



A LITTLE ONE IN HEAVEN.

TWO VIEWS.

IGAZED upon thy cradled head ;
 'Twas the same hour the angel's hand
 Led thee, in paths we may not tread,
 711

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

And when aloft, on heights unknown,
 Midst welcomes 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.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

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 (41) And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, (42) saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me : nevertheless not My will, but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 unpeopled 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—

* St. Luke xxii.

† St. Luke xxii. 43.

after the Temptation, and in this place. *There*, there were *many*; here *one*. There they "came" or "approached," and "ministered unto Him;" here the angel "was seen" or "appeared." *How* the "strengthening" took place we are not told. Of all the host of heaven the reserve of Scripture has concealed the names, except in two instances—Gabriel and Michael. No addition to our knowledge is made in this place.

Again, St. Luke's Gospel is the Gospel of *Poetry*. Of the whole history of Jesus it is profoundly true that it is a poem as well as a history.

It is certain that the two verses which relate the incident of the bloody sweat are wanting in some manuscripts, and certain also that the crucifixion may be accounted for by the cowardice of the sort of orthodoxy which, be it what it may, is not true faith.

But others have said that we have here a fragment of a legend built with the substance of the narrative. Surely it is not so. Poetry makes the shapes of those whom she celebrates larger than human in the distance, and surrounds them with glorious exaggerations. Among all her creations she never invented a hero in agony, writhing like a crushed worm down upon the ground. Yet, as St. Luke leads us into Gethsemane by moonlight, faith sees a marvellous beauty, and would not lose one touch of the picture.

It is remarkable that the account of the physical accompaniments of the Agony is peculiar to the narrative of the physician among the Evangelists. The word "agony" the Church owes to St. Luke ; it indicates the undefined fear of something certainly terrible, but as to details uncertain. Full of meaning also is the word translated "*more earnestly*." "He prayed more earnestly." Prayer in its energy is work. It is not the instinctive scream of the hare when it runs in narrowing circles, and the breath of the greyhound is on the flick. It is a sense, not only of our