

All Hallows in the West.

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Poetry.

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"Risen With Him."

Not alone the victors free
Standing by the crystal sea,
Sing the song of victory!
Buried are Thine own with Thee,
Risen are Thine own with Thee!
We may chant it, even we!

One our life with those above,
One our service, one our love;
Not at death that life begins,
Though a fuller strength it wins,
Freed from all that bounds its flight,
Freed from all that cramps its might.

We upon these lower slopes
Dim with fears and fitful hopes,
They upon the eternal heights
Glorious in undying lights,
Radiant in the cloudless sun;
Yet their life and ours is one,
E'en on us their sun hath shone,
E'en for us their day begun.

And these lowly paths we tread
Are the same where they were led;
Very sacred grown and sweet,
Trodden by immortal feet,—
Trodden once, oh, best of all!
By the Feet at which they fall.

And each service, kind and true
Which to any here we do,
Linked in one immortal chain
Makes their service live again—
Brings us to the service nigh
Which they render now, on high;
For the highest Heavens above
Nothing higher know than love.

—Elizabeth Rundle Charles.