

# **THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS**

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The shadow of the cross by W. Adams

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**W. ADAMS**

**THE SHADOW  
OF THE CROSS**





THE  
SHADOW OF THE CROSS

BY THE

REV. W. ADAMS, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD; AUTHOR OF  
"THE OLD MAN'S HOME"

*And He said unto them all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross daily, and follow Me*

St. LUKE ix. 23

New Edition, with Engravings



RIVINGTONS  
London, Oxford, and Cambridge

1870

141. k. 388.



## CHAPTER I

OLD FRIENDS, OLD SCENES, WILL LOVELIER BE,  
AS MORE OF HEAVEN IN EACH WE SEE :  
SOME SOFTENING GLEAM OF LOVE AND PRAYER  
SHALL DAWN ON EVERY CROSS AND CARE.

A THICK darkness was spread over the earth, as I stood on the top of a lofty mountain, and the only object that I could see was the sun, which had risen in the far east with a wonderful glory. It was as a ball of clear and living fire; and yet so soft and chastened was its ray, that, while I gazed, my eye was not dazzled, and I felt I should love to look upon it for ever. Presently, as it shone upon the mists which rested on the earth, they became tremulous with light, and in a moment they floated by, and a scene of life and beauty was opened to my view.

I saw a spot of ground, so rich and fertile, that it well might be called a garden;—the sweetest flowers were growing wild in the fields, and the very pathways appeared to sparkle with rubies and emeralds; there



were, too, the most luxuriant orchards and cool groves of orange-trees and myrtles, and the breeze of the morning was playing among their branches. Now, as I watched the butterflies that fluttered over the flowers, and the lambs sporting on the smooth grass, and as I listened to the song of the nightingales in the woods, I fancied it was some scene of enchantment which I saw, it was so very full of happiness and life. Everywhere, at the extremity of the view, my eye rested on a clear narrow stream: I could trace neither mountain from which it rose, nor ocean into which it fell; but it glided round and round in an endless circular course, forming as it were a border of silver to that lovely garden on which the sun was shining. The morning light ever kept adding fresh beauty to each tree and flower on which it fell, but the brightest and clearest rays were those which were reflected by this narrow stream: and at this I wondered the rather because, on the other side of the ring of water, all was still wrapt in a thick and gloomy fog, and though I gazed long and earnestly, I saw nothing.

Young and lovely children were continually crossing the narrow stream; there was no other way of escaping from the land of darkness to the land of light. Their garments became white as snow by their passage through

the water, and sparkled with a dazzling brightness as the sun first shone upon them; I observed, too, that each child, as he entered the garden, held a little cross in his hand. Now, when I reflected how many millions might still be wandering in the dark and gloomy region beyond, on whom the glorious sun would never shed its cheering warmth, I could not help thinking how happy the children were to have found thus early the narrow stream, and I said in my heart, Surely this lovely garden was made for them, and they will live in it for ever.

While I was musing thus, it seemed that, in answer, a still soft Voice came floating on the breeze, and said, "It is indeed for such children as these that the sun is shining, and for them that the mists have been cleared away, but none of the beautiful things in the garden belong to them; they are waiting here as strangers, till their Father shall summon them home; and when they go hence, they can take nothing away with them but the little crosses in their hands, and the white garments which they wear." "Who, then, are these children?" I asked, "and what is the name of the garden? and when they are taken from it, whither will they go?" And the Voice said, "The children are sons of a mighty King, and the garden is called the Garden of **The Shadow of the Cross**; but no one can tell whither

each child will go when he is taken away—it will depend on how far he escapes the dangers of the garden. If they carelessly lose their crosses, or so stain their beautiful garments, that they can be made white no more, they will be thought unworthy of the presence of the great King, and will be hid in an outer darkness, more thick and terrible than that which they have just left. But if, when they go away, the crosses are still in their hands, and they so far keep themselves clean that the King may recognise them for His own children, then will their garments be washed until they become more shining white than snow, and they will be taken to a brighter and happier land, in which they will live with their Father for ever."

But I understood not what the Voice meant by the dangers of the garden, and I wondered, too, that it should speak to me of a brighter and happier land; for I thought within myself, that no land could be more beautiful than that on which I gazed, and no sun more glorious than that which was shining there. And the Voice again answered my thoughts, and said, "It is indeed sure, that no sun surpasseth in glory that which is shining on the land encircled by the silver stream; but were it not for the light so resting upon it, there is nothing to be desired in the garden itself. At one