

Happy Heart Comes to Canada

(*Founded on Facts*)

The big ocean steamship ploughed its way steadily westward through the Atlantic billows. There were a great many people on her decks and in her cabins and staterooms, some sad, some happy, but almost all of them hopeful; for most of them were going to a new home in a new land. The happiest and most hopeful of them all was a little girl, away back in the steerage. She was so happy she could not keep still a minute. She ran about the crowded deck, and danced and played hide-and-seek with the other little girls, and was so joyous all the long days that wherever she went she brought smiles and gladness.

When night came she was so tired out with a whole day's leaping and skipping about that she almost fell asleep as she helped her mother tuck away little Anna and baby Maria into their tiny berth. But she was never too sleepy to ask, as she tumbled in beside them, "Mamo, shall we get to Canada before morning?"

And the mother's dull, sad face would light up for a moment as she would answer, "No, not before morning. But we shall get to Canada soon, my Bronya."

Of course, those are not at all the words they used; for, as yet, the little girl's mother could speak not one word of English, and Bronya herself could speak just two. She had learned them the second day out on the ocean. On that morning there had come down to the steerage deck a very beautiful and richly dressed lady, at whom Bronya and all her little companions stared in deep admiration. The lady stood for some time, watching the children play, and then she asked the gentleman at her side, to bring her the dear little girl with the brown curls, who seemed