

countless liquid gems; there, beneath, it lights up the gloomy recesses of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, and even softens the grim outlines of the "Hill of Blood." Beyond the Kedron valley it falls softly upon the sleeping city, gilding its gloomy battlements and towers, and pours a flood of golden radiance upon yon temple's marble magnificence, till all its sculptured columns seem wreathed with burnished jewels, and every pinnacle glows as if touched with living fire. Oh! who can think, while gazing on so fair a picture, that yonder peerless city is stained with crime beyond forgiveness, and that over it hangs the shadow of a swift and terrible doom!

Sabbath morning in Jerusalem! and throughout the city reigns the quiet of Sabbath rest. The vast multitudes who came up to the feast are still in the city, or encamped around its walls, and on this the great day of the feast, they are early astir,—but men move to and fro with almost noiseless footsteps, and speak in whispers, with bated breath. The spell of yesterday's dread tragedy is still upon their spirits, and over the rude multitude broods an unwonted and solemn awe. All seem to feel, that in the death of Jesus of Nazareth an event has occurred whose final issues none can foresee; but within the city, or near it, there are three groups whose respective attitudes towards the dead prophet call for more than a passing remark,—the disheartened disciples, the loving confessors who had given Jesus burial, and the Chief Priests and Pharisees who had procured his condemnation. In regard to the first, little need be said. They "trusted that this had been he which should have redeemed Israel;" but not understanding the Scriptures, nor the power of God, the crucifixion of the Master scattered all their bright hopes, and left them a prey to the bitterest disappointment. From the moment when "they all forsook him and fled," the twelve, with the exception of John, disappear from view, and we see no more of them till after the resurrection. Of the women we have a better record. Naturally timid and retiring, and living in an age and in a country where "woman's work" was neither understood nor recognized, the conduct of these women affords one of the finest examples of female heroism ever given to the world. Fearless of consequences,—prompted by the over-mastering love that made them forgetful of all personal considerations,—they followed Jesus to Calvary, and stood by his cross to the last; and when Joseph and Nicodemus came to give him burial, these same loving hearts followed as chief mourners behind his bier. Three of the evangelists unite in testimony concerning this fact. Matthew tells us "there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre;" Mark testifies that "Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Joses, beheld where he was laid;" while Luke records that "the women . . . beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid," after which they returned and "prepared spices and ointments, and rested the seventh day according to the commandment." Beautiful testimony! Love to Jesus might have prompted them to fulfil their pious task at the earliest possible moment, and a mere sentimental piety would say: "Surely this is a work of necessity, and may be done on the Sabbath day;" but these women had learned that "obedience is better than sacrifice," that God's name cannot be glorified by works that break