

"Well, yes he did."

"And you caved, likely."

"No, I didn't speak a word to him."

"Oh, he did all the talking, did he?"

"Yes."

"And you never said a word?"

"Not a word."

"What in creation 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," (the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee, and began stroking his lower leg up and down, as if to state his case concisely,) I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I slipped into the hall, and saw through the crack of another door just as cosy a sitting room as there ever was.

There on the bed, with her silver head away up high on the pillows, was an old lady, who looked for all the world just as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth. Well, I was just on the point of knocking, when she said, as clearly as could be, 'Come, father, 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 they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them, they wouldn't rebel against His will. — Of course it was going to be terribly hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so

sick and helpless, but still they'd seen sadder things than ever that would be. He reminded God, in the next place, how different all might have been if only one of their boys had been spared to them. Then his voice kind of broke; and a thin white hand stole from under the coverlet, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp 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 dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it would be consistent with God's will; and then fell to quoting a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. Yes, I would say he begged hard; in fact it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. And at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were trying to take his little home from him."

The lawyer stroked his lower limb in silence for a moment or two, and then continued more slowly than ever.

"And I believe I'd rather go to the poor-house 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?" queried the client.

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" roared the lawyer. "It doesn't admit of defeat! I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he left no doubt as to his wishes in the matter; claimed that we were told to make known our desires to God. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that beats all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself, in childhood; and why I was sent to hear that prayer I'm