

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1887.

[No. 12.]

MOTHER'S EARS.

"I've had the *beautifullest* time!" said Tommy Downs to his mamma, coming in at bed-time from spending the evening with his playmate Phil Porter.

"What have you been doing?" asked Mrs. Downs, smiling on her noisy, stirring boy.

"Oh! we've made all the noise we wanted to, I and Phil, and the girls. We marched for soldiers, and I whistled while Phil beat his drum, and we played 'I Spy' and 'Stage Coach' and 'Puss-in-the-Corner.' Then we each took a comb and some tissue paper, and played on them as loud as we could—had a regular comb concert."

"And it didn't disturb Mrs. Potter at all?"

"Not a bit. She just sat and read all the evening, and paid no attention to us. I wish you was as deaf as she is!"

"Why, Tommy?"

"Well, I do," persisted Tommy. "It would save you so much trouble with your headaches and my noise, for I know I'm a noisy boy. I believe you'd take lots more comfort than you do now."

"Don't you think I like to hear the music of my little boy's voice?"

"The trouble is you hear it too much and too loud," laughed Tommy.

A few days after he went to see Phil again. It was fine sliding, so he and Phil and a dozen other boys were sliding down the hill back of Mrs. Potter's house.

"I'm dreadful thirsty," said Tommy to Phil. "I'll run down to your house for a drink of water."

"You won't need to go in," said Phil. "You can get it from the cistern in the

held on with all his might, screaming for help. Through the open outside door he could see Mrs. Potter sitting by the back parlour window, sewing, and she could easily have heard him scream, if she only hadn't been deaf.

The boys on the hill made too much noise to hear him. He was hanging in the ice-cold water almost to his waist, and his hands and arms were so tired that he thought he must let go and drop in, when little Nell came and stood by the window where her mother sat, and she caught sight of Tommy.

He saw her pull her mother's sleeve, and point to him, and then it was no time at all before Mrs. Potter had him out of his cold bath and into the house in hot blankets.

"Mother," said Tommy that night, "I can't be glad enough that you are not deaf! I don't wonder that Jesus said, 'Blessed are your ears, for they hear!'"

A NOBLE REPLY.

A boy was once tempted by his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father

back room." The cistern was under the floor, the water low down and Tommy's arm short. It was icy, too, around the trap-door, and it was no wonder that Tommy slipped in.

He caught the edge of the board and

should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you." "For that very reason," replied the boy, "I ought not to touch them; for though my father may not hurt me, my disobedience would hurt my father."



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF TEN YEARS.