

SUNBEAM

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No. 6.

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

We have pleasure in presenting in this number of The Sunbeam a copy of one of Mr. George Tinworth's wonderful reliefs of Bible subjects. Mr. Tinworth was a poor London lad, brought up in poverty, hunger, and dirt, child of a drunken father, early apprenticed to the wheelwright trade. His mother was a godly woman, by whom he was brought up in the very atmosphere of the Bible. The Scrip-

and nine feet high. The one given below shows the scenes at the foot of the cross, at the awful hour of the crucifixion, as the soldiers cast lots for his garments.

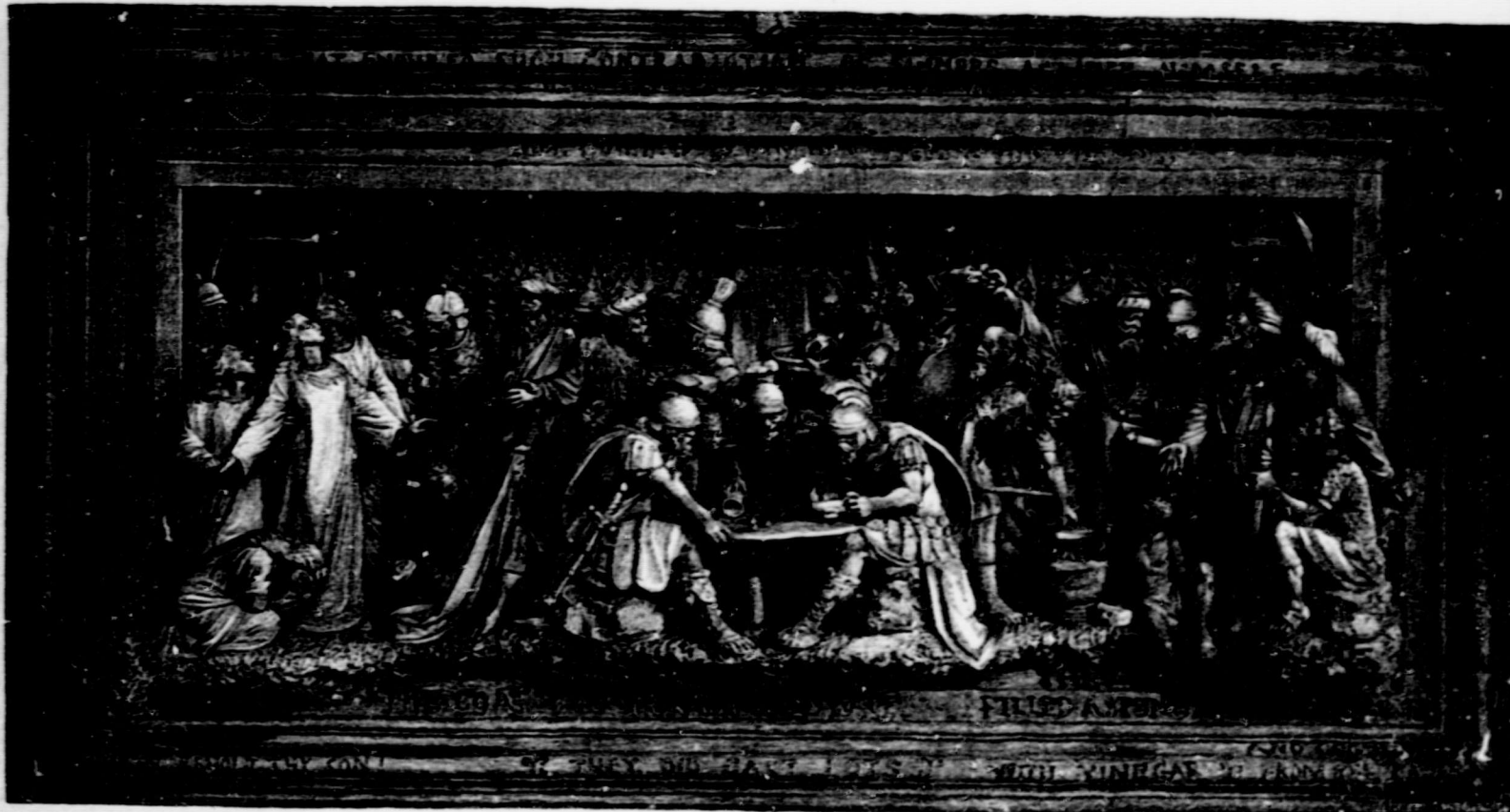
The appropriateness of the texts quoted in the panel below will be apparent to every one. We repeat them, as some are hard to make out: "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." "And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering

soldiers cast lots for his vesture, while one dips a sponge in vinegar to give it to him.

KINDNESS FOR RUDENESS.

A little girl, we are told, went to her mother one day to show some fruit that had been given her.

"Your friend," said the mother, "has been very kind."



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

tures were read to him and by him from cover to cover, over and over, till they sank into his blood and became part of his very nature.

The instinct to carve, and mould, and draw, could not be repressed. At last he found employment in the Doulton pottery works and began his wonderful career in moulding Biblical bas-reliefs. These have won for him great fame from the art critics. Some of these pieces are of great size. One panel is twenty-three feet long

him vinegar." "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas." "For a sign which shall be spoken against," etc.

To the extreme right the Jews taunt him saying: "He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him now if he will save him; for he said, I am the Son of God." To the left John and the faithful Mary look up and hear the words of Jesus, "Woman, behold thy son!" In the centre the

"Yes," said the child; "she gave me more than those, but I have given some away."

The mother inquired to whom she had given them, when she answered: "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied: "Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her; and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again."

GETHESEMANE.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
What saddened memories cling to thee!
Within thy garden walls I see
My Saviour's deepest agony
And bloody sweat.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Scene where the Saviour's soul was pained
Spot where the bitter cup was drained
Till not a single drop remained,
E'en to the dregs.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Thou place of sadness, place of prayer,
I see the strong disciples there!
Their Master's woe they cannot share
A single hour.

Dear Saviour, should it come to me
To pass through dark Gethsemane,
Oh, help me to remember thee
And do thy will!

So may I do as thou hast done,
There may I go where thou hast gone,
Though heaven should be from Calvary
won;
I follow thee.

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THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness: "Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again. I never heard it before."

She read it again.
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said: "Now, read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—*Christian Work.*

WHAT LAURIE MADE.

"Hello, little man!" shouted Uncle Ben. "Put on your cap and jacket and tell mamma I'm going to carry you off for a week. We're going to make sugar, and we've concluded we want your help this year."

Mamma came running out when she heard this piece of news, and it took some coaxing to get her consent to the plan.

"Now don't let him get his feet wet. You know melting snow is so bad for the croup. And don't let him eat too much sugar," she called after them as they drove gaily away.

"All right! don't you worry," answered Uncle Ben, cracking his whip.

"Where are we going, Uncle Ben?" asked Laurie, as they drove up a long hill.

"We are going to camp in my sugar bush."

"Sugar bush! what's that? does sugar grow on a bush? And can I pick off nice little cakes and lumps?" asked Laurie.

"No, little man, you will soon see," answered Uncle Ben.

They drove right into the woods, where every tree was a maple tree, as Uncle Ben explained, and there Laurie saw men making holes in the trees, sticking spouts into the holes, and hanging buckets under them. Soon he saw "water," as he called it, running out of the tree in the buckets.

"That is sap. Taste it," said Uncle Ben. "This is how we get our sugar."

"It's just a little sweet," said Laurie: "but how do you get sugar out of sweet water?"

"By boiling it. See this big kettle? We boil the sap in this until it is as thick as syrup, then we take it into the log house there, and boil it in shallow pans over the stove until it turns to sugar. Here is a tree for you. You shall have all the sap,

and you may boil it in this little kettle, and when it is done you shall take it home to mamma to prove that her little man knows how to make maple sugar."

Laurie had a most happy time, and he didn't get sick. He had two pretty scolloped cakes of sugar of his own making to take home to his mother too.

FOR MY SAKE.

For my sake, not thine, O Lord of glory,
Thou did'st lay thy regal raiment by;
For my sake, not thine, O wondrous story,
Came to suffer, and for me to die!

Lo, the King, with love supreme and endless,

Did the office of a servant bear—
Crowned with thorns, and buffeted, and friendless,

That I might be made a kingly heir!

Turn, O man, the world's historic pages;
Scan each noble and heroic deed;
Can ye find, in all recording ages,
Such a love, to meet so sore a need?

Not in old, or new, or mystic story,
Is there that ye may with this compare;
King of Kings! who put aside his glory,
That I might a crown of glory wear!

For my sake, O Lord, this abnegation,
When thine angels stood from thee apart;

For my sake, the death and desolation!—
Peace, my wandering and perplexed heart!

Were so much as this to thee unfolding—
More than this the human could not fear;

And the rest, when thou, his face behold-
ing,
Shalt the fulness of his glory share!

SHE WANTED LOVE.

A kind-hearted, sweet-faced woman called one day to see a little maid, whose mother was dead, and who had been placed in the poorhouse. She carried a present with her, but before giving it, she asked, "Now, dear, what would you like best?" The little one looked up wistfully, and then shyly said, "I would like to sit on your knee for a minute, as if I were your little girl."

A LITTLE LIE.

A lie is a little thing. Boys, you have told a lie, just one single word which is not true. But let us see what else you have done. First, you have broken the law of God. Second, you will have to tell many more to maintain that one. Third, you lose the love and friendship of school-mates.



THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

BY J. KING.

When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came;
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence saying,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

To indulge anger is to admit Satan as a guest.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XIII. [March 29.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28. 20.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P. and S. at P. . . Believe on the—
2. C. L. Rejoice in the—
3. P. at T. and B. Thy word is a—
4. P's C. to the T. Hold fast that—
5. P. at A. He preached unto—
6. The C. at C. F. Other foundation—
7. C. S. C. Let us therefore—
8. C. L. Now abideth—
9. P. and A. If ye then—
10. P. at E. The name of the—
11. The R. at E. . . The Lord preserveth
12. P's M. to the E. By grace are ye—

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I. [April 5.]

PAUL'S FAREWELL TO EPHESUS.

Acts 20. 28-38. Memorize verses 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Paul going? How was he travelling? What friends were with him? (See Readings for Monday.) Was there another friend? Yes, Luke, who wrote the Acts. Where did they first stop? How did they spend the night? What happened at midnight? What miracle did Paul do? Where did the ship stop next? What word did Paul send to Ephesus? Who came to see him? What did Paul say about going to Jerusalem? What was he ready to meet? What did he bid them remember? How had he lived among them? What words did he ask them to remember? (Golden Text.) What did he want them to be? Givers of themselves.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find who went to Jerusalem with Paul. Acts 20. 4.
- Tues. Read of the visit to Troas. Acts 20. 6-12.
- Wed. Trace the journey on the map as far as Ephesus.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Acts 20. 22-35.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn how a Christian gives. Luke 14. 12-14.
- Sun. Learn a good rule for giving. Rom. 15. 1.

THREE LITURGICAL LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That friends are a great gift of God.
2. That we cannot do too much for others.
3. That in serving them we are serving our Lord.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

One day, seven years ago, when a preacher went into the pulpit to preach, he found that the sexton had forgotten to put a glass of water on the pulpit table. His throat was dry and he felt that he could hardly preach without a drink of water. He was in a strange church, and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the services.

Just then one of the little girls in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one, she rose and brought a full glass of water to the preacher. It relieved his throat, and helped him to preach a better sermon.

That preacher has never forgotten that cup of water, nor the little girl who brought it. And sometimes he says that if he can remember one cup of water so many years, it will be very easy for Christ to remember the little things that his little ones do for him.



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

Hail! thou Head, so bruised and wounded,
 With the crown of thorns surrounded,
 Smitten with the mocking reed;
 Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
 Trickling faint and slow:
 Hail! from whose most blessed brow
 None can wipe the blood-drops now;
 All the bloom of life has fled,
 Mortal paleness there instead;
 Thou, before whose presence dread
 Angels trembling bow.

All thy vigour and thy life
 Fading in this bitter strife,
 Death his stamp on thee hath set,
 Hollow and emaciate,
 Faint and drooping there:
 Thou this agony and scorn
 Hast for me, a sinner, borne;
 Me, unworthy, all for me!
 With those wounds of love on thee,
 Glorious Face, appear!

Yet, in this thine agony,
 Faithful Shepherd, think of me;
 From whose lips of love Divine
 Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
 Purest honey flows:
 All unworthy of thy thought,
 Guilty, yet reject me not;
 Unto me thy heart incline—

Let that dying head of thine
 In mine arms repose!

Let me true communion know
 With thee in thy sacred woe,
 Counting all beside but dross,
 Dying with thee on thy cross;—
 'Neath it will I die!
 Thanks to thee with every breath,
 Jesus, for thy bitter death!
 Grant thy guilty one this prayer,—
 When my dying hour is near,
 Gracious God be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
 Be not absent then from me;
 In that solemn hour, I pray,
 Jesus, come without delay;
 See, and set me free!
 When thou biddest me depart,
 Whom I cleave to with my heart,
 Lover of my soul, be near;
 With thy saving cross appear;
 Show thyself to me!

HOW JACK WORE HIS CLOTHES.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him.
 His mother gave him the choicest morsels
 for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but
 he did nothing but fret and complain. At
 last his mother said: "Jack, I want you

to go right up to your room and put on
 all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack started. He thought that his
 mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to mind; he had to turn his
 stockings wrong side out, and to put his
 coat and trousers and his collar wrong
 side out.

When his mother came up to him, there
 he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking
 boy, all linings and seams and ravellings
 —before the glass, wondering what his
 mother meant; but he was not quite clear
 in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round,
 said: "This is what you have been doing
 all day—making the worst of everything.
 You have been turning everything wro:
 side out. Do you really like your things
 this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mother," answered Jack shame
 facedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak
 what is pleasant and do what is pleasant.
 You must do with your temper and man-
 ners as you prefer to do with your clothes:
 wear them right side out. Do not be so
 foolish any more, little man, as to persist
 in turning things wrong side out."—
Selected.

KINDNESS WINS.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

It was a very little donkey to have such
 a will of his own. You wouldn't have
 thought, unless you knew donkeys, "at
 the small brown animal with the bright
 eyes and long ears could be so stubborn.
 He stood there in the road and refused to
 go a step farther; neither would he turn
 his head towards home.

"Oh, dear! What a bad donkey!" ex-
 claimed little Bertie, in despair. "How
 shall we ever be able to make him move?"

Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence
 of eight years, ran to the side of the road
 and brought back a short stick, with
 which he industriously prodded the ob-
 stinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey
 bore it better than he did and he soon
 stopped, breathless.

After a moment's thought, Bertie, as a
 last resort, drew an apple from a basket
 in the little cart, and held it up in front
 of Dick's nose. For a single instant he
 sniffed at the rosy fruit and then moved
 forward obediently and took it in his
 mouth.

"All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he and
 his sister clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether be-
 cause he had forgotten his late ill temper,
 or because the kindness of his good little
 mistress had conquered him, Dick set off
 at a lively pace, still munching the apple,
 and they had no more trouble with him
 during the remainder of the drive.