

## On receiving some Leaves from the Mount of Olives.

E'EN as when some sweet strain is heard  
A thousand memories are stirred,  
So, while on these frail leaves we gaze,  
Rise holy thoughts of bygone days.

Days when beneath the olive shade  
At midnight's hour the Saviour prayed,  
When rose upon the silent air  
The whisperings of fervent prayer.

They mingle with the night winds' sigh,  
Which stir the leaves, and wander by,  
Unknowing of the wealth they bear,  
The echo of a Saviour's prayer!

The stars look down with watchful gaze,  
The hours pass on, yet still He prays;  
Till night's dark curtain is withdrawn,  
And stars grow pale in early dawn,

And once again we see Him there,  
Kneeling in agony of prayer,  
While death's prophetic shadows throw  
Across His soul dark clouds of woe.

Oh, wondrous sight—oh, mystery!  
A God in human agony,  
Holding in deep and sad dismay  
The cup which might not pass away.

Sleepless and weary is the eye  
Which yet hath pierced eternity!  
Faint is that voice with mortal dread,  
That wondrous voice which raised the dead!

It was for *us* 'neath sorrow's cloud  
His sinless soul was meekly bowed;  
For *us* He knelt, for *us* He prayed  
In anguish 'neath the olive shade.