

Only on these, with nerves unstrung, in meekness
 Shall my soul rest and ponder through this night,
 Till I perceive a power grow from weakness,
 And night and I shall feel the coming light.

But you, oh weary ones, and oh faint-hearted !
 When the crowd followed, and my fame was wide,
 After the feast and multitude departed,
 Then did you seek with me the mountain side ?

Now in the danger, when the shouts that cheered you
 Die upon white lips quivering with scorn,
 And hate appears in the false eyes that feared you,
Now can you watch and wake until the morn ?

Sleep on ! it skills not whether you are sleeping :
 See ! through the olives comes a glint of spears,
 Deem not my life entrusted to your keeping,
 Nor mourn your sleeping with these idle tears.

Nay, play the man ! and henceforth, faring forward,
 Keep on your way in darkness and in light ;
 With a brave life wipe out the name of " coward,"
 Which, ere the cock-crow, will be yours to-night.

III.

" They found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."

(From the German.)

When the Easter Bells are ringing
 Through the quiet land,
 And the Church is full of singing
 Chorals sweet and grand,
 Then sounding their bells in the meadows sweet,
 The silver snowdrops sprout under our feet ;
 They call together, " For sweet spring's sake,
 Now winter's over, ye flowers awake !"

Quakes Christ's grave from its firm station
 At the Eternal's call ;
 Christ, to whom we owed creation,
 He will save us all !
 From little graves, too, where a clustering heap
 Of chafers and flies all the winter sleep,
 The summons is answered, and gladly run
 One and all to the light of the sun.