

In choosing poultry for table qualities only, there is nothing better than a *Dorking*, unless it be a first cross between a *Dorking* and an *Indian Game*. This is the bird that wins first prize at almost every show of dead poultry. The *Brahma-Dorking* is another good type of table-bird, and Lady de Rothschild has been very successful of late years with birds of this cross. The *Langshan* is a good bird for the table, and at the same time happens to be an excellent layer of dark brown eggs. This breed is well suited to general purposes; although it does not excel in either direction, it comes up well in both. It is, moreover, a very handsome fowl—black, with a fine glossy appearance.

Many other well-known varieties might be mentioned, but there is just one danger to be avoided. Many of the old and famous breeds have been "improved" so much for exhibition purposes that they are now useless both as layers and table-birds. *Brahmas* and *Cochins* and *Game* are examples. If the would-be poultry-keeper will choose his variety from amongst those already mentioned, he will not go far wrong. True, he may find the qualities he desires in one of the many other breeds not here named, but it is more than likely that he will fall upon a strain that has been "improved," and as a consequence will experience some disappointment.

VAIN REPETITIONS.

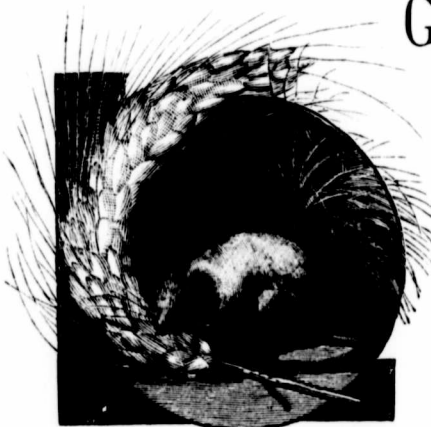
BY THE REV. E. A. SEYMOUR SCOTT, M.A.

Incumbent of Carnforth, Author of "Unconscious Teaching."

[*Outside the Church Door Sunday Night. Two Farmers:*

TOM WILKINS and GEORGE STOKES.]

(Continued from page 162.)



THE VICAR: That's just it, George. When a man is tied by his own capabilities or state of health, he can't pray as he ought. But it is the book that helps him. Now tell me, poor young

Bradfield was imprisoned for poaching, and Harry Stone left his widowed mother and ran off to sea. Has your Minister ever prayed for either of them?

GEORGE: No, sir, I can't say as I've heard him include them in his prayers."

THE VICAR: Well, I pray in our beautiful Litany every Sunday, both for prisoners and sailors. Last night, I believe, your son returned to Glasgow, and I think he has a long journey even after he gets there, before he can be at his work on Monday morning. Has Mr. Trueman been praying for him to-day?

GEORGE: Well, sir, you really can't expect him to think of everybody!

THE VICAR: Now, George, you've hit the mark. We *can't* expect a Minister to think of everybody, so our Liturgy does that for us; and when I pray every Sunday for those that travel by land or by water, I constantly am reminded of poor Harry Stone, and always of my own boy, who is, as you know, now on his way to New Zealand. What does your Minister pray for, George? I know he's a good man, and I have a very great respect for him.

GEORGE: He really makes beautiful prayers, sir. He always asks for a blessing on the service. He prays for the sick, then he asks for forgiveness of our sins, and such-like.

THE VICAR: Anything else?

GEORGE: Yes, he prays for the Queen, sometimes for "Parlymint," and lots more.

THE VICAR: And I suppose that Mr. Trueman prays for these things nearly every Sunday?

GEORGE: Yes, sir; he don't often leave any of them out.

THE VICAR: And, my good man, tell me, do you not often find that he uses the same words as last Sunday when he prays for these things?

TOM: I can answer for that, sir. I've been with George a few times, and when Mr. Trueman says, "And now, Lord, we commend unto Thee the sick members of our flock," then he's got near the end of the prayer.

THE VICAR: Wilkins is about right, isn't he, George?

GEORGE: Yes, sir; but our Minister can pray a beautiful prayer.

THE VICAR: Quite so; but if Wilkins has noticed this expression, are there not many others that we might call not "vain repetitions" but surely "repetitions"? In fact, I daresay you