

That was enough for Dick, and sure of a sympathizer, he poured out his plans for the morrow.

"Won't it be glorious, Cap'n?" he almost shouted, as he reached the climax. "A real voyage, just like the ones you used to take."

Cap'n Ben laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, with a very kindly look in his keen old eyes.

"When I was nigh onto a year younger'n you be," began Cap'n Ben slowly, "I slipped cable and put out to sea—run away, leaving my mother and two sisters in a leetle house up back in the country.

"We were bound for lower Califoray—fer hides—like that feller that writ a book about the same sort of a voyage; only he was a relation of the owners, and was treated well. I wasn't. Boy, ye can't guess the misery and sufferin'—not the big kind of sufferin' like the soldier in battle, with drums beatin', and fife playin', but in the night, with fingers raw and froze, with ice-water dashin' over me every day and every night for nigh a fortnight off the Cape; so seasick I wanted to die, so wet, an' cold, an' achin' all over I used ter cry in the dark, an' long, oh, how I longed fer that leetle house where I knew mother was sufferin', too, because I had deserted her like a coward." Here Dick Raynor winced, and changed his position a little on the chips.

"Wall, to make a long story short, I was gone two year an' a half; an' then I steered across country fer home.

"Boy, when I got there it was just ecmin' on arly evenin'. Thar was no light in the house.

"Mother!" I sung out, "Mother, yer boy's come home! He ain't never goin' away again, unless ye let him freely an' gladly!"

"Not a sound from the leetle house, standin' gray an' still under a big pine. I tried all the doors. They were fastened up, an' the blinds were shut tight.

"Mother!" But she didn't answer. "I turned away then, an' kind o' staggered up the dark road till I found myself beside a buryin'-ground I knew only too well.

"There were pines there, too, and as I leaned against the wall I heard 'em whisperin' an' sighin' overhead. O Dick, my boy, what would I have given then to look my mother in the face, to hold her thin, tired hand that had worked so hard for me, and that I had left stretched out after me, trembling, and empty, empty!

"When I lifted my head I looked into the buryin'-ground—I couldn't seem to help it—an' thar, sure enough, it was. I could just see it through the dusk—a new heap of gravel."

"O Cap'n, don't, don't!" cried Dick, springing to his feet. "I can't bear to hear it."

"Wall, if you're determined to set sail for Georgy to-morrow," said Cap'n Ben,

"I suppose we might as well say good-bye."

"I'm not going," gulped Dick, drawing his sleeve across his eye. "I—I didn't think about mother feeling bad and needin' me. And if she should—should die, like your mother—"

"Bless ye, my mother didn't die," struck in the old sailor heartily. "Ye didn't let me finish my yarn. She was only down 't a neighbour's, and pretty soon I heard wheels comin', and her voice, her own voice, talkin' in the dark. But I hope it don't change your mind 'bout stayin' on shore, jest because mother didn't—"

"Not much," said Dick, with emphasis. "Good night, Cap'n. I'm going home. P'raps mother wants something!" — *Sunday Afternoon.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1902.

CHARLEY'S PRAYER.

A little boy in New York City, whose name was Charley, became separated from his mother way out in the outskirts, and was picked up by a police officer. The little fellow was crying. The officer took him to his station, where he was reported. They found out from the little fellow where he lived, and one of the officers told him when he went off duty at twelve o'clock he would take him home. Then he stopped crying. He was taken into the sergeant's office, and was told to lie down and go to sleep, and in a little while they would take him home. There was a sort of couch in the corner with one or two coats on it. The little fellow went over to it, but soon he came back and stood in front of the sergeant's desk. He said to

him, "Go and lie down, my boy; it's all right. We will take you back in a little while." He went back, but he did not lie down. By and by he came back again, and he seemed so restless that the officer said, "Why, what is the matter with you?" The little fellow said, "Would you mind, sir, if I said my prayers, as I do at home?" The officer did not mind, but it was a little new to this particular man. The little fellow stepped over to the other side of the office and, kneeling down by the couch with his little face upturned toward heaven, he said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And then a little jump onto the couch, and Charley was happy and content. There was quiet in that police station then. The officers took off their hats and bowed their heads, while tears trickled down their cheeks. Every little boy and girl should pray, and thus be a witness for Jesus.

ARLIE'S MISSION.

Arlie was a little cripple girl, who lived with her father and mother in a beautiful house. She had everything her heart could desire or loving hands could get for her, as she was the only child and the pet and idol of her parents. Everything had been done to cure her, but it was impossible. One morning as she was sitting in the garden with her nurse, a little girl, who was going to read to an old lady, went by carrying her Bible under her arm. Arlie, seeing the little girl, wished her to come in, and asked her nurse to call her. The little girl came, and the two children talked together for a long time; the young girl telling Arlie about the Lord Jesus, and reading to her, from her Bible, some of the short stories, which she had never heard before, for her parents were godless people.

Arlie got her nurse to buy her a Bible, and gave her young heart to the Saviour, serving him faithfully in every way, and as she daily grew more weak she became much more gentle and loving. She often prayed for her parents that they might become Christians.

She became very ill, and was obliged to keep her bed, and one day when her father and mother were in the room, she told them that she was going to live with Jesus, and that she had prayed that they would become Christians. As she talked to them about the love of Jesus tears streamed down their faces, and kneeling beside the bed of their dying child, they gave their hearts to the Saviour. Arlie's mission on earth was done, and the following morning she fell asleep, safe in the arms of Jesus. She was buried where the sun could shine on her grave, and every day flowers were placed on it by loving hands.