



Written for
THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

EASTER.

Lo ! The Sun of suns hath risen,
Lo ! The shades of night are past,
Lo ! from out His rock-hewn prison
Christ, our Hope, hath burst at last ;
Sing, oh earth ! the wond'rous story,
Chant, oh heaven ! the glad refrain ;
Sing the triumph and the glory
Of The Lamb for sinners slain.

Lo ! the bands of death are riven
By the might of Him Who died,
Through Whose Hands the nails were driven
Through Whose Feet ; from out Whose Side
Flowed the mystic streams, revealing
How He loved a sinful race,
Streams of cleansing and of healing,
Streams of mercy and of grace.

Lord, if we have known Thy sorrow,
Shared Thy Mother's tears, Her loss ;
If of Thee have sought to borrow
Strength for Thee to bear the Cross ;
Thou Whom we proclaim as glorious
Victor in the fearful strife,
Make us, like Thyself, victorious,
Partners in Thy risen Life.

FRANCIS W. GREY.