

rested, profaned and desecrated by the polluting touch of the Roman cohorts. But Jerusalem still slumbered on, that last terrible warning had been given, and it remained wrapped in lethargy; that thick darkness yet rested upon it which was only to be dispelled by the stern voice of judgment and retribution. IDA.

### THE LAST SUPPER.

The last rays of the sun were quivering upon the hill tops of Judah, and lingering upon the glittering towers and gorgeous pinnacles of the "holy and beautiful house," within whose walls the smoke of the evening offering was ascending, as the embodiment of a nation's homage, to the throne of the Eternal; and as "came still evening on," the low hum of stirring thousands gradually ceased, till almost unbroken silence reigned in the holy city. Slowly faded away the clear light from the soft snowy clouds, floating far away in the firmament, and when day had gone, the cold moon poured her lustre full upon the slopes of Olivet, and the sleeping waves of Kedron. But remote from the flashing lights of the slumbering city, whose every pulse beat gladness, was a small, sequestered dwelling, whose mouldering walls spoke of the ravages of time.—There, in an upper room were gathered a band of lonely wanderers, upon whose features sorrow had left its wasting impress. One alone was there, upon whose brow lingered the holiest calmness. Grief-stricken, and almost desolate, they had gathered round to eat once more together of the mysterious passover. And with hearts upon which the terror of despair had well nigh settled, they were listening to those ever beautiful and touching words, which breathe such an untold tenderness and pathos, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Mournfully did those calm earnest words fall upon the ears of the disciples; and as the last melting tones of the Saviour's voice died away, "sorrow indeed filled their hearts." Time passed on, and it was fast verging on the solemn hour of midnight, when that band of mourners emerged from the narrow, sheltered court into the open street. Slowly they moved on through many a winding pathway, and the cool fresh breeze was stirring the rust-

ling leaflets, and fanning the hot brow of the traveller. The passer-by lingered not to gaze upon them, and the Roman warrior ceased not his heavy monotonous tramp as they passed along. Passing without the city, they paused amid the quiet and solemn beauty of Gethsemane. What a scene!—Surely amazement must have filled the seraph ranks that night, as each unseen chorister bent wonderingly from his throne, to gaze on that sight. Beautiful, passing beautiful, was Jerusalem, and beneath the dark brow of Olivet stood the Son of Man, and looked upon her beauty. He stood with the pure pale moonlight sleeping on his brow, and the soft waves of Kedron murmuring at his feet, with his followers around him, and then meekly breathing, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death," turned and knelt upon the earth. Who may tell of that night, when the full cup of desolation and bitterness was poured upon him who was "the brightness of his Father's glory." Long did the pleading voice of prayer go up to heaven from that lonely spot; long did the prostrate and convulsed form, and the gushing life-blood falling to the earth, speak of unutterable woe and agony, but at its close, in measured cadence, came the calm, passionless words, "*Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.*" Of the deep and solemn mystery of that hour we may not speak—when anguish wrung the heart of Omnipotence, and the earth shook with the agony of him that made it; but when it was passed, the mighty struggling of the spirit ceased, and the Son of man went forth alone to complete the priceless sacrifice.

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Dreams follow the temper of the body, and commonly proceed from trouble and disease, business or care, an active head and a restless mind, from fear or hope, from wine or passion, from fulness or emptiness, from fantastic remembrances, or from some demon, good or bad. They are without rule and without reason; they are as contingent as if a man should study to make a prophecy, and by saying ten thousand things, may hit upon one true—which was therefore not foreknown, though it was forespoken; and they have no certainty, because they have no natural proportion to those effects which they are said to foreshadow.