

Shame, weariness, unwillingness struggling against Him. Before the clear-sighted eye of his soul arose the vision of sin and the wretchedness this oblation was not crushing out of the world, would not crush out; even in the long centuries that were to follow. His friends slept, His followers—even in the city, beyond—irresolute and feeble—thought not of him. In the face, of the deepest anguish that time has ever known He stood alone. The trembling olive leaves above Him and I their silent companion were His only sympathizers. The hours went by. The agony continued. At its close He rose up, He, the man-God, submissive in his humanity, self-sacrificing in his Divinity, saying in the heroism, which He, the Christ only could practise, which all his followers approximate only through Christ-given strength: Father, thy will be done. Then the tramp of soldiers came pressing up the road and into the silent farm-yard: The betrayal was an accomplished fact: the Saviour walked in the midst of the guard down the hill-side and back towards Jerusalem, whilst far off—in fear—followed his disciples. The olive trees bent towards the wide walls of the garden and against the broken gateway, to touch the places where the hem of his garment had brushed, upon the crest of the mountain. "I stood listening to the jeering of the soldiers as they led Him on towards the city, and there in the hush of the centuries, said the voice, I am still, and there shall I remain until Olivet and the olive trees that darken its slopes have ended their mission and are no longer needed as witnesses to the fulfilment of the prophecies. The grey old trees are fewer now, more withered. They mark the progress of time, for at the close of each century one of them falls. I alone know the number that remain before the end comes. How many years have yet to pass from the shadows of time into the shadows of eternity?" Oh, how I longed in my dream as this voice seemed to grow fainter, that I might not be carried to that other mountain where all was to be consummated. I wanted to wake only on the glad resurrection morning, but my soul was carried by a force I could not resist and again the voice, which now called itself the "Guardian of Death," spoke, and, rapt in fear and sorrow and great joy, I heard: "Darkness, death, silence hover round this resting place. In the valley beneath me are tombs. I behold the Dead Sea, the melancholy pool of Siloam and the tomb