

HAPPY WARRIORS

(On the eve of St. Julien)

What shall we say of the Cross

That lifts men up?

Is it all a crime of blood and waste and loss

Drained to the dregs of the cup?

With the hordes of hell let loose on earth to prey,

With sins unspeakable climbed at last to the day;

Is this all we have to say of the Cross? Nay, nay.

For it lifts men up.

And under its shadows is Virtue brought forth to-day;

And the bitterest dregs in its cup

Shall all be forgotten to-morrow and past away

When friend meets friend in the happy dawn, and they cry:

"You, too, with the laurel of sacrifice, you and I,

"And all this famous company? Hands around,—

"We have shown the world the way, we have freed the bound,

And our Cross is set as a guide to all who pass by,

"Raised up on high."