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WEDDING IN PALESTINE.

It has been well said that the lands of the Bible are the best commentary on the books of the Bible, that the unchangeable manners and customs of the Orient explain a great many allusions and descriptions of the sacred Scriptures. This is especially so of the marriage and funeral customs, of which we saw many illustrations in our recent visit to Egypt and Palestine. These processions generally take place at night, with great illumination of the houses and brilliant array of torches or lamps, and a loud din of rather discordant music. The bride is thickly veiled and carried in a closed carriage or palanquin. Indeed, most of the women wear veils or strange mufflers like nose-bags, and even the little children, as shown in the picture, wear them. Sometimes this veil is so thin that the features can be seen through it, but that is only among the fashionable Turkish women. The peasant people sometimes wear figured veils over their entire faces, so that you cannot get the faintest glimpse of their features.

The use of lamps and torches in these marriage processions will explain the allusion in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. While the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept, but when at midnight the cry came, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," those that had oil in their lamps went out to meet him, but those that had no oil had no time to buy, and were shut out of the marriage feast.

HOW ROBBIE WENT TO CHURCH.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was a warm day, and Robbie was not used to going to church. At home he went to Sunday-school, and as the church service followed close upon the school hour, and Robbie was such a little fellow, his mother thought it too long for him to

stay, but he was 'out at grandpa's now, and he felt quite grown-up and important when, holding fast to grandma's hand, he really went to "church." Things that look grand in prospect are sometimes very disappointing, however, and Robbie soon grew dreadfully tired. There were no motion songs, no picture cards. The fans swayed sleepily inside, while outside there was a rustle of leaves and twitter of birds that seemed much more inviting. He slipped from his seat, and before grandma knew what he was about he was



EASTERN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

half-way down the aisle toward the wide-open door.

It was a little country church, and there were no streets for him to wander into and get lost, so, though grandma looked after him in a startled way for a moment, she settled back in her place again with a smile, and listened comfortably to the sermon. As for Robbie, he suddenly espied company. Over at the long "hitching-place" for the horses a row of heads were bowing to him, and kindly eyes seemed to invite him to come over. He promptly accepted the invitation.

"I like your shurch better'n I do that one inside," he remarked confidentially, and old Dobbin, Grey, and Whitey nodded.

When the meeting was over, and the people came out, grandpa found the small boy armed with a slender green branch, gravely keeping the flies off the horses. He was unusually quiet all the way home, but when dinner was over Aunt Martha left him in no doubt of her opinion.

"Robbie Martin," she said severely, "you said you'd go to church and be good."

"I guess—I did be good," answered Robbie, a little uncertainly, from his seat on grandpa's knee. "Grandpa, why don't the horses go into church?"

"Oh! they couldn't understand it if they did go."

"Well, never could I," said Robbie, triumphantly, "so I went out and stayed with them. I was quiet and didn't 'sturb anybody. I singed a Sunday-school song real softly, and I kepted the flies off the horses. God made 'em, and I kepted the flies off. I did keep Sunday."

Grandpa hugged the little fellow close, and when the blue eyes closed for their afternoon nap, he said reflectively:

"After all, I don't suppose any of us can get much farther than that; to not hinder others in their worship, to offer the best we can ourselves, and to make some of God's creatures happier."

A man who was very sad once heard two boys laughing. He asked them: "What makes you so happy?" "Happy?" said the elder; "why, I make Jim glad, and get glad myself!" This is the true secret of a happy life: to so live that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else.

Those who follow Christ here shall be with him hereafter.