



EASTER MORNING.

I.

THEY come with their unguents and spices,
 The three loving Marys of yore,
 They seek but the Lord. It suffices
 To kneel at the Tomb's open door ;
 For lo ! the great stone of the portal,
 Hath been roll'd by the angels away :
 And there a bright Spirit immortal
 Appears where the Holy One lay.

II.

" He is risen ! " he cries : " Mourning women,
 Rejoice ! He no longer is here "—
 No more with the mortal and human
 Shall He sleep in Death's sepulchre drear !
 " Go, tell His Apostles and Peter, "
 Go, spread the glad news to all men !
 Ah ! surely, no task could be sweeter
 Than that which was given them then.

III.

They sped thro' the dews of the morning,
 Thro' its glory, its beauty, its song,—
 Breathing wide to the faithful their warning,
 Till the heat of the noon-day waxed strong,
 Around them, as far in the distance,
 Was wafted, the Angel's glad word :
 " He is risen ! sure Hope of the Christians !
 He is risen, our Master, our Lord ! "

IV.

Oh ! let us take up the blest chorus,
 And chant it with jubilant prayer,
 While the blue Easter sky brightens o'er us,
 And the Easter bells sweeten the air.
 And if creatures of earth come to seek us
 In the grave of our sins, as of yore,
 May they hear from the One who released us :
 " They are risen : they dwell here no more ! "

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.