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## GETHSEMANE.

In golden youth when seems the earth  
A summer-land of surging mirth,  
When souls are glad and hearts are light,  
And not a shadow lurks in sight,  
We do not know it, but there lies  
Somewhere veiled under evening skies  
A garden which we all must see—  
The garden of Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,  
Love lends a halo to our days;  
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar,  
We laugh, and say how strong we are.  
We hurry on; and hurrying, go  
Close to the borderland of woe  
That waits for you, and waits for me—  
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams  
Bridged over by our broken dreams;  
Behind the misty caps of years,  
Beyond the great salt fount of tears,  
The garden lies. Strive, as you may,  
You cannot miss it in your way.  
All paths that have been, or shall be,  
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late,  
Must pass within the garden's gate;  
Must kneel alone in darkness there,  
And battle with some fierce despair.  
God pity those who cannot say,  
"Not mine, but thine," who only pray,  
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see  
The purpose of Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.