A SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.

BY REV. W. S. M'KENZIE, D. D.

John 18: 1-11; Matt. 26: 47-56.

O'er Kedron's ravine, in the noon of the night,
With lanterns and torches their footsteps to light,
A cohort of soldiers, with Judas to guide,
Forth march to the Garden on Olivet's side.

The one whom they seek had been pleading with God,
By angels upheld as the wine press He trod,
The cup He must drink of its dregs had been drained;
His prowess and patience a triumph had gained.

The glare of the torches illumines the gloom;
A tumult foretokens the Nazarene's doom;
But dauntless and calm from the Garden He goes,
Himself to resign to the rage of His foes.

"Whom seek ye?" he saith—and his aspect reveals
The Godhead within which his manhood conceals—
The lustre that erst on Mount Tabor was seen,
Transfigures his form and glows in his mien.

His effluent glories the soldiers appall;
And awed 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,
Audacious, satanic, and greedy of gain,
Approaches his Lord with a loyal address—
Degrades he to treason a loving caress!

The kiss of the traitor emboldens the band;
Then forward they spring, around Jesus they stand;
They seize Him and bind Him and lead Him away,
Insulting their passive and innocent prey.

Then Peter, indignant, impetuous, brave,
His Lord from the rudeness of soldiers would save;
But Jesus upbraids him, and bids him to yield—
"My servants no weapons in warfare should wield.

"The cup of My anguish My Father decrees;
And *Him*, not myself, I am longing to please,
If safety I seek, then My Father would send
Twelve legends of angels His Son to defend."

The bamblike by ruffians to slaughter is led;
His friends and companions, affrighted, have fled;
"The Shepherd is smitten"—saith the Word of the Lord—
"The sheep of the flock are now scattered abroad." —*The Beacon.*

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA;

OR,

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid.

By Mrs. HUNT MORGAN,

Author of "Isoah," "Cutlass and Bayonet" &c.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"THE GLORIOUS TWENTY NINTH!"

All through 1867, and the early part of 1868, the political atmosphere of Spain was in a state of electric disturbance. The haughty Isabella was at length driven to sue for aid from the husband of her own quondam subject, Eugenie; but in vain. The French Emperor had his hands full of other matters, and was not willing to burn his fingers with Spanish affairs. So visits of ceremony were exchanged, and Isabella was humiliated, and Eugenie triumphed in her imperial superiority over her former Sovereign; and there matters stopped between them, leaving the Queen to manage her contumacious subjects as she could. Had she been less openly infamous, Spain might have borne with her tyranny; but how could the haughty Spanish *noblesse* endure to be ruled by one of whom they were ashamed before all Europe? Inch by inch of the ground was disputed with obstinate determination, and Concha succeeded Gonzalez Bravo as Prime Minister, the Queen remarking to her discarded Premier that "the state of the country required a captain-general at the head of affairs."

But events were hurrying on with a rapidity beyond even Concha's power or skill to arrest, and the Queen had to retreat at last, after alienating from her the last loyal throbbings of Basque devotion by her mad arrogance and immorality. Her last hopes were ruined by her own persistent folly; Prim's footsteps were already shaking Spain; and, still obstinately clinging to her base paramour, Marfori, Isabella retreated across the French frontier, and left the land she had so bitterly oppressed and shamed.

The "hour and the man" were come. Serrano, though first in office, was second in real power to the nation's hero, Prim.

On September 29—called by the jubilant Progresistas, "the glorious twenty ninth"—Madrid was in a tumult of delight. The *Noveedades*, a Progresista paper, was hawked about the streets of the capital. It contained the new charter, the assurance of freedom for the press, freedom for worship, freedom to live safely under reasonable laws.

Renaldo waited but to see some tokens of consolidated order, and then once more travelled northward.

He arrived at the Conde's residence towards evening, just as Elvira had come in from visiting some of her poor Spanish friends at the East End. She was standing before the fire waiting for the servant to bring in tea, when a shadow, passing between her and the window, made her look up with a start, to meet the glad smile of Renaldo.

"You know what the Lord has done at last for our country, *amada?*" he said, as he drew her into his arms, in happy greeting. "'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' Liberty of conscience is proclaimed. I can preach publicly now; and so, Elvira, I have come for my wife."

It was a grateful thanksgiving which rose up that evening from the family altar in the Conde's home.

"I have been thinking," said Don Fernando, the next day, "that I shall return to Spain when you do, Renaldo. There can be no reason against it, and I would like to be near you and Elvira."

"You could do so without danger," replied Renaldo. "Don Luis wishes it. He suggests, however, that you would do well to choose some other residence than your old villa at Granada. Public harm cannot reach you, but secret enemies might touch you there. He has no son, and is anxious to have you near himself, he says, if you can forgive the past, over which he bitterly grieves."

The Conde's countenance grew pale, and his lips were compressed with silent agony.

The idea of meeting his uncle brought back the memory of his years of lonely despair; he dreaded to revisit the scene of his early love and sorrow, and wished he could avoid the ordeal. But Christian principle, as well as love for the dead, enabled him to overcome his first repugnance, and he answered, at length,—

"Yes, I will see him again, for *her* sake. It may be the Lord has ordained a work for me in that house. I will go; she loved and forgave him, and if her spirit is with me still, as I sometimes feel sure it must be, it will gladden her to know that I am striving for her father's salvation. When do you think of going, Renaldo?"

Renaldo glanced at Elvira.

"I am anxious to return," he answered, "with as little delay as possible. It is possible that dark days may, for a season, again visit Spain; and therefore it is doubly necessary that the seed of the Kingdom should be sown broadcast while we have so glorious an opportunity. I asked Elvira to be ready for me a year ago in expectation of the liberty that has come, and now I only wait her pleasure. I want my wife at the earliest possible day, for time speeds, and the work tarries for our coming."

And it was settled that in another week priest and nun should join in a holier vow than that which each had made, years before, in the days of their spiritual darkness.

Elvira wished to be married in the quiet Devonshire village, where her father's second Condesa lay sleeping under the English daisies in the little churchyard.

"She will be near us on that day, I know," she whispered to her father, as she urged her wish. "She told me Renaldo would be kept safe through all the dangers of his life during those troubled years; and I should like to be where she used to go on the summer Sabbaths, and where she rests now."

It was the Conde's own thought, and so it was arranged.

CHAPTER L.

AND LAST.

The clear, winter sunlight streamed through the chancel windows, flinging their colored tracery in warm shadows on the floor, as the bridal party walked up the aisle, and took their places before the communion-rail.

The only invited guests were MacRonald and his mother, Lady Agnes. The occasion was too solemnly earnest, too suggestive of tender memories, as well as of fond hopes, for "a stranger's intermeddling." There was very slight appearance of wedding festivity; for where hearts beat warm and true outward parade can well be dispensed with; and Elvira had chosen her bridal robes less as the Conde's daughter than as the evangelist's wife. But the few who stood by to witness her troth-plighting did not miss the absent adornments; for her stately loveliness needed neither shimmering diamonds nor folds of misty lace to enhance its regal charm; and the light of consecration in her deep soulful eyes told of heavenly adorning beyond any that earthly splendor could confer.

And the thrilling vows were spoken before God and man, vows which bound together those whom Rome's iniquitous laws would fain have barred asunder. And as each repeated the words which gave the right to live out their years side by side, they felt that the mutual pledge was exchanged, not merely for earthly happiness, but for spiritual life together, as "co-workers with Christ."

As they left the church, they passed by the grave of the Condesa.

"She prayed for me in the long hours of her captivity," said Renaldo, softly, to his bride. "She never failed to urge on me, in every interview, my fearful position as a blind leader of the blind. And now——"

He paused, and Elvira took up the unfinished sentence,—

"'She being dead, yet speaketh,' bidding us, by her sacred memory, that we be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'"

Her eyes drooped beneath the glance of passionate love which Renaldo turned on her, and her heart throbbed with a true woman's pride in one to whom her loving soul can glory in yielding unfeigned allegiance—one to whom she can look up, not only as friend and lover, but as God-appointed guide and lord. Casting away forever the unholy vows of obedience to humanly-ordained conventual governors, she accepted unreservedly, with proud readiness, the Divine decree, which all the cavilling of modern *demi mondain* radicalism cannot abrogate or explain away,—

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Happy those to whom the rule is one of love and earthly bliss! Happier still, at the last great day, those others who, unflinching from heavenly duty, shall be found to have endured to the end a silent martyrdom, for to such shall the martyr's crown be given; while the coward souls who flung loose the sacred bonds, and despised the old, pure love of holy, irreproachable wifehood, "shall be filled with shame and everlasting contempt."

But Elvira feared not the future, for her husband was by her side, and at the thought of his lofty principles and earnest life she breathed a prayer that she might be enabled to keep ever beside him in the Christian faith, not hesitating or drawing back from the Lord's work to which they were both devoted.

So they went to their own loved Spain; Renaldo stronger and nobler than ever in the glorious toil, as man must ever be under the gentle influence of a pure, self-forgetting woman.

Back to Spain! And to what else? Back to success; to disappointment sometimes, and sometimes to gladness in the work; back to a brief sunshine, a time of diligent sowing of the good seed—and then!

The martyr shadow which Renaldo had read on the face of Spain's hero deepened one day into sudden gloom for Spain, but into the intensity of celestial life for the brave soldier whose name was then added to the death list of those "whom the world was not worthy."

Readers, you have perused my story. Will you lay it aside as "a tale that is told"?

Believe me, Spain's tale is not yet told. But clouds are thickening over her. The short summer of peace and freedom has loomed into summer's wildest thunderstorms. "But the end is not yet." Could we expect that the great enemy of souls would view the downfall of his stronghold without an effort to retain it at any cost? And, alas! the Christian churches are aiding the devil's plans by withdrawing their missionaries from Spain. Was this the way of the first preachers of righteousness? Was this what Judson did in Burmah? Is this how the Man of Sorrows wins His rescued ones still?

Withdraw the missionaries! Because Spain's evil angel stretches over her the baneful shadows of his gloomy wings, will you leave her to his hellish will. Beware, lest when Spain's hour of spiritual triumph comes, you have no share in the glory, but stand ashamed, as cowardly deserters from the Lord's host—a host triumphant after all, but triumphant *without you!* It is a time of fear for Spain. Yes; but remember that when our Lord commanded the evil spirit to come out of the poor possessed one, "the devil threw him down and tare him," before leaving his prey for ever. Now is the time of Spain's rending, for Satan is loth to lose his victim, but the time of her healing cometh.

Withdraw the missionaries! The churches are so poor, forsooth! and the funds can be rendered more effectually available elsewhere.

And so the work is slighted, while the members of these same churches, the professed followers of Him who had "not where to lay His head," dwell in their "ceiled houses," leaving not even "curtains for the ark of God! The disciples of Him who hungered in the desert load their tables with costly dainties while souls are starving, and then possibly lift their eyes to heaven, and lament that "the churches are poor"! Yes, they pride themselves on their "glorious Republic," while their daughters sweep haughtily over luxurious pile, flaunting trains of imperial velvet, or wrapped in royal folds of rustling satin! See you not that your gorgeous robes are dripping crimson with the blood of souls, "whose cry is entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth?" Heed you not the dimming of your diamonds when you approach your jewels?

You may have lived fair lives before men, yet, arise and watch, lest the curse rest on you of Him who saith,—

"Curse ye Meroz, saith the Lord, yea, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they went not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Say no longer that the churches are poor. It is one of Satan's lies "to the Holy Ghost, to keep back part of the price of the land." Speak no more of withdrawing toilers from the soil. Rather send more laborers into the harvest. Ah, if the fortunes swallowed up in last year's panic had been invested in heaven's securities, there would have been less sorrow and more happiness—fewer rogues to rob honest men of their hard-won earnings, and more honest men to shame the rogues; fewer prisons in England and America, or in any other country calling itself Christian; while there would have been more missionaries, more Bibles for Spain.

God bless the noble few who will not be kept back from the struggle!

And for the others?

Oh, brethren and sisters, of cold hearts and unready hands, "as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Be not discouraged by difficulty; fear not to engage in the warfare where the Son of God, as "captain of the Lord's hosts," leads the van: but hasten to take up your neglected standard. Raise it high and fearless, and sound for struggling Spain the Lord's war-cry,—

"Christians, to the rescue!"

You cannot fail under His banner; you cannot be unblessed following His leadership. Spain for Christ! Never mind the dangers—God can turn them aside; nor the difficulties—"I can do all things, through Christ who strengtheneth me;" nor the "poverty"—it does not exist. Through all the hindrances the work can be carried on.

Withdraw from Spain in the hour of her need! No! perish the dishonoring thought! Rather fling the gage of dauntless defiance in the devil's face, and when he tempts you to regard the "lion in the way," hurl back the glorious retort,—

"We will have Spain for Christ!"

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done."

THE END.

— For nearly half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the most popular cough remedy in the world. The constantly increasing demand for this remedy proves it to be the very best specific for colds, coughs, and all diseases of the throat and lungs.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows

— Many a youth will find that where others excel in native genius, painstaking attention to detail—in a word, thoroughness—will make amends for the lack, and that is something that can be acquired.

A Strange Time-Piece.

If you lived on the island of Sangu—and by the way, where is that island?—you would have neither town clock, nor kitchen clock by which to tell the time. The people there, with whom watches are also exceedingly scarce, have made their own time-pieces in an ingenious way. They arrange two glass bottles neck to neck, fill one with sand enough to require just a half hour in running out, and when every grain is gone, reverse the bottles so that the sand can go on with its work. Near by is stretched a line with twelve sticks hung on it, marked with notches; the first has one notch, the second two, and so on. We will suppose that the village time keeper comes to his post just after twelve o'clock. When a half hour has gone he reverses the bottles; another half hour and he changes the bottles, strikes one on his gong so loud that the entire village can hear, and places a hooked stick between the sticks notched one and two, that he may make no mistake as to the hour. In this way passes his afternoon, and as the gong sounds out two strokes, three strokes, four strokes, from time to time, the villagers know the hours are passing, and that by and bye night will come.—*The Pansy.*

Owls.

The tiny saw-whet, or Acadian owl, stays with us in winter, though being entirely a "bird of the night time," it is seldom seen; and the tremendous, vibrating note of the screech owl is well known in a rural neighborhood. The virtues of the entire owl tribe combine in this gentle, mild-mannered bird, and he does not desere his inappropriate, repelling title. With spring in his heart, his ambition leads him to attempt a song, resulting in a succession of soft, subdued notes, that may be exceedingly pleasing. He may even take up his residence in unused buildings, or small houses placed for his accommodation, and if disturbed, flies about in a bewildered manner, confused by the sunlight. His work begins when the night comes down, and through him woe overtakes many a mouse, walking out under cover of the darkness. In the little hollow where his housekeeping begins—for you know he is scarcely larger than a robin—the four to six spherical eggs lie upon the leaves and feathers provided to receive them, and it is to be regretted that the blinking owlets are not regarded in a friendlier light.

The long eared owl is resident, hiding closely in the forests, or, in company with the short-eared, in the thick marshes.

The barred owl was once abundant, but their immense size revealing them to the sportsman, year by year they gradually become rarer. After a mild winter's day, as "the evening shadows lengthen," an unusual sound comes from the leafless elms beside the frozen river: a hollow, weird, unearthly cry, proceeding only from the great snowy owl of the Arctics, whose large size and snowy color are well defined by the blackness of the bare hills beyond. A guest of rare distinction, my admiration is tinged with awe as I watch this ghostly sentinel, and wonder over those regions of cheerless regions of solitude, far to the north, where it makes its home. The shadows grow longer and longer, the twilight comes, the evening hastens, and still the vision lingers. When the risen moon reveals at midnight the apparition, white as the icebergs of its native land, and the terrific voice increases a thousand fold the loneliness of the night, I draw my curtains, and by my cheerful fire forget the desolation.—*Nelly Hart Woodworth, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

— B. B. B. cured Mrs. B. Maddis, of Mt. Pleasant, Ont., of painful sores which broke out on her left side.

— Difficulties are God's errands; and when we are sent upon them, we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence.—*H. W. Beecher.*

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— If you don't feel quite as well as usual don't visit a doctor the first thing; better call at the apple-bin. If you go to town, spend money for oranges in preference to drugs.—*Experience.*

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— One of the finest sights in the world is a Christian at the end of a long course with an unsullied reputation; his hair may be white, but his leaf is green.—*Gay.*

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— It is not by change of circumstance, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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— Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything*.

And you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

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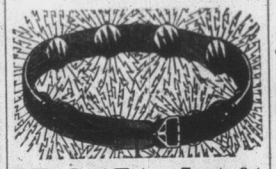

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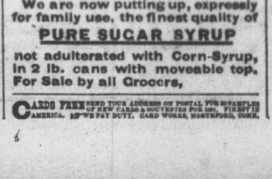

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A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55, and take sleeping cars at Moncton.

The train leaving St John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

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