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OVER THE FALLS.

MASTER Tom Evans and his sister Alberta lived at the village of Chippewa, on the Canadian shore, a few miles above the Falls of Niagara. They had often been warned not to get into the boats which were tied up to the bank of the river. But one day, heedless of this

warning, Tom got into a boat, and sat rocking in the stern.

"Oh, Bertie!" he cried, "it's such fun, get in."

Forgetting her mother's word she joined her brother, and for a time enjoyed the motion very much. But before they were aware, the rocking of the boat had loosened the rope by which it was held, and it was swiftly drifting down the stream.

"Oh, Tom, see, we're afloat! What shall we do?" she cried.

Tom seized the oars and plied them with all his might; but all in vain. One might as well try to bridle a hurricane as to stem the wild torrent of Niagara when fairly within its sweep. Seeing that his efforts were useless, he dropt the oars and threw himself upon his knees, earnestly praying God to forgive his disobedience and to save his soul. "Oh! how I wish we had minded mother," he said

to Bertie. "We would have been safe at home, instead of hurrying to destruction."

Swifter and swifter swept onward the little boat. The men on the shore shouted and tried to throw them ropes, but it was all in vain. Down the wild rapids they rushed, and just as the boat poised for an instant on the edge of the cataract, Tom