



Toronto, Easter, 1893.

EASTER DAY.

THREE pious women, to the holiest spot
They know of, come in the dim gray dawn,
Through the long night their eyes have slumbered not ;
For Him they mourn, with Whom their hope is gone.

Yet looking, in their ignorant, loving way,
For some new comfort through His mighty power ;
In pious sisterhood they take their way
To be but near Him in this sad, still hour.

Oh, wonderous sight ! The stone is rolled away !
The tomb is empty ! no still form is there !
And as they falter in their dumb dismay,
An angel greets them, wonderful and fair.

With heavenly voice he calms their anxious dread—
“ He is not here, the Lord ye long to see,
Go tell that He is risen, as He said,
And goes before you into Gallilee.”

Joy fills their hearts—gone is their load of fear ;
They raise their heads, but now with grief bowed down.
Hope has returned ! The Lord again is here !
They run with haste to make the good news known.

With Thy three Marys, Lord, O let me go !
With Magdalen, who saw Thee first of all,
Nor knew Thee—for her eyes were dimmed with woe—
Until her name she heard Thee gently call.

Then, then she knew His ne'er forgotten voice,
Who from sin's bondage late had set her free.
The Master's word now bids her heart rejoice.
Like her, forgiven much, I'd worship Thee.

Swift in her faithful footsteps would I run—
To spread the tidings be my blest employ—
Rousing the world to praise the deathless One
Who burst Death's bars and brought eternal joy.

PRINCEPS PACIS, DEUS FORTIS !
VITÆ DATOR, VICTOR MORTIS !