

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.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1905.

"HOW AM I TO COME TO CHRIST?"

A Scotch shepherd, in a state of great anxiety of soul, asked a preacher if he could tell him what was meant by "coming to Christ." "I have been hearing," said he, "a most earnest discourse; we have been urged and entreated to come to Christ; and I felt as though I had been sitting on nettles all the time, for he had never told us how to come to him. Can you tell me?"

"Can you fly to him?"

"No, I cannot do that."

"Can you walk on your feet to Christ?" was the next question.

"No."

The preacher then told him that Christ though in heaven, was beside him on earth, loving him with a deep, strong, and tender

love, eagerly anxious to save him. He was shown that with his mind and heart, and not with body, he was to go to Jesus; in other words, he was to believe on Him who died that he might live.

"Is that it? Is it so simple? I see it now," he said, and went on rejoicing.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

(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 honor 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 honor, 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 honor 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 endeavored 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 behavior 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 to his companions, but an invariable "No, sir," met every proffer from Sim.

"He is getting too much," one said to another as they saw Sim drinking. "The stuff is strong."

Sim did stop, but his tongue was loosened and his talk was silly by this time. "Hush!" he said. "What's that noise outside? I'll go out."

He took the lantern in one hand, his empty blue cider mug in the other, and he went out. He was gone about fifteen minutes and then returned.

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