

## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1881.

### THE SONG OF THE SANDMAN.

**A**N old, old man, with whiskers white,  
Flies over the earth as the night comes  
down,

And softly sings in his gentle flight, [night,  
As he winds his way through the shades of  
"Close, little eyelids! close up tight;  
For the Sandman is in town."

He comes to the babe while yet 'tis light;  
But on all at last the shower comes down,  
And the eyes of blue and brown so bright  
Must close when he sings, as he comes at  
[night,—

"Close little eyelids! close up tight;  
For the Sandman is in town."

He knows what makes little eyes so bright  
So he pours the showers of bright sand down,  
And sweet Sleep lingers till broad daylight;  
Then flies to him who sings each night,—

"Close, little eyelids! close up tight;  
For the Sandman is in town."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

### SIGNAL LIGHTS.

**I**ONCE knew a sweet little girl called  
Mary. Her papa was the captain of  
a big ship, and she sometimes went  
with him to sea; and it was on one of these  
trips that the accident of which I am going  
to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of rope watch-  
ing old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal-lamps, miss,"  
said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into  
us, miss; if we do not hang out our lights  
we may be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and  
then she ran away and seemed to forget all  
about the signal lights; but she did not, as  
was afterwards shown.

The next day she came and watched old  
Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated  
her on the coil of rope he turned to do his  
work. Just then the wind carried away  
one of his cloths, and he began to swear  
awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into  
the cabin, but she soon came back and put  
a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in  
large letters—for Mary was too young to  
write, were these words:—

"Thou shalt not take the name of the  
Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will  
not hold him guiltless that taketh his name  
in vain."

The old man looked into her face, and  
asked: "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal-light, please. I saw that a  
bad ship was running against you, because  
you did not have your signal-lights hung  
out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said  
Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a  
little child. At last he said: "You are  
right, missy, I had forgotten it. My mother  
taught me that commandment when I was  
no bigger than you; and for the future I  
will hang out my signal-lights, for I might  
be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you  
call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which  
Mary gave him, and on the cover he has  
printed, "Signal-Lights for Souls bound to  
Heaven."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A man in New York, wishing to be witty,  
accosted an old rag-man as follows: "You  
take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't  
you?" "Yes; jump in, jump in!"

Next to acquiring good friends, the best  
acquisition is that of good books.—*Colton.*