A SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.

John 18: 1-11; Matt. 26: 67-56

ms and torches their footstep

The one whom they seek had been plead-ing with God,

By angels upheld as the wine-press He trod,

The con-He must dead of its descrip-

If safety I seek, then my Father would be

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER XL Continued

with a tome.

with a tome in the gloaming is spirit as quiet as the hour. It was a new thing for her to feel quiet, way was narrow, and dark with over-ting trees and bushes, but she had accustomed to it all her life and

saming frees and bushes, but she had en accustomed to it all her life and the new accustomed to it all her life and the new accustomed to it all her life and the new accustomed to it all her life and the new accustomed to it all her life and the new accustomed to it all her life and the new accustomed to the right, a low, rambing, and lad own accustomed to the right, a low, rambing, in the souter angle, up a fine state appearance, but its gentility all her life and the new accustomed and the second accustomed and the second accustomed and the second accustomed and the second accustomed a

our Pisgah tops. There was more of her will are the shifted point of the

f the six.

"Are you tired out with him, mother?"
he asked.

"Poor little fellow! his teeth are

as the wine-press. He drink of its dregs had stience a triumph had tastence a triumph had tastence in the street of the street o

the supperdishes were piled there, still waiting.

"Never mind those," Mrs. Task said, quickly: "I can do them when baby is asteep."

"Jought not to have stayed so late,"
Mercy explained quietly, "but Miss Vanc came down to the mill, and asked an to at down with her, and I did; we had a long talk."
"Do you like her."
"I do. I never saw any one like her before. If I was rich, I would try to be like her."
"Can't you without being rich?" von.

"Can't you without being rich?" von red the mother.

Transfigures His form and glows in His misen.

His effluent glories the soldiers appall; And swed by the brightness as dead men they fall;

There, stricken with terror, before Him they lie.

Not daring to touch Him, yet powerless to fly.

But Judas, whose baseness there's nought can restrain, Andarious, astanic, and greedy of gain, Approaches his Lord with a loyal address, and an interest of the traitor emboldens the band;

The kiss of the traitor emboldens the band;

Then forward they spring, around Jesus they stand;

Then forward they spring around Jesus they stand;

The seas of the traitor emboldens the stand the spring the stand the spring

is dist, not myself, I am longing to please safety I neek, then my Father would be content—because He had loved ber.

The covenant was made that would be content—because He had loved ber.

The covenant was made that would be content—because He had loved ber.

The covenant was made that would bed for ever. And the girl, who knew her own ambitions heart, could not understand how it was that she was so attisfied, and yet had no promise for the fulfilling of the desires that had made up her life. She was standing in the moonlight, wondering over this and her new long the button back.

The covenant was made that would be for ever. And the girl, who knew her own ambitions heart, could not understand how it was that she was so attisfied, and yet had no promise for the fulfilling of the desires that had made up her life. She was standing in the moonlight, wondering over this and her new lay, when a faint tap came to the door.

It's mother, "the girl thought, turning the button back.

Mrs. Task came in hesitatingly, but-Mercy put her young arm around her, cand, leading her over to the window, placed her in a barrel-pair; then, crowd and the proposed her.

"Now, go on, mother; what is it?"
"I hated to disturb you, dear; but—father is, in trouble again."
"What is it?"
"At the store; and Mr. Gresham says, if he does not pay twenty dollars of it by to-morrow morning, he will take one of the cows, as he is wanting one. But what can we do with only one cow left?"
"He can not have it," any sery quiet where yose, unlocked a small hair-covered trunk, and, reaching in to the top, drew out an envelope and laid it in her mother's hat.d.
The candle had been nut out leave.

guessed her granted prayer, and rejoiced.

Perhaps when she went away, she did
not, quite as readily as the girl, put
away the thought of the changed plan
for the money.

She was older, and knew that life does
not permit us to stay long at a time upon
our Pisgah tops. There was more of her
life behind her, and less for the flowers of
hope.

"Mr. I ame, then," a brigging impatiently.
"You'd look pretty, though, with such a head on you as her's, wouldn't you?" This speaker, a green, over-grown lad, had been too busy in supptying his plate to be heard from believe. "You'd set everything in the room on fire." So we have the set everything in the room on fire. Serons flushed amprily. There was no denying that her hair was one of the brightest of "high tones," and she was very sensitive on the subject. And, anyway, you was out again last night; I heard you come in," spitefully.

"Yes, sir," and fir. Task roused himself auddenly, and put on what his chums called his "silly dignified air." "I was aware that you were out late again, and was going to inquire the cause. Where were you, Beriah?"

The lad glanced quickly toward his mother, then dropped his eyes on his plate again. "Down to the Burrow," he said, defiantly.

"That place! And what have I told you, sir? That I would hit have a so of

said, defiantly.

"That place! And what have I told out, sir? That I wouldn't have a son of nine in such company and such associators. Remember that, hereafter, sir, while you remain under the shelter of my oof."

roof."

The boy pushed back his plate, and left the table and room noisily.

"Now Bériah'll go off in the woods,"

Zenas said, wisely. The mother sighed. Mercy quietly alipped out into the shed. The lad had reached down a box from a high beam, and was going out.

"Where now, Beriah?" the sister asked.

ked.
"Going fishing," sullenly.
"Oh, Beriah, think of mother!"
"I have. If 'twa'n't for her, I'd clear
t to-day. He'd better talk," scorn-

fully.

"Never mind him. Isn't there any-thing here for you to do to-day?"

"I presume I could find something," and the idea was so suggestive he almost smiled.

and the idea was so suggestive he almost smiled.

"There's the corn to hoe."

"What's the use?" hotty. "d Didn't I do the very best I could, and gets slot of hay down, every bit I could alone, and then father wouldn't help a bit, and I couldn't get is in before it got wet, and then it was out all that rainy week, till it got musty as could be. And there it was out all that rainy week, till it got musty as could be. And there those cops stand yet, sour and black, I wish father had to look at them every hour of the day!"

"Never mind father; we can't make him over. Let's do the best we can here, ourselves," urged the sister.

"Here! I thought you was going away so fast."

"I don't know when."

"I'wo let my father take all my money."

"When!" and the boy gave a long "When!" and the boy gave a long "When!"

money."

"Whew!" and the boy gave a long whistle. "Well, you have done it! Given

anyway. Mercy?" the boy asked, curiously.

"I'm going to try and do what is right, and leave the reat." That was the most of a "confession" for her mistakes that the girl could make, but it means a good deal as her gray eye to look and the most of a "confession" for her mistakes a good deal as her gray eye to the district on the darker ones above the destruction of the district ones above the district of the many light died out from his. "Won't you see now if there's something for you to do?" she asked "I'd ought to be anhamed to leave it all for you to do," and the boy turned and placed the box again on the big beam. "I say, siss, I'll do my best to stand it a while longer. There's the hoats, and I won't get caught on those if Just them in the harn by the handful. And I'll be a man some day yet."

"I hope so, and a good one."

"Can't say about that, but no make-believe, anyway," and, shouldering a hoe, the boy marched off, whistling some lively tune to cowrince his sinter that, he was not, at all troubled with serious thoughts.

"To be continued."

with the same, and corn-bread and butter.

Mr. Task came in, looking guiltily at his oldest child. Mercy said "good memoring," and his shallow nature at once bubbled up in some trivial remarks. It is not that the could not bubbled up in some trivial remarks. It is morning again, and found it that she could on the said, the same of politeness had been increembarrassing to her than theaprily. She could be will "this morning again, and found it that she could of the heart she will the said that she could not be will this morning again, and found it that she could of the said that she could not be will this morning again, and found it the will be said that she could not be will this morning again, and found it the will be said the said that she could not be said.

"When I get to be a man," said Jena, in the wisdom of his eight years, "I shall est them my own self and harve white sugar all over them one. I shall est them my own self and harve white sugar all over them of the said that she could not be said to shirt his saider serema, compleantly, from the said she will be said to shirk just so myself," Mr. "Perhaps some don't, but I shall," I used to think just so myself," Mr. Tak spoke up, "but somehow I didn't, not yet."

Had even this dreamer been disappe the shirt of the said that the cound the said that she could not be said the said that she could not be said to shirt be said to shirk just so myself," Mr. Tak spoke up, "but somehow I didn't, not yet."

Had even this dreamer been disappe po inted, then? I twas a new thought to the forever from memory that is possession, those who were one of the said series to be free from care and said hought to lose forever from memory that is possession, those who were one of the said series to be free from care and said hought to lose forever from memory that is possession, those who were one of the said series to be free from care and said worn that is possession, those who were one of the said that the could not be said that the could not be said to said the said that the

The Value of Longevity.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in writing of the value of longevity, says:

"Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foreaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthumous fame?

"Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macaulay, Buckle and Bichat left their inimitable works half finished; Raphisel, Mozart and Byron died at the verge of a summit which perhaps no other foot shall ever approach.

"The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly paradise"—and it can be prolonged and should be, with care and the use of proper medicine at the right time.

Owing to the streas, the worry, and the annoyance of every day life, there is no doubt but that tens of thousands of men, and women yearly fill premature grave.

Especially after middle life should a careful watch be kept over one's physical condition. The symptoms of kidney disease, such as becoming easily tired, headache, neuralgia, feeble heart action, inclke appetite, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one the next, persistent cough, trouble in urinating, etc., should be diliterally looked into and at once stopped through a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure, which has cured tens of thousands of such troubles and will cure yours.

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A fashionably dressed woman, when boarding a street car, was politely offered boards and season and accentued it in

Bright's Disease.

— A fashionably dressed woman, when boarding a street car, was politely offered a seat by a gentleman and accepted it in a way that gave the passengers the impression that she was entitled to the whole car. The gentleman looked at her a moment and then asked: "What did you say, madam?" "I didn't speak," she replied. "Oh, beg pardon," said the gentleman; "I thought you said 'thanks."

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To the Editoria Transcription Surely Cure Please inflyin your readers that I have a Please inflyin surely the time to the present of the present of

Tyongo Street, Toronto, Ont.

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At Home and Abroad.

At Home and Abroad.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar-plums, at least within his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or acquaintance, but he had a theory that his own family would be best improved by a species of Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without the need of praise, and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

On night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, opened fire upon her husband.

"Exra," said she, "seems to me I heard you prasism up the mottoes the Smith girls worked?"

""
"You own girls have made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was prouse that squash pie for supper was per well, Miranda, 'twas a good pie."
"Well, Miranda, 'twas a good pie."
"Well, no, I can't say as 'twas."
"When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?"
"Maybe I ain't compressioned."
"Maybe I ain't compressioned."

to prase a pie or cake I've set afore you?"

"Maybe I aint praised ye much, Mirada, but then I ain't complained."

"Yes, you have," said Miranda. "Yes, you have? Sayin nothin's complainin', sometimes. It's jest like pushin' a heavy load up hill, besides what ye have agreed to carry, to go along day after day an' not hear a wo.d o praise. I tell you, Erra, you are a man, an' don't know anything about it!"

Erra began to think that he didn't, and although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time forth try to a ton the theory that "women folks" are fond of commendation.

—Journal and Messenger.



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