

cobweb to which he was accustomed was missing. Then the lamps began to shine, and finally the girls worked with such a will that the trustees made a very unusual offer to them for the summer, which they accepted, remembering the boys' vim and broken fingers when they felt disposed to give up.

As to Robbie, sometimes it was lovely when the sun was warm, and he was all smiles, looking like a little white flower in his white bonnet, and the girls could make daisy chains for him. But there were days when it was very stormy and baby was cross, and it took all their determination to keep on. But patience and perseverance work wonders, and when at the close of the vacation the 'Jamesville Nine' gathered around Mrs. Brush's pleasant tea-table again to compare notes, they were all amazed and delighted, as the little boards were added together, at the goodly sum it made. From that moment its success was assured, and I doubt not many another nine might be formed among the girls elsewhere with equal success.

The Power of Prayer.

'No,' said the lawyer, 'I shan't press your claim against the man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please.'

'Think there isn't any money in it?'

'There would probably be some little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house that the man occupies and calls his "home." But I don't want to meddle with the matter anyhow.'

'Got frightened out of it, eh?'

'Not at all.'

'I suppose likely the fellow begged hard to be let off?'

'Well, yes; he did.'

'And you gave in, most likely?'

'Yes.'

'What in the world did you do?'

'I believe I shed a few tears.'

'And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?'

'No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me.'

'Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?'

'God Almighty.'

'Ah, he took to praying, did he?'

'Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and I knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cosy sitting-room, and there, on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for the world just as my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking when she said, "Come, father, now begin; I'm all ready." And down on his knees by her side went an old white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't 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 at his will. Of course, 'twas going to be very hard for them to go homeless in their old age, especially with mother so sick and helpless, and O 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 from under the coverlid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he

should be separated! But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear 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 entering, 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. And at last he prayed God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice.'

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than even, 'And—I—believe I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that.'

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

'Bless your soul, man, you could not defeat it,' said the lawyer. 'I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desire unto God; but of all the pleadings I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood. And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I'm sure I don't know—but I hand the case over.'

'I wish,' said the client twisting uneasily, 'you hadn't told me about the old fellow'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 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 are wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours; too; and God Almighty intended it. 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 claimant, 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, smiling.—Boston 'Globe.'

A Broken Dish—A True Story

'I can vouch for the truth of this story, little girls, for it happened in my own family,' said Mrs. Grant, as the children crowded all around her to listen to one of her customary tales. Mrs. Grant was visiting their mother, and there was no event so delightful, nor any comer so entertaining as 'Aunt Ann,' who, out of the unending fund of personal recollection, had something to amuse or to delightfully instruct them.

'Do let us have that,' pleaded Fanny and Susie.

So Mrs. Grant began:

Not so very long ago, one of my kind neighbors sent us a waiter filled with good things, among which was a small but very quaintly shaped glass dish of conserves: we enjoyed the treat, as you may well imagine, and then one of my daughters, unwilling to trust the pretty dishes to a servant, began very carefully to wash them herself; when most unexpectedly and in some unforeseen way the attractive little glass dish suddenly became cracked all through and unfit to return to the kind owner.

You know your Cousin Mary's tender heart must have ached as she viewed the catastrophe; and the wonder grew upon her as to the

possibility of being able to replace it; for evidently it was one of a set, and as I have said, of unusual shape and pattern.

But bravely she met the situation—put on her hat and went to the stores to find a mate for it; vain, however, was her search over the whole city; nothing like it could be found.

She came home quite upset, and mortified at the thought of having to return our friend a broken dish.

The case seemed hopeless; but well she knew to whom to apply for all needed help.

Calling Martha, her elder sister, she told her the story of the disaster, of her effort to remedy it, and said: 'Let us together ask the Lord's help, claiming his promise to "two," and believing that he will help us.'

So these two sisters kneeled down and told Jesus, throwing their helplessness upon his strength, and rose up strangely comforted and went their quiet way.

That very afternoon, the sisters were quite astonished on being told there was a strange lady calling to see them—a young married lady of another church, upon whom they had not as yet called; but a very charming young woman they were glad to know.

The three met, and during a very pleasant conversation, somehow the talk turned upon china, glass, etc., and, incidentally the broken dish was spoken of by one of the sisters.

'Let me see it,' said Mrs. H., 'my mother has a few odd dishes, that belonged to a broken set, she does not particularly value. And this might be like hers.'

Mary ran and got the cracked dish.

'Why,' exclaimed Mrs. H., 'it's the very same! I can easily get you one to put in its place; come to my house this evening; I will have it there ready for you.'

A glance of wonder, joy and gratitude flashed from eye to eye as the sisters gazed speechless at each other! Was it a miracle? It was, said their reverent spirits, truly the work of his hands, upon whom they had called and in whom they had trusted!

'My mother does not care about having the things all alike,' so you can substitute any sort you please,' said Mrs. H., 'for the one she will gladly give you.'

The rest is soon told.

Martha and Mary went to the house of their new friend, taking along the value of the little dish, and soon returned with the counterpart of the broken one, now speedily returned to the sender of our treat, for it was one of the same.

Silence fell upon the little group; long they sat and pondered the touching narrative, for well they knew that every word was true.

Then Aunt Ann arose, and simply saying, 'We thanked him!' led them out upon the nice grassy lawn and left them; adding softly: 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered!'—Mrs. A. Smith Irvine, in the 'Mid-Continent.'

Her Resolve.

'So you are really home for good, Blanche, and school-days are over. How glad Mrs. Rivers must be to have you!'

'Yes,' answered Blanche, 'mother is very glad for me to be home; but, Ida, is it wrong for me to be sorry?' and a pretty blush spread over the young girl's face.

'Sorry your school-days are over, dear; but glad to be at home with your mother, surely?'

'No, Ida, I'm not; Mr. Fisher's sermon this morning made me think, and I knew I was really sorry to have to live at home.'

'Dear Blanche, don't talk like that,' said Ida; 'come round to tea with me after school,