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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ABOUT six hundred years ago there was a king of England—Edward I.—who subdued the people of Wales, which, you know, lies just west of England. After conquering the Welsh he was anxious to win their good-will, and so when it happened that the first Prince baby was born, in Carnarvan, in Wales, he had a bright idea. He announced that this boy was a native of Wales—one who could speak Welsh just as well as any other tongue (this was true, the baby was but three weeks old,) and he should therefore be the people's own prince, "Edward, Prince of Wales."

Twenty-three years after, this baby became King of England, and about fifty years after his grandson had assigned him, as the third Prince of Wales, the crest and motto which has been borne by all English kings' sons who have since that day had the title. There is three ostrich feathers, and the motto is the sentence "Ich dien"—"I serve." It was given to the Black Prince, a boy of great promise, who fought bravely at the battle of Crécy.

The present Prince of Wales is the oldest son of Queen Victoria. This is his picture, but you must not think he wears these fine decorations except on special occasions. If you were to meet him, as you might if you lived in England, you would find him as simple in his dress and as quiet in his manners as any other gentleman. Some people think of kings

and queens and princes as wearing magnificent crowns and continually making a great display, but if you were to see the London house where the Prince of Wales lives, you would be surprised at its plain appearance—on its outside at least. He

who likes to know how the home-life of a royal family goes on. It shows the reader that the great ones of the earth have just as many trials and struggles and heartaches as the lowest. It lets you see that the Queen of England is a loving mother and sincere Christian. It tells you in detail of all her family, and gives interesting little stories of life in a palace.



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has sons and daughters, who are being brought up in a very sensible and simple way. The boys are not allowed to "put on airs" because of their high birth, and the dresses of the young girls are made in a style much more plain than are those of many silly school-girls in America.

There is a book written by Queen Victoria that would be interesting to any one

"the Lamb's book of life," where every thought, word and deed is written down.

Dear little friends, the pages of your lives are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed. The last words uttered by John B Gough were "Young man, keep your record clean."

WRITING IT ALL DOWN.

UNCLE JOHN would sometimes take a tiny notebook from his pocket and begin to write when the children were naughty and called each other names. Afterward he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true every word of it; for "somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down."

By and by, whenever uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down; we'll not say any more naughty words."

The good man would smile as he put away the little book, and spoke to them lovingly of