

AT SLEEPY TIME

What do little chickens say
When the sun goes down
They say, "Peep, peep, peep!"
We're so glad to go asleep,
These fuzzy little balls of yellow down.

What do little birdies say
When the sun goes down
They say, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"
It's so good to go to sleep;
And they cuddle in their little beds so warm.

What does little Johnnie say
When the sun goes down
Why, he cries, cries, cries,
And rubs his sleepy eyes;
And says he wishes bed-time wouldn't come.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guard, 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
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 70
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 10 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 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07
Wesleyan Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Wesleyan Leaf, monthly	0 05
Wesleyan Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 21 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,
210 to 23 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. MCKESSIE,
2124 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1899.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

There was a poor man in Ireland who listened for the first time to the story you know so well, of how the Lord Jesus came to save us, and of his exceeding great love. And, instead of waiting to hear it over and over again, as some of you do, he believed it at once and said, "Glory be to God!" And then, with his ragged hat off, he went to the preacher and said, "Thank you, sir; you have taken the hunger off us to-day." You see it came true, what Jesus said so long ago—"He that cometh to me shall never hunger." And it will come true for you directly you come to him; he will "take the hunger off you."

You may thank God at once if he has made you "want Jesus" at all. For it is only the Holy Spirit that ever makes any one hungry for him. I never heard a

sadder answer than a young lady gave me the other day. She said, "No, I don't want Jesus, at 'east not yet." She wanted all sorts of other things, but not Jesus. Are any of you saying that in your hearts? Oh, what will you do without him? What will you do when the day, not of wintry snow, but of fiery terror, is come? You will want him then, when "the great day of his wrath is come," but it will be too late. Will you not pray, "Lord Jesus, make me want thee now"?

Why should you do without him?

It is not yet too late;

He has not closed the day of grace,

He has not shut the gate.

He calls you! hush! he calls you!

He would not have you go

Another step without him,

Because he loves you so.

Why will you do without him?

He calls and calls again—

"Come unto me! Come unto me!"

Oh, shall he call in vain?

He wants to have you with him;

Do you not want him too?

You cannot do without him,

And he wants—even you.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

BY E. A. RAND.

(See last page.)

"Now I tell you, boys, this is nice!" exclaimed Sim Bartlett. "I just like this."

He was lying in his bunk when he said this. Above him was the roof of the old sugar camp which was built on one of the low-running slopes of Most Mountain. He heard the crackle of the fire on the broad open hearth at the foot of the camp-chimney. He caught the sound of the cold north-west wind echoing down from the rugged top of Most Mountain, and rejoiced in his shelter from the blast. The other occupants of this camp were Tim and Silas and John Borton, his cousins. In the sugar season, Farmer Borton and Farmer Bartlett came to the camp and worked by day, returning home at night. The boys loved to stay there both day and night.

Sim now continued his remarks: "I tell you what, fellows, it did look interesting when it was growing dark. I was back here in the camp and you could not see me. I looked out. There was Uncle Henry stirring the sap in the kettle. Father was sitting on a log. Our two hired men were coming up with big, bouncing pails of sap. You three boys were round, looking happy as kings."

"Were we?" asked a drowsy voice in the next bunk.

"Yes, get up there, Silas! Tim! John, wake up!"

"I am awake!" said a voice belonging to John.

"So am I awake!" exclaimed Tim,

"Well then, boys, keep awake!" urged Sim. "I have got some cider. Hold on! I'll get it."

Here Sim sprang out of his bunk, but quickly returned holding out to Silas by

the light of the still sparkling fire a mug of cider.

Silas rose up in his bunk, shook his head and said decidedly, "None for me, thank you!"

"Why not?"

"Strong enough to knock you down, know where you got it."

"At Ransome Groton's, out on the back road. He has got a cider-mill. It's all right, Silas."

"No, sir!"

"Well, Tim, then?"

"No, sir!"

"Now, John, you are not a fool?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I should be if I took that."

Amid the laugh that followed, Sim pettishly said, "There, boys! you are making too much of it. I came out here to enjoy my liberty, and to have a good time and so on. Next month, I am going to Carlton Academy—"

It was known to be an honour to receive admission to Carlton Academy. The scholarship there was thorough; and only a limited number of students would Principal Spearhead receive. While graduation was an honour, so was admission. Sim had made application for admission. The principal had replied that the question was not decided fully, but "probably there would be an opening for Simon Bartlett."

Sim construed the word "probably" as "certainly," and now wished in this unworthy way to celebrate the event. He was compelled to be content with a personal celebration that night.

Who should appear, the next day, at the camp but Principal Spearhead himself!

"I have often wanted," he told Mr. Bartlett, "to see a sugar-orchard turned into a sugar-house, the trees giving sap, and you sugar-makers turning it into syrup and sugar."

"You are very welcome," said Mr. Bartlett, who felt that it was a high honour to entertain the principal of Carlton Academy. Sim was jubilant.

"Just the time," he said to the others, "to make sure of my admission to the Academy! I will improve the chance."

Sim certainly endeavoured to improve his chance to secure Principal Spearhead's good opinion, and every one allowed that Sim made himself very agreeable.

The principal left the camp as the twilight shadows were falling, saying that as he had snow-shoes, he thought he would "just run to Sunset Ridge and get a look at the western sky."

One by one, the older members of the sugar-orchard party started for their homes, leaving the boys in supremacy of the camp.

"There," said Sim to his companions, "I have been on my good behaviour about long enough. Entertaining that principal was dull music, though I doubt it has got me into the Academy. I knew what I was up to, I tell you. Now for a little treat."

He took an old blue mug out to a hiding-place where he kept his cider, filled his mug, and returned. He offered the mug