

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

No. 21.

IONA, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The south-western isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations of any part of Great Britain. The steamer "Iona" leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the river Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land which throngs the busy port. On the south shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilmartin, the reputed birthplace of the patron saint of Ireland. According to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Saints. Satan, enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive. If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dumbarton Castle, crowned with its lofty castle, 550 feet in height. To the left is the port of Greenock, in whose quiet "God's-acre" sleeps the dust of Highland Mary," the object of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

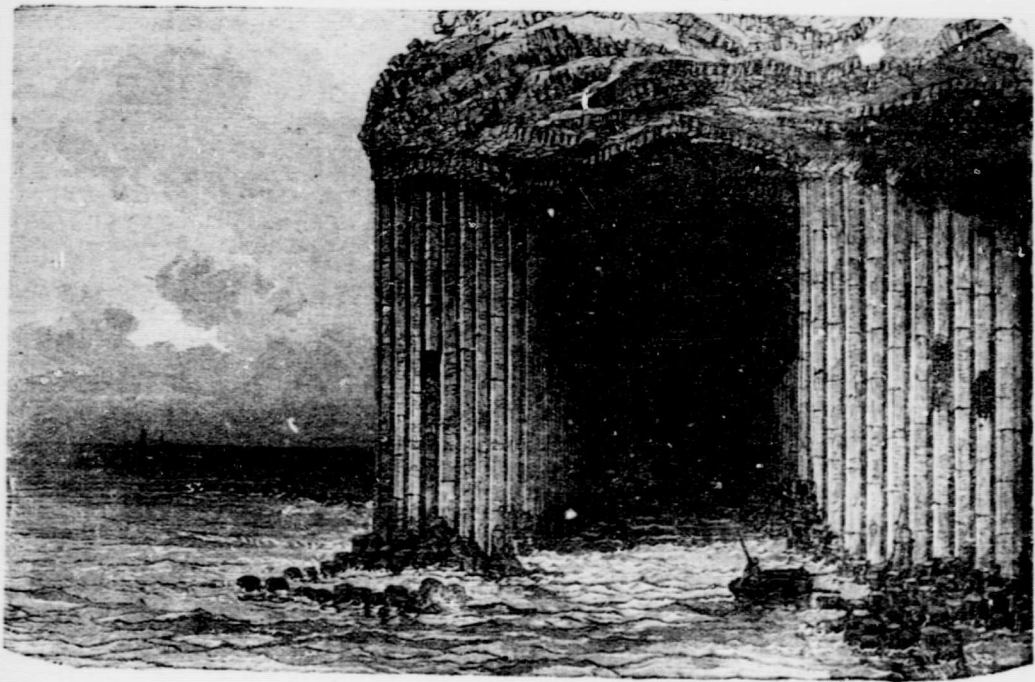
We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the sea rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked lake. Crossing Loch Fyne, we enter Crinan Canal, which saves a detour of seventy miles around the Mull of Gaire, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and crags, we slide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban.

From Oban, a staunch little seaworthy cutter—for the passage is often very rough—conveys one around the rugged coast of Mull, calling at Iona's holy isle,

and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill, the Isle of St. Columba's cell—is very small, only two miles and a half in length, by one in breadth—but here burned for long ages the beacon fires of the Christian faith, when pagan darkness enveloped all around.

Among the wild mountains of Donegal, in Ireland, early in the sixth century,

osier boats, he reached Iona's lonely isle, amid the surges of the melancholy main. Here he reared his monasteries of wattled huts; his chapel, refectory, cow byres, and grange. The bare ground was their bed, and a stone their pillow. The sea-girt isle became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

was born a child of royal race, destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity to Scotland, and the patron saint of that land, till he was superseded by St. Andrew. This boy was Colum, or Columba, who in his youth had a passion for borrowing from the convent founded by St. Patrick, and copying, manuscripts of the Gospel and Psalms. When grown to man's estates, in fulfilment of a vow, he became a missionary to the pagan Picts and Scots. With twelve companions, in skin-covered

around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the transcription of MS. copies of the Scriptures.

The pious Culdees, as these missionaries were called, in their frail osier barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda; to the Orkney, Shetland, and Farse Islands; and even to

(Continued on fourth page.)

WHAT I WOULD DO.

"If I were a rose on the garden wall
I'd look so fair and grow so tall,
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride—
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!"

"Fair little maid, if I were you,
I would always try to be good and true,
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunbeams ever smiled—
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

FOUR BOYS AND A CORN ROAST.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

The other members of the camping party—George and Jack and Fred—were waiting at the gate, so Donald went into his mother's room to say the final good-bye. He had on his soft flannel shirt, tied at the collar with a dark blue four-in-hand tie, his heavy winter coat, and a pair of old trousers that had "worn like iron," and, as his father said, "needed a camping trip to put them out of commission." All in all, Donald looked like the ideal young camper, and his mother smiled proudly at her manly-looking boy.

Mrs. Bruce was darning a pair of stockings for Donald, so that when he came back he would have something clean and dry to put on at once. It seemed as if she was always doing something for him, Donald thought. Such a dear, good, thoughtful, loving mother as he had! As

he laid his hand on the arm of her chair, her own hand stole caressingly over it.

"I must go now, mother," he said. "The boys are waiting for me at the gate."

"Are you sure you have everything?" asked Mrs. Bruce.

"Yes; the clothes are all in my bag—you packed them, you know. We sent the box of provisions and the blankets to the boat last night. My camera and gun and fishing-rod are on the hall table, and I can't think of a single thing else."

"Well, Donald, I suppose I shall have to say good-bye, then; but before you go there is just one more thing I want you to promise me. Will you, dear—it's perfectly reasonable?"

"Of course I will, mother. I know you wouldn't ask anything unreasonable."

"Well, then, Donald, it's just this. Don't help yourself to anybody's property without asking permission or paying for it. I know it's customary for boys when they're camping to 'hook' some little things, and not call it stealing. But it is stealing, just the same, and I should not like to think that my boy would do it. Promise me that you will not, dear."

"I certainly will not, mother," answered Donald earnestly. Then he kissed his mother, and, whistling a merry tune, was off with his three companions for the big, safe rowboat they had rented for their three weeks' trip down the river.

For the first week they had a perfectly jolly time. All went "merry as a marriage bell." The weather was glorious; they caught all the fish they wanted; the provisions held out nobly, and no one was sick even for an hour. Then, all of a sudden, came the usual reverses of a camping party. It began to rain, on an average, every other day. The food gave out, one article after another, and there was the customary difference of opinion as to who should go to the nearest village and stock up. All pleaded sickness; in fact, no one seemed to be feeling as well as he had been. The fish joined the general strike, and ceased biting, and for a while there was a rather blue atmosphere around the little camp.

It was about this time that Jack, while out searching for berries, discovered a field of young corn not more than a half a mile away. There was no house in sight, he said; the ears were just right for roasting, and that evening they could make a raid on the field and get all they wanted.

"You must count me out of that sort of things, boys," said Donald. "I'll go with you to hunt up the farmer, and offer to buy what corn we need for a roast, but I'll not steal it."

"It isn't stealing—it's just hooking," retorted the other boys. "We shan't take enough to be missed—no more than the 'coons and squirrels."

"It isn't the amount we take—it's the principle of the thing," replied Donald. "Stealing's stealing, and I'll not have anything to do with it."

"Then you'll not have anything to do with the corn when it's roasted!" cried Jack.

"Of course not," answered Donald, retreating into the tent.

Some little bird must have whispered the plot of the three corn-"hookers" to the farmer who owned the field, for that night, as the boys were rustling around among the stalks in the dim moonlight, breaking off a fat ear here and there, there was a rush of burly figures from the edge of the woods, and the farmer and his two big sons clapped heavy hands on the shoulders of the frightened lads.

"Here are our 'coons!" cried the farmer. "The young rascals! We'll make 'em pay right smart for this."

Jack, George, and Fred were dragged off to the village lockup, which was also the county jail, and the sheriff made them sleep on some narrow cots that were harder than their "shakedown" in camp. Next morning they were brought before a justice of the peace, and fined five dollars each, which they were glad to pay as the price of regaining their liberty, though it took almost all that was left of their camping money.

Donald did not press them with questions when they came shamefacedly back to camp. He had guessed what had happened. Meanwhile he had been to a neighboring farmer and bought half a bushel of sweet corn in the ear. It cost him fifty cents, and tasted a good deal better to all of them than the fifteen dollar corn roast that they didn't have.

THE SLEEPLESS WATCHER.

The lamp had just been put out, and the timid little girl was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and asked: "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

Then came the next question from the little girl: "Will God blow out his light, and go to sleep, too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother; "his lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment that thrilled the mother's heart and led her to more complete trust in her God: "Well, mamma, while God's awake, I'm not afraid."

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"

A LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

I know a little five-year-old
Who thinks that work is play.
And so he helps us hour by hour
In the very promptest way.

He wishes we would burn the wood
A great deal faster, faster,
That he may fetch us so much more—
This reckless little master.

When Mary goes below for coal
He's right there in a minute,
And tugs the big hod up the stairs
With just a little in it.

He carries out the jars for milk,
He brings them all in, too;
He saws the lightest kindling wood,—
So much he finds to do.

He runs to open wide the door
When callers ring the bell,
And if mamma is occupied
He entertains them well.

And thus he scampers here and there,
Upstairs and down, all day.
This merry little five-year-old
Who thinks that work is play.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STORIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 22.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Zech. 3. 10. to 4. 5. Memorize vs. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The temple of God is holy, which ye are.—1 Cor. 3. 17.

DAILY STEPS.

Read about the daily offerings to God. Ezra 3. 1-7.

Read the lesson verses. Ezra 3. 10 to 4. 5.

Read how sorrow may be turned to joy. Jer. 33. 7-16.

Learn how the mercy of the Lord endures for ever. Psa. 136.

Learn the Golden Text.

Read about the temple of God. 1 Cor. 3. 6-17.

Read about the joy in the heavenly world. Rev. 7. 9-17.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did the Jews go when they left Babylon? What made their hearts glad? Think they were going back to the city of God. In what condition did they find it? In ruins. Who had destroyed it? Nebuchadnezzar, seventy years before. What had become of the beautiful

temple? It was thrown down. What did they begin at once to do? To build an altar and to worship God. What was the first work they did on the Lord's house? They laid the foundations. Why did the people rejoice when they came back? They were glad to have their own house of worship. Why did some weep? What showed love for the Lord? The willingness to work.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. God is always ready to forgive.
2. He will help and bless those who seek him.
3. When enemies come we must look to God for help.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 29.

POWER THROUGH GOD'S SPIRIT.

Zech. 4. 1-10. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.—Zech. 4. 6.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Zech. 4. 1-10.

Tues. Learn what hindered the Jews. Ezra. 4. 1-6.

Wed. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.

Thur. Read about the Spirit of the Lord. Isa. 59. 16-21.

Fri. Learn why we may always have courage in the Lord's work. Hag. 2. 4.

Sat. Read about the Lord's power. 2 Cor. 32. 1-8.

Sun. Learn why the Jews wanted the temple built. Psa. 122. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did the Jews have to do? Stop building the temple. Why? They were so troubled by their enemies. Who brought a message from the Lord to them? The prophet Haggai. What other prophet came to cheer them? Zechariah. Who was the leader of the Jews? Zerubbabel. Who gave the message to Zechariah? What did he show to Zechariah? Did the prophet know what the vision meant? Not at first. How did he find out? The angel told him. Where do we find the meaning of it? In the Golden Text. Of what is the candlestick an emblem? Of the pure service of God. What is a real Christian? A light in the world. Of what is the oil an emblem? Of the Holy Spirit. Who is stronger than all human might and power? God. What was the great "mountain" which hindered and troubled the Jews? The Samaritans. Who can remove mountains? Our God. What does he say of small things? That we should never despise them.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. God thinks about our troubles.

2. He sends help to us in trouble.
3. His Spirit can show us a way out of trouble.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

Some little Indian girls have shown their gratitude to the friends who are working for their education and happiness by dedicating a beautiful tree to one of them. They marched by twos around the tree, and then, forming a circle, they sang "America." After this six little girls threw each a cup of water on the tree and gave three cheers for the lady to whom it was dedicated.

The Indian girls and boys want to go to school. But they need help to pay for their schools, for their fathers and mothers have been robbed of their means of livelihood and cannot help their children.

Perhaps you would like to help these children. Your mother or your Sunday-school teacher can tell you how. Some little girls met once a week and sewed for the Indian children, making clothes and other useful things, which were sent to them in a box at Christmas. Others earned money by running errands, and bought something for the box. Perhaps you can think of some other way. Try it.

QUEEP RELATIONS.

BY FELIX LEIGH.

I'm sure that my relations seem
Just made to puzzle me!
Look at father—he takes no lumps
Of sugar in his tea,
Though mother wouldn't scold him if
He dared to ask for three!

And mother's also very strange,
For when she goes about
The house, she never makes a noise,
Although she's free to shout,
Or even to beat saucepan lids
Upon the stairs, no doubt.

My Auntie Nell is just as odd—
She passes by the shops
Where splendid almond rock is sold,
And lovely acid drops,
She has a penny in her purse,
But there that penny stops.

Yes, my relations really do
Seem made to puzzle me,
For I'm a thoughtful little boy
Of seven, don't you see,
And I consider that they waste
Each opportunity.

Little Susie, coming home from her first attendance at church, was met with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie; how did that happen?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.



STAFFA.

IONA, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

(Continued from first page.)

Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic books, bells, and crosses, have been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.

The island has no harbor, and only one very rude pier; visitors, therefore, must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fisher-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising seventy feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying-place of St. Columba himself. "That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, amid an archipelago of sister islands.

The island rises at its highest point 144 feet above the sea. It is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The entire facade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honeycombed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are

displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave, the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof 30 feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the

profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

HOW LEETO SAVED CHARLIE.

"Why, Charlie Thompson! What have you brought home now?"

Charlie's mother may be excused if there was a little impatience in her tone. For Charlie had persisted, since his early childhood, in bringing in all manner of forlorn animals. Each week there was a new applicant for attention, and, after finding homes for innumerable starved dogs and ownerless cats, Mrs. Thompson had finally placed an embargo upon Charlie's bringing home any more animal waifs.

"O mother, I know!" exclaimed Charlie, his face reddening with excitement. "But I couldn't help it just this once. Mayn't I let him have just one good meal?" The gaunt creature looked up into Mrs. Thompson's face as if he knew what was being said, and as Charlie patted him on the head he softly licked the caressing hand in graceful acknowledgment.

Mrs. Thompson was touched.

"We'll ask father about it when he comes home," she said. "Perhaps we can manage in some way to keep the dog till we go down to grandfather's."

The end of it all was that "Leeto," for so Charlie named him, stayed until they went to the farm, and then Grandfather Thompson took such a fancy to him that he kept him always. Now, I will tell how Leeto repaid the kindness that Charlie had shown him.

One day, when all the men had gone away for the day, Mrs. Thompson missed Charlie from dinner. She did not be-

come alarmed until two hours had passed and he still did not appear. Very uneasy, she and Grandmother Thompson started out to hunt for him along the shore by the farm, but no signs of him were to be found. At last, far up off the beach, upon a strip of land fast being covered with the rising tide, the two frightened women saw the boy and the dog standing together, evidently unable to get back.

"In an hour that strip will be three feet under water," said grandmother, in a trembling voice.

"And the men will not be home till night!" cried the mother, despairingly. Then, with a sudden idea, she ran to the house.

In a few minutes she returned with a coil of rope, while behind her came a maid with more.

"Charlie!" His mother's agonized voice caught the boy's ear, and he looked up.

"Is there anything there you can fasten a rope to securely?" called his mother.

"Yes, there's a big log further up," he answered.

"Then send Leeto to me!"

The startled boy gazed round him, and for the first time realized his peril. "Leeto! Leeto! good dog! go!" he cried and pointed to the shore. Mrs. Thompson called at the same moment, and Leeto comprehended what was expected of him. He dashed into the water and swam quickly ashore.

"Good dog! good Leeto!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, patting him. "Take this to Charlie, Leeto! Take it to Charlie!" and she placed between his teeth the stick to which she had fastened one end of the rope.

The intelligent dog showed that he knew what was required of him, for away he went again, but this time more slowly since he dragged behind him the length of rope which Mrs. Thompson slowly paid out. To the waiting woman it seemed as if he would never reach the other side but he did; and Charlie hugged him closely, as he took the rope and stuck it in his hand.

Then came Charlie's difficult journey. Many times he was up to his chin in water, and more than once he lost his footing entirely; but never once did he lose his hold of the friendly rope. If he had, he never would have reached the shore, although so near it, for he could not swim a single stroke.

Leeto knows so well what a creditable thing he did in saving his young master that, if you were to visit Grandfather Thompson's, and he were to tell you the story—as he told it to me—Leeto would come and sit in front of him as he told it, and look at you proudly, as if to say "Yes, I did it; and I would do it again too, for Charlie, any day!"