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GETHSEMANE.

The garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus frequently resorted for prayer and solemn meditation, and where he was arrested about midnight and led away to a mock trial and to death, is one of the most sacred places in all the world to the Christian. A picture of that famous garden is given on this page. The garden is outside of the city of Jerusalem. It is inclosed by a wall about ten feet

is conveyed in pipes to every part of the garden. Around the inner face of the wall, on the northern, western, and southern sides, are fourteen rude paintings, representing the fourteen stations, as they are called, of Jesus on his way from Pilate's hall to the cross and the sepulchre. A gravel walk, about five feet wide, passes between the wall and the garden fence to enable visitors to examine the pictures.

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose that shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty. I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her and called, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you." "But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

high. The wall is well built of limestone, fresh-looking, plastered, and whitewashed. A small one-story building occupies the angle of the garden wall at the north-east corner. A grated iron door at the south-east corner of the garden wall affords an entrance to the garden. The inclosure is nearly square, and it includes about a half-acre of ground. The garden is divided by light picket fences into six squares, all of which are prettily laid off and cultivated in flowers of many varieties. A well near the centre of the garden affords water for irrigation, which

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves aflutter. Now, that is the way flowers talk; so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen, all together, for they were like some children who always say, "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up!"

black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I did not think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.