

EASTER THOUGHTS

It is a time of triumph and my soul
As the glad Easter swells around her roll
Is joyful with the thought of that great trust,
Which reconciles her to her house of dust.

No longer doomed both soul and body may
Defiance fling to Satan's direful sway,
Through Him who from the portals of the grave
Rolled back the stone and hope to mortals gave.

O tranquil hope with awful fear impressed
Should we be lacking in the searching test.
A Living Lord! A Risen God indeed!
Leave not my soul, defenceless in her need,

At that dread signal on the final day,
When she invests her dwelling place of clay,
The flesh that is—the dust that shall be, rise
And re-united soar beyond the skies.

—*E. Duffy*

The Return

Dawn was just breaking o'er the little village of St. Joseph, as a young man ascended the path to a small cottage on the outskirts. It was evident that he had traveled many miles as his clothes were begrimed with dust and dirt from the roads. He was clad in a plain dark suit that would have been becoming, but for the fact that his beard was unkempt, his shoes rent in several places and an old slouch hat adorned his head. Certainly he was no stranger at this place for having found the door open, he entered. As he stepped across the threshold however the young man stopped and a look of surprise flashed over his countenance. Sitting in a rocker before the large bay window overlooking the beautiful Lake St. Joseph was a gray-haired lady, apparently his mother. She had not