

begin; I am ready.' Down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I could not have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began. First he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and, no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they should not rebel against His will. Of course, it was going to be hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless; and, oh, how different it all might have been if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole out from under the coverlid and moved softly over his snowy hair.

"Then he went on to repeat that nothing could ever be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! At last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the good Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. At last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

Then the lawyer continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I—believe I had rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my hands and heart with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat that prayer. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we are told to make known our desires to Him. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that moved me most. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I am sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily—"I wish you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell me about it. I wish you had not heard a

word about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too; and God almighty so intended. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way,' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the client, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer.

MISSION SCHOOLS IN JERUSALEM.

THESE schools for Jewish boys and girls deserve the support of all Christian people. There have been many blessed results. Before these schools were opened, the Jews in the whole of Palestine possessed none whatever that were calculated to give their children a good modern education. In their own schools for boys nothing was taught but Hebrew. Girls' schools they had none. Hence Jews were intensely ignorant. The mission schools were then opened. Jewish children were brought from every part of the country, even from abroad. There never was room enough for all the children brought many had, therefore, to be sent away again.

But, quite apart from the benefits the pupils have derived from the schools, there have been many indirect results. The Jews themselves were forced to open schools of their own—if for no other reason, to prevent parents from sending their children to the missionaries. Hence schools have sprung up in every part of the country, for girls as well as boys.

The instruction given in the mission schools is excellent. Hundreds of Jewish children have passed through these schools. A great many have grown up and have become Christians. Some are devoting themselves to missionary or educational work; some are nurses, others teachers; four of the "old boys" are clergymen of the Church of England. The writer of these lines is himself an old pupil, and feels that in commending these institutions to the sympathy of all benevolent Christians he is but paying a very small tribute of grateful recognition of the benefits he has received from the London Society.

I must tell the readers why I lay such great stress on girls' schools. In the East, and in countries where the Talmud is the guide of life, Jewesses are not considered the equals of men. They need not learn to read or write, or even to pray. Every man or boy constantly pronounces a benediction in which God is thanked that he is not a woman or an idiot. The presence of ten men is always required to form a congregation in a synagogue. If there were nine men and a hundred or a thousand women, the latter would count for nothing. They would have to wait till one man more made his appearance.—*Selected.*

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

A PARTY of northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for several seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had