

Easter.

The morning light on Jordan falls,
The silver Kidron rippling lies;
Tis morn on Zion's golden halls,
On Salem's towers and olden walls,
Where watch the weary sentinels
The far light in the skies.

The odorous lamps no longer thrill
The chambers of imperial towers,
But to a garden, lone and still,
There comes a form, and perfumes fill
Her way along the voiceless hill
Of resurrection flowers.

She hears the birds sing 'mid the
palms,
The early camels' bell afar;
She clasps the spices in her arms,
Her resinous treasures, gifts and
balms,
With sighs and broken chords of
Psalms,—
The penitent of Magdala!

What wondrous scenes await her
there!
The riven tomb, the angels white!
"Mary?" She hastes the word to bear:
The brow of Olivet is fair,
The Levite rings the bells of prayer,
The new world wakes to light.

Mary! No woman ever bore
Such tidings to the world as thine;
Mary, who stood the cross before,
And met the angels at the door
Of Jesus' tomb—forevermore
Hope's messenger divine!

O faithful feet from Galilee,
For thee the Easter lilies bloom.
So ever hearts that truest be
In faith and love and sympathy.
To Jesus' lifted cross shall see
The angels at the open tomb.
—By Hezekiah Butterworth.

April in Poetry.

Oh the lovely fickleness of an
April day!
—W. H. Gibson.

Old April wanes, and her last dewy
morn
Her death-bed steeps in tears; to
hail the May
New blooming blossoms 'neath the
sun are born,
And all poor April's charms are
swept away.
—Clare.

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her
weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused
from sleeping.
—Lucy Larcom.

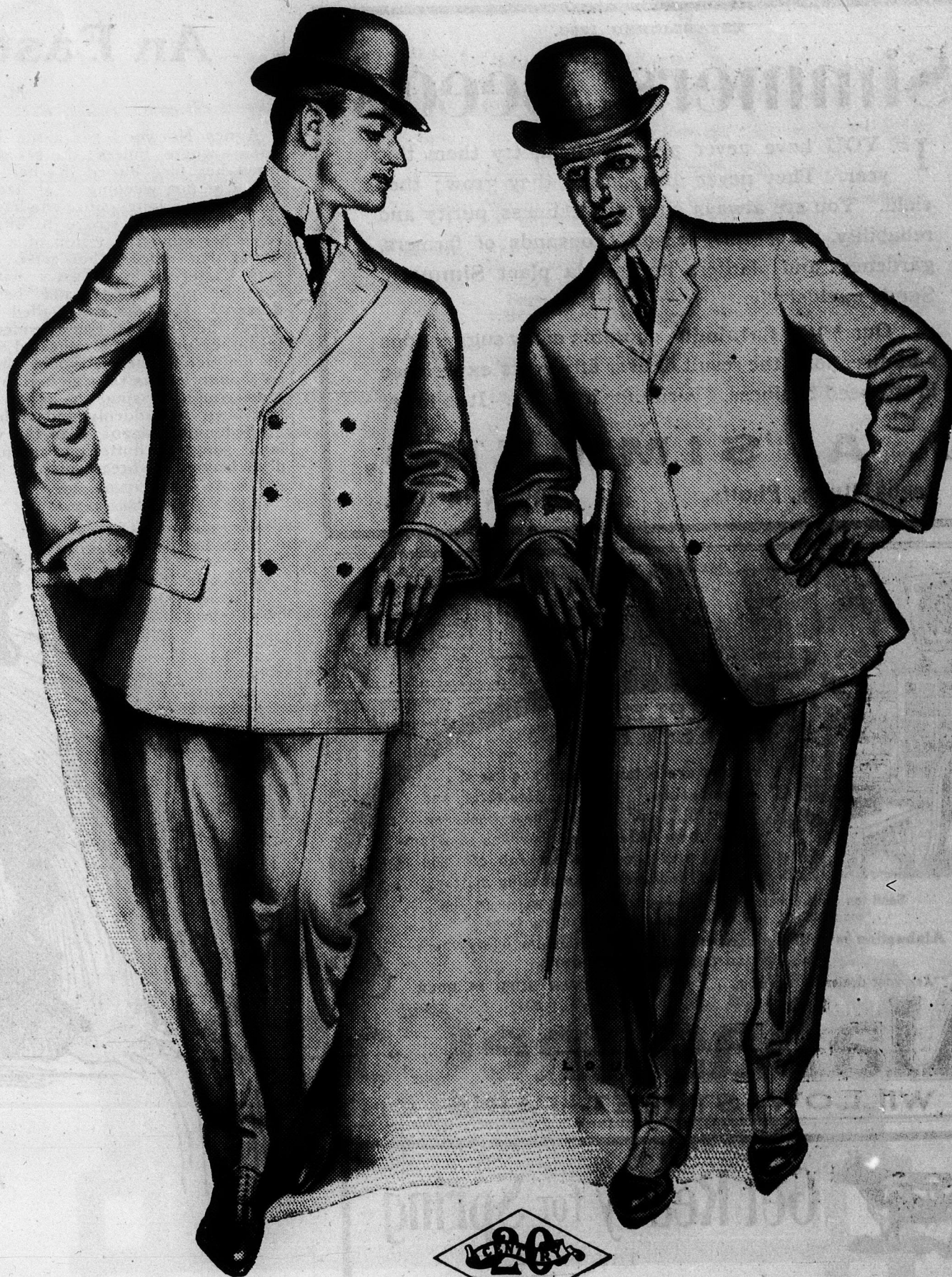
There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they
wander by.
—Bryant.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter
dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.
—Whittier.

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a
flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree,
high up,
Opened in air of June her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-wing'd insects of the sky.
—Bryant.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are
wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn
brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.
—Longfellow.

Every tear is answered by a blossom.
Every sigh with songs and laughter
blent,
Apple-blossoms upon the breezes toss
them,
April knows her own, and is content.
—Susan Coolidge.



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