

in the Garden of Gethsemane and the angel of strength whom you see is the Angel of the Agony accompanied by legions of other ministering angelic beings. No human foot had trod upon this particular spot where Our Lord prayed for self sacrifice. If any wander here they are unknown to themselves turned aside so that none may stand upon this holy ground on which the Redeemer knelt. To the angels this spot is almost more wonderful than Calvary for it was here that the great decision was made for salvation. Here too was Our Lord's last moment of consolation from the presence and service of ministering angels, for as you remember He after this refrained from all solace and assuagement of the Passion and Death. As He said, 'Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels,' but He had willed here in the garden to tread the winepress of the Wrath of God alone, and to drink the cup of suffering to the dregs. Upon the Passion the angels gazed from a distance until they accompanied our Lord to Paradise, and again appeared to mankind at the Resurrection."

Again and for the last time another vision came to me. We were in a room in a very poor and much neglected home. There was a bed covered with ragged clothes, that were as clean as such rags could be, and above them lay the face of a child, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age. At one side of the bed knelt a woman, emaciated, crippled and plain from long years of work, insufficient food and suffering borne contentedly, and she was evidently the child's mother. She knelt in stunned silence, broken now and then by a short dry sob, for she was long past the blessed relief of shedding tears. A little way off stood her husband, as I judged him to be, looking on with the immobility of features that come to those who have tasted every emotion of sorrow, so that but for the dumb pain in his eyes, one would have thought him to be indifferent. On the other side of the bed sat a doctor, holding in his fingers the child's wrist, while he alternately gazed at his watch held in his other hand, or at the face of the child. It was a complete and consummate picture of humanity in distress, all but abandoned of human hope and human sympathy. As one watched one felt the unbidden thought arise "Does no one care? Is it nothing to all the world that distress can be, and is not alleviated? Can it be that even God has forgotten to be gracious, and has ceased as a Father to pity His own children?" Soon one's thoughts were scattered by the contemplation of the changing scene. The bed disappeared with its rags and poverty and instead beneath the child were the tender arms of everlasting love. Already smiles were passing over the face of the dying, and as naturally as a child would do it seemed to settle itself