

All Hallows in the West.

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Poetry

EASTER.

Thow knowest He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose;
Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for one He chose,
Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven was thy name,
He for thy cleansing had prepared His water and His flame.

Sure thou with Him art risen; and now with Him thou must go
forth,

And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings might and
worth.

Early with Him thou forth must fare, and ready make the way
For the descending Paraclete, the third hour of the day.

—John Keble.

"I HAVE RISEN."

The proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," describes the nature of a friendship which depends wholly on local presence, on common occupations, on mutual external service. But there is another and a deeper kind of love, which is not only independent to a great extent of such external conditions, but which almost grieves at times over physical nearness, as though it interfered with true soul-intimacy. We feel the inadequacy of our words to express our feelings, and not only their inadequacy but their very deceptiveness. We know that the common actions of our everyday life are the expression, not of our deepest self, but of our passing wants and impressions. We could wish to take off our shoes before entering the sanctuary of our friendship, but we are cast together at all hours and moments, and the network of material exigencies throws a veil over our spiritual intercourse.

Do we not find the highest exemplification of this truth in that unique friendship which is described in the Gospel story, that love between Christ and His disciples which, in the union of Christ with His Church, was to be perpetuated throughout all ages?

He must needs go or the Paraclete would not come. He must needs go, not only for their sake but also for His own.