And still on loved ones left each night hath pondered,
Yearning for home,—
He comes again—all sweet familiar faces
Beholds once more ;
Each natural scene the foreign past displaces
From memory's store :
So, without painful change, or fearful wonder,
From his calm bed,
Parting the curtains of the grave asunder,
Came forth the dead ;
Earnest of that far time, when, to us waking,
This life shall seem,
Amid that higher life upon us breaking,
A strange, faint dream.