

SUNBEAM

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THE WHALE.

We give you a picture of a huge whale. This animal lives in the water, but he is not a fish. His blood is warm like ours, and he breathes the air as we do.

The whale can stay under the water more than half an hour, but he comes up every eight or ten minutes to breathe. Then he can dive again. He has nostrils on the top of his head, called spiracles. Through these blow-holes he gets rid of the water which has run into his mouth.

The whale lives on little fishes. He swims around just under water with his mouth wide open. The little fishes are carried into the immense cavity, not knowing they are entering such a trap—but they are borne in by the water, and cannot help it, anyhow. In that great mouth is a natural strainer, made of the fringed edges of the whalebone or baleen plates. This is a horny substance, the edges fringed into long, soft, tough fibres, filling up the inside of the mouth. Suddenly the great trap comes down, letting the water escape, but catching the fishes. So, you see, a fresh, delicate meal is always ready for our whale, and he does not need to call upon cooks and dining-room waiters when he is hungry. He sometimes swallows shoals of herrings—the baleen whale swallows nothing larger—and the water that doesn't run out of his mouth he blows out of his nostrils.

"Poor little fishes!" you say; but, "Poor big whale!" you may say also. He is hard on the little fishes; but his fate is harder than theirs. They die in a moment; but the whale is speared with the harpoon,

suffers pain, and sheds torrents of blood—sometimes spouting red streams, and making the water red all around before the life goes out, and he turns on his back in death. The whale in our picture has been killed in this way.

One species of whale is called the "sperm whale." The largest of them has a gullet large enough to swallow a man. That must have been the kind that swallowed Jonah. But, even if a whale could swallow nothing larger than a herring, that whale



THE WHALE.

could swallow Jonah. The Bible tells us that God prepared a great fish, and God could prepare a minnow to swallow a man, if he wished.

A NEW RULE.

BY PANSY.

Charlie Evans had had a present of a twelve-inch rule, and carried it with him everywhere, even to Sunday-school. He had it in his hand when he recited his Bible verse: "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." "But I don't understand it

one bit," he said. "You couldn't put a rule in your heart."

"It doesn't mean such a rule as that," said Miss Alice, smiling. "Don't you know that to rule a person means to manage him—control and direct him so that he will do just as he is told? I know a boy who has made fun the ruler of his heart. If he can't get fun out of a thing he doesn't want to do it. I know a little girl who lets selfishness rule her heart. She is always planning things that will

please herself. But our verse tells us to let peace rule our hearts. When people speak only kind words and have pleasant smiles on their faces and try to make those about them happy, we may be sure that peace rules their hearts."

Charlie shook his head and looked sober. "Peace doesn't rule my mother's heart, then," he said. "She cries lots? Whenever brother Rob has headaches she cries, and when he stays out late nights, and lots of other times he makes her cry."

Miss Alice looked very grave. "Poor mother!"

she said, "if Rob would let peace rule in his heart, I think it would make her happy."

Charlie thought about that a great deal. He did not understand Miss Alice very well, but of course Rob would; he was almost twenty years old. So he told him all about it that afternoon. Rob's cheeks grew very red as he listened; he pushed Charlie angrily away from him and told him he had no business to talk to the teacher about him.

But a few days afterwards a wonderful thing happened.

Rob came with a smile on his face and