

DEW DROPS

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I wonder if any of my readers have seen a storm at sea, or what is much worse, have ever been in one. If not, you can scarcely have any idea of how great are its perils and how anxiously beat the hearts of the people who are at the mercy of an angry sea. Being tossed about on the stormy billows is terrible. It is hard for even the bravest hearts not to despair. The sea seems to mock one. Then how welcome is the least flicker of light, all the more if it bespeaks help and probable rescue.

A common custom of the life-boat men on a rocky coast is to light a torch as a signal that the peril of the ship is seen and that aid will be given.