

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVL

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

No. 18.

STORMING OF A CASTLE.

This cut represents one of the cruel scenes in the old stormy days of blood, such as have been enacted a thousand times. Listen to Longfellow's description of the horrors of war, and his prayer for peace:

Hear even now the infinite sad chorus
The cries of agony,
The endless groan,
Which through the ages
That have gone before us,
In loud reverberations reach our own.

In helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through the Cimbric forest rears the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

Hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;

The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!

And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future,
Through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.



STORMING OF A CASTLE.

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need for arsenals or forts;

as these monsters are called, might have a spread as big as a man's hand, and the body would be then, perhaps, not so very much smaller than a mouse's. That the webs made by such immense spiders as these should be strong enough to hold a small bird, and that, when caught, the bird should be eaten as flies are by spiders here at home, does not seem so very remarkable—in fact, it is about what one might expect.

SPIDER PETS.

Some tropical spiders are of very great size, so that, in Brazil, children sometimes tie one end of a piece of string round their waist and lead them about as if they were dogs. This does not mean, of course, that they are quite so big as dogs—even little ones—but the legs of a very

TWO CULPRITS.

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES.

Why, little sparrow, I saw you!
 You ate up the crumbs, you did!
 I left them under the hemlock,
 Where the bush-tail squirrel hid.
 I peeked out of the window
 To watch him nibble and bite,
 And you came, little sparrow—I saw you!
 And ate up the last wee mite.

Shame, little sparrow, how naughty!
 To s'pose it was all for you.
 You might think when you are hungry
 Some others are hungry, too.
 Now there's no more for the squirrel
 Till mother has time to bake.
 What, mother? The pantry open?
 Yes,—I—did. Was it sister's cake?

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

There were two of Miss Kate's little boys away from Sunday-school last Sunday. Charley and Dave. Charley was getting dressed to go when Dave came in to see him.

"I'll be ready in a minute," said Charley.

"Ready for what?" said Dave.

"Why, for Sunday-school."

"I'm not going."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's more fun here; I don't care about going; I have come to see you instead."

Charley looked sober.

"But I was just about to start," he said.

said Dave, coaxingly. "It's awfully stupid at Sunday-school; I think it's so long, and you have to keep so still. Please stay home to-day, just to please me. I'm your company, you know."

"Yes, he is," thought Charley, "and I suppose you have to do what your company says. But I'm afraid Miss Kate won't like it, and it isn't very right, I guess; but, then, when people come to see you, how can you tell them they aren't welcome? You have to show them good manners."

Charley must have forgot that when a thing "isn't very right" it can't be really good manners to have anything to do with it—not the good manners that come out of a brave, good heart; and they are the only kind worth having, you know.

While Charley was thinking Dave was thinking, too. This was what he thought: "I hope he won't go; but if he does, I'll go, too. It wouldn't be any fun staying away all by myself; it would be too lonesome."

"Well," said Charley, slowly, "all right; I'll stay with you. Maybe once doesn't matter much."

So that was how it was that two of Miss Kate's scholars were absent on last Sunday afternoon. Miss Kate will feel badly when she hears the reason they were away.

WHAT GERTIE FOUND.

Gertie had found it by the steps—a real purse, with a silver clasp. The children crowded round her as she opened it.

"My! there's a lot of money in it!" said Sam Deane, over her shoulder. And Nellie Deane, his sister, who was bigger than Gertie, said eagerly, "I wish I'd 'a' found it, and I'd get some candy for all of us!"

Gertie looked puzzled. "I isn't my money, Nellie," she said; "it b'longs to somebody. I'm going to ask mother what to do with it," and the little group followed her as she took the purse to her mother.

Mrs. Irving did not seem to think as much of the "lot of money" as Sam did. "It's only thirty cents, dear, in pennies and nickels, and I don't believe the owner will take any trouble to recover it," she explained. "But we will put it away for a week, and you can ask people who live around here if anybody they know has lost it."

But nobody ever came for the purse. And at the end of two weeks, Mrs. Irving said:

"Gertie, what shall we do with the purse?"

Now Gertie had been thinking about it. "I guess, mother, I'd like to let some real poor person have the money, 'cause it isn't really mine, you know."

"I'm glad my little girl thought of

that," said her mother, "and I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you as much again—thirty cents more—and you can buy a doll for little Mary Williams, the crippled girl down on Lane Street."

Gertie thought that was just the nice idea. So now she has the little purse and Mary Williams has the doll, and they are both very happy little girls.

THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,
 Whom I always see arrayed in
 Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and
 petted little elf;

For she never helps her mother, nor her
 sister, nor her brother;

But, forgetting all around her, lives e
 tirely for herself.

So she simpers and she sighs,
 And she mopes and she cries,
 And knows not where the happy hou
 flee,

Now let me tell you privately, my darlin
 little friends,

She's as miserable as miserable c
 be.

And I fear she's not the little ma
 for me.

But I know another maiden,
 Whom I have often seen arrayed in
 Silks and ribbons, but not always; she's
 prudent little elf;

And she always helps her mother, a
 her sister, and her brother.

And lives for all around her, quite
 gardless of herself;

So she laughs and she sings,
 And the hours on happy wings

Show her gladness round her pathway
 they flee.

Now, need I tell you privately, my d
 ling little friends,

She's as happy as a little maid
 be!

This is surely just the little m
 for me.

AN UNRULY FLOCK.

"What are you doing, you big blue o
 Chasing your waves round in such a c
 motion?"

"I am bringing my sheep from th
 pastures deep

To the little bay where I fold them
 sleep;

But as fast as I drive them into the pen
 They toss up their heels and jump
 again."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his
 shaven father, "your chin looks like
 wheel in the musical box."

A little boy, coming home from S
 day-school, said to his mother: "I
 isn't there a kitty-chism? This catech
 is too hard for me."

HOW A
 Robin, holding
 Says "God
 Throws some
 Laughs wit
 hall;
 Then in his o
 Robin is tuck

Gentle mother
 Slips her ha
 hair;
 Thinks of the
 Speaks alou
 "Holy angels,
 God's good an
 "Mamma, wh
 Asked the b
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"Prettiest fac
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 Robin, waiting
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 Love and trust
 "I know, ma
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LESSON
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 Ezek. 47. 1-12
 Whosoever v
 of life freely-

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 God's Word?
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 ing Ezekiel h

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "Good-night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted
hall;
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Robin is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress,
Slips her hand through the soft, brown
hair;

Thinks of the future, all unknown,
Speaks aloud in earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy, in wondering tone.

"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried and looked with a pleased sur-
prise,

Love and trust in his eyes of blue:
"I know, mamma! They're just like
you."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 10.
THE LIFE-GIVING STREAM.

Ezek. 47. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water
of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about a garden and a river.
Gen. 2. 8-17.

Tues. Read of the same garden and river.
Rev. 22. 1-5.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. Ezek. 47.
1-12.

Thur. Find a verse about a tree. Psa.
1. 3.

Fri. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.

Sat. Read about the river in the Psalms.
Psa. 46. 4, 5.

Sun. Find what Jesus says about the
water of life. John 4. 13, 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What picture is found three times in
God's Word? Where? What kind of a
picture is it? What does it teach us?
Where does the river flow from? How
does it grow as it flows? Who was show-
ing Ezekiel heavenly pictures? What

does "the angel of the Lord" often
mean? The Lord himself. What was
he doing? What did he make the prophet
do? How deep was the stream at first?
The second time? The third time? And
how deep after that? What grew on the
banks? What can you tell about the
fruit? About the leaves? Where did
the waters go? What did it do? Can
you describe an irrigated farm or gar-
den? What do water and sunshine bring
forth?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. A heart that is like a desert may
become a garden of the Lord.

2. Wherever the heart is willing, there
the river of life will flow.

3. When all hearts are willing, our
earth will be a heaven.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 17.

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Dan. 1. 8-20. Memorize verses 16, 17.
(Temperance Lesson)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he
would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read a prophecy of Isaiah. 2
Kings 20. 17, 18.

Tues. Find a verse about taking Judah
captive. 2 Kings 24. 1, 2.

Wed. Read a story about three of the
princes. Dan. 3.

Thur. Read how the king of Babylon lost
his mind. Dan. 4.

Fri. Read the lesson verses. Dan. 1.
8-20.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Read the captive's psalm. Psa.
79.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Whom did Nebuchadnezzar, king of
Babylon, carry away from Jerusalem as
captives? What can you say of some of
them? What did the king of Babylon
want to do? What did he want them to
learn? Why did he want the wisest of
them to become still wiser? That he
might use their wisdom for his own pur-
poses. What four princes were the flower
of them all? What new names were
given to them? Belshazzar, Shadrach,
Meshach, and Abed-nego. Who was the
wisest of the four? What did he ask of
the prince who had charge of them?
Could he grant this request? What did
Daniel ask Melzar to do? Did he do it?
How did he find them at the end of ten
days? What is a straight path to honor?
Temperance.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The way to true honor is not
through a king's favor.

2. It is not alone through great learn-
ing.

3. It is through a faithful following
of God's way.

TRIGG'S WISH-PLAN.

It was pretty cool, I can tell you, down
at the sea-shore; and at the "Sunflower
House" the people all huddled together
on the southern porch, to get in the sun
and to get away from the breeze.

"Chickadees, don't you sit here and
shiver," cried a gay young mother. "Run
down to the beach with your hoop and
baby-carriage; make your feet fly, and
you'll soon be warm enough. I'll be along
presently, as soon as I give baby his
bath."

Off went the little people; but Trigg's
head was so full of what her ears had been
taking in, that I do not think Angelina
Clementina had a very comfortable ride in
her small carriage.

"I'm glad mamma sent us away, Ben,"
said the child, with a pathetic look in her
eyes. "Mrs. Denny was telling about a
poor girl that had worked in a store and
supported her mother, and how weak and
tired she was, and I 'most cried."

"Crying wouldn't do her any good,"
said Ben, with a superior air; "better try
something else."

"What could I try?" asked the matter-
of-fact little girl, and Ben immediately
changed the subject. But Trigg was not
to be turned aside. "I've a great mind
to try the wish-plan," suggested Trigg
timidly. "Don't you know Mr. Pollard
told us once that if we kept on wishing
good to people something would come of
it?"

I'm afraid Ben didn't put much faith in
this, but being an amiable fellow, he
agreed to the little sister's plan; and
when Mrs. Denny and her husband came
down to the water's edge, there sat two
sober little figures, baby-carriage and hoop
behind them, eyes cast down, lips screwed
up.

"What are you two about?" she cried.

Ben drew a long breath and got up.
"There, Trigg," he said, "I've wished
myself 'most to sleep. I'm going after
shells now."

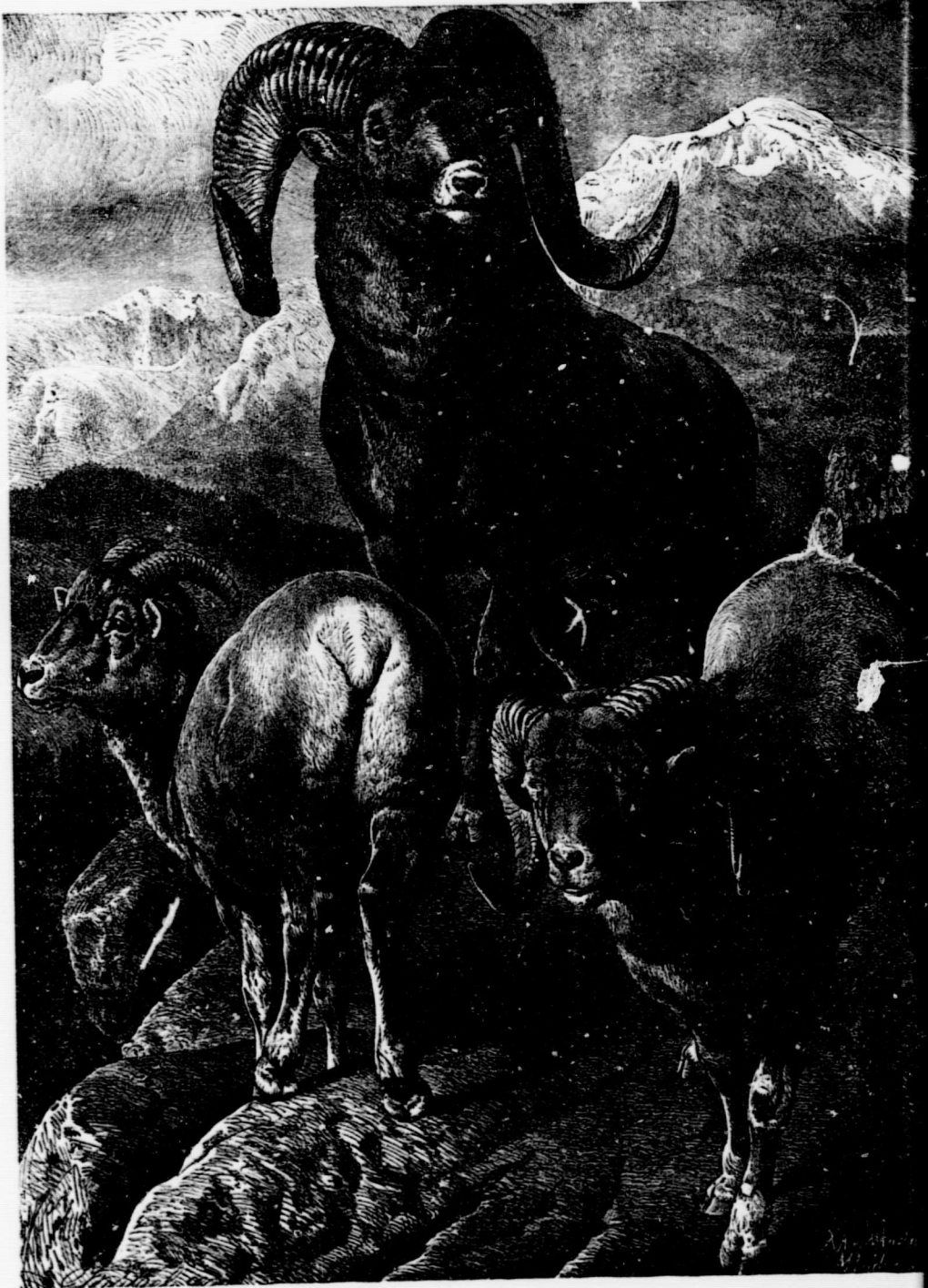
But something did come of the wish-
plan, after all. It put the idea of wishing
into the big people's heads, and when they
all got to wishing, they tried to have what
they wished for, and so poor Lucy Caskie
was invited down to the sea-shore, to be
Trigg's guest; and she never knew, any
more than little Trigg did herself, that all
the ladies at the Sunflower helped to pay
her board.

But the red crept into her white cheeks,
and she was stronger all the year through,
all from that wish-plan of Trigg's.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

This splendid picture shows the magnificent sheep which abound in the inaccessible regions of the far West of Canada. They are very wary, hard to approach, and so active that they can climb from crag to crag where the hunter's feet can hardly follow. They have majestic heads and huge curling horns which one would think would be greatly in their way in leaping from crag to crag. It is said that some of these sheep have horns so firm and elastic that they can fall over a precipice upon them without injury. It is said to be great "sport" for hunters to follow these animals to their mountain solitude, but we fail to see the fun of doing to death these graceful creatures for mere sport. Of course, if they are hunted for food, that is another question, and is quite legitimate.

We think hunting for sport's sake is an amusement which the higher civilization of the future will see done away with. Lady Florence Dixey, who has killed more game than any woman living, in a leading review deplors her life-long addiction to such sport. She says her soul was often been wrung with anguish when she saw the eyes of these graceful creatures filled with agony or filmed with the approach of death. In this country we have little of coursing the deer or following the hare or fox. And yet refined and delicate ladies and gallant gentlemen will "ride to hounds," as the phrase goes, chasing the poor, timid hare, a frightened deer, or bedraggled fox for miles; when



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

finally run down the poor creatures are almost torn to pieces by the hounds. Under the humanizing influences of Christian civilization these cruel practices are doomed to extinction. The standing joke about certain sporting circles used to be, "It's a fine day, let us kill something." We hope it will soon be inappropriate.

A teacher gave her class a lesson in physiology, and among other things she told them how much stomach can contain, and the harm eating too much. The next day she asked Bobby to tell her something about lesson, and he said: "My stomach hold two platefuls."