

from the abyss with earthquake throes, and the Jordan ran on with free channel, to the Elamitic Gulf of the Red Sea. Or did He think as he gazed on these barren wastes, receiving ungratefully the dews of Heaven, on the thanklessness of those who refused the blessings He proffered? Did the rent rocks remind Him of the broken hearts he came to heal? Or did the Jordan as with rapid swirl it entered the Dead Sea, that lonely lake into which flow five rivers, and from which none find an exit, suggest to him the noisy current of Time with its multitudinous issues, all silenced at last in the calm of eternity?—Perhaps he took in his arms the brown children of the desert, and blessed them, as was his wont, and thought meanwhile of His own wondrous childhood, and of His return from Egypt along the shore of the blue Mediterranean, where the roses of Sharon were watered by running brooks, and the sky-lark aloft, as in western lands, filled the air with melody and song.

Then came the end. He must leave these hallowed haunts: he must leave the loving family at Bethany, the wooded slopes of Olivet, and the quiet home where he loved to sojourn. He must leave them all: yet not for the last time. He having loved His own, loved them even unto the end. The affection of Our Lord seemed to transcend the limits of the grave: and when after his precious death and burial, he rose again, he led his disciples towards Bethany, and there, in view of all that he had honored with a more than human love. He rose on high. He ascended into