

other world, and they don't seem so cut off from us if our prayers can reach them."

"No, they don't; and so when I think about them I just do as the New Testament says I ought, 'with prayer and thanksgiving I make my requests known unto God.' I'm sure He will listen to me, and I know He will do more than I ask or think, when I say, 'On them and on all Christian souls, may God have mercy.'"—*F. Partridge.*

HE SAID HIS PRAYERS.

In a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys—from different States, and strangers to each other—were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room and getting acquainted. When night came, the younger of the boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without winning or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal. "Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger; "It has been my custom and I wish to keep it up." "I don't want any praying this room, and won't have it!" retorted his companion. The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room and standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly: "Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have; I will take the other, and I will pray

in that half or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse." The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness, the right, and the christian dares to do it without asking anyones's permission.

The Church in California has the nominal adherence of men of great wealth. One parish in San Francisco is said to represent seventy-five million dollars. In the face, it is pitiful to see in a Church paper published in that city, the statement that "the deficit on December 1st, in the Diocesan Missionary Fund was about \$760. Several missionaries have not received their stipends. One missionary and his wife sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner of dry bread, baked potatoes, and left over scraps of cold meat. This in California! This in a diocese of seven thousand communicants!"

In a German churchyard, I saw a grave-stone to a beloved one headed, "Auf wiedersehen" (Till we meet again), and one wondered where such sweet comfort came from in the hour of dark sorrow! Wondered till, lifting the eye, I saw the figure of the Crucified, and then I knew it was through Him, His Passion, Death, and Glorious Resurrection, sorrowing souls found peace and comfort.