

**THE GREEN BOUGH:
A TALE OF THE
RESURRECTION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649272228

The Green Bough: A Tale of the Resurrection by Mary Austin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MARY AUSTIN

**THE GREEN BOUGH:
A TALE OF THE
RESURRECTION**

The Green Bough

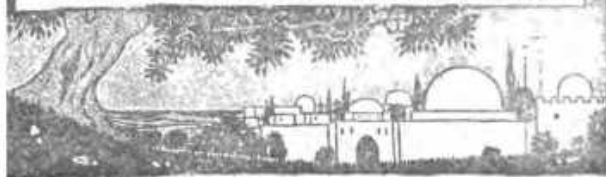





The Green Bough

IT was the season of the green bough. On into the night, emanations from the warm, odorous earth kept the chill from the air, and the sky, steeped in the full spring suns, retained, almost until dawn, light enough to show the pale undersides of the olive branches where they stirred with the midnight currents. It was not until the hours fell into the very pit of the night that the morning coolness began to strike shivers along the bodies of those whose business kept them sleeping on the open slopes outside the city walls.


It would have been about that time






that he awoke. For more than an hour past he had swung from point to point of consciousness on successive waves of pain; now he was carried almost to the verge of recovery, and now he felt the dragging clutch of the Pit from which hardly he had escaped. By degrees as he was borne toward life his passages in and out of insensibility began to approach more nearly the normal phases of waking and sleeping; the pangs of his body separated from the obsessions of spiritual distress, and recurrent memory began to ply.


It began with the agony in the garden and the falling away of all human support from that inexplicable wrestling of great souls with foreknowledge, which must






always seem to the generality, unnecessary if not a little absurd. More pitifully than all that had rolled between, he felt the empty reach of his affections toward the uncomprehending sleep of his companions. . . . Could ye not watch œe little hour! He remembered the futility of trial, the scoffing and the betrayals, through the crisis of which his quick spirit had lived so long before, that at last it broke upon him harmlessly. Pain by pain, his body picked out for him other memories of the way, the cross, the tearing nails. . . . more than all else the impotence of purely human impulses under the larger vision which kept him even in the midst of anguish, profoundly aware of how little they knew



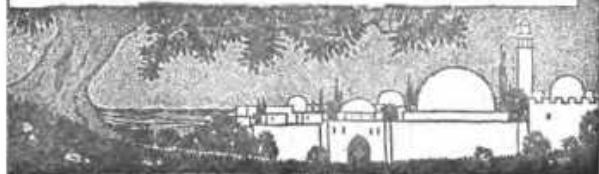


the thing they did. It came back upon him as the stiffness of his wounds, the burden of understanding that loses even the poor human relief of bitterness and blame. As he fell away again into the trough of bodily pain it was to measure the full horror of that drop, which, when the racked consciousness that had sustained him in the knowledge of Fatherliness, had failed like a splitten sail and left him beating blindly in the void. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He came strangely up to life in the anguish of that cry. . . . Suddenly he put up his hand and touched the cold stones of his sepulchre. He was dead then, and was alive. Lying very still for pure weakness, his spirit returned






half unwittingly by the old track and
and travelled toward God . . . fumb-
blingly, as a drowsy child at the breast, he
sucked comfort, the ineffable, divine sup-
port. It flowed. Slowly the slacked
spirit filled. . . . Power came upon
him. God was not dead . . . nor
forsaking. . . . He hung upon that
and waited for a word. Outside in the
dawn dusk a bird, awakened by the sway-
ing of his bough in the first waft of the
morning, bubbled over with the joyous
urge of the spring. The sound of it
filtered through the rock crevices in a
thin, clear trickle of song. He laid off
the grave cloth and began to feel for the
round stone which he knew should close
the mouth of the grave. Wounded as he



657015



was, it was still no more than many suffer in battle, with the cheerful promise of recovery; calling on those reserves of power for which he had always been remarkable, he applied his shoulder to the stone . . . it yielded to the pressure and slid along the groove.

He made out the soft bulk of the olive trees, all awake and astir to catch the first streak of the morning, and the *tink tink* of water falling from a pipe into a stone basin. Following it he came to the fountain from which the garden was watered, and drank and bathed his wounds. He was startled for a moment by the swaying of a garment against him, and then he perceived it to be the gardener's cloak left hanging in the tree, the

