



and sad, and disappointed. Her Friend had not helped her, she thought. She had taken it to the Lord in prayer, but no answer had come. Mother Mary had said it was wicked to doubt, but how could she help doubting, when God did not seem to hear her?

She was very footsore and tired, so she sat down on a doorstep to rest. She wondered very much what Mrs. Gubbins had said when she found she was gone; and whether her father missed her very much; she wondered whether he was looking for her all over that great town.

And then Faith remembered that it was Saturday night, and that her father would be at his place at the stall. She wondered how far the market-place was from where she was sitting. She had a great longing just to see her father for a minute. She did not want him to see her,—that would never do. No, she would never go home again, till she had found a little place, and was earning money for herself. But what she wanted was to get a peep at her father, to see if he looked sorrowful, or tired, or as if he was missing her very much.

Faith got up from the doorstep, and asked a girl who was passing which was the way to the market-place. The girl directed her, and to Faith's joy she found it was close by.

In a few minutes, she came in sight of the great church underneath the shadow of which stood John Robinson's stall.

The street was very crowded; there was always a very full market on Saturday night. People were buying in their stores for the week, and were going in and out of the different shops in the market-place, with large baskets on their arms. All was bustle, and hurry, and confusion.

Faith threaded her way through the crowd, and went down a little side-street which led into the market-place, and which ran along the side of the old church. She crept along close to the railings of the church, till she came nearly to the end of the street; but she did not dare to go further, lest her father should see her. She could see the top of the stall from where she stood, but she could not see her father. She did not like to go round the corner, for that would have brought

her close up to the stall, and he would have seen her at once.

Faith had nearly made up her mind to go back again, when she noticed that the church gate was open. She was almost afraid to go inside, but at last she ventured. In front of her was a porch leading into the church, and in this porch she saw that there was a window looking in the direction of the stall, through which she would be able to see her father, without his seeing her. So she ran quickly across the open piece of church-yard, and got inside the porch.

(To be Continued.)

A BOY'S WAY.

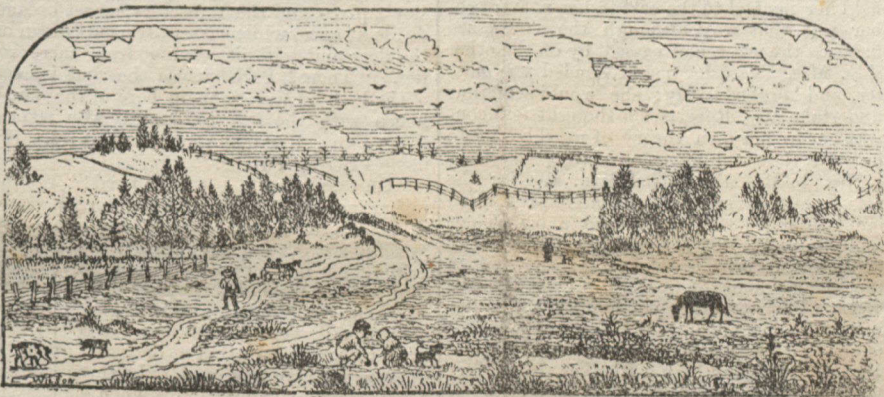
(Concluded.)

"They're regular beauties," answered Will, eagerly watching the pollywogs as they flew around and around their glass house. "I'll give you—No, I can't either—I say, boys, do you want to buy my aquarium?" It came out in gasps, in a queer, jerky fashion, as if the words stuck somewhere, and "aquarium" worst of all. The two boys opened their eyes, looked

whole thing was the special pride and joy of Will's heart. He had collected its inhabitants himself. No wonder his heart sank when he thought of giving them up. The boys were very much interested and very sympathetic, and—shall I mention it?—just a little bit glad that there was a chance of owning this wonderful aquarium. They put their heads together, counted their pence, and their prospects of more before the summer was over. But there was no help for it. Their united funds and prospects did not amount to two dollars, and two dollars Will must have. There could be no aquarium for them.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Jack, when he had recovered from his disappointment a little. "Advertise your aquarium for sale. My father says all the money that is made nowadays is made by advertising. We'll help you print the handbills. We'll send one to every boy in town that's got any money."

I have laid away in my desk one of those famous handbills now. Yellow it is, and getting a little musty Will himself, now a



SAND BANKS AT OKA.

at one another and then at Will, as if they could hardly believe their ears, much less that he really meant what he said.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled Jack, at last. "What's up now? Has anything got away and you want to sell the tanks? Why, we'll help you collect some more things if that's what's the matter," went on the kind-hearted boy, seeing Will's look of distress.

"Oh, it isn't that, boys," Will said, struggling hard to swallow his tears and not succeeding very well. "It's Tom Webber."

But while the Marvin boys are looking more surprised than ever, and Will is telling them his woes, I'll tell you about the aquarium.

It was begun, Will used to say, "ever so long ago, when he was a little boy," and found the first little spotted toad that had rained down in a hard shower that summer, and had continued through fair weather and foul, base-ball fevers and pedestrian matches. The turtles had waxed fat and frisky, the fish had grown tame and flourished in their rough board tanks, as, perhaps, they never do in their elaborate glass cases in large aquariums, and the

es, and west to the Centre, five miles away.

Boys in straw hats, in caps, and almost no hats at all, streamed in at the carriage-gates and wandered admiringly around the tanks.

Will had made them all himself on pleasant Saturdays and odd moments after school. The shells were his own picking up and the stones his own choosing. Will was quite a naturalist, too, and it was really quite an instructive lecture he gave the boys on the habits and lives of each of the tenants of his aquarium.

Bidding was brisk; turtles went off rapidly; fishes changed hands swimmingly, and green frogs brought much larger prices than their owner's wildest hopes had dreamed of. For boys have large, warm hearts of their own, and when the "charitable object" had been explained to them they all were anxious to have a finger, or rather a penny or a ten-cent piece, in the pie.

By sunset, so willing had been the boys to buy, not a fin or a claw remained except the old bachelor, Mr. Snapping Turtle, who lived in a barrel all to himself, and who snapped and snarled at all attempts to carry him off, so that the many bidders retired, sucking their well-pinched fingers, quite discouraged.

When everything was sold, the boys had straggled off in knots of twos and threes, and nothing remained but the trampled grass, the empty tanks, and the cross old turtle. Will was lonely enough. The choking feeling came back again, and was harder than ever to swallow when he sat down to count his gains.

The small marble-bag was very heavy and full of pennies, ten and five cent pieces. Quite a fortune, it seemed to Will, as he poured it out upon the dining-room table at supper time. Two dollars and twenty cents, his father counted. "Quite enough to buy the crutches and have a little over toward the new aquarium. You have been a brave boy, Will, to fight your way so well out of your troubles. Take warning, dear, and while remembering always that you must do all you can, even denying yourself to help other people, never make rash promises which you must ask other people to fulfil."

So, the other day, when Will found the old handbill, he laughed and said: "That was a good lesson my father taught me. I'd like to have other youngsters know about my turtle sale. But those were not the last turtles I ever owned. Oh, no, indeed. Do you know that the last time I was in East Medway I met a turtle lumbering up from the river that had W. G. A., 186—, carved upon his shell, and that was a good while after the days of the aquarium."—Churchman.

grown-up young gentleman, found it the other day, and laughed over its big, straggling letters and important wording. But it was serious enough business to him then, and if a few very salt tears weakened the ink which he was distributing with such a lavish hand over the paper, who can wonder? Here is a specimen:

GREAT AUCTION OF TURTLES, MINNEY FISHES,

And Other Curiosities too Numerous to Enumerate, on the Premises of

W. G. ANDERSON, JR., 106 West Forest Place,

Beginning Saturday Afternoon, and continuing Until Everything is Sold. For a Charitable Object.

Will's heart was much comforted by these wonderful productions, and it was almost with pride and satisfaction that he arranged the shells which adorned the centre of the largest tank for the last time, and poked out the small turtles from under the stones, where they had taken refuge from the gaze of the admiring throng.

For the boys came in throngs, literally, to attend this sale the fame of W. G. Anderson's aquarium being spread abroad, not only through the whole town, but out as far south as the Beach-