

## JUST OBEY.

Do as you are told to do  
By those wiser far than you;  
Do not say,  
"What the use of this may be  
I am sure I cannot see;"  
Just obey!

Do not sulk, and do not sigh,  
Though it seem in vain to try;  
Work away!  
All the ends you cannot see;  
Do your duty faithfully—  
Just obey!

When at length you come to know  
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,  
You will say,  
"Glad am I that when to me  
All was dark as dark could be,  
I could trust and cheerfully!  
Just obey!"

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## The Sunbeam.

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## HUMAN SACRIFICES IN AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY on the Niger River, in Africa, writes: "About four days before our arrival at Ohambelo an old, rich woman was dead and buried. The proceedings of the burial were stated as follows; When the grave was dug two female slaves were taken, whose limbs were smashed with clubs. Being unable to stir they were let down into the grave, yet alive, on the mat or bed on which the corpse of the mistress was laid, and screened from sight for a time.

Two other female slaves were laid hold on and dressed up with best clothes and coral beads. This being done, they were led and paraded about the town to show the public the servants of the rich dead mistress, whom they would attend in the world of spirits. This was done for two days, when the unfortunate victims were taken to the edge of the grave, and their limbs were also smashed with clubs, and

their bodies laid on the corpse of their mistress, and covered up with earth while yet alive.

We can only imagine what would be the feelings of these unfortunate victims. Some of the Bonny converts attempted to rescue these last two females by a large offer of ransom to buy bullocks for the occasion but it was refused them. Can there be any doubt as to the urgent necessity of sending Christian teachers among this poor ignorant people, who are slaves to Satan and yet glory in their shame? After these atrocious deeds were performed, volleys of trade cannons were fired for days in honour of the dead."

## GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

I WANT to give you two or three rules  
One is:

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this

Another is:

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is:

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh, children, remember it all your lives:

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, then go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first, and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

## AFRAID OF SPIDERS.

CARRIE jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.

"They are curious black things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight eyes."

"Dear me! and maybe she is looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie. "They are very fond of music."

"I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen."

"They can tell you if the weather is to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will be clear, they spin a long one."

"That's funny."

"They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. "I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and

ran along with her. Perhaps you did not know that the spider can spin and spin too. She spins her web, and she spins leaves together for her summer-house."

"What a queer thing a spider is!" said Carrie, forgetting her dislike.

## ASPIRING HIGH.

UNCLE JASPER was a coloured man of very devout intentions, but his knowledge of the Scriptures was of a somewhat certain character. He lived in "sin and blessedness" a good many years, and finally in the evening of life he married and in due time an heir was born to him. The next day after the advent of the child one, a gentleman met Jasper in the street.

"I understand you have a baby at your house, Uncle Jasper?"

"Yes, sir; we has dat," Jasper replied with a broad grin and a satisfied chuckle.

"We'se got a baby dar, sho'."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Hit's a boy, sah. Yes, sah, hit's a sho'ly a boy."

"Have you named him yet?"

"Yes, sah; we has."

"What name have you given him?"

"Wal, sah; you know I'es done a fine name. I'es called 'em 'Beelzebub' 'cause I'es allus been a monst'ous sinner."

"Believer in de Bible. So I 'lowed I'd name him arter some o' de big officers what de Bible talks ob, an' I studied 'bout w'at I an 'un I'd name 'im arter, an' at las' I set 'em onto Beelzebub, sah."

"Hit's a mouty fine name, sah; an' I just 'pears lack I'es 'spirin' powerful high."

I 'lows dat chile'll sho'ly do credit do namesake, sah. Hit most sho'ly will."

## THROWING AWAY A GIRL.

A GENTLEMAN was shipwrecked on his way home from India with his little daughter. The vessel hung on the rock on which she had struck, but the seas that beat over her were increasing in violence momentarily with the rising gale, and it was evident that she must soon go down. With great difficulty the boats were lowered and after they were afloat they could not come within ten feet of the wreck. The gentleman threw his little four-year-old daughter over the boiling chasm in a boat. Springing out of the arms of a sailor who had caught her, she stood and cried out in an agony: "O papa, Christ you throw me away? Could you throw me away?" Poor child, she thought her father had thrown her away, when he had saved her life. If he had held fast, they would have been lost, but by throwing her away he saved her. Sometimes in our ignorance, we think that we have left us, forgotten us, thrown us away. Poor, simple, children! our hearts are Father loves us, and will save us; and the things that frighten and disturb us are means he uses to bring us safely home.