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## The Soul's Easter.

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BY J. W. O'KEEFE, O. S. B.

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**H**OW brief the time from childhood to the grave,  
Yet men for gilded, transient honors slave.  
Time's steady flight but mocks man's punny pow'r.  
Life is not life; 'tis death's short ling'ring hour,  
A waking dream; a night to pass away  
And merge into eternity's long day.  
Carry thy cross a little while; although  
The path be rough, 'twill shortly end; and know  
The thorny way that winds to Calvary  
Leads likewise to a bright eternity.  
A little while for sacrifice and pain  
And thou shalt know untold, undying gain.

Go count each star that decks the heaven's blue;  
Number each tiny drop of gleaming dew,  
Each grain of sand that lines the restless sea.  
Did each a thousand, thousand ages be  
All this were naught beside eternity.  
So let the thought of life's dull brevity  
Uphold thy spirit and encourage thee  
To struggle here a while unceasingly.

If thou dost falter on the weary way,  
Thy straining eyes seek vainly hope's bright ray,  
Remember One, with love and anguish spent,  
Who toiled and fell in Calvary's steep ascent.  
When life-long friends are cold; affection flown,  
Thy love betrayed; and thou dost stand alone,  
Still in thy darkest hour have charity,  
Remember pard'ning Christ on Calvary,  
Who could forgive in that dread agony;  
Whose friends were scattered in His dying hour  
As windstorms whirl the petals of a flow'r.  
Only a few stood watching from afar,  
The paling of the Heaven's Brightest Star.