

"BY THE LOVE."

"I've waited here all day for Him to come
And raise my father up. I thought perhaps
He sent you, 'tis so late, to bid me stay
A little—O 'tis never too late for
Jesus!" he said, and brushed away the tear;
"He's sure to come, for 'tis the Rising-Day."

The woman stooped to kiss the wondrous boy,
And sat beside him there upon the grave,
And sobbed like organ swept by the master's hand.

"What makes you cry?—perhaps your father's here
To be raised up?" "No darling,—but my child."
He stroked the woman's hand: "Don't cry," he said,
"Jesus does not forget the Rising-Day,
He'll surely come and give to you your child
And me my father—He will come to-night.
I saw the two men who from Emmaus came,
Go by at early morn, and Jesus will
Meet them, and turn and this way come, as they
In wonder all about His dying talk,
And rising too. The men will know Him not,
But I shall, and will call to Him to stop