

HAPPY DAYS

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THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does
not cry
When out of her sleep
she wakes,
But holds up her mouth
for her morning
kiss
And then her break-
fast takes.

She romps and plays
about all day;
But I want to tell you
this,
That every morning she
wakes up
She must have her
morning kiss.

Her face and hands get
very smeared,
But she never looks
amiss,
And it does not hinder
mother from giving
Her darling a morning
kiss.

—o—

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

Little Norman . . . es-
mere and his sister Kath-
leen sat listening to a
young Bill Balham,
whose father was a
fisherman, and who him-
self had been for some
months a fisher-lad.

"Tell us a tale, Bill,
about the sea," said Nor-
man. So Bill sat down
on the stool, and the
children sat near him.

"Now," said Bill, "you
know our boat 'The Beauty.' Well, my
father and cousin Jim, and Tom Wills and
I, all went out in her one night. It was
calm and fine when we started, and we
had got a good way out and were hoping
for a lot of fish, when all of a sudden the
wind arose, and the darkness was as black
as blackness, and 'The Beauty' was tossed
about dreadfully. We pulled as hard as
we could, hoping to get back again, but it
was of no use. We could not get on at all.
Up and down, up and down, went the boat.



THE MORNING KISS.

Then there were lightning flashes; and
when the darkness passed away we saw we
were very much further from home than we
thought. But the storm lasted and my
father said: 'Now, boys, you must pull for
your very lives, or else "The Beauty" will
be on the rock.' We all did our best, for we
knew that many a poor fisherman's life
had been lost at that rock, and many a
boat destroyed."

"O Bill," said Kathleen, "make haste and
tell us if 'The Beauty' was dashed on the

rock, and if any one was
drowned."

"Nobody was drowned,
I know," said little Nor-
man, "because Bill is here
telling his tale, and his
father and his cousin are
standing on the beach
yonder now, and Tom
Wills showed me his bird
this morning; so I know
none of them were
drowned."

"Ah, you are a sharp
little customer to think
of all that; no we were
not drowned," said Bill.

"O, I am so glad," said
Kathleen, "but tell us
all about it, Bill."

"Well, we pulled very
hard; I saw that father,
who is no coward, looked
anxious; so I asked him
if he thought we were
in any danger. 'Ay, ay,
lad,' he said, 'we are, and
none but the sailor's God
can save. Pull hard, all
of you, as hard as you
can,' he said, 'and while
you are pulling say your
prayers.' So Tom Wills,
who is a good sort of a
lad, called out, 'Let us
say what Peter said, it
is short and powerful,
"Lord, save, I perish!"'
So we all said that. Well,
after a little while, I
heard my father heave a
sigh, and he said, 'Folks
may say what they like,
lads, against religion,
but I say Jesus Christ
is alive to-day and hears
men pray in "The

Beauty" as sure as he heard sinking
Peter pray, and saves them too. We are
safe, boys!"

"Did you get to land then?" asked
Kathleen.

"Ay, ay, we did; and right glad my
mother was to see us, for she had been
watching and was troubled, but she had
been praying too; so we always think of
God when we think of the storm."

"We should always think of him," said
little Norman.