

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

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't 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. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I wouldn't 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 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.—*Selected.*

PIE FOR SIXTEEN.



HERE is a pie shop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when as a child he drudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on his way to and from work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes, as he said, he pressed his tongue to the window-panes, as if by doing that he got a little bit of a taste of the good things that lay so near, yet were so far beyond his reach.

An American railroad man, who admires Dickens, hunted up this pie shop when he was in London in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity. It proved to be a mere box of a place, in a poor quarter of the city, but the original business was still conducted there. As the traveller peered into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow:

"Please, sir, will you buy me a veal pie?"

The owner of the voice was a small dishevelled person, with whom a veal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well. The American replied:

"How many boys do you suppose that shop could hold?"

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen I should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys and bring them back here."

The boy studied the man's face for a moment, as if to make sure he was in the enjoyment of his senses, then hurled himself into a side street with a yell. Hardly a minute had elapsed before he returned, the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, assorted as to size and clothing, unanimous in appetite and hope. This ragged battalion assembled close behind the benefactor, and followed him precipitately into the shop, when he announced that he was going to give them all the pie they wanted.

For a quarter of an hour the astonished baker served "veal and 'am" pies, hand over hand, to the sixteen astonished youths of London, while the American sat and watched the scene with hardly less astonishment. Few words were spoken, and the onslaught was as fierce and persistent while it lasted as the charge at Tel-el Kebir. The exhaustion of supplies brought the banquet to an end, and the traveller paid the score, thinking it little to pay in view of the fun he had had, while the boys tumbled into the street, cheering, and went to spread the news of this miracle through the lanes of London.—*New York Sun.*

A MISSIONARY in Rarotonga, an island in the South Pacific, saw, one day, a man who, having lost both feet, was walking on his knees. He advanced, saying, "Welcome, servant of God who brought light to this dark island." The missionary, after questioning him, and finding that he was well acquainted with the Bible, asked where he got his knowledge. "From you," was the reply. "How can that be?" said the missionary. "I do not remember to have seen you before." "Why," replied the cripple, "as the people return from the services I sit by the wayside, and beg a bit of the Word of them as they pass by; one gives me one piece and another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and pray to God to make me know."

A GOOD old Scotch woman had a serious quarrel with her minister—a Scotch quarrel about church matters—but to the surprise of the pastor she continued her regular attendance at worship. He expressed his gratification as well as surprise of her conduct; upon which she replied, "Oh, sir, my quarrel was with you, and not with the Lord!" What a blessing it would be if all easily offended, fault-finding, minister-blaming, peace-disturbing, church-members would take this view of the case.