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STORMING OF A CASTLE.

This cut represents one of the cruel scenes in the old stormy days of blood, such as have been enacted a thousand times. Listen to Longfellow's description of the horrors of war, and his prayer for peace:

Hear even now the infinite sad chorus
The cries of agony,
The endless groan,
Which through the ages
That have gone before us,
In loud reverberations reach our own.

In helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through the Cimbric forest rears the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

Hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;

The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!

And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future,
Through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

SPIDER PETS.

Some tropical spiders are of very great size, so that, in Brazil, children sometimes tie one end of a piece of string round their waist and lead them about as if they were dogs. This does not mean, of course, that they are quite so big as dogs—even little ones—but the legs of a very huge mygale, as these monsters are called, might have a spread as big as a man's hand, and the body would be then, perhaps, not so very much smaller than a mouse's. That the webs made by such immense spiders as these should be strong enough to hold a small bird, and that, when caught, the bird should be eaten as flies are by spiders here at home, does not seem so very remarkable—in fact, it is about what one might expect.



STORMING OF A CASTLE.

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need for arsenals or forts;