


PS 2875

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* EASTER *

EASTER DAY.

BY

SARA HENDERSON SMITH. ✓

“Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?”—ISAIAH l. 10.

“But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping.”—JOHN XX. 2.

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O VER the solemn night

Quivers the first dim light,

Sent forth to herald in the Christian Sabbath birth ;

And like that feeble ray,

Scarce chasing gloom away,

Flickers the dawn of Faith, o'er the sin-darkened earth.



Faintly the morning beam,
By Cedron's cooling stream,
And dark Gethsemane, piercing the misty veil,
Reveals the sepulchre,
And its lone watcher—her
Who lingering still, pours forth her grief in low, deep
wail.



“ Mary, why weepest thou ? ”

Forgiven, sinless, now ;

So soon the echo lost, that bade thee “ go in peace.”

Still in the cold, damp air,

Rises the grief-taught prayer,

Her Lord is taken hence, nor may her mourning cease.

“ Mary, why weepest thou ? ”

Forgiven, sinless now !

Bowed to the earth, not then her Master's voice she
hears ;

“ Mary ! ” the thrilling tone

Now to her heart has gone.

Love taught her first to weep ; Love has dried up her
tears.

Disciple of the Lord,
Who trembles at His word,

Be strong, like hers, *thy love*, tho' faith be dimmed
and weak.

Go wait, and watch, and pray,—
Turn not, if He delay,—

He knows *thee by thy name*, and to *thy* heart will speak.



E'en now the angel band
In light around thee stand—

Repentant and forgiven, asking, "Why weepest thou?"

But not till He appears
To gather up thy tears

They gem the love-wrought crown that glitters on
His brow.



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