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Description

I desire to awaken my own sluggish affections by meditating a little on a theme that can never become trite or lose its tender interest to all who Jove in any measure the Lord Jesus; and what can be more needed in our lukewarm day, than to dwell on those sorrows that tell the measure of His love for such poor unfaithful people as we surely are. It is His love that alone awakens ours.

But whilst this is my subject, I am not going as far as Calvary; for there those sufferings are too profound to be exposed to any mortal gaze. The sun refuses to reveal them, and during the last three hours, from midday to three o'clock, there is not one recorded whisper from man, beast or bird, till that exceeding bitter cry: "Eli, Eli lama sabachthani," rang through that mysterious night. The darkness and the silence are in awful accord with what is transpiring on that central cross.

But it is this that gives its intense interest to Gethsemane. There we see our Lord passing through a shadow, the substance of which was borne in that darkness, and it is thus that we get some slight estimate of the substance by the effect of the shadow. If the mere shadow could cause such agony as we shall see, what of that of which it was only the shadow? May the Holy Spirit grant us to tread that "Via dolorosa" that way of suffering, in spirit with our Lord and His disciples, with the unshod feet of reverence. Nor may we hurry, but walk with the slow step of awed reverence.

Each of the gospels supplies some item that the others omit, and it is only by bringing them all together that we get a comprehensive view of the sacred scene. Turning then first to John 18, we see the eleven following their Lord down the hillside till they come to the brook Cedron,*

* More correctly "Kedron," the initial is our K, not C.

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