

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

No. 4.

LIFE STORY OF THE QUEEN.

BY D. P. M'PHERSON.

Queen Victoria! The name sums up the great events of the greatest of all the centuries. She was the mother of sovereigns and the sovereign of sovereigns, reigning in the hearts of her world-wide subjects. She represented more than all the Cæsars ever dreamed. The historian will have a glorious yet bewildering task when he comes to chronicle the Victorian era.

HER ACCESSION.

In the early morning of June 20th, 1837, the eighteen-year-old Princess Victoria, only child of the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of George III., was awakened from sleep in Kensington Palace to receive the head of the Law Courts and the head of the Church, who came to tell her that she was Queen of England. She hastily appeared in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her bright hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers. Tears were in her eyes, but she seemed perfectly collected and dignified. At 11 of the same morning the Council of State received the girl Queen. Disraeli, the favourite of all the Queen's prime ministers, thus describes the scene: "There are assembled the prelates, and captains, and chief men of the realm. A hum of half-suppressed conversation fills that brilliant assemblage: the sea of plumes, and glittering stars, and gorgeous dress. Hush, the portals open. She comes. The silence is as deep as noontide forest. Attended for a moment by her royal mother and the ladies of her court, who bow and then retire, Victoria ascends her throne, a girl, alone for the



QUEEN VICTORIA AT HER CORONATION.

first time amid an assemblage of men." She was very plainly attired in mourning and went through the ceremony calmly, modestly and with complete self-possession, every inch a girl and a Queen.

HER MARRIAGE.

Her marriage with her German cousin, "Albert the Good," was just a sweet, simple love affair and remained so throughout their twenty-one-years of wedded life. In her Highland Journal, under date of Oct. 13th, 1856, she writes: "Every year

my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise (Balmoral), and so much more so now that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne: and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year." They brought their large family up in prayer at their own knees, for Victoria and Albert were sincere and simple Christians.

HER HIGHLAND HOME.

The Queen's love for her Highland home has become proverbial, and there, in going in and out among the simple folks in Nature's domain, her domestic qualities shone as woman, mother and Christian. There is a touch of Arcady in her journal of the fifties, in which she describes her visits to "old Kitty Kear's small cabin;" and "on to Jean Gordon's cottage;" and still on "to peep into Blair the fiddler's." And these charming visits were always accompanied with a "warm petticoat" for "old Kitty Kear," or a delicacy for the "unwell boy" in the old widow's cottage. Many a merry time had the little princes and princesses in their prattling to the women in "mitches" and "short gowns" and whose cottages were so convenient for hide-and-seek.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

England and America would have been embroiled over the Trent affair but for the gracious tact of the Queen and Prince Albert. The cabinet had prepared a spirited despatch to Washington and sent a draft of it to Windsor. The Prince at once saw its danger and suggested changes

which the Cabinet adopted and which brought a friendly explanation from Washington. The whole atmosphere was heavy with sorrow, and all hearts ached as never before, when the Queen's Consort died from fever. This has been, amid all her sorrows, her ever-fresh life sorrow. Prayers innumerable, wet with genuine tears, went up for the Prince, but in vain. He died at forty-two, and she was a widow at the same age. His last words were "Good little wife," he kissed her and with a sigh laid his head on her shoulder. The Queen whispered into the dying ear: "It is your little wife."

ENGLAND'S ADVANCE.

When Victoria was born, high treason was in men's mouths, sedition often broke into flame, and ruined manufacturers and starving mechanics were leading bread riots. It seemed to be the days of the Commonwealth back again. Forgery and sheep-stealing were punishable by death. Little children were uncared for by the law when Victoria came to the throne. "There was no mother-love in our Acts of Parliament." Parents could literally work to the death their little slave-children. There was scarce a school worthy the name. The heartless parent was not compelled to have his child learn to read. Millions had never gone to school and could neither read nor write. There were no lucifer matches. There was no penny paper or penny post or post-card. Paper, tea and sugar were luxuries for the few. The poor people could not travel beyond their circumscribed neighbourhood. The Queen's reign has been the age of the railway, the telegraph, the telephone—the age of steam and electricity; of free education and religion; of liberty; of free museum, free park, free drinking fountain, improved sanitation. A housewife now deserves the tread-mill who lets her bairns go dirty, and a man merits censure who lives unlettered. Hospitals have undergone a warm domestic transformation, and helping-clubs are legion. Freedom and justice, and womanhood and childhood, and citizenship and home have received a new and nobler meaning during the Queen's reign.

THE GROWTH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The populations of these "sea-walled garden isles" of Britain have more than doubled, and their "necessities" now were "luxuries" then. Great empires, of all kindreds and tongues and creeds, have been added to the Crown, and the last two years have witnessed the splendid miracle of all history, namely, the virtual federation of the Queen's world-wide dominions! Never in all Great Britain's history were her people so much one as now, in loyal devotion to the throne and to one another. Never was Britain so truly strong as now—physically on land and sea, and morally in love of righteousness.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

GOD IS NEAR.

In the dark and silent night,
Little child, you need not fear;
Just as much as in the light
God is near you—God is near!

Though the room be dark and lone,
Though no moon be shining clear,
You may say in gentle tone,
"God is near me—God is near!"

If you feel afraid, or start
At some sudden sound you hear,
Keep this thought within your heart,
"God is near me—God is near!"

He will guard you with his arm,
He is your own Father dear;
He will keep you safe from harm,
God is near you—God is near!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

| | Yearly Subscription |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review | 2 75 |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together | 3 25 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 00 |
| Canadian Epworth Era | 0 50 |
| Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 50 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 30 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 25 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 12 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 12 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 08 |
| Dew Drops, weekly | 0 08 |
| Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly) | 0 20 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly | 0 05 |
| Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly) | 0 06 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100. | |

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 26 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
216 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

HOW TO READ.

Charles Dudley Warner has some very interesting things to say about reading: "Take hold somewhere, and so begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dinner table, who liked to read the encyclopaedia. He was always hunting round in books about his own size for what he wanted to know. He dug as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. He asked questions of these books exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it until he got answers. He knew how to read.

"Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at the table turn on earthquakes,

for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred, and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, how many people it killed, and in what shape it left the country it had shaken.

"From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines, and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in the wires and signals and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter high school he had a great deal to do in the city and three or four men under him.

SMALL SEXTONS.

People often wonder what becomes of the dead mice and dead birds; for, though birds and mice are constantly dying in large numbers, hardly one is ever to be seen. The fact is that they are buried by beetles; and this is done in the following manner, described by Buchner:

"Several of them unite together to bury under the ground, as food and shelter for their young, some dead animal, such as a mouse, a toad, a mole, a bird, etc. The burial is performed because the corpse, if left above ground, would either dry up or decay or be eaten by other animals. In all these cases the young would perish, whereas the dead body lying in the earth and withdrawn from the outer air, last very well.

"The burying beetles go to work in a very well-considered fashion, for they scrape away the earth lying under the body, so that it sinks of itself deeper and deeper. When it is deep enough down, it is covered over from above. If the situation is stony, the beetles with united forces and great efforts drag the corpse to some place more suitable for burying.

"They work so diligently that a mouse for instance, is buried within three hours. But they very often work on for days, so as to bury the body as deeply as possible. From large carcasses, such as those of horses, sheep, etc., they bury only pieces as large as they can manage."

"LAID UP IN MY HEAD."

Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never got a chance to use it until to-day," said he.

Some little boy or girl wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it use in just the right place, but it will be in place some time; then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had a ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

Furl you
Here's
Where the
Up the
See the su
Hark, the
Softly dov
Come to
In the
Far away
Roaring
Ships are
Day an
Father's a
In the dar
While the
God pro
Bring
Not for y
Is the v
You're too
You mu
All day lo
Up and d
Come to p
Day is
Nigh
Furl your
Fold yo
Dews are
Drowsi
Cease fro
Rock upo
Safely o'e
All the
Harl
LE
STU
John 18.
The S
hands of
Where
On the
Why did
He knew
rest. W
What ha
Thirty p
this? L
did Juda
Jesus say
What di
he"?

A SLUMBER BOX.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.
For the Fisherman's Child.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
Here's the harbour still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, in-streaming,
Up the channel creep.
See the sunset breeze is dying;
Hark, the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying:
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling—
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying,
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to port, make no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
Fold your wings, my tired dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbour lights of love.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IX. [March 3.]

JESUS BETRAYED.

John 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Matt. 26. 45.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was the garden of Gethsemane? On the slope of the Mount of Olives. Why did Judas go there to look for Jesus? He knew that Jesus often went there to rest. Who was Judas' master? Satan. What had the priests agreed to give him? Thirty pieces of silver. How much was this? Less than twenty dollars. Whom did Judas lead to the garden? What did Jesus say to them? "Whom seek ye?" What did they do when he said, "I am he"? What made them fall to the

ground? He let them see his power for one instant. What did Peter do? When may we fight for Jesus? When he bids us. How did Jesus show love as well as power that day? By healing the wounded man.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. John 18. 1-14.
- Tues. Learn the Golden Text. Matt. 26. 45.
- Wed. Read Matthew's story of the betrayal. Matt. 26. 47-56
- Thur. Find who was Judas' master. John 13. 2.
- Fri. Find what word Jesus fulfilled. Matt. 5. 44.
- Sat. Learn if it was hard for Jesus to bear all this. Matt. 26. 38, 39.
- Sun. Read the prophet's words. Isa. 53. 1-4.

LESSON X. [March 10.]

JESUS AND CAIAPHAS.

Matt. 26. 57-68. Memory verses, 62-64.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Before whom was Jesus taken? The high priest, Caiaphas. Who were waiting there? The scribes and elders. Where were the disciples? They had run away. What did two disciples do after a little? They turned back and followed Jesus at a distance. Who were they? Peter and John. What was Jesus now? A prisoner. Who was his judge? The high priest. How can a judge learn if a prisoner is guilty? By hearing what the witnesses say. What are witnesses? People who know something to tell about the prisoner. Why were false witnesses brought against Jesus? Because no one knew any wrong of him. How did these witnesses get into trouble? They could not agree. What did the high priest ask Jesus. What did Jesus answer? Of what did the high priest then say Jesus was guilty? Of blasphemy. What was the Jews' punishment for this crime? Death.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Matt. 26. 57-68.
- Tues. Find how Jesus was treated. John 18. 19-23.
- Wed. Learn the declaration of the Golden Text. Matt. 16. 16.
- Thur. Read what was foretold of Jesus. Isa. 53. 3-5.
- Fri. Read how Mark tells this same story. Mark 14. 53-64.
- Sat. Read the sad story of Peter. Mark 14. 66-72.
- Sun. Find what Jesus said about his death. John 10. 17, 18.

The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.

THE GERTRUDE BIRD.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

It was bitterly cold. The wind blew a hurricane, whistling and moaning around a little house that stood by itself at the edge of a wood. The snow had covered the trees, the fences, the wood-pile, and the cow-shed with a thick white blanket. As the daylight faded and twilight came on, a little old woman in a red cap, who had been watching the storm from the window, turned to the hearth and began to get ready for her supper. She raised some coarse meal with water, rolled out a cake, and was just putting it to bake when the outer door opened and a stranger entered, bidding her good-evening. He was an old man, with long flowing beard and piercing eyes. His cloak was powdered with the snowflakes, and he shivered with the cold. He came up to the fire shivering, and begged that he might share her evening meal. Old Gertrude took from the coals the cake she had just made. "Tis too large to give away," she muttered to herself. She laid it on the shelf, and, turning to her dough, she made a smaller cake; but this, too, when baked, seemed too large to give to a stranger, and it was laid on the shelf. Then she took a tiny scrap of dough, rolled it thin as a wafer, and baked it. "My cakes seem small when I eat them myself," she said as she looked at it, "yet they're every one too large to give away;" and even this tiny scrap of a cake was placed on the shelf.

Now the stranger grew angry, for he was hungry and faint. "Woman," he said, "you are too selfish to dwell in human form! You deserve not food, nor shelter, nor fire to keep you warm! Henceforth you shall seek your food as the birds do!" With a wave of the stranger's hand the little old woman flew up the chimney and came out at the top a woodpecker; and ever since that day she and her descendants have been flying from tree to tree, boring and boring for their scanty food. You may see her any day, with the little red cap still on her head, although the rest of her clothes were burned black by the flames of the chimney.

Away over in cold Norway, in the long evenings when the children gather round the blazing fires, this is one of the stories the good old grandmothers tell; and next day, when the boys and girls on their way to school see a woodpecker hopping about the trunk of a tree, boring with its long beak for a worm, they say: "See! there's the Gertrude bird, the stingy old woman who refused a bit of cake to a stranger."

Little Elvira went to visit at her grandmother's. The country was a revelation to the child. Among other things that excited her wonder was a lamb that came bleating at the door the evening of her arrival. "O Aunt Hattie," she cried, running down, "there's a sheep here that can talk as plain as anything; do come and hear it say 'Ma.'"



A ROYAL GROUP AT SANDRINGHAM.

His Majesty, King Edward V. Princess Victoria. H. R. H. the Duchess of Cornwall. Prince Charles of Denmark.
 Prince Nicholas of Greece. H. M. Queen Alexandra. H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall. Princess Maude.

Our readers will be keenly interested in the Royal Family group, especially taken at Sandringham, and including their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, the Princesses Victoria and Maude, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Prince Nicholas of Greece—the two nephews of the Queen. Nothing could be more charming than this latest portrait of Queen Alexandra, which gains an additional interest from being so essentially the central figure in a purely family group.

CHARLIE'S BLIND BIRD.

When Charlie Manning was about three years old his grandmother sent him a canary. It was only a few months old, but it had already begun to sing, and was one of the prettiest little birds you ever saw.

When Charlie watched it jump from the tiny little cage in which it had travelled from St. Leonard's to London he was quite silent for a few minutes, then he jumped up and called out:

"Nurse, nurse, come quick! Dickie's got a cap like you."

The fact was that the canary had what is called a crest on his head, which made him look different from any other canary that the little boy had seen.

Charlie's mother wanted him to learn to

think for others instead of himself, so she went into the nursery every morning before breakfast to give Dickie clean sand and fresh seed and water. Of course Charlie wanted to help, and she always let him do it, though I am afraid that at first he put more sand on the floor than in the cage. As to the water, he spilt half that, too; but, as the nursery had floor-cloth instead of carpet, he could easily wipe that up.

So Charlie grew to be very fond of his canary, and never forgot to feed it and give it a bath. One day about a year after the bird arrived, Charlie went to his mother in great distress.

"Mother," he said, "I believe Dickie is ill, and, do you know, he has something the matter with his eye."

Mrs. Manning went upstairs directly, and found the poor bird looking very sadly indeed; but, what was worse still, she saw that one eye had gone. Charlie and his mother went off at once for the bird doctor, but when he looked at the poor canary he could do no good. The bird must have injured his eye with one of the little wire hooks in the cage. But it was sadder still to hear that he was afraid the sight of the other eye would go too. And so it did, before two months were over, and the little canary was very sad and miserable at first, and seemed afraid to move from one little spot on one particular perch. Then Charlie was more tender and careful than

ever not to frighten his poor bird, and his own eyes filled with tears as he looked at his little blind pet.

But by and by the canary got over his sorrow, and began singing more beautifully than ever. Then he had courage to take a few hops about his cage; and now if you went into the nursery you would never believe that it was a blind bird who was hanging in the window.

There is one thing more I should like to tell you, and that is how Charlie's poor little blind Dickie did good to his master. Charlie is getting a big boy now, and goes to school every day. He was very miserable at first. But one day, when he had been studying hard in the garden and grumbling a good deal, he heard Dickie singing. He took his book to the window-sill, and looking up at the canary he said: "Yes, you have learned how to make the best of a bad job. So will I. I won't grumble any more, but just do my

work as well as I can and as fast as I can.

RIDING DOWN HILL.

The windows are frosted,
 The wind whistles loud,
 And close round the fireplace
 The old people crowd;
 But for me, though I know,
 With the birds and the bees,
 The cherries and berries
 And green, shady trees,

That summer is pleasant
 Enough in its way—
 A time to feel happy
 And jolly and gay;
 But in my opinion,
 Just say what you will,
 There is nothing so pleasant
 As riding down hill.

Hurrah for old winter!
 It suits us first-rate;
 It freezes the ponds
 Just right for a skate;
 And Harry and I
 Enjoy that, but still
 It's not quite so jolly
 As riding down hill.

God never fails to reward those who do their duty faithfully, nor to punish those who neglect it.