

## P O E T R Y .

## THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS :

BY W. A. STEPHENS.

“He whom thou lov’st is sick”—these words  
 In Jesus’ ears were said :  
 And yet he mov’d not at the call  
 Till him he lov’d was dead.

His sister, this Physician’s feet  
 With her own hair had dried,—  
 “O, if he had been here,” said she,  
 “My brother had not died.

He comes at last; but Oh! how late ;  
 Who now has power to save ?  
 Until the resurrection morn  
 Who can despoil the grave ?

They meet the master at the tomb ;  
 —“Lazarus shall rise again.”  
 “We know it, Lord, at the last day ;  
 We’ll all be living then.”

“I am the resurrection, and,  
 Also the life am I—  
 He that believes, though dead, shall live,—  
 Th’ alive shall never die.”

The sisters weeping with their friends,  
 Beheld the Saviour weep :  
 “Oh how he lov’d him!” hear, that groan!  
 Reveals affection deep.

“He gave the sight to them whose eyes  
 The light had never tried—  
 Could he not then have caused that this  
 Good man had never died?”

“Where have you laid him?” “Come and see.”  
 Another bitter groan !  
 Now at the sepulchre he stands,  
 And says, “Remove the stone.”

“Lazarus, come forth,” aloud he cried,  
 And ’mongst the living forms  
 That brother lov’d is clasp’d again  
 In those lov’d sisters’ arms!