

SUNBEAM

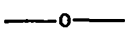
THE TWO HOUSES

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, and it fell: and great was the fall of it.



WHO THE DRUIDS WERE.

One who has ever travelled in Wales and Ireland must have seen the Druid relics there and wondered about the strange people, of whom hardly anything but their strength and reality is known to a certainty. They ruled the North at the beginning of the Christian era.

Julius Cæsar found them in Gaul, and has given one of the best accounts of them, but even he was able to learn very little. The priests were the rulers and possessors of all the secrets, history and knowledge of the nation, for nothing was ever committed to writing by them. Every new aspirant was obliged to learn the whole by heart, all the lore of the



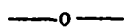
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people, the mysteries of the stars, the signs and wonders of nature, and the magic of their art. It required twenty years of hard study to be a priest.

The grand old oak groves were where they usually met for their sacrifices and solemn services, and their temples and altars were always in circles. In

their ruins and whatever is known of their history, everything went by "threes." Whosoever the ruins of these circles exist there are always three of them, and the circles and triads were wrought into most of their mysteries.

The very little that is known of the Druids makes one long to know more, but they gradually disappeared before the Roman conquerors, and as they never allowed anything to be written of their religion or their law, only the ruins remain



BETTER THAN A PIANO.

There was once a dear little girl whose parents were very poor, but she was always happy. She was very fond of music.

One day she came home from a playmate's very much out of humour. That playmate had just received a piano as a birthday gift. Lillie felt very unhappy because she could not have one too.

"Why, Lillie dear, what's the matter?"

"O mother, it is so hard that we are so poor that we can't have a piano."

"Never mind," said her mother, "only be careful to love and serve Jesus, and then, you will have a harp in heaven."

Lillie is now an old woman, but she still remembers those words, and when she wants anything she can't get she says to herself, "Never mind! If I can't get this on earth, I shall have a harp in heaven."