

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

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THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

THE picture shows the present appearance of this sacred spot—one of the most hallowed in its associations in the whole world. The monks under whose control it is, are seen carefully tending its flowers. A few ancient olives, probably the lineal descendants of those under whose shade our Saviour agonized, still remain. His heart must be callous, indeed, who is not stirred to deep emotion by the surroundings of the spot and the holy memories which it suggests. This picture is one of about thirty which illustrate a series of three articles in the *Methodist Magazine* on "The Lord's Land," by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, of the Metropolitan Church, who a short time ago visited these sacred scenes. The whole series will be of special interest to Sunday-school workers, and indeed to all Bible readers.

LEARN A TRADE.

HARDLY a day passes by but we see evidence of the folly of our young men scattered here and there. They are in quest of something to do. They are willing to work for about the pay they should be receiving. If you ask them what is their trade, they will reply that they have none, and in these days when skilled labour is in demand, it is a shame and outrage for so many promising young men to be loitering the time away, either looking for work, or, if they have it, in a position where their pay is nothing. We have seen too many such men who expect to climb up the ladder of fame and fortune without working for it. They are looking around for pins to pick up, and then to be folded in the embrace of some wealthy bank president or philanthropic merchant, made a partner, and finally marry in the family. Such cases are not to be found every day in the present time. We read *Munchausen* tales, in the years gone by, that had an ending like this. But to-

day the merchant who wants a young man, wants one of character and ability. Learn a trade, young man; first become proficient in some industry, so when you go forth to pastures new, you'll know within yourself that you have something to fall back on for a living.

A LITTLE bit of a girl living near one of the cities ran into her mother from the roadside with some early spring blossoms in her hands, and, full of the outside glow, exclaimed: "O, mamma, how nice it is to live where somebody doesn't own everything."

miles on the other side until they got to a town on the shores of Lake Huron,—or rather Georgian Bay—named Collingwood, my home that I left four years ago to go and tell the little Indian boys and girls about Jesus.

I wondered what my little ones in Collingwood were doing, for I had an infant class in the Sabbath-school when I left of about 70 or 80 dear little boys and girls, and I thought: "Now, if I should write a letter to PLEASANT HOURS, perhaps they would see it, for I was sure they took the paper, as every Sunday-school ought, and the letter would be for them as well as for those whom I have never seen." So

downs; a board taken off the roof lets in all the light we have except what comes in through the cracks. But then, this is not our best schoolhouse. We have two villages, one for the winter, and another about six miles away, on a river where the people go in the spring to fish. Our winter schoolhouse is very nice. I was going to say that for about a week it rained almost all the time, and the rain came pouring down on our heads. Poor little things, they would move from one place to another to try and find a dry spot, their little bare feet paddling in the water. But they were just as happy as if they had every comfort;

never looked cross all the time of the storm.

Some of my boys and girls learn very quickly. There is one girl about ten years old, named Kate Starr. She has not attended school very long, but she will soon be in the "third book," and she writes very prettily; she understands a little English, and sometimes interprets for me, and often goes with me to visit the sick. She is a very wise little girl, and I think will be a teacher some day. Some white girls might learn a lesson from her; she is diligent in her studies, and so clean and neat in her dress.

Then there is a boy named Simon Young; he is not as far advanced as Kate, but he also understands a little English and helps me some-

times. He is a very good boy, and I hope in a few years he will be a missionary. There are quite a number of very clever boys and girls. One, a little girl about four years old, is a pretty little thing with bright black eyes and rosy cheeks.

After the Sunday morning service most of the people remain behind to learn the text, both old and young. They repeat it over and over in their own language until they know it; then I will call on different ones to repeat it, sometimes very old men and women, then a young person, and again a little child. Nearly every Sunday I will say, "Now Louisa," and she repeats it word for word, and very seldom makes a mistake.



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

LETTER FROM MISS LAWRENCE, METHODIST MISSIONARY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MY dear Young Friends,—Today I picked up a number of PLEASANT HOURS and read one or two stories, and I thought: "How I would like to have a little talk with the children." Something whispered, "Why not write them a letter?" I answered, "Yes, I would like to very much, but I have not time." And I thought of the great pile of unanswered letters I had just been looking at.

But still I could not get the little folks out of my mind, and my thoughts went wandering away across the Rocky Mountains, and over thousands of

I made up my mind I would write just a short letter even if some of the letters to the big folks were left unanswered, because I like to talk to little people best.

Now I suppose you would like to hear something about the Indian boys and girls. I wish you could just take a peep into the school some day and see for yourselves. I am afraid, though, you would be almost inclined to laugh, for instead of the nice hats and jackets worn by the little white girls, you would see bright coloured handkerchiefs and shawls or blankets. I think you would have felt sorry for them if you had been here the last week. We have not a nice warm schoolhouse like you have; no win-