

RESURRECTION

The heart of Christian, filled with hate
And lust and pride, a mirror was,
Reflecting well his soul, which, black
And hard and deeply scarred, was crushed
By dark Despair. Not much of love
Had he for man, nor ought in life
Of immolation had he made
To God. And now he faces Death
And that great portal whence no man
Returns. It is the Lenten time;
From high, church steeples peal the chimes,
The happy children waving Palm
Now honor Christ like them of yore,
And quiet Peace and calm of Sabbath morn
To dying Christian's troubled soul
A sense of rest, a gleam of hope
Unfolds; and ere the day doth end
A change for good comes o'er his heart.
Then, on that Day when Jesus died,
A weight of woe and sorrow fills
The dying Christian's trembling soul.
He sees with grief's lamenting eye
The Sacred Master's cruel wounds,
His Bleeding Heart and Crown of Thorns.
Remorse and anguish now he feels
But also faith and trust in God's
Great Love. And when on Easter morn
The joyful bells ring out, the soul
Of Christian, purified and freed
From evil bonds by love of God,
Rolls back the stone of worldly ties
Then upward mounts toward the skies,
And clothed in garments white as snow
He enters Heaven gates, to sound
Of angel voices low and clear.

W. A. R. '31.