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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, MAY 20, 1899.

[No. 10.]

OUR GOOD QUEEN.

At the very earliest dawn of June 20th, 1837, William IV, breathed his last, and the ministers of State hastened away from Windsor to Kensington, to announce the fact to the young girl who must now mount the throne of her ancestors.

The birds were singing under her windows, and she was in a sweet sleep, from which the attendants hesitated to awaken her, until informed that even the Queen's sleep must give way to this business. Presently Victoria stood before her visitors in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her long hair falling about her shoulders, and her feet in slippers.

The announcement of the vacant throne was made to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen from Windsor.

She entreated the Archbishop to pray for her; and so began the untried difficult path of sovereignty in dependence upon her Father in heaven.

The readiness with which she received and acted upon Lord Melbourne's instructions for every new duty, won the admiration of those most anxious as to the impression she would make on the British public. The young Queen quickly became popular. According to custom, she, as the new monarch, had to present herself at



WINDSOR CASTLE.

the window of St. James Palace when her accession was proclaimed by the Garter-King-at-Arms.

The striking up of the band for the National Anthem, the firing of the guns, the acclamations that thundered in the Palace-court and rolled away to the last

ermine and bordered with gold lace. Eight ladies bore her train, and fifty ladies of her household followed her. She had a gold circlet on her head. After she had knelt in prayer, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented her as the Queen of this realm, and was answered by shouts of

echo amid the surging crowds beyond, wholly overcame her, and turning to her mother she fell upon her neck and wept.

It was not till the 28th of June, 1838, that the coronation took place. O, what a long day it was! The firing of guns began with the dawn, and the streets of London were all alive soon afterwards. At ten o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns proclaimed that the Queen had just left Buckingham Palace in her grand state carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses.

The gray old Abbey was resplendent with the purple and crimson and gold cloth that was laid along the aisles and over the galleries that had been erected.

There were tall Life Guards with their waving plumes, gorgeous ambassadors, bediamonded princes, peers in robes of state, and peeresses whose jewels flashed when the sun shone on them, till, as Harriet Martineau said, each peeress shone like a rainbow.

The young Queen walked up the nave escorted by two Bishops, and wearing a royal robe of crimson velvet trimmed with

"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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Sunbeam.

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.

SAND.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yard one day;
I was waiting in the roundhouse, where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause their wheels are apt to slip;
And, when men reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command,
And, to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track,—
If your load is rather heavy, and you're always sliding back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is stiff and hilly, and you have a heavy grade,
And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper tableland,
You'll find you'll have to do it by a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover, to your cost,
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom, if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IX. [May 28.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find no fault in him.—John 19. 4.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus taken from: the high priest's palace? To the hall of judgment. Who was the judge, or governor? Pilate.

Why did not the Jews condemn Jesus to death? What kind of a man was Pilate? Do you think much of a person who will do what he knows to be wrong to please some one? How many times did Pilate say, "I find no fault in him?" Three times. What question did he ask Jesus? Ver. 33. What did Jesus say was the reason his servants would not fight? For what reason did he say that he came into the world? Whom did Jesus say heard his voice? Whom did Pilate want to set free at this time? Jesus. Whom did the people want? Barabbas.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read all the lesson verses. John 18. 28-40.
- Tues. Read the same story told by Matthew. Matt. 27. 11-26.
- Wed. Find what kind of a man Barabbas was. Mark 15. 7.
- Thur. Learn the charge the Jews made against Jesus. Luke 23. 2-5.
- Fri. Find how Pilate hoped to make another decide the case. Luke 23. 6-11.
- Sat. Learn a reason why Jesus bore all this. 1 Cor. 15. 3.
- Sun. Read hymn 205, in the Methodist Hymnal.

LESSON X. [June 4.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 17-30. Memory verses, 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus led to be crucified? By what other name do we know this place? Calvary. Where was it? A little way outside the gates of Jerusalem. Who were crucified with Jesus? Two thieves. Which of the New Testament writers tell us this? Why do we read all the Helps? What does Luke tell about one of the thieves? For whom did Jesus come to die? For just such sinful men as this was. What writings did Pilate have put above the cross? Why did he do this? Perhaps it was to spite the Jews; perhaps he thought it might be true. Why was it in three languages? So that all might read it. How did Jesus show his love for his mother? What were the last words Jesus spoke.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. John 19. 17-30.
- Tues. Read Mark's story. Mark 15. 22-39.
- Wed. Read the story Luke tells us. Luke 23. 39-47.
- Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
- Fri. Read the way Matthew tells this same story. Matt. 27. 29-44.
- Sat. Learn what Jesus came to do? Isa. 53. 5, 6.
- Sun. Read Hymn 222 in the Methodist Hymnal.

HE REMEMBERED THE APPLE-BARREL.

Dr. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, tells the story of one of our distinguished men, who was introduced to a great public meeting as a "self-made" man.

Instead of appearing gratified at the tribute, it seemed to throw him, for a few moments, into a "brown study." Afterwards, they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me to thinking that I was not really a self-made man."

"Why," they replied, "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he, "but it was because my mother thought I ought early to have the educating touch of business."

"But, then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader, devouring books when a boy."

"Yes," he replied; "but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she had me give an account after I had read it. I don't know about being a self-made man. I think my mother had a great deal to do with it."

"But, then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck; and after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the specked ones at the bottom, and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked me what I was doing. I told her; and she said, 'Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat.' And I did not do it. I think my mother had something to do with my integrity. And, on the whole, I doubt if I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."

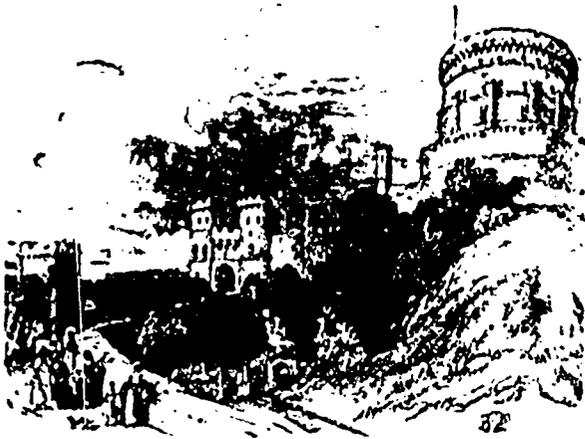
"Happy," said Dr. Lorimer, "the boy who had such a mother; happy the mother who had a boy so appreciative of his mother's formative influence!"

"CAN'T GOD COUNT?"

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. As often happens with children—and with grown people, too—they were curious to know what was in the basket, and so they carefully raised the corner and looked in. When their greedy eyes saw the tempting cakes, their mouths fairly watered to take them. After counting them over several times, they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good!

While they were gazing at the cakes and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and thoughtfully asked the matter-of-fact question, "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter immediately, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

A NEW PATRIOTIC ANTHEM.

[The Sunbeam] [By the Editor]

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Rose free from error's sinful chain,
The Christian charter of the land
In lovely accents breathed this strain:
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free shall never
more be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Prostrate to idol gods still fall,
While those more blessed bend the knee
To God—Creator of them all.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never
more be slaves.

From north to south, from east to west;
Where'er thy banner is unfurl'd,
Be this henceforth thy great behest,
To spread the Gospel through the world.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never
more be slaves.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN.

Queen Victoria's life at Balmoral is very simple and quiet. Her Majesty is always accompanied to the Highlands by her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, whose devotion to her mother is a splendid example to every English, or, as the Queen would herself say every "British" daughter. Occasionally other members of the Royal Family visit the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales often come to Abergeldie, which is quite near Balmoral. Frequently her Majesty invites some of her friends to reside at Abergeldie Mains, and a visit to them there for an afternoon call or afternoon tea makes a pleasant drive. A lady in waiting, two young ladies, maids of honour—a cabinet minister, an equerry,

one of the Queen's secretaries, and the doctor may be said to make up the suite. Her Majesty here works very hard, and gives much of her time to the business of the nation, the management of her own estate, and the welfare of the people among whom she lives. She spends as much as possible of her time in the open air, reading and writing outside when the weather permits and sometimes breakfasting and taking tea in one of the summer houses, in walking about the lovely grounds, with a single attendant and one or more of her fine collie dogs, and in taking long drives to places

of interest and beauty in the neighbourhood and frequently honouring some of the neighbouring gentry with a visit. The



LOCK AT WINDSOR.

Queen also visits a great deal in the homes of the cotters, in many of which there are tokens, in the shape of photographs, pictures, books, and other valuable presents, of her Majesty's affection and regard for her humble subjects and friends. It is most touching to hear them speak of the Queen's kindness, and the interest they take in all the members of the Royal Family is very great. She frequently shares in their domestic joys by attending in their homes the "kirstnin" (christening) of a baby, and in their sorrows by being present at the short religious services performed by the minister on the occasion of a funeral.

A BOY WHO LIKED TO EAT.

We are indebted to our friend Mr. Will S. Gidley, of Brookfield, Mass., for the following, which reveals the experience of a real live boy, who is only one among the thousands of others of the same kind.

Little Robbie was a very restless youth, and he rarely sat down except at meal-times, and in fact his idea of sitting down seemed to be that it was only necessary to do so when there was something to be eaten. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that he was a trifle disappointed with the result of his first visit to Sunday-school, to which his mother allowed him to accompany the older children. In describing his experience upon his return he said: "O mamma, they forgot somethin' at Sunday-school to-day! We all set down in a row jest like we do at the table, an' the minister asked an awful long blessin', an' then they didn't bring us anything to eat!"

On another occasion Robbie accompanied his mother on an afternoon call to one of the neighbours. They remained several hours, and as Robbie's appetite began to grow somewhat clamorous and he saw no signs of any preparations for a meal, he finally sidled up to his mother, and asked in a stage whisper, perfectly audible to every one present: "Mamma! say, mamma! Do we eat while we're here?"

It was an embarrassing moment for Robbie's mother, but the hostess came promptly to the rescue by springing to her feet and exclaiming: "Why, certainly you eat while you are here, my little man! Don't apologise at all, Mrs. Jones! It is all right; I'm glad he spoke of it. It is after tea-time now, but I was so interested I forgot all about it. Sit right still, and I'll have it ready in a few minutes."

And the good-natured hostess flew around, with smiling tact and cheerfulness, and soon had the choicest viands her larder afforded arrayed invitingly on the table; and this time, at least, Master Robert did not have to go home disappointed.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM ETON.