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PALM SUNDAY ON MOUNT OLIVET.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the afternoon of Palm Sunday, 1892, after witnessing the pomp and pride and pageantry of the rival Christian communities in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as a truer commemoration of the sacred events of the day, I went forth with my fellow-pilgrims to the sites and scenes of Palestine, from the Holy City to the Mount of Olives. We traversed the Via Dolorosa, the "Sorrowful Way," trodden by the feet of the Saviour on his way to Calvary. Emerging from St. Stephen's Gate we passed the scene of the death of the forerunner of the meek army of martyrs. Beneath our feet lay the storied vale of Kedron, and on its opposite side rose the long slopes of Olivet.

Leaving the cypress-studded Garden of Gethsemane, with its silent, gray-leaved trees, to the right, we climbed the hill to the beautiful new church erected by the Russians in honor of the reigning Empress. Its many bulbous domes present an exceedingly picturesque appearance, and its exquisite mosaic pictures cost a prince's ransom.

ON THE SLOPES OF OLIVET

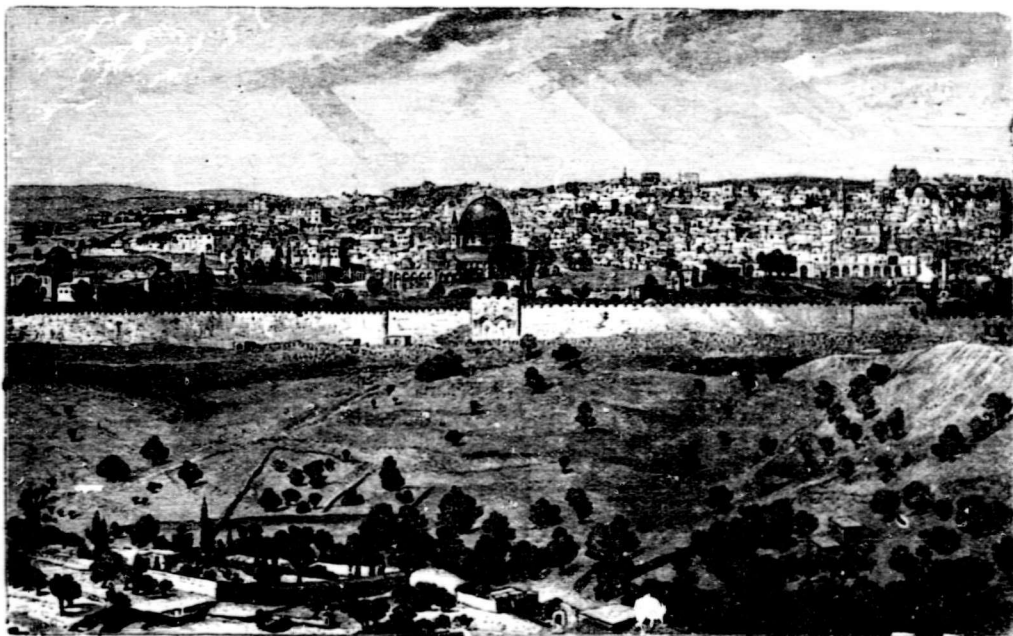
In the so-called Tombs of the Prophets, which we scrambled through a broken wall and found a splendid example of an ancient rock tomb. Three passages, varying from thirteen to nineteen yards in length, are intersected by traverse passages. The large, domed rotunda, lighted from above, and many other chambers completely honeycomb the ground.

The great number of tombs in the vicinity of the city cannot fail to strike the imagination. All around the wall extends the vast encampment of death. Moslem and Jew for many generations have alike sought burial here, as securing special privileges on the Resurrection Day. "Thousands," says Dr. Macleod, "possibly millions, of most bigoted and superstitious Israelites, from every part of the world, have in the evening of life

Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Upon this very landscape rested his eye, along this very road thronged the multitude and the children to greet him with shouts of "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." There still winds the Kedron, and there is

"Siloam's brook,



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES. GETHSEMANE IN THE FOREGROUND.

flocked to this, the old 'city of their solemnities,' that after death they might be gathered to their fathers beneath the shadow of its walls."

But the supreme interest centres in that lone olive-crowned hill,

WHERE OUR SAVIOUR WEPT

over the stony-hearted city of Jerusalem. Near by is the peaceful village of Bethany, where he often found rest and safety and sympathy in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Up that steep hillside walked many a time and oft—

"Those blessed feet,

Which flowed fast by the oracle of God."

These "mountains round about Jerusalem" are the very hills on which the Saviour so often gazed, and over all is the deep blue sky through which, from the summit of yonder mount, he ascended up into heaven.

About half-way up the slope is shown the traditional place where our Lord wept over the city, and would fain have gathered its children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but they would not. Here upon a grassy spot we sat down and read with

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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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 over 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 starting 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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LESSON

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STUDIES IN THE
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ESTHER PLEA
Esth. 4. 10 to

The Lord pr
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Sat. Learn ho
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SING A SONG OF PENNIES.

Sing a song of pennies—
Did you hear them fall?
In the little mite-box,
Shining ones and all?
When the box was opened
They all began to sing:
"Let us carry far and wide
A message from the King."

Many heathen children
Need a helping hand;
Dusky little brothers
In a foreign land.
Long have they been waiting
A message from above.
All the pennies help to tell
The story full of love.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 5.

ESTHER PLEADING FOR THE PEOPLE.

Esth. 4. 10 to 5. 3. Memorize verses
13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord preserveth all them that love
him.—Psa. 145. 20.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Esther? By whom had she
been brought up? By her uncle, Mor-
decai. What was the name of the king
of Persia? Who was his prime minister?
What kind of a man was Haman? A
selfish, wicked man. What did he lay a
plot to do? To have all the Jews in his
country killed. Why did he do this?
Because Mordecai would not bow down to
him and honor him. What did Mordecai
beg Esther to do? Why was it not safe
for her to go to the king? What did
Mordecai tell her? What did Esther ask
all the Jews to do? What did she and her
maidens do? What does this show? That
she believed in God's love and care. When
she came to the king what did he hold out
to her? What did he say?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn how the king of Persia
looked upon Esther. Esth. 2.
8, 9, 17.
Tues. Find who Mordecai was. Esth.
2. 5-7.
Wed. See what Mordecai charged Esther.
Esth. 2. 10, 11, 20.
Thur. Read the lesson verses. Esth. 4.
10 to 5. 3.
Fri. Find why Esther feared to go to
the king. Esth. 4. 11.
Sat. Learn how she dared to go. Esth.
4. 16.

Sun. Learn the promise of the Golden
Text.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. Selfishness and sin are hateful in
God's sight.
2. He loves to help those who look to
him.
3. We have a great King who will
never forsake us.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 12.

EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.
Ezra. 8. 21-32. Memorize verses 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them
for good that seek him.—Ezra. 8. 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Ezra? Why was he still in
Persia? He did not return with the
others to Jerusalem. Why did he want
to go there now? He thought the people
needed to be taught the law of the Lord.
Who was the king of Persia? How did
he help Ezra? He gave him gold and
silver and vessels for the temple and told
him to take all his friends with him.
Through what kind of a country did Ezra
have to pass? Why did he fear robbers?
What might he have asked of the king?
A guard of soldiers. Why did he not do
this? Because he had a strong protector.
What did he call the people to hold? For
what did they pray? For a safe journey.
Did they get to Jerusalem in safety?
Why?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your
Bible. Ezra 8. 21-32.
Tues. Read about another fast. 2 Chron.
20. 23-29.
Wed. Learn how we may be sure of
God's help. Golden Text.
Thur. Find out why we may ask God's
help. Psa. 34. 15-17.
Fri. Learn what comes of praying.
Psa. 66. 19, 20.
Sat. See how Ezra felt about the king's
kindness. Ezra 7. 27, 28.
Sun. Learn who is our refuge. Psa. 46.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. We have a great King.
2. He is stronger than any earthly
king.
3. He helps those who look to him for
help.

THE BEST GOD COULD DO.

It had been a sad, hard winter for Mrs.
Throp and little Benny. Whooping-cough
and bronchitis had seized the little fellow
like two cruel jailers, and held on to him
all winter. These jailers would not let
him rest by day, they would not let him
sleep at night; they would not let him eat
his breakfast in peace; they often made

him lose his dinner; they shook him,
they racked him, they made him sad and
tired; oh, it was a hard time for Benny,
and a harder time for Benny's mother.

One day a postman, in a big overcoat,
with a cape to it, came pounding at their
little front door, and left a letter for
"Mrs. Amelia Throp, No. 9 East Front
Street." What do you suppose that letter
held? Bushels and bushels of sunshine,
white and yellow daisies, butterflies and
birds!

How could one little letter carry so
much? Why, there was money in it; from
Cousin James, to bring mother and Benny
down to Georgia, where spring-time had
come already, though we were walking on
snow and ice.

When Cousin Susie first carried Benny
in her strong young arms, out to the
sunny Georgia fields, and he felt the sweet,
soft air, heard the mocking-bird singing
like a choir, and saw the yellow jessamine
running mad over everything, he laughed
aloud with delight, then, drawing his thin,
white little face into soberness, "Cousin
Susie," he said, "I don't believe God can
make any place prettier than this, do
you?"

But Benny will know some day, when
his time comes to cross the river of death,
that God has made our heavenly home
more sweet and beautiful than we can ever
think or imagine here.

PARTNERS.

A sturdy little figure it was trudging
bravely by with a pail of water. So many
times had it passed our gate that morning
that curiosity prompted us to further
acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day."
"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat
was turned toward us. It was freckled,
flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do
a washing."

"Do you bring it all from the brook
down here?"

"O, we have it in the cistern mostly,
only it's been such a dry time lately."

"Is there nobody else to carry the
water?"

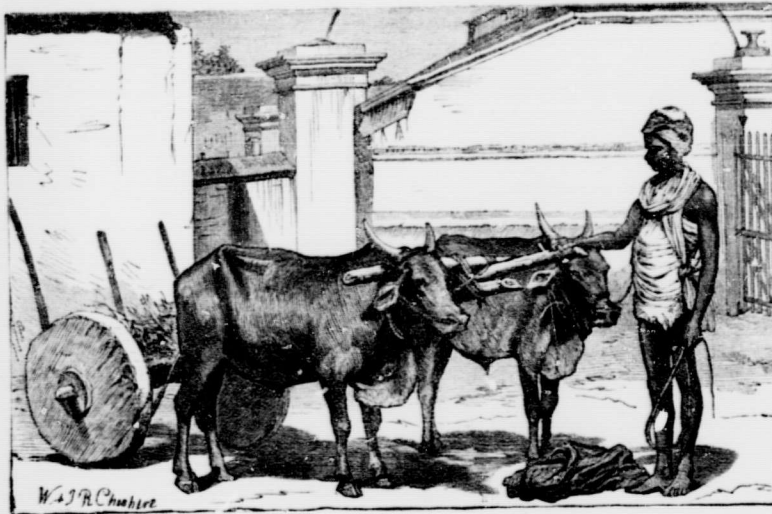
"Nobody but mother, an' she is
washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered com-
pliment, and the little water-carrier did
not consider it one at all; but there was
a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an
almost indignant tone in her voice, as she
answered: "Why, of course I help her.
I always help her all the time; she hasn't
anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

Little girls, are you and mother part-
ners? Do you help her all you can?

The only way to flee from God's wrath
is to flee to him.



SCENE IN INDIA.

SCENE IN INDIA.

Our picture shows you one of the two-wheeled carts of India. Not a very easy one to ride in, nor very handsome. But still people ride in or on them. The sleepy-looking bullocks are probably as lazy as they look to be, for the repeated blows which they receive on their sides from their drivers have become so frequent that they no longer care for them. No one walks in India if he can get a couple of wheels and a bullock to draw him. I presume that most of my readers would prefer walking to riding, if the vehicle in which they were to ride resembled this one; but in India, where the weather is so warm, any means by which exertion is lessened is considered not only right and proper but very acceptable.

ADELE'S FAIRY.

Once upon a time a little French girl, whose name was Adele, sat upon a hassock waiting to put on her shoes, and wishing some one would come and dress her. The breakfast bell had rung, but still she did not move.

Suddenly a funny little woman came along and stopped right before her. She had bright, shining eyes, rosy cheeks and pretty white hair, and carried a basket on her arm.

Adele was afraid of the stranger at first, but the pretty woman smiled and said: "My dear, I am Mrs. Always B. Content, and live in Sunshine Terrace; sometimes I'm called Always Busy, or the good fairy that multiplies things. How can I help you smooth out the frowns and puckers that are spoiling your pretty face?"

The little girl found courage to tell her friend that she was just wishing that she didn't have to go to school and study those tiresome lessons; she wanted to take long

walks and play in the fields where the flowers grow.

"I never had anything like other girls; Estelle has a lovely string of beads," she continued. This prompted the fairy to lift the cover of her basket and say:

"You will have six times as many strings as Estelle; so pick them out, my dear."

Oh! how beautiful; there lay on pink cotton ever so many strings of lovely pearl beads, just what she wanted.

The little girl reached out her hand, hesitated and then began to cry because she did not know how many to take. She must take six times as many, no more, no less.

This made the good fairy feel pity for Adele, so she said, and closed the lid of the basket: "Since you do not know how many you want, I will go away and come again in Springtime, and perhaps your good friends yonder, pointing to the books in the bag, will help you to become one of my family. Then you will know how to count your trials.

"By forgetting ourselves we increase our own happiness and that of every one around us.

"Don't loiter by the way to and from school. Don't dawdle in the morning when you are dressing. Learn to do everything quickly and well. I know somebody who sits on the floor with one shoe in her hand, dreaming away—consequently has to be called many times to breakfast."

While Mrs. Always Busy talked, Adele's face turned crimson.

How did this fairy know she did all that?

The truth is there are many little maids like Adele. Are you?

God will give us anything for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.

FOR YOU.

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man,
'Tis this: where'er your lot is cast,
Oh, do the best you can!
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest things to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands,
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully,
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do,
Just measure by the golden rule
That which is set for you;
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours,
Oh, keep your honor bright!

LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN

It was Saturday morning. When Benny woke the snow was falling heavily. This was a great disappointment, Benny had been promised to go to Aunt Mary's to spend the day with Bob and Dicky, but Benny had a cold, and mamma was afraid her little boy might add to should he go out in the chill, damp air.

He did not like this much and pouted a little before he thought. Then he said to himself:

"There isn't any use in being cross. Teacher told us that dark days are the best times to let a little sunshine in, and I guess p'rhaps this is a good time to try."

Looking about for some things to do, Benny spied his father's shaving mug and brush. "I'll paint a picture of the baby," he cried; "what a nice thing this brush is to paint with."

He filled the mug with water, rubbed some paint on a little plate which he found and was soon busily at work on his fine portrait. Just then there came a knock from the next room, where his baby sister whom his mother had asked him to take care of, had been sleeping.

"Oh dear," thought Ben, "I'm being I'm not going to look after her," and a little frown settled right between his brows.

"Let a little sunshine in," sang the voice in Benny's heart. The little boy heard it and smoothed out his forehead suddenly that the little frown tumbled right out, and Benny ran with a sunshine face into the room where baby was. She greeted him with a cry of delight, and they were soon playing happily together.