

cess only two or three faint cries of 'Sheenies' and 'Patriarchs' fitted to the boys' ears, and even Pat Ryan betook himself to a safe distance before droning out the senseless ditty.

"Where, O where, are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land."

How they longed yesterday for the 'promised land'—the one they had lost! They fancied they knew now how the children of Israel felt when they were in bondage in Egypt.

It was not at all hilarious for them to-day, for no one paid much attention to them; but it was a comfort to be let alone, and to know that they were not the only ones in exile, since Miss Eloise, too, had been banished from Canaan.

She came at noon, with her lunch basket, and asked if she might sit at meat with them in their lonely corner, taking pains to first wash her dainty hands at a faucet near by, as she had observed them doing with Jewish scrupulousness.

'They never eat with unwashed hands or with Gentiles,' she heard Pat Flynn bawling across the yard.

Miss Eloise paused, flushing. 'That isn't so, is it, boys?' she asked. 'If it is, why—I will—'

'Of course it isn't so—with you, said Abraham, moving to give her room between them on the settee. 'You're awfully good to us, Miss Eloise.'

'O,' laughed the young woman, sweetly, 'I am just good to myself. I am lonely, and it seems so good to see your familiar faces. It isn't homelike over here for us; but we'll help each other to make it so, for ourselves and others too, will we not?'

If they had loved Miss Eloise in the sunshine they almost idolized her here in the shadow, as the days went by and they gradually entered into the games of the motley crowds. They even wished themselves back in the seventh grade that they might be near her all day.

School life brightened with the brilliant October days. Even the sun seemed kinder, falling in golden softness on the smutty building with an almost pitying touch. Flowers, too, found their way into the school-room after Miss Eloise set the example of buying a dozen pots for her windows. The cinder teachers, worn and faded from long service in the 'bloody sixth'—perhaps bitter and unsympathetic, too—blessed the day of her 'transfer.'

The 'Patriarchs' were not slow to transfer as much of Miss Eloise's free sunshine to their little shadowed home as their tongues could carry, and a reflection of its light sometimes glinted across their mother's sad, hopeless face, like a lost sunbeam astray on a snow-covered grave.

'I should like to see her,' she said one evening as she stitched on her never-finished mending.

'And I should dearly love to see her,' said Miss Eloise, when thoughtful Isaac told her of the wish. 'May I come next Saturday afternoon and call on her? That is your Sabbath, I believe, and she will be at home.'

'No, she works then too, all day,' said the boy. 'Levi & Samuels have to keep the store open then; it's the busiest day of the week. So we keep your Sabbath at home. Mother never goes to the synagogue any more; it's so far, and she's so tired, and the carfare costs so much. But she reads the Scripture to us, and we boys sing the psalms.'

Miss Eloise smiled softly at the quaint utterance.

'Then I will come Sunday afternoon, my Sabbath, and I want you boys to sing the psalms for me,' she told them.

Miss Eloise did not go 'home' at all the following Sunday afternoon. Somehow the ugly flat, forlorn without as a weeping, dirty-faced child lost in a fog, but cheery within as rich furniture, bright carpets, and pictures—the relics of lost affluence—could make it, seemed 'homeier' than her boarding-house. She almost felt that she belonged there, close beside the little woman of sorrows, whose heart her visit had filled to the brim with its sunny cheer, and so she yielded to the importunities of the 'Patriarchs' and stayed all night.

'Dear,' said the little Jewish mother at bedtime, after the boys had sung their evening psalm, 'I have been so heart-broken I could not pray, and the prayers I read bring no comfort. But you who have lost home and friends, yet can be happy still, you will pray, will you not, that the God of Israel will take this bitter rebellion out of my heart?'

Without waiting for an answer the mother and her boys bowed their heads, according to the Jewish form, and Miss Eloise followed their example, her heart misgiving her. How could she pray, in the presence of unbelieving Jews, to Him whom they rejected—her dearest friend?

No words came to her lips, and the stillness grew oppressive; then, in trembling accents, she repeated simply the Lord's Prayer.

Half afraid of what she had done she sat with her head still bowed and her hands folded in her lap until an arm stole about her waist. Mother Leah's face was wet with tears.

'That was his prayer, the Christ's whom my people crucified,' she murmured. 'Is it the shadow of his cross on my path that makes the way so dark? Sing something, Miss Eloise, a song of your faith that will go as deep into my bitter soul as that prayer. If only something might sweeten the waters of Mara for me!'

Miss Eloise crossed the room to the old rosewood piano of Mother Leah's happy girlhood, and striking a sweet chord sang with angel sweetness:

"Fade, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine."

The boys had gone quietly to their room, with loving good-nights, and the guest with her hostess to the really luxurious apartment which held the dearest remaining treasures of the broken-hearted Jewess.

Miss Eloise had thrown off the spell which her holy song had cast upon the little group by a sudden return to sunny cheerfulness.

'Oh, what a lovely room!' she exclaimed, at sight of the dainty richness. 'It reminds me of Longfellow's "golden room in a wooden house." Why, dear, you haven't lost near everything yet. Count all that remains—your noble boys first—and all these mementoes saved from the wreck. Why, I haven't nearly so much, only my room in the 'Victoria,' and a few pictures and books that were my father's and mother's and brother's.'

'And yet,' said the little Jewess, 'you are happy and your life is full of sunshine, even here in this dreadful section, just because "He is yours!" Perhaps, Miss Eloise, if you will come often, as you have to-day, out of your sunshine into our shadow, with other messages from Him, He will be mine too.'

Miss Eloise put her arms about the black-shrouded figure and kissed the sweet, faintly-brightening face under the fluff of jetty hair.

'I will come every Sunday afternoon,' she promised, gladly.

And that night, for the first time since her widowhood, Mother Leah's pillow was tearless.

'It almost seems as though your coming has made the sunshine itself brighter,' she said the next morning as they parted at a corner, each to her day of toil in the shadow. 'And I know you have made my heart lighter. Where is its heavy burden? I almost miss it.'

Miss Eloise smiled tenderly, triumphantly. 'At the foot of the cross,' she said.

A Real Knight.

A pleasing sight it was, I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused; when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or derbys; and as for greaves—well, knickerbockers are more common to-day.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he

spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

'What's the matter?' I heard him say.

Alas! the 'matter' was that the bundle she held had 'burst,' and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of wrapping-paper also proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the 'burst' bundle under his own arm.

'I'll carry it to the laundry for you,' he said, in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

'Was that boy your brother?' I asked.

She shook her head.

'Did you know him?'

Another shake.

'A real gentleman,' said I. 'A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him!—Presbyterian Banner.'

A Boy's Sister.

Maud felt a glow of pleasure when Mr. Wisner, who was rising to go, told her how greatly he enjoyed the evenings he passed at her house. It was flatteringly pleasant to know that her society was found agreeable by the very interesting young electrical engineer, who had recently come to town as manager of the new trolley line of which her father was part owner.

'I am a most domestic person,' he said, 'and it's a real privilege to me to be allowed to visit here informally.' He glanced appreciatively at the pretty pictures, quantities of books and vases of flowers. 'Do you know, this attractive room reminds me of our old library at home, where my sister and I passed some of the happiest evenings of our lives. We used to play checkers, read aloud and have all sorts of good times together. I always feel that I owe a world of gratitude to that dear sister of mine, who kept me so well entertained at home that I was never tempted to join the boys who went downtown every night. There's nothing like a good sister to keep a lad out of mischief, is there? I've never had the pleasure of meeting your brother. He is out of town now, is he not?'

It was a careless question, asked with no motive other than polite interest, but it brought the color surging into Maud's face quite unexpectedly.

'No, Arthur isn't away. He is out a good deal. I hope he will be home the next time you come.'

A moment later, when Maud stood alone, her cheeks were still burning and she felt uncomfortable, as if she had been sharply reproved. She remembered with painful clearness the many evenings that Arthur had fidgeted restlessly about the room, while she, engrossed in a novel, had only looked up long enough to inquire impatiently why he could not sit still.

'Because,' he had replied that very evening, 'it makes a fellow nervous to sit around with nothing to do or no one to talk to. With father always busy upstairs at his laboratory work and you with your everlasting reading, it's a pretty dull house, and I think I'll go out where there's something doing.' He had gone and Mr. Wisner had come and had been greeted with bright vivacity that might have surprised Arthur, who had left his sister too absorbed in her book to notice his sulky departure.

'I haven't the least idea where Arthur went,' she said to herself, drearily. 'I never know where he is evenings. Mother wouldn't have been so neglectful. She would have kept him happily at home. I haven't done what she would have expected of me.'

Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of that dear one, who in years gone by had filled the home with the sunshine of love and harmony.

'Oh, mother, forgive me,' she said softly. 'I'll try to do better; I'll try to do better.—The Advance.'