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THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

It is a familiar story that when, early in her reign, a foreign prince inquired the secret of England's greatness, the young Queen handed him a copy of the Word of God as the answer to his question. Truer words were never spoken. Not her forts and fleets and armaments, not her conquering army or proud navy,—not these, but the principles of righteousness and justice, as taught in the Word of God, on which the throne is based. These are the secrets of England's greatness.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

Queen Victoria has always shown a tender sympathy for the sufferings and the sorrows of her people. Whenever a great shipwreck, or mining disaster, or a similar catastrophe has occurred, the Queen has been foremost with her words of sympathy, and donations from her private purse. She has also frequently visited the hospitals of her veteran soldiers and sailors, of sick children, and of her suffering subjects.

The accompanying picture presents such a scene, and shows the delight of the little patient at the kind words of the sovereign, who is also a tender-hearted woman.

Nor are these sympathies confined to her own nation. When bereavement invades a foreign court, her autograph letters convey the expression of her heartfelt condolence. Nothing touched the American people more than the words of sincere sorrow from our widowed Queen to the widows of the martyred Presidents of the United States, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield.

She has always been the friend of peace, and at the time of the "Trent affair," when



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war feeling ran high, and in the recent strained relations between Great Britain and America, the influence of the Queen did much to assuage bitterness of feeling and promote peace and good will.

The Queen specially loves the retirement of her Scottish home, where she visits the cottages of the poor and shows her practical sympathy by generous donations.



THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

AT HAME AMANG HER AIN FOLK.

Verses written on reading the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new parish church of Crathie by H. M. the Queen.

At hame amang her ain folk,
'Mong Crathie's mountains high,
Wi' faithfu' leal, an' fain folk
Wha joy when she is nigh,
Oh, never seem'd our Sovereign
So royal as she's now,
And never seem'd the diadem
So graceful on her brow.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Where oft in bygane days,
She joined the prayers holy,
The simple Psalms of praise;
Gratefully glad to mingle
With that small, faithful hand,

For dear to her the "Auld Kirk
O' our lov'd Cov'nant land.

At hame amang her ain folk,
An' hamely can she be
Wha's name is loved and cherished
O'er every land and sea,
And will through coming ages,
Unsullied and serene,
Be trac'd on history's pages

As monarch's ne'er
hath been.

At hame amang her
ain folk,
Then may a' good
attend,
May faithfu' leal and
kind folk,
Surround her till
the end;
Still shielded and still
sheltered
'Neath shadows of
his wings,
Who is the God of
nations,
Who is the King of
kings.

—R Sanderson.

Conscience is the
voice of the soul, the
passions are the voice
of the body.