

"God save Queen Victoria!" Then followed divine service, and the administration of the oath to the Queen, who vowed to maintain law, and the established religion. The anointing next took place, and when the Archbishop pinned the crown on the Queen's head, all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets.

"God save the Queen" was sung; shouted, trumpets pealed, drums beat, cannons boomed, and old London was stirred to the depths of its heart. At the close of the long and impressive ceremony the Queen received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The old crown of the Georges was too large and heavy for her, so another was made of less than half the weight.

The precious stones of all sizes that adorned the little cap of blue velvet and the hoops of silver numbered 2,166 and were worth nearly £113,000. Above the diamond ball was a Maltese cross of brilliants, with a splendid sapphire in its centre. In front of the crown was another Maltese cross, bearing the heart-shaped ruby once worn by Edward the Black Prince.

As a child of twelve, our gracious Queen, when made aware of the brilliant future before her, said thoughtfully: "I will be good," and then she saw why her education was stricter than that of other children.

The vow she made in her childhood she has tried to keep. She has been eminently good, God honouring, God-fearing.

In the first year of her reign, when a nobleman urged her attention to some State papers on the Sabbath, she gently postponed them, and instructed her chaplain to preach on Sabbath observance in the morning service. She confessed to the nobleman afterwards that she had requested the clergyman to preach, and she hoped they would be benefited by the sermon.

A KURDISH CEREMONY.

We went to see the betrothal of a dear seven-year-old Kurdish girl last week, and we saw strange things. She belongs to one of the best families. We were there for hours, but the small bridegroom did not appear at all. From his house came trays of candies and presents of a looking-glass, combs, soap, sugar, shoes, and many more things. Then his mother and friends came. There were long recitations of poetry and the Koran, by an old blind woman, who beat the bottom of a large copper vessel for music. After dancing by a professional, the looking-glass was held up in the middle of the room and a man's saddle, covered with a bit of cashmere, was placed upon it and a lighted candle was on each side. Another small square of cashmere containing the holy stones of prayer, rosary, charms, etc., was placed upon one of their backs, and on one side a bowl half filled with water, in which floated a leaf. The little girl was put on the saddle, and her hair unbraided and her head handkerchiefs loosened and

even her skirts unbuttoned. Two very soft loaves of sugar were grated against each other until a plate held over her head by the groom's aunt was nearly filled, the aunt chanting something, and the old woman chanting and beating the pan. The little child stayed there until she said "Yes," and then her nurse carried her away for fear she might catch cold. We tried to find out the meaning of all these things. The saddle signified riding easily through life and the unbinding of hair and clothes a free, unfettered life. It all made one's heart ache.

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TORONTO, MAY 20, 1899.

THE MISSING SMILE.

Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life consists of his little, nameless, unremembered acts of love and kindness; but sometimes the deeds which seem trivial to the doer, and pass from his mind altogether, sink deep into some grateful heart, where memory holds them fast. A pathetic instance of such loving remembrance is given below:

There was no crape upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before. A bow of white ribbon and a cluster of pale, fragrant lilies took the place of that symbol of gloom and sorrow. There could be no real mourning in the hearts of those who had loved the patient sufferer, and had known how she longed for her release.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly. His eyes were red, as with much weeping, and his voice hardly rose above a whisper, as he asked: "Say, can't I see her? I won't stay but just a minute."

"How did you come to know her?"

some one asked, strangely drawn toward the little waif by the bond of a common love and a common sorrow.

The answer was slow in coming, but a little patient questioning drew it out at last: "You see, she used to lie there by the window, an' I'd see her when I went by. If 'twas cold or rainy, she'd look at me sorrylike, an' after awhile she got to smilin' when she saw me, an' wavin' her hand. On real bad days she used to have 'em call me in, so I could warm up by the fire; an' once she knit me a pair of mittens—good, thick ones, too—but 'tain't them things I care so much about," concluded the boy, chokingly. "I kin stan' the cold all right, but seems though I shouldn't never get used to missin' that smile."

They took him into the room where she was lying with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face. He looked at her lovingly and longingly, then turned away. His little body was shaken by sobs as he went out into the world that would henceforth be colder and more desolate, because it lacked the sunshine of a smile.

WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

The education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands; and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

A BAD DREAM.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

My foot's asleep! My foot's asleep!

Oh, dear! What shall I do!
It's dreaming of a hundred pins
That prick me through and through.

It's dreaming of a hornet's nest,
With forty thousand stings;
It's dreaming of a million sparks—
The fiery, burning things!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm punished well;
'Twas very wrong, I know,
To sit so long upon upon the floor,
And dilly-dally so.

Grimm's "Fairy Tales" were in my hand,
The duster in my lap;
And so my foot improved the time
To take a little nap.