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No. 5.

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 truth 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 sorrow 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,"



THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

when war feeling ran high, and in the later 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 AND THE SICK CHILD.

A few years ago the Queen went to open a new wing of the London Hospital. For some days previously nothing else was talked about in the papers and on the



THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

streets but her Majesty's intended visit. There was a little orphan child lying in one of the wards of the hospital, and she too had heard that the Queen was coming. She said to the nurse, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me?"

"I am afraid not, darling," said the nurse; "she will have so many people to see, and so much to do."

"But I should so much like to see her," pleaded the little patient; "I should be so much better if I saw her." And day after day the poor child was expressing her anxiety to see her Majesty.

When the Queen came the governor told her Majesty, and the Queen, with her large, kindly heart and motherly instinct, said, "I should like to see that dear child; would you just take me to the ward?" and Queen Victoria was conducted to the bedside of the orphan girl.

The little thing thought it was one of the women come in the crowd to see the opening of the hospital, and said, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me? I should like to see the Queen."

"I am the Queen," said the visitor. "I hope you will be so much better now;" and she stroked down the fevered, wasted, pale brow, gave some money to the nurse to get some nice things for the child, and went her way.

The child said, "I am ever so much better, now that I have seen the Queen."

A greater than the Queen is always near to praying souls, even the Kings of kings, and we would all be much better if by faith we realized his presence.

—o—
Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be you can find out what they are; and that however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them.

A SAD MISTAKE.

I'd studied my table over and over,
 Backward and forward, too,
 I couldn't remember six times nine,
 And I didn't know what to do;
 Till Sister told me to play with my doll,
 And not to bother my head,
 "If you call her fifty-four for a while,
 You'll know it by heart," she said.
 So I picked up my favourite Mary Ann
 But I thought it a dreadful shame
 To give such a perfectly lovely doll
 Such a perfectly horrid name.
 Next day Elizabeth Winglesworth,
 Who always walks so proud,
 Said six times nine are fifty-two,
 And I nearly laughed out loud.
 But I wished I hadn't, when teacher said
 "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
 But sakes alive! I thought of my doll,
 And I answered: "Mary Ann."

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TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1901.

LITTLE PEOPLE IN THE REALM OF A CHILD KING.

Perhaps the boys and girls who read this often "make believe" that one is king, another queen, and have found the play great sport. In Spain the play is real, for a boy lives there who is king over thousands of other children. But though little King Alphonso has many great palaces with beautiful grounds; though generals in gold-laced uniforms, at the head of long columns of soldiers, halt to salute him as he passes, and beautiful, high-born ladies stoop to kiss his hand, yet he is unhappy and always anxious. How can he be happy when he sees his dear mother so often in tears, when he remembers how thousands of his young men have perished in the recent wars, and how all future history will record that while

Alphonso XIII. was king, Spain lost nearly all her remaining colonial possessions? And how can he help being anxious when he realizes that at any moment he may lose his crown and country? No, I am sure the poorest of his little subjects is to be envied far more than King Alphonso.

And what great number of little folks there are in Spain! perhaps more than in any other country. The streets of cities and towns, and all the country farm-houses, are filled with children of all ages; most of them black-haired, with soft brown eyes; active little people they are, too, never still a moment except when asleep.

Many of their amusements are the same as yours—such as kite-flying, marbles, etc.; but as Spain is a military country, where soldiers are as often seen as store-keepers, the boys all like to play at being soldiers themselves, and with drum-major and captain parade the streets. Better still is to march with play guns, or even sticks, on their shoulders beside the real soldiers as they go and return from drill. They try to take the long military stride in time to the music, and march as if the honour of the regiment depended on them.

I am sorry to say the favourite play is a mimic bullfight. From their very baby-hood Spaniards are taught to think this is a most noble sport. We must not despise them for that, for they know no better; but we must pity them and pray for them. This is one of the reasons why Protestant missionaries go there, so they may teach them mercy and love for dumb animals. In their play one of the boys carries an imitation head of a bull, or lacking this a pair of horns. Other boys have red cloths, which they wave in front of the pretended animal, who makes a dash for them, and so they go through the details of what to them is the loftiest amusement, but to every Christian would be brutal and revolting.

The girls share none of these sports with the boys, but amuse themselves much as little girls in Canada.

SOMETHING ABOUT GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had just finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"O food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds and tops, and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of the nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know that I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, any of which no doubt make little Mary Flannagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance? Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-cheeked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and she jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and give to Mary Flannagan and Kate Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother Johnnie, for I think he will enjoy it more for he has never had a sled."

And the little girl ran off, feeling happy even at some cost to herself.

A LOST LIFE.

A young man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though it was not apprehended when he seemed to give his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation, and, among other requests, asked his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room he was heard to say "Lost, lost, lost!" This surprised his mother and caused the immediate inquiry "My son are your hopes feeble?"

"No, mother; but oh, my lost lifetime! I am twenty-four; and until a few weeks since nothing has been done for Christ and everything for myself and my pleasure. My companions will think I've made a profession in view of death. Oh, that could live to meet this remark, and something to show my sincerity, and redeem my lost, lost, lost life."

There was once a horse that used to go around a sweep that lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, go round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for many hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit. And the boy who farms had good habits in his youth will be led to them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

"What! kiss such a homely man as papa!" said a mother in fun to her little girl. "Oh, but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.

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THE MAGIC PILLOW.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

What? bedtime come again for me?
Well, what care I for that!
It may be I'm not weary yet
Of all my play and chat;
It may be I would like to stay
Here at my daddy's knee,
Yet, since 'tis bedtime, I'll depart
As happy as can be.

And let me whisper in your ear
Why I'm prepared to go—
Most boys are never ready when
Their bedtime comes, you know—
But as for me, as long as I've
My pillow 'neath my head
You'll never find me sitting up
When I should be in bed.

For when I whack it with my fist,
To make it sort of soft,
And lie face downward, then I see
More stars than glow aloft;
And every star that lies therein
Holds lots of wondrous things,
Like big parades and circuses,
And animals, and kings.

And some are filled with brownies bold,
Who prank with main and might;
Another's filled with peek-a boos,
Who peek-a-boo all night.
So why should I prefer to sit
Downstairs, a sleepy-head,
When I can see these wondrous things
Whene'er I go to bed?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XI. [March 17.]

JESUS AND PILATE.

Luke 23. 13-26. Memory verses, 20-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23. 4.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

To whom did the high priest send Jesus? To Pilate. Who was Pilate? The Roman governor. Why did not the Jews condemn Jesus to death? They had not the right under the Roman law. What did not Pilate believe? That Jesus was a bad man. What did the Jews want him to do? To crucify Jesus. Why did he not set Jesus free? He was afraid to make the Jews angry. Do you know who Caesar was, and why Pilate wanted to please him? What reason had Pilate to make him fear to put Jesus to death? (See Steps for Wednesday.) What did he finally do? Why was Pilate so weak and wicked? He thought he must save his own life. Who are like Pilate now? Those who know they ought to love and serve Jesus, but who will not.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Luke 23. 13-26.
- Tues. Find what Pilate said three times. John 18. 38; 19. 4, 6.
- Wed. Learn why Pilate's wife was troubled. Matt. 27. 19.
- Thur. Find for whose sake Jesus was given up. Rom. 4. 25.
- Fri. Learn what surprised Pilate. Mark 15. 5.
- Sat. Find another thing that troubled Pilate. John 19. 12.
- Sun. Ask, "Do I ever choose self instead of Jesus?"

LESSON XII. [March 24.]

JESUS CRUCIFIED AND BURIED.

Luke 23. 44-53. Memory verses, 46-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures—1 Cor. 15. 3.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was Jesus led to be crucified? To a hill called Calvary. What was the Hebrew name? Golgotha. Who were crucified with Jesus? Two thieves. On what day was the crucifixion? Friday. What strange thing happened at noon? A great darkness came over the land. How long did it last? Three hours. What did Pilate put above the cross of Jesus? "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Did he believe this? No, but it was true. What did the soldiers do while Jesus was on the cross? Gambled for his clothes. What did Jesus' death buy for us? Eternal life. What have we to do about it? Take it as his gift.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Luke 23. 35-53.
- Tues. Read Mark's story. Mark 15. 22-37.
- Wed. Learn the Golden Text.
- Thur. Find what Jesus said to the thief. Luke 23. 42, 43.
- Fri. Learn how Jesus cared for his mother. John 19. 26, 27.
- Sat. Read Hymn 214, in Methodist Hymnal.
- Sun. Learn a beautiful text. Rom. 5. 8.

THE CHIPMUNK.

BY MARGARET AMOS.

"Look, Susie," said Walter to his sister as they stood by the open window, "there is a little squirrel sitting on the wood-pile."
"Isn't he cute? He is eating something out of his front feet."
"Let's slip out and see him closer," said Susie; "why, he has pretty stripes along his fur."
"It's a chipmunk," said Walter; "how I wish I could catch him."
But when Chippy thought they were coming too near, he whisked down among the sticks of wood, and they could not find him.

Next day they saw him again, then Walter said,—"I'll put some of my beech-nuts on the wood for him." So he did, and when they went to look some time after, the nuts were all gone.

Next day he put some more down, at the same time calling "Chip-Chip." By the third day, when he called "Chip-Chip," the little creature came to get the nuts, while the children stood looking.

He gathered them into his mouth so quickly that Susie cried, "Oh! he will choke himself."

"I believe he is keeping them in his mouth," said Walter. "He looks like you did when you had the mumps, Susie."

"Isn't he funny? Let's watch what he does with them."

So they kept very still, and they saw Chippy run through the picket-fence near by and disappear in a small hole.

"That's his house," said Walter, "and he takes them in to eat for his dinner."

Before the end of a week Chippy was so tame that he took the food right out of Walter's hand, and in a day or two more he would climb all over Walter and hunt for grain or nuts in his pockets. The children thought there never was such a cunning pet.

"Father," said Walter one day, "Chippy is so greedy it does not matter how much I give him, he takes it all away and comes for more."

"He is storing it up for winter," said his father.

"How does he know it is going to be winter?" asked Walter. "You said he was just a young one."

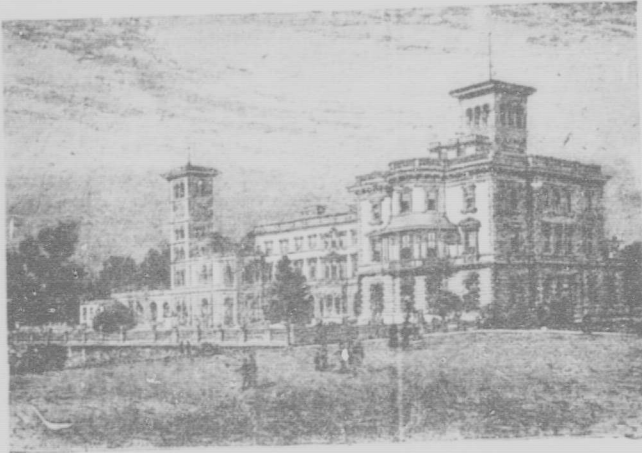
"God teaches him," said father. "Don't you remember that piece in one of your books—"

"'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave his little creatures skill.'"

When the cold weather comes Chippy will stay in his house all the time. The children do not think he will be hungry, for they saw him take so much good to his cupboard, but they will watch for him when the weather begins to get warm.

VICTORIA'S EARLY PIETY.

Even as a child Victoria was piously inclined. Until she was twelve years old she did not know that she was heir to the throne; at that age she found it out by a genealogical tree being left in her way. On asking if it were really true that she was the next to reign, and being informed that it was, she said, "Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty; there is much splendour, but more responsibility." Then, raising her right hand, she added, "I will be good." Years after, when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain came to tell her Majesty of her accession, she was roused from sleep at five o'clock in the morning. As soon as she was told that she was Queen of Great Britain, with a strong sense of her need of God's help in her new responsibility, she turned to the Archbishop, and kneeling down said, "Let us pray!"



OSBORNE, THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE THE QUEEN DIED.

WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

The good Queen of England, whose reign of sixty-three years has been ended by her death, has lived so well that all nations mourn her loss. It means a very great deal to be a good queen, but to be a good queen and also a true and wise woman means much more. Victoria was both, and the history of her long reign will be full of lessons which will be useful not only to kings and queens, but to common people.

When she was a little child her mother, the Duchess of Kent, saw how near she was to the crown, and trained her with that thought in mind. She aimed, first of all, to educate her for usefulness, teaching her to be thoughtful for others, unselfish, industrious and economical. It is said that Victoria had very little money to spend in those early days, and that she kept account of every penny and shilling. These habits became fixed, so that even as Queen she did not forget them.

While she was a little girl Victoria was fond of all childish amusements, but was especially devoted to dolls, and had an extremely large family of them, numbering one hundred and thirty-two. Many of these are still preserved, and make an interesting collection, which, one writer says, the Queen sometimes looked over in her later years. These dolls were not like the elegant creations of to-day, but were "Dutch dolls" or "Flanders babies," made of wood. Their cheeks and lips were painted brightly, and they had clumsy joints and "spindle legs," but the future Queen loved them and made most of their clothes with her own fingers. She dressed them to represent ladies of the court and named them after those members of the royal household. More than twenty little dolls' cushions are still preserved, which Victoria made of bits of silk and satin, all sewed and stuffed with the greatest care, presumably for the benefit of her dolls' wooden joints.

The kind, loving heart of this "mother of dolls" seems to have drawn to her the

way to the Queen, who, while she did not send to "the other side of the world," did send a new doll to the writer of the letter.

Victoria's favourite picture-book is also preserved, and in an English magazine we find it fully described. It was printed in 1811. Its cover was blue and white, tied with pink ribbon, and its title, "Ellen, or the Naughty Girl Reclaimed." Each verse of the poem-story is illustrated with a cut-out figure, separate from the book, one head fitting the various bodies after the fashion of paper dolls. Ellen is introduced as a little girl in white, who has thrown her book upon the ground, and the description says:

"And though her face is fair and mild,
You view a stubborn, naughty child;
Nay, Ellen is so wayward grown,
Her book upon the ground is thrown,
And kind mamma, who loves so well,
Can neither make her read or spell."

Ellen reforms only after being stolen by gipsies and passing through other trying experiences. It is interesting to know that Victoria made other faces for Ellen than the one furnished by the original artist, with her own pencil.

Among the other toys still in existence which were highly prized, are a small swing-mirror and a doll's chair.

In 1829, when Victoria was ten years old, King George IV., then king of England, gave her a piano. The case was of choice rosewood, and it was considered very elegant. Upon this she learned to play, so that in time she became a good pianist.

All this time her mother was careful not to give her the slightest idea that some day she might be Queen, and all the people around her were pledged to secrecy. But when Victoria was eleven, her uncle, King George, died, and William IV., who succeeded him, had no children. This made it very probable that she would be the next ruler, and she was told of the wonderful future which awaited her. The self-control and thoughtfulness which had marked her childhood did not desert her as she received the news. It is said that

hearts of her small English subjects in later years, for it is not so very long ago that a little girl wrote to her as follows:

"Dear Queen: I let my doll fall into a hole in the mountain, and as I know that the other side of the world belongs to you, I wish you would send someone there to find my doll." This request found its

tears filled her eyes as she tried to realize what it meant, and she finally said: "Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is much responsibility. Her good mother led her away, and together they knelt to ask God to protect and prepare this little girl for the life to which he might call her.

From that time Victoria was under special tutors, and was a diligent student, but always retained a gentle, considerate spirit. She was only eighteen when her uncle, William IV., died, and she was crowned Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE APRON PATTY MADE.

BY MARY B. FLORENCE.

Dolly's apron is finished
And laid on the shelf
I made it and sewed it,
All by myself,
I did.

Mamma measured and cut it,
Sister folded the hem,
Grandma put in the gathers,
The strings—I made them,
I did.

DAVY'S BATTLES.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they had fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. "O dear!" he said, "a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin."

"You are mistaken, Davy," said his sister Ella; "there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women."

"How?" asked Davy.

"You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey."

"I believe that I will try, sis," said Davy.

"Here is a verse that will help," said Ella: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

WHEN JESUS WAS A CHILD.

Jesus, when he was a child,
Sought the temple holy:
So do we, his children dear,
With a spirit lowly.

Jesus, when he was a child,
Loved the Bible truly:
We would learn as Jesus did,
God's dear Word most duly.

Jesus, when he was a child,
Lived and loved divinely:
We would, like him, winsome be
Live our lives as finely.

Jesus, when he was a child,
Was the Lord of Glory;
In this house his children dear
Learn his blessed story.