

EASTER-TIDE.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
 Oh, verity most dear, most sweet,
 That makes my faith and joy complete—
 My soul's sufficing creed,
 That all the past illumines,
 Irradiates earth's glooms,
 Sheds light on future tombs—
 And kindles Adam's dust and mine,
 To immortality divine !

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
 Then death is not an endless sleep ;
 Grim warders shall not always keep
 My flesh with ruthless greed.
 Since the dear Christ arose—
 Conqueror of those last foes
 Which my true life oppose.
 Lie where I may, low winds shall wave
 Sweet Easter-flowers above my grave.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
 I hear His Resurrection song,
 This sacred morning, roll along
 The paths of mortal need.
 He could not rise alone ;
 For me the hindering stone
 And watch were overthrown.
 Since He is risen I shall arise,
 He lifts me to th' eternal skies.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!"
 He lives that I may live through Him ;
 And this, 'mid doubts and dangers dim,
 Is my sufficient creed.
 Oh, happy Easter morn,
 For all of women born
 Who put not Christ to scorn,
 But lay their weakness in His tomb,
 To vanish with its mortal gloom.