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THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM A. DICKSON.

The Royal Palaces of England are so rich in historic associations that they present special claims on general interest. They are not stained with the blood of revolution, as in France, nor yet splendid prisons, as in Russia. Aside from this they are inseparably linked with the Sovereign's life. Though their corridors have streamed not only solemn statesmen,

tion of being the chief town residence of His Majesty. Costly evidences of Prince Albert's artistic taste here greet the visitor, in grounds so skilfully laid out that one's fancy is almost beguiled into the belief that the spot is "far from the madding crowd" of busy London.

Windsor Castle is, undoubtedly, England's proudest possession among her many palaces. It is twenty-three miles distant from London, stands on the bank of the Thames, not far from Eton Col-

King's northern retreat, in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," "the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance." Balmoral, with its grounds four miles by seven in extent, and deer forest of 30,000 acres, was bought by the Prince Consort and became his private property.

It lies forty-eight miles west of Aberdeen, on the banks of the Dee, and is built of red granite in baronial style, with pointed gables and clock tower.



THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

hoary soldiers, and reverend divines, but renowned men of all lands whose rank or achievements procured for them the privileges of personal audience with royalty.

St. James' Palace dates back to the times of Henry VIII. From the walls of its picture-gallery, rows of kings and queens look down on the visitor. St. James' was found too small for the King's drawing-rooms, so the only State ceremonials now held there are levees.

Buckingham Palace has had the dis-

lege, and is embowered amid venerable oaks. Its frowning embattlements point back to a time when strongly-fortified walls helped erring monarchs to look out upon an angry world with comparative composure.

That it is hard to so lay up treasures on earth where thieves cannot break through and steal, is borne out by the fact that an immense quantity of massive silver plate was mysteriously stolen from the castle in 1841.

Balmoral Castle is the title of the

In this quiet mountain retreat Queen Victoria lived as free and easy a life as any private lady—shopping in the Highland store, visiting the poor and sick, handing to them comforts and tokens of remembrance, and by words of tender consolation and lofty promise alluring them to brighter worlds. The "Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands" reveal a happy family life and afford glimpses of very lovable attributes. A copy of this "Journal" was sent by her to Charles Dickens with the inscription:

"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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Sunbeam.

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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.

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CHILDREN'S EASTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Break the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer.

Far away good angels drive
Night, and sin, and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Open, happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.

Little children dear, look up!
Toward His brightness pressing,
Lift up, every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 21.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Memorize verses 37, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.—John 18. 37.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about Jesus in Gethsemane. Matt. 26. 31-45.
- Tues.* Find how Jesus was betrayed. Matt. 26. 47-56.
- Wed.* Learn what took place before the council. 26. 57-75.
- Thur.* Find how Judas repented too late. Matt. 27. 1-10.
- Fri.* Read the lesson verses. John 18. 28-40.
- Sat.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun.* Read what was foretold about Jesus. Isa. 53. 3-5.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did the high priest's servants find Jesus? What was he doing there? Where did they first take him? What was done to him there? Where was he taken in the morning? Did Pilate want to judge Jesus? Why? Did he care for the Jewish religion and law? Why? Because he was a Roman. Could he find anything against Jesus? What did the Jews want? What question did Pilate ask Jesus? Did Jesus' words please him? What did Jesus tell Pilate about his kingdom? Can you remember and repeat some of his words? What was Pilate's last question? What did he say to the Jews? What did the Jews want him to do? Did he at last please them?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. The greatest king can have the lowliest mind.
2. Love made our Lord humble.
3. Love led him to choose death.

LESSON IX.—MAY 28.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

John 19. 17-30. Memorize verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Find what the prophet foretold of Jesus. Isa. 53. 3-10.
- Tues.* Find what Jesus said to the thief. Luke 23. 42, 43.
- Wed.* Learn why the sinless Jesus died. Rom. 5. 8.
- Thur.* Read the lesson verses. John 19. 17-30.
- Fri.* Find what was done in the temple. Mark 15. 38.
- Sat.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun.* Read hymn 214 in the Methodist Hymnal.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What ended the natural life of Jesus? His death upon the cross. Who tried to save him? Could he save himself? Why not? What is the only thing that can save anybody? Where did he go? What did he bear? Who were crucified with him? What had Pilate written above his cross? In what languages was it written? In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. What did the soldiers do? Who stood by his cross? What did Jesus say to his mother? And what to John? What did John do? What were the last words of Jesus?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. By his life and his death the Lord overcame sin for us.
2. He has opened the door into the heavenly life.
3. We may all enter in and be saved.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.
"Oh, who, papa?"
"But you must guess."
"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."
"No," said papa; "he wasn't rich, he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"
"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he was not such a little boy; "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."
"No," said papa, "he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You

have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky felt hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, oh, as many as six times, to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'thank you, papa?'" asked Jim, gravely.
"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "but the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs help."

DAISY AND THE BIRDS.

Sometimes little children who want to be kind do things that are very cruel because they do not know better.

Daisy Wells loved birds better than any other pets. She never forgot to give her canary his seeds, his water, or his bit of fresh greens.

One day Ned Wilson, a big boy, who was not so bad as he was thoughtless, climbed a tree in Daisy's yard and brought down to her a nest full of young robins.

Daisy was delighted and wondered why the mother bird screamed shrilly and wheeled round and round in such a crazy way. She wanted her to alight and sit quietly on her shoulder as her pet Dick, the canary, often used to sit.

In a moment or two Mrs. Wells heard the robin's cry and hurried to see what had happened. She called Ned Wilson and made him put back the nest as securely as he could, hoping the poor mother bird would be comforted to find her little ones safe and sound.

Then she told Daisy the great difference between pet canaries and robins. She talked to Ned about the cruelty of stealing nests until he realized it as he never had before. He promised he never again to meddle with one, and also to prevent other boys when he could.

In Germany there are whole communities of people who make dolls; whole families that work at doll-making, each one having his own part to do. Not only do these families make dolls, but their fathers and mothers made dolls, and so did the grandfathers and grandmothers.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

Young Hans is a little German boy who lives in the quaint old town of Nuremburg. He has not yet gone to the kindergarten, but is learning many useful and clever things at home. On Christmas, good Chris Kringle, as the German children call Santa Claus, brought Hans a drawing slate with a number of patterns to be traced on the glass. The little boy has traced them all many times, and indeed so much of an artist is he that he often adds strokes and lines which are not printed on the pattern, and greatly does he improve on his copy sometimes.

BAD COMPANY.

Bad company is a dangerous thing. A lady had a parrot that learned to swear by hearing a bad boy swear. Its owner took it to a neighbor's house, where there was a parrot which had learned to pray by hearing some one pray. The lady thought her parrot would stop swearing, and learn to pray, but the swearing parrot could out-talk the praying one, and taught it to swear. It was an unfortunate thing that the praying parrot fell into bad company. The swearing parrot would not have learned to swear if he had not had the company of some one who swore. So keep out of bad company.

TODDLEKIN'S VISIT.

When Toddlekin found they were going down the steps again he leaned his head against Aunt Lizzie's cheek and crowed in baby satisfaction. He liked to be out of doors, and he was glad they were going away from the house instead of going into it.

But Aunt Lizzie did not share his delight; she was greatly disappointed. She had taken him with her for a visit while the family moved into their new house, because it was "the only way to keep Aunt Lizzie out of the work and Toddlekin out of mischief," they all said. And now she had come back a day earlier than she was expected, and found the house closed and locked.

"They have all gone off somewhere, Toddles, and I don't know what we can do," she said.

Toddles did not know either, but he only laughed and did not care. It was a new neighborhood, and Aunt Lizzie was not acquainted with any of the people living near; but as she walked slowly down the street, she saw a little girl looking from the window of a small house around the corner. It was such a sweet, pleasant little face that Aunt Lizzie went right to the house.

"May I leave my satchel here for a few minutes?" she said. "I have just come home and found the family all away. I want to go down the street a little way and telephone to my brother's store, but this satchel is too heavy to carry."

"Yes'm," answered the little girl, her eyes fixed on Toddlekin. "Wouldn't—wouldn't—oh, couldn't you leave the baby, too? I'm lame, so I can't go out to play, and mother has to go away to work, and it would be such company to have him stay with me a little while. I just love babies and I'd take good care of him."

Aunt Lizzie looked around and saw how clean the little home was, and how little Sue's eyes shone as she watched the baby. Toddlekin was looking around too, and the minute he saw Sue's black kitten he wanted to play with it. So he and the kitten and Sue had a grand romp together; and Toddlekin cried to stay, so Aunt Lizzie left him there.

All the time she was gone she thought of the poor little girl who had to be left alone so often, and who was too lame to go out and play like other children. Aunt Lizzie wanted to do something for her, and when she went back she carried oranges, grapes and cookies, and she, Sue and Toddlekin had a picnic dinner together.

"It's been the beautifulest day I ever saw. I guess the reason you got locked out of your house for a while was so you could get 'quainted with the neighbors," said little Sue shyly.

Aunt Lizzie thought so, too. She was afraid they might all have been so busy and so happy in their new home that they would not have learned who lived in the little house.

But they know now, and the baby is often taken to visit Sue, and sometimes they bring Sue to spend long, lovely days at Toddlekin's house while her mother is away. Toddlekin thinks there is nobody like Sue, who is always so gentle, and knows such lovely plays. And best of all, they have so much work that Sue's mother can do at home that she does not often have to leave her little girl now.

PUSSY WILLOW.

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His coal-black wing is sunning.
A close green bud the Mayflower lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the south wind blows
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper, stir,
Come out and show your silver fur!
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging.
And rosy will the Mayflower be
Upon its mossy pillow.
But you must come the first of all—
"Come Pussy!" is the south wind's call,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year,
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Out West, some children in school last winter heard a queer noise in the entry among their dinner pails. They thought it was a visitor, but no one came in. So when they heard the noise again the teacher looked out, and there was—a bear! He ate all the children's dinners and then went away. The next day he came again, but he found a man with a gun, and the man and the gun kept the bear from ever coming again.