

**THE SHADOW OF THE
HOLY WEEK, BY
THE AUTHOR OF
'THE DIVINE MASTER'.**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649334629

The shadow of the Holy week, by the author of 'The divine Master'. by Felicia Mary Frances Skene

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

FELICIA MARY FRANCES SKENE

**THE SHADOW OF THE
HOLY WEEK, BY
THE AUTHOR OF
'THE DIVINE MASTER'.**

The
Shadow of the Holy Week.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE DIVINE MASTER."

"He turneth the shadows of death into the morning."

LONDON:
J. MASTERS AND CO., 78, NEW BOND STREET.

1883.

141. n. 309.



The Shadow of the Holy Week.

Palm Sunday.

THE dawn of a fair spring day has flooded all the eastern land with brilliant sunshine, the calm blue sky is without a cloud throughout its serene expanse, and every hill and valley far and near smiles in the golden light; the soft air echoes with the song of birds and the voices of laughing children, while the crowds that are passing to and fro on their business or their pleasure, seem to have caught on their happy faces all the radiance of the morning. Yes! there is brightness everywhere, save in one spot; over the city of the Great King—Jerusalem—the joy of the whole

earth, there lies a strange portentous shadow, unseen to the multitudes who throng its streets or to those who gaze on the Temple buildings from afar, but visible to One Who from all eternity has foreknown the meaning of that mysterious gloom and all that it portends.

It is the shadow of impending Doom; the doom not of death alone, but of every concentrated agony which can be endured by a Victim in Whose awful Being are united the human nature and the Godhead. JESUS has drawn nigh unto Jerusalem. He stands upon the mount of Olives. He looks towards the guilty city, of which it shall be said, in that last Day when the heavens and the earth must flee away before the Face of the Almighty Judge, that there the LORD was crucified. He takes His way along the path that leads to it, in meek and lowly guise; and while all the world around Him is glad with joy and sunshine, He passes in beneath the shadow that enshrouds it like a funeral pall—*Jesus entered into Jerusalem.*

As it was in the springtide of that momentous year which is linked to all cycles of time, before and since, by the power of an Undying Love, so is it in these latter days, when for us tenanted

the earth in our generation, once more the winter has passed and gone, and the singing of birds is heard among the opening flowers ; the gladness and beauty of early spring is around us again and all are rejoicing in the reviving nature, the tread of eager feet tells of the ceaseless search for pleasure or excitement, while mirthful voices echo through the air and the smile of the sunshine is reflected on hopeful faces ; only amid the universal brightness there is now even as there was then, one spot shrouded in mournful darkness, for the eyes that will to behold it. Over the Jerusalem of Passiontide the shadow lies of His remembered Doom, and they who would in true commemoration watch with Him through all His hours of Agony, must turn from the smiling world and its joys, to enter with Him into the precincts of death and pain beneath that veil of ominous gloom.

Let us go that in spirit we may die with Him. JESUS enters into Jerusalem and all the city is moved, saying, "*Who is this ?*" At the entrance of Holy Week we answer, "He is our life,"—even as, on the threshold of the world beyond the grave, we hope to say, "He is our Life Eternal."

Within the limit of these seven days we may see concentrated, the whole mystery of that Redemption of the human race, which stretches from everlasting to everlasting in the changeless purpose of the Infinite GOD. In the progress of JESUS from the triumphant palm-strewn way, to the Sepulchre sealed in darkness and silence beneath the great stone, there is a close analogy with every stage of mortal existence, and we shall find that the manner of His being from hour to hour, touches all forms of possible discipline by which we may be moulded into His Likeness, and drawn into union with the Living GOD.

For us, the Incarnation, the Passion, and the Sacrifice all proclaim the same Truth, that the intense desire of happiness, the inappeasable craving for an unknown good, which is coexistent with our very consciousness, can have its satisfaction only in Him, Who is the manifest Love of GOD, since it is but the inevitable search for the one object of our being, the demand, uncomprehended by ourselves, of our GOD-created spirits for that LORD of Life Who has made us for Himself.

Once it was said unto JESUS, "*All men seek*

Thee," and in these words was revealed the secret which lies at the heart of all humanity. It is JESUS Whom every living soul is seeking ; it is the dumb unconscious supplication of their very nature, for Him Who is the Bliss, the Life, the Eternity, that alone can fill their deathless spirits, which speaks in all the restlessness, the futile struggling in disappointment and despair, that load this world with a thousand forms of anguish.

If we enter with Him now beneath the shadow of the Holy Week, we shall learn in each one of its ever darkening hours, not only, how truly it is for JESUS that unknowingly we seek from the first moment of earthly existence to the last, but after what manner also, the probation of every stage of mortal life is fashioned in union with that Sacrifice of Suffering, whereby alone He has placed within our reach the beatitude of His Eternal Love.

The very first accents of the Divine Voice, which we hear as we pass with Him into the shrouded city of the Passion, proclaim this the central Truth of our whole being.

"If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace,"—

and—*Jesus wept!*—Not only for Jerusalem, nor for all the myriads living on the earth that day, but for every individual soul who has ever entered on probation here, and to whom those words have been spoken in vain, so that they have reached the bourne of troubled tortured life without having realized that He, and He alone, is our Peace. He wept in that hour for the suffering He knew that each one through all succeeding ages should endure, whoever sought for happiness or rest apart from Him. Shall not the thought of those tears fall like heavenly dew upon the aching hearts, that vainly have beat so high for the delusive hopes of earth, telling us that although we have turned aside deceived, from Him our only good, yet can His Divine compassion reach us still, and He Who wept for us is ready even now to wipe away all our tears?

If thou hadst known—even thou—thy Peace.

Let us enter on the seven awful days, bearing those words within our hearts as the solution of the problems of life for us and for all mankind. To each separate human being there comes at some period of their lives, the time of their visitation which is known only to their own souls