

SUNBEAM

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No. 11.

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.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care:
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me.
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1905.

AN ODD EARTHQUAKE.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

After Hiram sowed the field of rye he left the big wooden roller standing in the lane. It was a big roller, almost five feet high.

One sunny forenoon and Roy Dorothy raced up the lane with little black Trip and white Snowball at their heels. Dorothy was a gay, prancing horse; and Roy was a coachman, armed with a long whip. They paused for breath beside the old roller. Roy clambered up to the high seat, and flourished his whip. Dorothy drummed on the hollow sounding sides with her chubby fingers. Suddenly a loose board rattled to the ground. Dorothy thrust her curly head inside the roller. "Oh, what a nice playhouse!" she cried.

Roy got down and peeped in. "So it is," he said. "We can live there when it rains, for there's a really roof and a truly floor."

"We'll call it Clover Cottage," said

Dorothy; "for see how thick the clover is all round it."

In about an hour Clover Cottage was in perfect order. Pictures and cards were tacked up, and the dolls and the furniture and the dishes all in place. Snowball was purring on a little bed of pine-needles, and Trip lay beside her fast asleep. Tired by her work, Dorothy too cuddled down a minute. Roy put back the loose board to shut out the blazing sun; then he cuddled down beside his sister, and it was all dark and quiet.

At twelve o'clock Nora came to the kitchen door and blew the great tin dinner-horn.

Hiram promptly unhitched Old Dolly from the hay-rake, and started for the house. "I may as well haul the roller along and put it under cover," he said to himself as he passed the lane. He backed patient Dolly into the thills, and mounted the high seat. Clover Cottage gave a sudden lurch forward. Dorothy awoke with a scream; Trip was thrown violently into her lap, yelping loudly; Snowball clawed madly at the slowly turning roof; Roy tried to shield his sister with his short arms as dolls, dishes, and themselves rolled together in confusion. Old Dolly pricked up her ears and stopped short. Hiram sprang down, and tried to peer through the cracks of the roller. With Roy's help inside, the loose board was soon pushed away, and the unhappy little inmates of Clover Cottage crawled out one by one; frightened Trip shot down the lane; Snowball scrambled up the nearest tree-trunk. "Well," said Hiram, "I call this quite an earthquake."

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

Mrs. Foster was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap, or say "Come in!" the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh," as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew! Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "won't you please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, ma'am; the birds, you know. So many of 'em comes now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them; so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner."

And the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate travelled backward and

forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds; more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster. "He gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now there's Mrs. Irwin: she has enough cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone. "Why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Marv has just laid aside would do any good."

And before the visit was over, Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home; enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors, too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the Heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.

CHOOSE THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE.

Two friends were out for a walk together in the country, we are told. One of them carried a camera with him. As they were passing a wretched old house one said to the other, "Let's take a snapshot of that old house."

"No," was the reply, "I never take a picture of the ugly, there's enough of the beautiful."

That was a good way to speak and think. The world is full of beautiful things, and we shall all be much happier as we go through life, if we choose the beautiful rather than the ugly.

We can carry this thought out in many different ways. For example, how much better it would be to look for the beautiful in the lives of those around us, instead of looking for the bad things in them.

Let us look for the beautiful everywhere we go. That means that we shall see the pretty wild flowers rather than the weeds when we go walking in the fields. It means that we shall see the rainbow rather than the clouds in the sky above us, and that we shall see the good in people rather than the bad.

Let us love the beautiful, and let us do all that we can to make this world in which we live a brighter and a better place. The most beautiful life is a Christian life. So let us ask the Lord Jesus Christ to take our lives and make them so beautiful that we shall be fit for his kingdom above.

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THE DEPENDABLE BOY.

The boy who is bright and witty,
The boy who longs for fame,
The brilliant boy, his teacher's joy,
And the boy who leads each game—
Right cordially I greet them,
And wish them every joy,
But the warmest part of my boy-loving
heart
I give the dependable boy.

He may be bright and witty;
He may be brilliant, too;
He may lead in the race, with his manly
face,
He may plan great things to do;
He may have all the gifts and graces,
But naught can make such joy
And pride in me as to know that he
Is a staunch, dependable boy!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON X.—JUNE 4.

THE RESURRECTION.

John 20. 11-23. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But now is Christ risen from the dead,
and become the first fruits of them that
slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Find where Jesus was buried.
John 19. 38-42.
- Tues.* Find why the burial was hurried.
John 19. 31-37.
- Wed.* Find why the tomb was sealed.
Matt. 27. 62-66.
- Thur.* Read the lesson verses. John
20. 11-23.
- Fri.* Read Paul's song of victory.
1 Cor. 15. 53-58.
- Sat.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun.* Learn a beautiful verse about the
resurrection. Rom. 8. 34.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When did Mary Magdalene come to the
tomb of Jesus? What did she find there?
What did she do? Who came to see the
tomb? What did Mary then do? Whom
did she see? What did they say to her?
Can you repeat her answer to them?
Whom did she next see? Did she know
him? What did he say to her? Why did
she not know him? Her spiritual eyes
were not fully open. What did she think?
What did she ask him? What word did
he speak? Did she know him then?
What did she do? What did he say to
her and ask her to do? Did she do it?
Where was he to meet them? What did
the first day of the week become after
this? The Lord's Day.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. He who died rose on the third day.
2. The one who "loved much" was
first to see him.
3. She was also the first to tell that he
had risen.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 11.

THE MESSAGE OF THE RISEN CHRIST.

Rev. 1. 10-20. Memorize verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and
behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev.
1. 18.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the vision of Zechariah.
Zech. 4.
- Tues.* Find John's words about Jesus
Christ. 1 John 1. 1-4.
- Wed.* Read about the seven lamps of the
tabernacle. Exod. 25. 37.
- Thur.* Read the lesson verses. Rev. 1.
10-20.
- Fri.* Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
- Sat.* Read about the new heaven and
the new earth. Rev. 21.
- Sun.* Read the end of John's vision.
Rev. 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was John? The beloved disciple.
What did he do on Easter morning? Did
he see the risen Lord? Who did? What
did John live to be? What did the Lord
count him worthy to see? Where was he?
Why was he there? What did he hear one
Lord's day? What did he see? Can
you remember what the voice said? What
was he told to do? What is meant by the
seven churches? What seven things did
John see? Who stood in the midst of
them? Can you tell how he looked to
John? What happened to John? What
did the Lord do to him? What did the
Lord tell him to do with what he heard
and saw?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. The Lord came to earth in a human
body.
2. He died and rose into the heavens
in a spiritual body.
3. Yet he is the "same yesterday, and
to-day, and for ever."

EDITH'S DOLLY.

"I've told you ever so many times.
Dorothy Wilson Greene," said Dorothy's
mother, "that you must sit still and not
run about so. Will you be good now
while I talk to Mrs. Brown?"
Dorothy's blue eyes stared serenely into
space, for she was a very quiet and
obedient dolly, in spite of what her mis-
tress said, and as she made no violent
efforts to get down from the high chair,
Edith thought she was safe.
"Does your child give you much

trouble?" asked Dorothy's mother's real
mother, "or is she good?"

"She's dood," answered Edith, "cept
she makes too much noise."

"That's a good sign," said the real
mother; "that means she isn't sick."

"She isn't sick now," said Edith, "but
she's had whooping-cough and croup. The
doctor came every day."

"That's too bad, Mrs. Greene; but I'm
glad she's got over her troubles safely."

Dorothy Wilson Greene's dangers were
not all from whooping-cough and croup,
however. Baby Grace was playing too
near the high chair. There came a sudden
crash and a wail, and Baby Grace, high
chair and Dorothy were in a heap on the
floor.

"There! Mother's kissed the bumps
well," said the real mother, who had
rescued her baby girl first.

Grace's hurt was partly fright at the
suddenness of the tumble, and her
mother's voice soothed her. She turned
tear-filled eyes to Edith, who sat holding
poor Dorothy.

Poor Dorothy! Her bumps were more
serious, being made on doll stuff instead
of yielding flesh. Her eyes were knocked
in and her nose was gone.

Edith's face showed how sorry she was.
Grace felt that she had been naughty,
and slipping down, she stretched her arms
to take Dorothy.

"Mother, kiss Dorofy well, too," she
said.

Mother couldn't do that, but she com-
forted the little mother's heart, and one
day a new head, with smiling blue eyes,
was Dorothy's again.

FOUNTAIN OF CALVARY.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes, and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful,—God will never
Break his covenant in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.



CHRIST RISEN.

CHRIST RISEN.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.—John 20. 11-18.

BESSIE'S NEW DOLLY.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

Three-year-old Bessie sat playing with her dollies in Auntie's library. Sometimes they were all named like her little girl friends and their mammas, but just now they each had a flower name, as Pansy, Lily, and Rose.

She had set the little girl dolls in groups of five or six, with a lady doll sitting with each group. These were Sunday-school

classes and the lady dolls were teachers. She was just saying, "Daisy, you must be quiet," when she heard her papa's step in the hall.

She ran to meet him; he caught her in his arms and her red lips were hidden in his brown moustache. He put her down, telling her to get her hat and coat, as there was a nice present waiting for her at home.

Papa carried his little girl straight to mamma's room, and put her down in front of dear old Auntie Lewis, who was sitting in a low rocker with something on her lap. She threw back the soft blanket which covered it, and Bessie stood for a moment looking down upon it without saying a word. Then she stretched out her arms and tried to take it.

"I love this new dolly," she said, laying her face against the soft pink cheek of her baby brother.

WHAT TED DIDN'T KNOW.

"I wonder how many of the class know how to clean a lead-pencil rubber."

Every one looked curious, but not a hand was raised.

"'Tis often a convenient thing to know," continued Miss Morton, who told the children so many interesting things. "Sometimes one is obliged to erase a word when there isn't possibly time to re-write very much, and then it is nice to know how to do it so the paper will present a clean appearance. How many present have your rubbers with you?"

Into their pockets went every hand.

When all were ready, she said: "Now write 'neatness' on your block of practice paper."

It took but a moment.

"You may now erase your words."

When the papers were inspected, there was on each a soiled rubber mark.

"Now rub your rubbers on the under side of the blocks," directed Miss Morton. "Be careful to rub the entire surface over. Now each write 'neatness' again."

When the words were erased this time, one could hardly see even a trace of the rubber marks.

"I never heard of cleaning rubbers before," said Ted to Willie Newcomb at recess.

"Nor I," returned his little friend.

"I'M SORRY."

It all began by Dora telling Millicent that Lady Elinor, Millicent's biggest doll, would never have hair as long as her Lady Charlotte's, not even if she lived to be as old as her grandmother—and that seemed very old indeed.

"Dora Clarke, you can go right home to your own dolls," Millicent exclaimed, with a toss of her curly head. "Even though Lady Charlotte's hair is longer, Lady Elinor's is real—and it can be combed, too!"

Dora, hugging Lady Charlotte tightly in her arms, walked out of the nursery without a word. She would never come back, she murmured to herself, as she closed the front door with a bang, and ran away home without turning to give Millicent the usual little good-bye wave at the corner.

"She told me to go, and she can just ask me back again," Dora explained, sulkily, to her mother, when she arrived home.

All the next day Dora wondered if Millicent would send for her to come over. But, as the day wore on, and none of the many rings at the door-bell brought the looked-for invitation, the hurt feelings she had been trying to nurse all day began to disappear, and she whispered resolutely to herself: "It was my fault at the start. Even if it is hard, I'll go and tell her how sorry I am."

Dora was dancing down the front steps, when she ran right into Grant Forbes, Millicent's brother. "I say, what a rush you're in," he laughed, "but I'm glad I caught you. Millicent made me her messenger with this—it must be important—it seemed hard to write, she's been at it, off and on, since the morning," and he produced a tiny folded note.

Dora thanked him, and turned to read it. "Come over—do, Dora. I'm sorry," was all the note contained. The remainder of that afternoon was as full of fun as two happy little girls could make it.

And Millicent found out that Dora had been a wee bit sorry, too, for as she stroked Lady Elinor's golden curls Dora whispered very softly, "I was coming anyway, Millicent; I met Grant on the way."