

"Maybe he will, dearie; he's bound to come some time."

"Has ye bin asking God to make him come, uncle Ben?"

"Aye, lassie, in His own good time."

"Didn't ye ask Him to send him home quick, quick, fear you'd be dead first?"

The old man gently shook his head at the child as he answered, I always say, "according to His will:" maybe that wouldn't be His will; but Mat will come home. It may be to-night, dearie: God knows the best time.

"Well, uncle Ben, he's a long, long while 'bout it. D'ye think as Mat's dead, p'raps?"

"Nay, nay, lassie; I've been a-trustin' the Lord for him all these here ten year—trustin' God for him. Mat knows I be, and I've got that confidence as he'll come,—he'll come yet."

The little girl stole her tiny hand into his wrinkled one, and laid her head caressingly against his breast, and for a while was quite silent. It was plain there was a perfect understanding between the pair; but by and by, to the fisherman's great surprise, a tear made its way down the child's sun-browned cheek, and fell upon his hand, then a pent-up sob burst forth. "Why, Alice, child! what is it?" he asked tenderly.

"Oh, uncle Ben, I beent trustin' God for poor Mat, ye know; an' oh I do want him to come home so bad! Do ye think, if you an' me was to ask God together, He'd send him home right away,—you an' me askin' Him together?"

"We'll try, dearie," replied the old man, touched more than he cared to

show; and they knelt down side by side, while a simple, earnest prayer went up on high from the heart and lips of both.

"Uncle Ben," said the child, as she clung to him again, "did ye used to ask Him to make me love Jesus?"

"Aye, aye, lassie, a sight o' times; and He heard me, didn't He? Ye do love Him, Alice?"

A glad smile parted the little girl's lips as she gave him one more look of love, and then sped off like an arrow along the sandy shore.

Since that evening, day after day found the old fisherman and his little friend uniting in simple prayer for the wild, reckless sailor, until the pleasant autumn gave way to the first winter's cold.

"I be goin' away for a whole week, said the child one day. "An' I've bin thinkin', uncle Ben, I'll pray at N. an' you'll pray here, an' God will join the prayers together when He gets 'em up there."

"Aye, aye," said the old man, His Holy Spirit will do that surely. Wonderful Intercessors!" he murmured; "the Spirit and the Son of God always making intercession for us—always."

Ben Watts began to feel a little bit lonesome that evening—a very unusual thing with him; and he tried singing, but the poor old voice fairly broke down when he came to the words—

Thou canst help the weak ones onward,

Thou canst raise up those that fall;

But remember, whilst thou servest,

Still tell Jesus—tell Him all.

There was no question what to do next. He would go and "tell Jesus;" and the old calm and peace settled over his kindly, time-worn face again.