

GETHESEMANE AS IT IS.

The Rev. Harry Jones, in his "Past and Present in the East," writes:—
 "While at Jerusalem we have occasionally passed, and one day deliberately set ourselves to visit, the place which claims to be the 'Garden of Gethsemane.' They say that in this case tradition is probably right. The garden is situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and is inclosed within a white wall of stone and plaster. We entered, to find its interior laid out in prim squares, surrounded by a 'neat' railing, and ornamented with importunate rows of the most common-place flower-pots, while gaudy little wall-pictures professed to set forth the successive incidents of that awful night. We went a few paces within this enclosure and stopped. A grinning gardener laid down his hoe at the prospect of a fee. We turned and walked out in silence. And yet this may have been the 'Garden of Gethsemane.'"

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Now, I wonder what will be wrong with the breakfast this morning," said Emily, closing her German grammar with an impatient sigh to go down to the kitchen. "O, how I do envy those girls who have nothing to attend to but their study and practising. And yet some of them think they are dreadfully driven. O dear—if mother were only here! It's the longest six months I ever knew. But if she comes back strong I'm going to help her more than I used to."

The disorderly kitchen was not cheery to the already depressed girl, neither were the dissatisfied faces which presently surrounded the breakfast table.

"Are we to have the potatoes burnt or half raw this morning?" said her brother Hugh, in a grumbling voice. "Or will there be too much salt or no salt at all in the pancakes?"

"She always goes to one extreme or the other," said Emily, fretfully. "It's dreadful work getting along with such a girl, and I can't get another one."

The particular failing this time of poor, stupid, good-natured Lena, consisted in allowing the omelet to burn. The two little girls whimpered at finding their favorite dish nearly spoiled. Hugh threw himself back petulantly in his chair, exclaiming: "I should think you might see to things yourself a little, Emily."

"She does not have time for that, Hugh, with her studies," said his father, in his always gentle voice.

Emily felt grateful to him and repressed the angry word which rose to her lips, but the cloud on her brow was very heavy. She had been in the kitchen late last evening giving very careful directions to Lena and had felt hopeful that things would be right.

Everything seemed cloudy. The ironing had dragged late into the week and Hugh went off in another grumble at not being able to find exactly the style of collar he wanted to wear. Kitty and Flo fretted because there was no cake for the lunch baskets, and Flo had left her rubbers at school the day before, and Emily had to take the fifteen minutes in which she had hoped to look over her German again to hunt in the garret for an old pair which Flo grumbled at being obliged to wear.

At the last moment before going herself she remembered that the cellar ought to be aired and swept. She had heard her father direct Hugh to clear the snow from the windows, where it had done good service in helping to keep out the frost, but did not know whether Hugh had done it or not.

"Lena," she said, running to the kitchen, "is the snow cleared from the cellar windows?"

"O yes," said Lena in the same hearty tone in which she answered every question one way or another, whether or no she knew its meaning.

"It is light down there then, is it?"

"O no," said Lena.

"Lena, is—it—dark—down—cellar?"

"Oh, no," still persisted Lena.

Emily ran to look for herself and as a result received her first tardy mark. She went home at noon accompanied by one of her friends who wanted a book. The sitting-room into which they went was still unswept and the fire out. Lena was found

still over the dragging ironing, but her face was beaming as ever as she went to make the forgotten fire. Emily gave her own most faithful care to the preparation of dinner, to be told just as it was ready to take up, that her father had sent home a fish to be served that day, which would lose its freshness by being kept until to-morrow.

It was too late to remedy the mistake, and again Hugh grumbled.

There was no afternoon session at the high school she attended and Emily was just settling herself to her studies, hoping to save an hour before bed-time for the piano practice she dearly loved, when a ring came at the door. Opening it, a young girl with the inevitable agent's satchel stood before her.

Many of her friends, she knew, were in the habit of at once shutting the door in the face of such visitors, thinking themselves more polite than was really necessary if the act was accompanied by a few cold words. But Emily knew that this was not in accordance with her mother's ideas of Christian courtesy.

"I can't buy anything of you," she said, with a smile. "I really mean, it and it is no use for you to take the trouble to show

me anything, but perhaps you will come in and rest and warm yourself."

She hoped the invitation would be declined, but the girl stepped in and seated herself before the fire with a face so weary and worn that Emily, who had resolved that, having fulfilled the obligations of hospitality, she would return at once to her books, found herself looking sympathizingly at the stranger, and presently entered into conversation with her.

It did not take long to hear the outline of a little story of troubles before which her own seemed to sink into insignificance. And when the girl arose to go, cheered by the kindly words and the bundle of Sunday-school papers given for little brothers at home, she said:

"You've done me more good than if you'd bought something from me."

It was pleasant to hear it and Emily did not grudge the twenty minutes. But her heart sank again as Lena appeared at the door.

"Please, Miss Emily, it's the pump's fruz again."

She sprang up with a despairing exclamation. This was the third time during the winter that Lena's bungling had brought the same trouble. She hurried to the kit-

chen to see if any present measure could be taken, and for half an hour poured boiling water and applied hot cloths, but all to no purpose.

Returning to the sitting-room she snatched up her books, declaring within herself that if the door-bell rang it would ring unheeded. The children came from school but claimed her attention for only a short time as they got their skates and went away, again leaving her thankful for the quiet. But—

"O dear!"

She gazed in dismay as a brisk little figure came along the sidewalk. Would she pass on or was she coming in? The half-formed question was answered by the dreaded ring.

It was one of her mother's friends, and one who, being rather old and rather poor, could not be permitted to ring and go away. With an impatient fling of her book Emily went to the door. The new-comer was soon in the room and Emily asked her to take off her things, feeling ashamed of the wish in her heart that the invitation might not be accepted.

"I promised your mother I'd come around and see how you were getting along without her," said Miss Gray, taking out

Miss Gray listened with a face full of sympathy, and said:
 "Yes, dear, it is the same old story of little trials stinging and irritating like a swarm of mosquitoes, not because of their strength but because of their numbers. But how many of these small vexations of to-day will hurt you to-morrow or, say, next week?"

"O, not one of them," said Emily smiling. "But to-morrow and next week will be sure to have their own stings."

"But if the troubles are little enough to leave no trace which will last until to-morrow, is it not a pity that they should be allowed to make an impression even for to-day?"

"But how can one help being annoyed by annoying things?" asked Emily.

"Dear child," said her friend in a very earnest tone, "you have a soul which is fitted to rise into an atmosphere far above these daily annoyances. You have read of travellers who climb the mountain heights until they reach the bright, pure air and look back upon the clouds which settle upon the low places they have left behind. So you, dear, can climb with the footsteps of faith higher and higher until you gain an atmosphere bright with the sunshine of the Saviour's smile. Why should you allow the peace of your immortal soul to be destroyed by these petty cares, the memory even of which will fade away in a few hours?"

"O, if I only could rise above these things," said Emily wistfully.

"You can, dear. Try it with the same resolution you bring to a hard lesson. Try it with earnest prayer. And the moment you begin to try, you get little helps all the way along. Doesn't it make a difference to the others when you maintain your cheerfulness in spite of these annoyances?"

"Yes, it does. Once or twice, when something pleasant has occurred which seemed to give me a lift above things, father brightens up and Hugh stops being disagreeable and the little girls smile like angels, the darlings! And even Lena—it doesn't make her any more careful but it makes her even pleasanter, and a pleasant face about one is something."

"Something? Yes, it is a good deal. You see, dear, that every face about you takes its tone from your own. Live above the trifles. As you grow older you will realize that a truly noble nature will not allow itself to be subject to them. We shall never be free from them until we reach the light beyond, but we can already catch the reflection of that light and in our turn reflect it upon the faces and spirits of those about us."

"Just to leave in his dear hand
 Little things,
 All we cannot understand,
 All that stings,
 Just to let him take the care
 So sorely pressing,
 Finding all we let him bear
 Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
 Marked by him who loves the best—
 Secret of a happy day
 Secret of his promised rest."

—The Standard.

A PRODIGAL SON.

I have opened one more school, a mile from the road. I had to walk that distance. Those burning days it was pretty severe, as the road lay over sand hills and ploughed fields. The school was so nice, the children so happy, one could not remember the discomfort.

An old Mohammedan priest tried to break it up, and did compel some to withdraw their children, but the school is secure. Several women came in to see Miss Sahiba and watch the school. The Bible lesson began from a picture of the Prodigal Son, hung on the wall. An old lady listened; her face sobered, tears filled her eyes; finally, amid broken sobs, she declared—

"O, Miss Sahiba, that is my boy! That is my boy!"

Most touchingly she told how he had gone, how she had watched and waited for him, but he never came back.—Extract from Miss Pratt's letter from India.

THE MARINERS.

Great thoughts are mariners of the mind,
 With strong white sails unfurled;
 Words are the vessels that they find
 To bear them round the world.

—William H. Hayne.



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