

OLD DAME CRICKET.

Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine—
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps,
And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,
"The birds are abed;
Go and make the dark earth glad.
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began,
Till oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight
They chirrupped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat away till dawn to hear.

"Nice children," she said,
"And very well bred;
My darlings have done their best.
Their nap they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1906.

OBEYING ORDERS.

An English farmer saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He sent a boy to shut the gate, and not to open it for any one. The huntsmen came up and ordered the boy to open it. This he declined to do. He said his master had told him not to open the gate, and he intended to obey him. After a while, one of the huntsmen came up to the boy, and said, commandingly: "My boy, do you know

me? I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open that gate."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor; but he replied firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut. No one is to pass through but with my master's permission."

Greatly pleased, the honest old soldier lifted his hat, as he replied: "I honor the man or boy that cannot be frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world."

Handing the boy a gold coin, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off, shouting: "Hurrah! hu-rah! I've done what Napoleon could not do: I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

A LITTLE KNIGHT.

The story is told of Sir Walter Raleigh, an English knight who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that one day when the queen was walking around her palace grounds, she came to a muddy spot. She stopped a moment, fearing that she might soil her dress in trying to cross this place. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was close at hand, seeing the difficulty, took off his loose, flowing cloak and, spreading it over the wet ground, invited the queen to pass over, which she was able to do safely without soiling her dress.

This was a very polite act on the part of Sir Walter Raleigh, and here is a little incident in which a street boy showed much the same spirit as that knight of olden time.

There was a Christmas treat to be given at a mission hall in Edinburgh and hundreds of little children were gathered at the doors some time before the hour of admittance. Among the number was a sweet-faced little girl who was barefoot and who shivered in her thin jacket and danced from one foot to the other on the cold, hard stones. A boy not much older watched the poor little girl for a few minutes, and then he took his cap, put it down before her, and said: "You can stand on that."

It was a simple act, but it showed the spirit of a true little knight, and the world would be a happier place if there was more of this spirit everywhere.—*Apples of Gold.*

THREE BOYS.

"Watch that boy now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had

been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw him.

First, he had hunted out a large easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There! He's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer to it," said Phil.

"Well, if I ever! If he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look, he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said:

"Come, mother, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mother, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.

BEARING FRUIT.

Little ones may be just like the fruitful trees;

Buds are like our thoughts, which only Jesus sees;

Blossoms are like faces, smiling, clean and bright;

Leaves are gentle words, good fruit is doing right.

Jesus said, "Ye know them by the fruit they bear;"

Words and looks and actions show just what we are.

Bad thoughts, like the buds of poisonous fruits and flowers,

Yield no pleasant fragrance, cheer no weary hours.

Happy are the children who have learned to be

Patient, mild and loving, cheerful, kind and free;

They are trees of promise, bearing fruit of love;

They shall bloom for ever in God's home above.

Saviour, make us good and kind, like thee
Then each one will be a fruitful tree,

Bearing buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet,

Bearing precious fruit to lay at Jesus' feet.