

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodum fonte fides et scientia

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THE RESURRECTION

I dreamed a dream of silence too eloquent for speech,—
Of Silence pondering o'er a text that dawning day would
preach;

Of tall trees hushed to murmurs, and waiting hour on hour,
Of winds that whispered softly to every wakeful flower.

I dreamed a dream of Silence profound and strangely deep,
Of Silence watchful as the stars that guard the hills of sleep:
It was not born of sadness, of loneliness or loss,
Although it brooded o'er a tomb, and wrapt a blood-stained
cross.

And low, that pregnant Silence gave birth to Ecstasy!
"He comes," the leaping breezes sang to every swaying tree
The birds gave forth their rapture,—the flowers their frag-
rant breath,
When Christ came from the riven tomb triumphant over
death.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*