

THE SUNBEAM

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No. 11.

THE FLOOD.

We have before us a glimpse of a wild scene. A heavy rain-storm has lasted for days, and now the river and its many branches have swollen until they are united in the great lake that overflows the whole country. Houses are swept away, trees are uprooted, and all kinds of curious-looking articles go floating in the water. The sky is still dark and crossed by black, threatening thunder-clouds. Birds who have built their nests on low shrubs or on the ground, fly away in terror as the water rushes into their tiny houses. Scores of little creeping things scamper up the trees, and squirrels and chipmunks spring from their high perches on some tall tree to a bit of floating log and take a sail from one clump of trees to another.

But we have brought under our notice a family that have been very thoughtfully protected from drowning. The wise old dog has placed the three helpless young pups in a tub, while he himself, knowing his weight would capsize the unsteady vessel, bravely swims beside them. He will guard his charges from all danger if possible, though they wish to keep so close to their protector that all stand on one side of the tub and seem likely to upset. These floods are a very sad



THE FLOOD.

BENNY'S BUTTERFLIES

BENNY was a little boy who had never been to the country. One day in May his mother told him that his Aunt Mary, whom he had never seen, had written to ask her to come with her two children to spend the summer on her farm.

You may be sure Benny and his sister Nan were very glad when their mamma said they would all go the very next week.

When the day came for them to go to their aunt's, they were so wild with joy that they danced about and rushed around so that they nearly lost the train, but they did not quite lose it. They were on the train seven hours.

They reached their aunt's house about four o'clock in the afternoon and their cousin Grace took them at once out into the meadow to gather flowers. The fields were full of daisies and clover and butter cups, and Benny and Nan thought they had never seen anything so pretty before.

Suddenly Benny called out, "See the butterflies! What a lot of them! I'll catch them in my hat." But Grace called out, "Don't! they're bees," and ran away.

So they were bees, and two poor little city children had aching hands and faces for many hours.