

SUNBEAM

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HALLOWE'EN.

Hallow Eve, or, as it is called in Scotland, Hallowe'en, is the Vigil of all Hallows or All Saints' Day, October 31st. It has for many, many centuries been the occasion of certain popular usages in Christian countries, such as the performance of spells by young people, roasting and eating nuts, ducking for apples, and the like. Hallowe'en was supposed to be a night when witches, evil spirits, and other mischief-makers were abroad on their evil errands. Fairies, too, were said on that night to hold grand festivals. These old-world superstitions have had their influence in Canada, and Hallow Eve is observed in our own country, though the mischief-makers are no longer wicked spirits but mischief-loving boys who keep the evening by removing gates, carrying away signs, and making themselves quite as much of a nuisance generally as the evil spirits were once supposed to do. But the Hallowe'en pranks of the boys are becoming less and less frequent, and by and by they will be as unheard-of on that night as on any other night of the year. The boys in the picture before us have a bet-



HOLLOWE'EN.

ter way of enjoying the evening. They are roasting chestnuts by the open fire. The flames of the fire-light make the shadows play about the room, and they are eating the sweet roast chestnuts.

LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

A few months ago, during one of the severe storms that visit Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window," which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone, she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more, for, long before the morning dawned, the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home, lost when he had almost reached the haven of safety and rest. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home! in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have an open Bible, overflowing with its calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of God's providence, all tending to direct their steps heavenward; and yet they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.