

deep emotion from our Bibles the narrative of these sacred events.

#### SACRED MEMORIES.

Most interesting of all is the view from the traditional spot, which we again revisited, where our Lord yearned over the city, "and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

The buildings before us, indeed, are not those which met the eyes of our Lord, but the general outline of the long and battlemented wall and the stony slopes of the surrounding Vale of Kedron, Jehosaphat and Hinnom are still the same. Before us rises the Golden Gate, and behind it the Mosque of Omar. To the left the Mosque of El-Aksa, and around them the green, cypress-studded Temple area. Beyond rise the twin domes of the Holy Sepulchre, and the cupolas and flat roofs of the modern city, and in the background the Hill of Zion and Tower of David. Surely in no place on earth can we come into more living touch with the environments of the earthly life of our Lord.

Then we followed the footsteps of Jesus along the memorable route through which he rode, meek and lowly, into Jerusalem, down through the Vale of Kedron, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and with our eye traced the steep slopes by which he climbed to the Golden Gate, now walled up, and entered the Temple amid the shouts of the fickle multitude, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" soon to be changed into execrations, "Away with him! away with him! crucify him, crucify him!" Then we wended our way beneath the walls of the Holy City in the deepening twilight, our minds filled with sacred memories and our hearts touched with deep feelings of our Lord's infinite love and pity for mankind.

#### POOR DOLLY.

I wonder if there ever was a doll so badly cared for as I. Let me tell you about just one day, and then tell me what you think.

The very first thing this morning Flossy lost me out of the window. She was teaching me how to dance on the window sill; but she danced me over the edge, so down I fell into the middle of a rosebush. How the thorns did tear my pretty pink dress! And there I should

have stayed till this minute, if Bridget had not carried me in.

After that, Flossy lost me in all sorts of queer places; once in the cooky jar, once in Rover's kennel, once behind the flour barrel, and twice down the cellar stairs. And each time Flossy's mamma or Bridget found me, and brought me back to her.

But now I am afraid that they will not find me at all. She has dropped me behind the sofa, and here I have been lying three hours. To be sure, I have plenty of company: Flossy's ball is here, and some of her checkers, and her big hat that she has been hunting for ever since last Monday. I suppose that we shall have to lie here all together till next sweeping day.

Did you ever see such a little girl as Flossy, and did you ever hear of such a poor, forlorn dolly as I?

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1905.

#### A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

"Jack! Jack! here, sir! lie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go. It wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail as much as to say: "You are a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another stick, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. However, he dropped it on the bank, instead of bring-

ing it to his master; so he had to go on the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and when Jack at his heels went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. Charlie seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him lie, but now he knows that he has to do, and there will be no more trouble with him, you see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly. "Right, mother? Why, he is my dog, Uncle John gave him to me, and I bought everything for him. Didn't I make a kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat his head and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I have the best right in the world to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jack-o'-lantern. She did not look up when Charles finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly: "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given me by my Heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, I prepare the food he eats. I teach him lessons and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up watching by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for ever blessing upon him. I love him; I call him 'my dear little son.' He sits on my arm and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him as I would a dog."

"O mother!" cried Charlie, tears streaming to his eyes. "I knew it was wrong to disobey you; but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed, I do for you, and I'll try—I really will try to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the Word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will be always persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which I cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to dear Saviour for help, and he will help you to turn away from Satan, and to obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; and when we love, it is easy to obey."

True honor is not derived from others but originates only from ourselves.

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