

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodum fonte fides et scientia

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Rebealed

Our groping hands would empty fall—
Our stumbling feet forget the way—
Our pleading voices hopeless call
If there had been no Easter Day.

If Christ had only lived and died,
And left the memory of his pain:
Had He not risen glorified,
Our every mortal breath were vain.

How had we faced the troubled years
That held no surety of peace?—
No lasting recompense for tears—
No promise of a sweet release?

Where would our wearied spirits flee?—
Our yearning, hungry souls be fed?
If Christ, who died on Calvary,
Had never risen from the dead?

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*