

AN EASTER THOUGHT

You may garland your church with lilies,
Or carpet the aisles with gold;
You may tone with deep-voiced organ
That story the ages told;
But, unless, in your soul's dim places
You have sorrowed and wept alone,
You are like to a sentry guarding
His tomb and the sealing stone.

Not yet have you known His sweetness—
Not yet have you glimpsed His power,
You are only a heedless hireling
On watch for one little hour.
You must vision the Cross that bore him,
And walk where He bleeding led;
Before you can give true homage
To Christ of the living-dead.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.