

# HAPPY DAYS

## MOTHER'S TRUST.

Might they go down to the river that hot summer day, and paddle in the water?

"To the river? Oh, no," mother said; the river was so wide and deep; her darlings might never get back from such a dreadful place.

"But we won't go in deep," protested Ranny, "only so deep," measuring where his short legged trousers buttoned on to his shirt,

"You won't know where it is deep and where it isn't," answered mother, shaking her head: "it looks all level on top, and it reels level underfoot, while really it gets deeper and deeper, and before you know it you will be over your head."

"There is one place," spoke up Uncle Jack, "where they would be perfectly safe, if you could trust them not to go anywhere else."

"Trust them!" exclaimed mamma in a surprised tone, "where is this place?"

"Just above Sibley's landing," answered Uncle Jack, "there is a shallow little bay that is a perfectly safe place, if—" repeated emphatically,—"you can trust them to stay there."

Mother told them they might go, but they must not go beyond the limit Uncle Jack set them, and their uncle himself

undertook to show them the place. Net took the umbrella and doll, and Ranny carried his beloved raft, which had cost him and Uncle Jack—especially Uncle Jack—so much labour. Before their uncle left them, both children were absorbed in launching the craft, in which

believed, but she didn't say so, that Uncle Jack had been the "something" that pushed the raft beyond the limit, just to see how far her children could be trusted.

Keep innocent if you would be happy.



"Cora Dora Water-pine" was to take a sail.

They got the sails set and the little tow-headed lady finally seated, and by that time a now plan struck them, the point of rock was a fine place for the *Robinson Crusoe* play, so they moored the raft and struck out over the rocks. Later in the day a mournful little party came home, minus raft, doll baby and umbrella.

"When we quit being shipwrecked, mother," explained Ranny dolefully, "something had pushed our raft out in the tall woods, beyond the point of rocks. We could have waded out, mother, it was only a little way, and not deep, but it was beyond Uncle Jack's mark and we couldn't go."

"Of course not," answered the mother quickly, "not if you lost everything you owned. But let's look for Uncle Jack, and see if he can't get your things."

"Why there comes Uncle Jack," cried Net, "and he's got Dora Cora and the raft and the umbrella!"

Mother always