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Gethsemane and Calvary.
(EROM THE "PRESBTTERIAN HERALD.")

Alpha, Qmega of my hops,
Where Jesus drank the dreadful cup, The eentral apot where sinners meet To gaze on acenes so sad, zo sweet : Oh : does it not seem passing etrange That 'midst creation's boundless rango, No reene should so attractive be As darkeoms, lone Gethsemane ?

And yet I know that seenes abound On this fair earth with beauty crowned; I know that there are flow'rets gay Upspringing all around our way; But oh: this gloomy garden-shade The birth-place of our hopes is made; What were the fairest world to me, Without thy scenes, Gethremane:

If thero my Saviour had not trod The wine-press of the wrath of God, Endurad the smitings of his sword, When my desert was cn Him poured; If agonies like these had nut
Bean mitnessed in this sacred spot, A long farewell to hope for me, Without thy scenes, Gethsemanc!

Hin zacred knees there pressed the ground, Whale thickeat midnight gathered round; Stand still and wonder, 0 my soul, Whilo mighty billows o'er Him roll!

No scene so strange beneath the skies Has ever drawn these wondering eyes, As where my Saviour bends the knee, In gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

And thence to Calvary 1 go, That penitential tears may flow, While all my debts-a mountain loadMy surety cancels with his blood. The flames consame the Sacrifice, My Saviour bows his head and dies: The penal vengeance due to me , I learn upon Mount Calvary :

I bathe me 'neath the crimson tide The fountain opened inghis side; Earth has no other central spot, Where all my anguish is forgot. Sure nowhere else my heart has felt Love, which its acafrant can melt, As where the Man of griefs I see Expiring thas on Calvary !

Ob: tell me not of scenes more fair :
Permit my heart to linger herc, Without a Saviour lifted bigh, A hopeless, ruined wretcin were I; Foundation, Head-Stonc, First and Last ! Here be my sweetest moments passed;
Till in his glory I shall see
The man ribo died on Calvary :

