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A LEGEND

They sent three guards to watch the tomb Of Christ the Crucified; And two were scoffers, but the third Had pitied when He died:

Had marked that majesty of pain,—
That valiant agony:
And knew the wounded, bleeding form
Concealed divinity.

And two made mockery of his faith, And jested at his awe, Therefore they did not see the Christ That he, believing, saw,

A radiant form, unscarred and fair, With tender, brooding eyes, That wakened in the kneeling guard Winged dreams of Paradise.

And two, when reeling sense returned, In trembling fled away. The third hid rapture in his heart That first glad Easter day.

-Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.