

soldier. As He did so, something fell from His head upon the body of McKane. It was a plaited crown of thorns. McKane reached forth to pick it up and return it, but when his hand grasped it a section broke off. He tried to murmur his sorrow, but he could not speak. With an effort he raised his head so as to look up into the face of his Comrade. Then it flashed upon him Who it was. He sighed contentedly, a rare smile spread about his mouth, and he slipped away into unconsciousness again.

The medical officer and stretcher-bearers had worked hard all the night collecting the wounded. When they reached McKane the first streaks of dawn were piercing the Eastern sky. They found him badly wounded and unconscious. He was lying close beside a dead comrade. When they raised him up and laid him upon the stretcher, he muttered brokenly to himself. As they bore him away, he kept saying, "I broke His crown!" They thought him merely delirious. When they reached the dressing-station he seemed more intelligible. He spoke of seeing someone with a wounded hand—of not recognising Him at first—of picking up a crown that broke in his hand! The M.O. administered chloroform to quiet him whilst he examined and dressed his wounds. When they took off his tunic they found his right hand tightly clenched. With difficulty they opened it and found therein a section of plaited thorn! So tightly had it been grasped that one thorn had pierced the palm of the hand and sunk deep in the flesh. Blood had flowed out upon the thorn and dyed it crimson. When the medical officer examined it more closely, he found an old stain of blood there, as though long years ago the plaited thorn had marred some one's flesh and drawn blood.