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ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendor of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas.

The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

"Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;

And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,

Expanded by the genius of the spot, Has grown colossal."

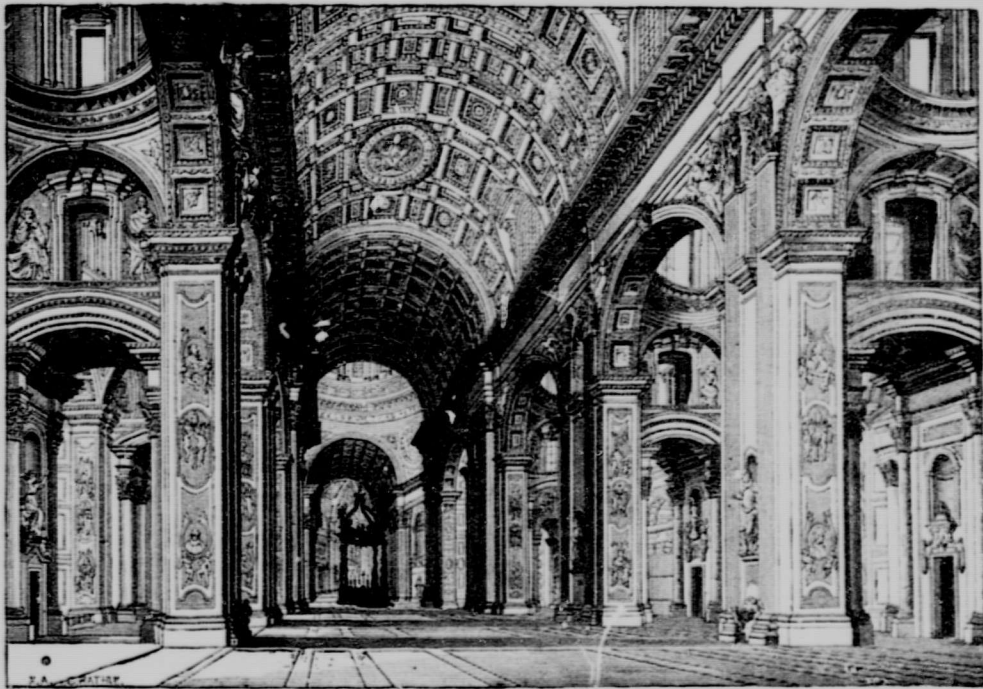
It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down

the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London; that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head; that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enter the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who

have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and various colored marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendor. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending

a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with

by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and

filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

RALPH'S CONFESSION.

Ralph was a little boy of seven, and he had lately come to live with his uncle and aunt, for he was an orphan. It was not long since his mother had died, and many a time he cried himself to sleep when tired and lonely, for she had been his only companion and playmate during his short life.

Uncle Ross found his little boy a playmate who consoled Ralph very often, and that was Fido, Ralph's dog; and a very intelligent dog he was, too. But still Fido got into trouble, as even good dogs will do, and then it was very hard for his master Ralph, for when Fido did wrong Ralph's Aunt Amy would have him punished, and this made Ralph feel very bad.

But the story which I am going to tell you is how Ralph got into mischief one day.

Aunt Amy was out visiting some

friends, and when Ralph came from school he went into the library to look for his top, which he thought he had left there, but not finding it, started to play with an ornament he had often admired but which he knew he should not handle. This ornament belonged to Aunt Amy, and she prized it very much.

He was admiring it as it lay in his hand, when he was startled by a noise outside, and it fell from his hand and lay at his feet broken. He stood wondering what he would do, when the thought came into his mind. Why, of course, he could blame it on Fido.

Now, although Ralph was very fond of Fido, he was more willing that Fido should have the punishment than he, so running out of the room, he left the door open, so that it would be thought Fido had been there.

It was with a rather guilty conscience that Ralph went to his supper that night, and tremblingly waited to hear about the broken ornament, for Aunt Amy would surely know by now.

Ralph did not have to wait long. "I am extremely annoyed," she turned, as she spoke, to Ralph. "The ornament on the mantel is broken, and I am sure Fido has done it. We will have to send him away, for he is always getting into trouble. I wish you had not brought him here at all," and she turned to her husband. "Send him away!"

This was more than Ralph could bear. He had never thought Fido would get more than a beating. Poor Fido, Ralph had thought, was used to an occasional beating, and it would not hurt him to take one now for his (Ralph's) sake. But for Ralph to lose his dog! that was sore indeed.

Pretty soon Ralph left the table with a heavy heart. He could not decide to take the punishment himself, and so clear his doggie. Ralph well knew that when Aunt Amy said a thing, it was straight-way carried out.

But there was some one who had seen the little boy's flushed and guilty face, and suspected Fido was not the guilty one, and that was Uncle Ross.

Ralph was fonder of his uncle than his aunt, but then Uncle Ross was never so cross and severe as Aunt Amy.

After supper, when Ralph was lying in the hammock outside, Uncle Ross came out, and, sitting down beside his little boy, he said:

"Well, Ralph, would you like to keep Fido?" and he had his answer in the sparkle of the little boy's eyes, so going on, he said, "Ralph, I think you can keep him if you will."

The child looked up, startled, then burst into tears as he said:

"Oh, Uncle, Fido didn't do it. It was me. I was so frightened for fear Aunt

Amy would be angry with me, so I hid Fido where they would think he had done it," and the little boy, relieved of his burden, sobbed piteously.

Poor Ralph! he was by nature truthful, and to have the burden caused by disobedience lifted from his heart seemed such a relief.

When the little boy's sobs were still his uncle spoke again:

"Well, Ralph, I knew all the time the little boy was wicked, but I wanted to make it right himself."

At this Ralph looked up surprised, and cried impulsively, "Oh, uncle, I will never tell a falsehood again, and he meant as to want poor Fido to take my punishment, even if he is only a dog."

Uncle Ross saw his little boy had learned a lesson, and after talking to him quietly for a little while, he said:

"Well, Ralph, will we go and tell Aunt Amy not to send Fido away, and that you will take the punishment?"

Poor boy! He had forgotten the punishment in his earnestness, and now think of it made him shiver; but looking up into his uncle's face bravely, he said:

"Yes, uncle, I'll tell her to punish me instead."

His uncle smiled a little at his earnestness, but taking the little boy's hand, led him into the house, where Aunt Amy sat sewing.

"Why, Ralph, what is wrong?" auntie asked, seeing the tear stains on the little boy's face. So Ralph, gaining courage by his uncle's kindly glance, replied:

"Auntie, I've come to tell you it was not Fido who broke that. I did it."

"Why did you not say so before when I mentioned it, Ralph?" and Aunt Amy looked rather severe.

"I was afraid," and his face drooped under Aunt Amy's look, but, gaining courage, "I'll take the punishment now."

His aunt's face flushed a little, and a softer tone she said:

"Well, Ralph, I think you have had punishment enough, but be careful to tell the truth another time, no matter what the consequence may be. Come here now, and kiss me."

After the little boy had left the room with a lighter heart than before entered it, his aunt, turning to her husband, said:

"He is more of a little man than I thought, and perhaps I have been too severe with him, sometimes. I will try to be more loving now," which was a great deal for Aunt Amy to admit.

"Yes, my dear, he is a good child, and will be better, ruled more by love than fear."

After this Ralph was happier, and grew to love Aunt Amy as well as his uncle. He grew to manhood always aiming to tell the truth and be a man, and no one prouder of him than Aunt Amy.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

"Just look at the baby," cried Elsie. "Come look, he's perched on the top of that great open book." Sure enough, there he was, with his dollie and ball. Tossed from him and left where they happened to fall.

But what is the book that was left on the floor? Mamma's album, indeed, never played with before; and the baby has torn it, and scattered about the beautiful pictures he somehow pulled out. The mother looked grave, while the baby himself But laughed all the louder, the mischievous elf. "Shall you punish him, mamma? He ought to take care." Said Elsie, who seemed to forget her own share.

"I'll not punish baby, for he does not know, That books were not made to be treated just so; But how came the book on the floor, in this way; Who carelessly left it?" No word did she say: But who do you think for the harm was to blame? I leave you to answer, and tell me her name.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 8.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

Dan. 6. 10-23. Memorize verses 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Dan. 6. 10-23.

Tues. Read what some jealous men did. Dan. 6. 1-9.

Wed. Find why Daniel prayed looking toward Jerusalem. 2 Kings 8. 44-50.

Thur. Read about another time when God took care of his servants. Acts 5, 19-25.

Fri. Learn the reward of faithfulness. Rev. 2. 1-10.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Read a psalm of trust. Psa. 56.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was the king of Babylon? Why did he give Daniel a high place in his kingdom? Because he trusted him. How did the other nobles feel toward Daniel? What did they get the king to make? A law against praying, except to the king, for thirty days. What was this for? To get Daniel into trouble. What did they know? That Daniel would keep on praying. How did the king feel about this? What gave him comfort? To believe that Daniel's God would save him. Why could not the king save him? Where was Daniel thrown? Into the lions' den. What did the king do the first thing in the morning? What did he find? What did the king tell his people to do after this?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. It is good to let one's light shine.
2. Wrong-doing brings trouble.
3. Right doing brings peace and safety.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 15.

RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

Ezra 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.—Psa. 126. 3.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find what Jeremiah had said about the captivity. Jer. 29. 10-14.

Tues. Read the lesson verses carefully. Ezra 1. 1-11.

Wed. Find how homesick the captives were. Psa. 137.

Thur. Learn what had been done with the vessels from the temple. Dan. 1. 1, 2.

Fri. Read more about these vessels. 2 Kings 25. 13-17.

Sat. Read some comforting promises. Isa. 51. 3.

Sun. Read praises for deliverance. Psa. 107. 1-15.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where had the Jews been slaves? For how long a time? Who had promised to deliver them? By whom did he send the promise? By the prophet Jeremiah. Who was now king of Persia? What did he say he would do? Set the captives free and build a house for the Lord. What call did Cyrus send throughout his kingdom? Were many ready to go and help build the Lord's house? About fifty thousand said they would go. What did they take with them? Gold and silver and good gifts. Where were the vessels of the Lord's house? They were still in Babylon. Who had brought them there? Nebuchadnezzar. How many were there

in all? Five thousand and four hundred. What did King Cyrus do? He sent them all back to Jerusalem. How did the Jews feel about going home? Very glad and thankful. To whom did they give the glory for their deliverance? To the great God.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord keeps his promises.
2. True repentance for sin brings God's favor.
3. He can make even kings do his will.

THE JUDGE'S FENCE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditably to himself. Judge M—, a well-known judge living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to.

He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner, and, coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. When he returned, the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said, angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" said the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on that job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir." "Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterwards the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the master builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said afterward.

"I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."



THE MORNING HYMN.

THE MORNING HYMN.

There is no better way of beginning a day than with a hymn of praise. In many schools this is the custom. In Germany, most of the schools sing some grand old German verse of Luther's and then begin work with the words and the melody still ringing in their heads. In the private schools of England this is also the case, only the German words are changed to those of some of our beautiful old English hymns. In our cut we see seven or eight little girls singing the morning hymn of praise and thanksgiving. How they seem to enter into it, all singing away with their heads in different positions as the music rolls out of their young lips. Look at the tiny little one listlessly standing there with her little head on one side and finger between her lips, listening to the sweet strains of her older school companions. What a pretty group it makes

up altogether, with the bright, pleasing faces and the picturesque caps and aprons.

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A little mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about, it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

I need not tell you what followed— suffice it to say that the mouse never saw its poor father and mother again!

There are traps for children, and tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember—the best side of these traps is the outside.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are ways of death."—Proverbs 16, 25.

HOW THE WOOD WAS PAID FOR.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut, one morning accosted by his pastor, said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is gone. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team; but who to pay me for it?" The pastor replied: "I will pay you for it on condition that you read the first three verses of the Forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in sickness."

A few days afterwards, the pastor called on him again.

"How much do I owe you, Deacon, that cord of wood?"

"Oh," said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible."

HEROES.

"Mamma, tell me what's a hero."

Robbie said to me one day;

"When I grow to be a man

I will be one if I may."

"What's a hero? That's hard telling
To a little boy like you.

Let us fancy what might happen;

You can think what you would do.

"Just suppose your little brother

Spoiled your very nicest toys;

Just suppose at school to-morrow

You should find the other boys

"Planning to do something naughty

To plague the teacher, 'just for fun

Suppose papa should say, 'Come Robbie

When you wanted one more run.

"Patience under little trials,

Courage to resist the wrong.

Prompt obedience to duty.

These are what make heroes strong.

Robbie stood a moment thinking.

Then he said: "When I'm a man

I should like to be a hero,

Mamma dearest, if I can."