

"A gift from one of the humblest of writers to one of the greatest."

One of her subjects, a Mr. Neild, who had lived most penuriously, bequeathed to her a legacy amounting to \$1,250,000. Whether this had anything to do with the purchase of a new home or not we are not informed.

From maiden days she had loved the soft sea breezes of the Isle of Wight. In 1844 she bought a property within its borders, known as Osborne House and grounds, little anticipating its use as her chief domicile through years of sorrowing widowhood. As they entered it for the first time, the Prince reverently repeated a hymn of Luther's, one stanza of which reads:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure;
God bless our daily bread, and bless
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;
In death unto his peace awake us,
And heirs of his salvation make us."

Reviewing her training, her friendships, and possessions, we can see ample materials for happiness. Her cup of earthly bliss was indeed full. Rejoicing in the progress and peace which marked her reign, proud of the achievements and popularity of her august consort, loved by him more tenderly after twenty years than in the first days of her married life, and loving him so as to pray that she "might be spared the pang of surviving him," taking comfort in the dutiful affection and promising careers of sons and daughters, what more could be needed to make life thrill with rapture? But a bright day is sometimes followed by a dark night. With the parting from the Princess Royal the shadows began to gather. A few months later she sped to Frogmore, and held her mother's hand while she crossed to the silent land. The royal sky was growing darker. For some years prior to 1860 the Prince Consort's health had been unconsciously giving way. In November of that year he drove in wet weather to Sandhurst, to inspect the new military academy, and contracted fever. He thought to conquer the ill-omened feelings by force of will. But the combat grew unequal. Bit by bit hope had to be exchanged for fear, and fear gave way to despair. His favorite hymn was "Rock of Ages."

He repeatedly addressed the Queen in German as "dear little wife." On December 14, with this expression on his faltering lips, and his head resting on the Queen's shoulder, the fond husband and father, the enlightened statesman, and the sincere Christian sank into the slumber that knows no waking. Soon after, the many widows of England presented their widowed Queen with a Bible

in token of special sympathy.

On a tall hill overlooking Balmoral is a granite monument with this inscription:

"To the beloved memory
of
Albert, the Great and Good,
Prince Consort,
Erected by his broken-hearted widow
Victoria R.
August 22, 1862,

A passage from the Wisdom of Solomon, 4. 13, 14, follows.

A national monument erected in Hyde Park, at a cost of \$550,000, is one of the sights of London. Singularly enough, the two members of the family who most resembled him in practical and intellectual ability—Alice and Leopold—have since passed away.

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TORONTO, MAY 13, 1905.

HOW TEDDY WON THE BATTLE.

Teddy had had a severe cold for a week and had been looking forward to the next week when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

He read his Sunday-school lesson on Sunday with mother and sat a long time looking quite solemnly out of the window.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

"No coasting to-day," father said, and father was a doctor and knew what was best for little boys.

Teddy stood in the hall, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets.

"No coasting!" he exclaimed, and tears of disappointment shone in his black eyes.

"Not to-day," father replied, as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and mother turned at length, wondering if her son were crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

"You just keep still, you old Satan. You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not! You tempted Jesus once and he wouldn't yield. And I'm trying to be like him and I'm not to yield, either! I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always 'member how I disobeyed father. No, sir! I'm not going to listen, so hush up."

This is what mother heard as she reached the hall door, and she slipped quietly away.

The next day Teddy had his longed-for coast, and his black eyes shone with delight as he thought that besides having honest fun he had won a battle the day before and conquered Satan.

ROSIE'S PRAYER.

"I'd wuvver not," said Rosie.

A lovely little head nodded two or three times and two white bare feet started for the door.

Mamma sat very still.

In less than half a minute the feet pattered back again. This time a bright, roguish face looked into mamma's.

"I thought I'd make 'oo a visit."

No answer. Only a sorrowful look met Rosie's eyes.

"I'll det 'oo some pitty fowers. I'se dot some."

No answer.

"Nice mamma." Two tiny soft hands patted mamma's cheeks and a sweet mouth sought the kiss that was never denied. Still Rosie did all the talking, and slowly a grieved look answered the tears in mamma's eyes. "I—fink 'oo might 'peak to Wosie."

Then mamma's lips opened.

"Doesn't my darling want the dear God to take care of her to-night?"

"'Oo'll take care of me."

"I can watch over you, but only God can keep away the danger and the sickness. He has been so kind to us all day and you haven't even said, 'Thank you.'"

A long silence—Rosie pouted—leaned hard on mamma's knee—played with mamma's hands—nearly tumbled over—dug her toes into mamma's dress—and looked up with a face like a rainbow.

"I'll do it!" she said.

Very soft and tender was the little prayer Rosie repeated after mamma.

"I fink I wuvver would say my pwayers, every night," nestling into the soft pillows.

"God keep my little lamb always," whispered mamma.