

THE SUNBEAM

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THE FISHER BOY.

THE Fisher Boy is watching his father's boat sailing away over the sea, and the waves breaking on the shore. How brown and hearty and rugged he looks, with his Sou'-wester hat and fishing blouse and hob-nailed shoes. He is longing for the time when he shall be big enough to go out with his father and pull at the oar, and haul the net, and hold the helm. It is a grand, free life, which cultivates daring, strength and trust in God. The sea is His, He made it; and the harvest of the sea is His gift to the children of men. This picture might stand for the portrait of many a young reader of the SUNBEAM, which finds its way in hundreds to the far-off fishing villages of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

"MY MOTHER IN JAIL."

"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl, as she stood in the Philadelphia Central Police Station. She was but a child, so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps at the station house.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" The

officers stared at the little waif; they had arrested a tangled-haired woman who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought like

pure they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her so they swung open the corridor door, and let the little creature in. She went to the cell door looked in, and cried out

"Why mother, are you in jail?" The mother shrank back ashamed, and the child dropped on her knees upon the stone floor, clung to the iron door, and prayed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had a strange moisture about their eyes as they gently led the little thing away, and when the case came into court, his honour whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother should. Perhaps she will do so, unless she should meet with some one licensed to deal out for "the public good" that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget their nursing child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother unless some honourable and respected citizen gets her

a fury, and they did not dream that this was her child, but it was.

The little thing seemed so innocent and

crazy on a dram on which he makes a profit of six cents. Strange things are done in this world; but few are more strange



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