

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVIII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

No. 25,11

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.

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

Little Norman Ellesmere and his sister Kathleen sat listening to young Bill Balham, whose father was a fisherman, and who himself had been for some months a fisher-lad.

"Tell us a tale, Bill, about the sea," said Norman. 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. Then there were lightning flashes; and when the darkness passed away we saw we were very much

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 Norman, "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; so, we were not drowned," said Bill.

"Oh, 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 "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 was



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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