A LITTLE ONE IN HEAVEN.
TWO VIEWS.

GAZED upon thy cradled head;
'Twas the same hour the angel's hand
Led thee, in paths we may not tread,
To that far-distant better land.
Ah, with a light how clear, how fair,
Thy sweet blue eyes were shining there!
I gazed again; it was near the hour
We bore thee to thy little tomb;
Still shone the sweet blue eyes; no power
Had death on thee of waste or gloom;
Yet was there change—methought I saw
On that dear brow a nameless awe.

Sweet, solemn change! The light, the shade,
Alike to me of glory spoke;
The light of Christ’s own face displayed,

The first full capture of His look!
Oh, with what joy that vision sweet
Thy now all-conscious soul would greet!

And when aloft, on heights unknown,
Midst welcome from immortal eyes,
He led thee near the blessed throne,
Sure with an awe-struck deep surprise
Thy soul, sweet Edith, would begin
To drink heaven’s endless pleasure in!

H. C. G. Moule.

Sorrow and Song in the Evangelists.


St. Luke.

In St. Matthew we have the Passion in its Bible sacredness, in St. Mark the Passion of Him who is the Son of God, in St. Luke the Passion in its human beauty and tenderness.

The account of the agony in Gethsemane is so marked that we must, in the case of this Gospel, begin somewhat earlier than in the case of the other Evangelists.

(39) “And He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives; and His disciples also followed Him. (40) And when He was at the place, He said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. (41) And He was withdrawn from them about a stone’s cast, and knelt down, and prayed, (42) saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done. (43) And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. (44) And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (45) And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow, (46) and said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

St. Luke’s Gospel is the Gospel of the holy Angels. Writing for Gentiles, and those Gentiles Greeks, he would apparently wish to show that heaven and earth are not uncopied of glorious occupants. From the appearance of Gabriel to the Virgin mother and the song of the “heavenly soldiers” heard by the shepherds, it is the Gospel of the Angels.

In Gethsemane, as earth’s sympathy fails the suffering Son of Man, the sympathy of heaven draws near. There appeared unto Him an angel from heaven strengthening Him.† Twice only, it may be observed, are the angels mentioned historically in direct connection with our Lord—