

watching with Jesus. The hour for this was past. It was now too late and as far as that was concerned they might as well sleep on. Men often fail still after the very same fashion. The formative period of life is allowed to pass, character is moulded in wrong forms; they would change now if they could, but it is too late. There are those whom we might have helped, but they have gone from us and it is too late. There are lives upon the downward track to-day, that might have been saved if we had been

faithful. But we missed our opportunity; it is too late now; we may as we well sleep on.

Arise, let us be going, v. 46. While what has been said above is true in regard to the past, which is irreparable, it is not true in regard to the future, which is still available. Though we may have missed much that can never be recovered by our failure to watch in the past, we must not despair of the future. We may be forgiven, we may be made strong, we may yet serve acceptably, we may find a humble place in heaven.

POINTS AND PARAGRAPHS *Lesson I*

Is trouble impending? Go to prayer. It is the surest refuge. v. 36.

"O my Father!" This is the life-line that drew Jesus safely through the sea of trouble. v. 39.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness. (Phillips Brooks.) v. 39.

The flesh may shrink while the spirit is steadfast. v. 39.

We may desire anything, if our supreme desire is that God's will may be done. v. 39.

The shrinking of the flesh is not sinful, but we need to watch and pray lest Satan take advantage of it to lead us into sin. v. 41.

"He remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. 103 : 14.) v. 43.

"Satan rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions." v. 43.

Let us watch while we have opportunity; it will be too late by-and-by. v. 45.

The past is irreparable; the future is available. v. 46.

Christ has many enemies; shall He not have a few true friends? v. 46.

A friend once called the attention of Napoleon to the blanched face of an officer as he was marching into battle, as showing that he was a coward. Napoleon replied that the man was the bravest officer in his army; for he saw clearly and felt keenly his danger, and yet went forward into the thickest of the battle.—Peloubet.

I could have wished at times that the three had been able to share that brief vigil with Him; that they could have supported just for one hour that sacred companionship. And yet in my own guilty failure, my own want of vigilance, my own weariness in prayer, I gain a faint consolation from their apathy, though I feel a fresh self-condemnation in my own indignant censure of them. "You could not watch with Him an hour," I say to them, reproachfully; and they to me, "Nor you, either."—Horton.

I dare say to some of us the most priceless of all memories is that of one of the sons or daughters of affliction made beautiful by submission to the will of God. There had perhaps been a struggle once; but it was over; and God's will was accepted not only with submission, but with a holy joy which glorified the whole being.

Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that Time flows through the hands of men—swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever. It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late.—Robertson.