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pastorate. He was one of the leading and best-known Nonconformist ministers in England.

It is quite possible that many at the present time may like to make use of the following prayer:—

"O Lord Jesus Christ, Who thou hast known the ties of human relationship, the joys and sorrows of human love, hear, we beseech Thee, our prayer for those specially dear to us, who have gone forth to serve their country in a foreign land. In Thy companionship may they never be lonely; in Thy strength may they ever bear themselves gallantly; under Thy protection may they be kept free from harm; and, if it be Thy will, dear Lord, bring them back to us unstained, unhurt; for Thine own mercy sake Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit ever one God, world without end. Amen."

A lady in Scotland, who was a large landowner, once consulted with the late Dean Morison, of St. Andrew's, about the appointment of a clergyman to one of the livings in her gift. "I wish you to understand the kind of man I want," she explained. "He must be a gentleman; he must be musical and cultured. I want him to take an interest in boys, to exercise a refining influence on the whole neighbourhood. He must, of course, be a good preacher. Now, Dean, do you understand the kind of man I want?" The Dean replied: "Yes, madam; I understand the kind of man you want. You want a St. Francis de Sales, plus a Liddon, plus an Archbishop of Canterbury, for a hundred a year and a damp cottage—and you won't get him."

Again the attention of the public has been called to the danger of St. Paul's Cathedral collapsing through senile decay, and an appeal for funds is made by the Dean to hasten the repairs. Two years ago the sum of \$350,000 was asked by the Cathedral Preservation Board, and of this only about \$150,000 has been so far subscribed. It was then stated by the examining engineers that the original architect, the great Wren, had been very sparing in his use of materials. The constant jarring of the building by motor bus and other heavy traffic had, of course, not been anticipated. The vast and imperfectly distributed weight of the dome is the seat of the trouble, and the gradual pressure of the weight is accelerated by the rusting of iron and internal degeneracy.

Only the loyalty of the materials to each other, says one authority, has kept the mass together. Repairs done at an earlier period are found to be entirely inadequate, and new buttresses and supports must be constructed as soon as the money can be found.

The Rev. Cresswell Strange, Vicar of Great Singleton, Preston, having obtained permission from the Bishop of Manchester, has enlisted in the Army. Six London Curates of military age have issued a circular to all the unbeneficed clergymen in the Diocese of London, over one thousand in number, inviting them to append their signatures to all or any of the three sections of the following appeal, which it is proposed to present to the Bishop of London: "We, the signatories of this letter, believing that the needs of our country demand the most efficient utilization of the nation's resources, respectfully request your lordship to (1) Consider the possibility of so reorganizing the work of the Diocese as will permit of the largest number of clergy being set free for whole or part time for work directly in connection with the war; (2) invite all clergy of military age to offer themselves for those branches of national service for which your lordship deems them most suitable, and to undertake whatever work may, in accordance with this action, be allotted them; (3) consider if it be not possible to waive the rule which at present prohibits clergy from serving in the combatant ranks."

Boys and Girls

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER

I'm just a little boy, dear Lord,
A boy You never knew.
I hate to bother You—I know
That You have much to do;
But I was sent to bed without
My supper—now I pray
Make me forget I'm hungry, please,
And wash my sins away.

They blew my bedtime candle out
When I got into bed;
They never even kissed me, Lord,
Or stopped to pat my head.
You see, my folks are cross with me,
And we had lemon pie
For supper, and I missed it, so
Please help me not to cry.

Now it is getting pretty dark;
It's awful lonesome, too;
I guess I haven't got a friend
In all this world but You.
If You could spare an Angel kind
To come down here and keep
Me company a little while,
Perhaps I'd go to sleep.

I'm not so awful scared,
But I can hear, downstairs,
The supper things that rattle so,
And everybody shares
The lemon pie they've got but me,
So please, if you can find
A little time to spare, I wish
You'd help me not to mind.

Please won't You help me just this
once
Forget the lemon pie?
Don't let me shiver in the dark
And help me not to cry;
Let some kind angel comfort me,
As angels sometimes do,
Some time, perhaps, I'll have a
chance
To do something for you.

Please bless all my dear teachers,
Lord,
And bless my parents, too;
And help them to forgive me, Lord,
For all the things I do.
Bless Henry Begg and Stubby Weeks.
Bless all the boys I know;
And cure up Henry's dog, because
The boys all like him so.

And please remember all the poor;
Send them a lot to eat;
Bless orphan boys especially,
They get cold hands and feet,
From not enough warm clothes to
wear;
And when there is a storm,
Help them to get inside somewhere,
So they'll be nice and warm.

THE KING OF THE FEAST

A Tale of the Epiphany.

By Laura Fitch McQuiston, in New York Churchman.

TOWARD the close of a day in January, 1522, a little boy was trudging along a lonely highway in northern France. The sun had set and the falling snow added to the obscurity of the rapidly darkening landscape. Here and there the gloom was pierced by a ray of light from an isolated hut; but the hut itself was invariably closed and barred for the night, and its inhospitable exterior gave no inkling of who might be within.

Each time the boy passed one of these lonely dwellings he glanced longingly at it, but he did not turn from the road nor pause in his resolute walk. Yet he was miserably clad to be abroad on a winter's night. The sharp wind pierced his worn garments and chilled him to the bone. His bare feet were blue with cold; and the snow fell wet upon his un-



covered head and sifted through his scanty blouse.

Suddenly he stopped, listening anxiously to the sound of a sled approaching along the road. But as it drew near and he perceived that it was but an ox-sled and its sole occupant a peasant—a teamster—returning from hauling wood to some nearby chateau, he stepped eagerly forward.

"Good evening," he accosted the man courteously. "Canst thou tell me whether this highway leads through the forest of Senart?"

The teamster started and raised his whip threateningly, for a lonely road was none too safe a place in the sixteenth century, but when he saw the speaker, he lowered his cowhide, and asked curiously:—

"Who art thou? And where goest thou this time o' night when honest folk should all be home?"

"I am called Jacques Amyot," replied the lad, "and I go to Paris."

"To Paris!" The teamster gaped at him. "Thou goest to Paris! Why, 'tis many leagues from here!" "I know it," said the boy, "and therefore I would fain be sure I am on the right road. Canst tell me whether this highway goes through the forest of Senart?"

But the teamster had not yet satisfied his curiosity. "To Paris!" he repeated. "What wouldst thou do in Paris?"

"I go to acquire learning," answered Jacques. "Wilt tell me—"

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