

# Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

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[No. 5.]

## ALL ABOARD.

THERE WAS a great noise in the nursery, and Auntie May opened the door to see what it was all about.

Frank and Mabel were tying a towel to some cross-sticks that they had fastened to an up-turned table.

"What are you doing, children?" asked Auntie May.

"Rigging our ship," answered Frank.

"Tie on another sail, Mabel. Here is our hold. Have you stowed away enough provision for our voyage?"

Mabel lifted the lid of a large basket, and showed five apples, five pieces of bread and butter, five crackers, five pieces of cake, and a bottle of milk—their noon lunch, in fact.

"I think so, if we are not going on a very long cruise," answered Mabel, while Effie and Mabel peeped anxiously in, to be sure there was enough for them too.

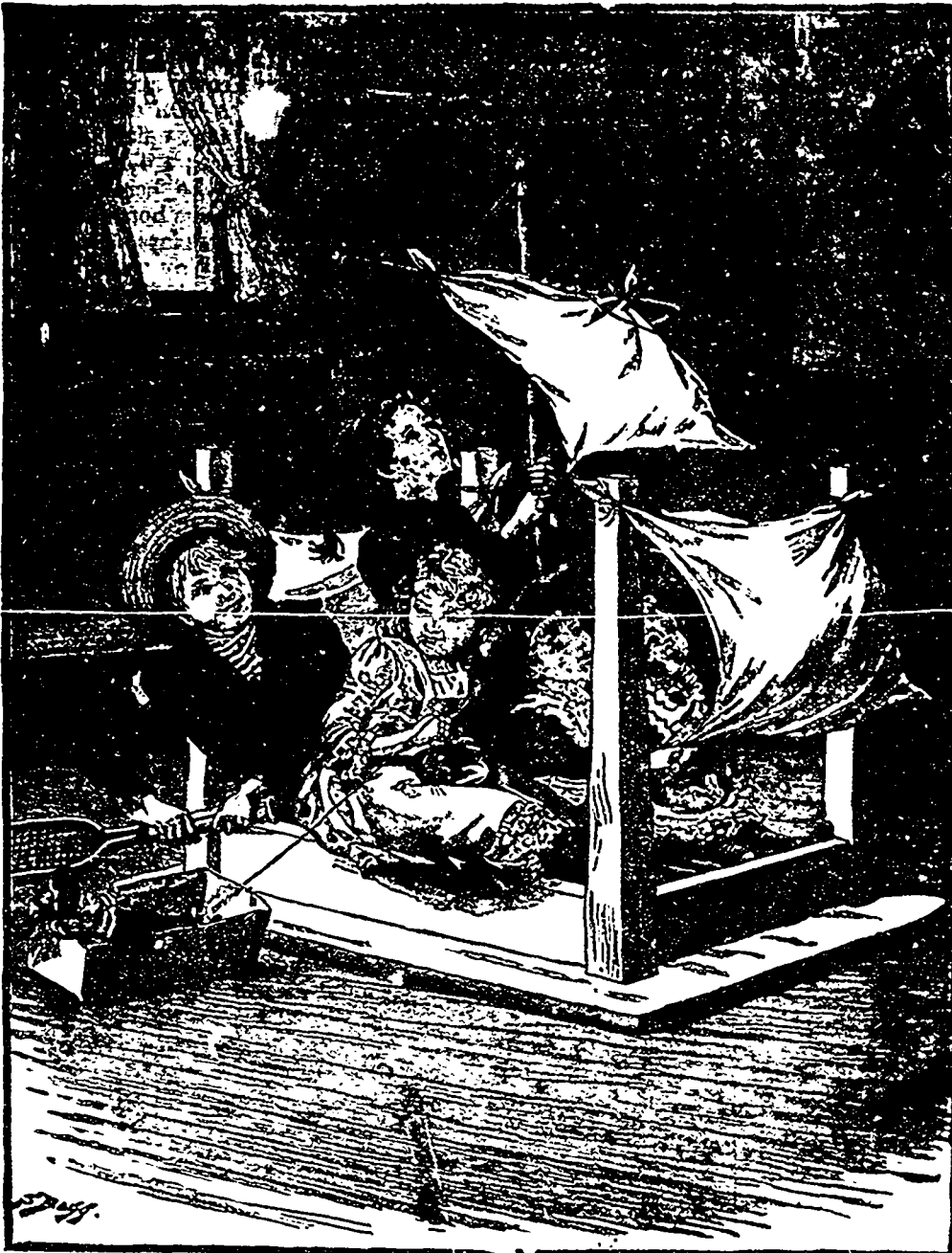
"We must have three sails," said Frank, "ask mamma to give us another towel."

"Mr. Captain, may I ask for what port you are bound?" asked Auntie May.

"San Francisco," promptly answered Frank.

"Oh, no," interposed Effie, quickly. "That's in California. We can't sail over the Rocky Mountains."

"We can go by water too. Guess you'd



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better study your geography," answered Frank, scornfully.

"How do you propose to go?" asked Auntie May.

"Why, down the Atlantic ocean to South America; in the Gulf of Mexico, and stop to look at the new canal they are trying

to make, then around the Cape of Good Hope—"

"Oh' oh' oh' shouted Effie and Mabel. And Auntie May said, laughingly, "Wouldn't that be considerably out of your way?"

"That's in the south of Africa," whispered Mabel. "You mean Cape Horn."

"Guess I'll look at my chart a minute," said Frank, with very red cheeks, as he pulled down a big atlas.

"All right! I know the way now. All passengers aboard. Ship the anchor. Hurrah, we're off!"

## A PRAYER

A LITTLE girl went out to play in the snow, and when she came in, she said: "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray my dear?"

"I prayed that my new prayer mamma that I learned once in Sunday school. Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

"What a beautiful prayer! Here is the promise that goes with it: "Though

your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And what can wash them white—clean them from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: "These are they which . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."