



Queen's Hotel

MONTREAL, CANADA

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The beauty of a dying day
~~when~~^{as} sun sets in the western hills
A tired soul from dusty way
Pines refreshed from all its ills.

Convocation

Behold, the heaven and the
heaven of heavens is the Lord's thy
God, the earth also ^{with} ~~and~~ all that
therein is.

In six days the Lord ~~God~~ made
the heavens and the earth and on
the seventh day God ended his work
which he had made and he ~~rested~~
on the seventh day from all the work he
had made. And God blessed the
seventh day and sanctified it because
that in it he had rested from all his
work which God created and made.

Hymn.

No. 1. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

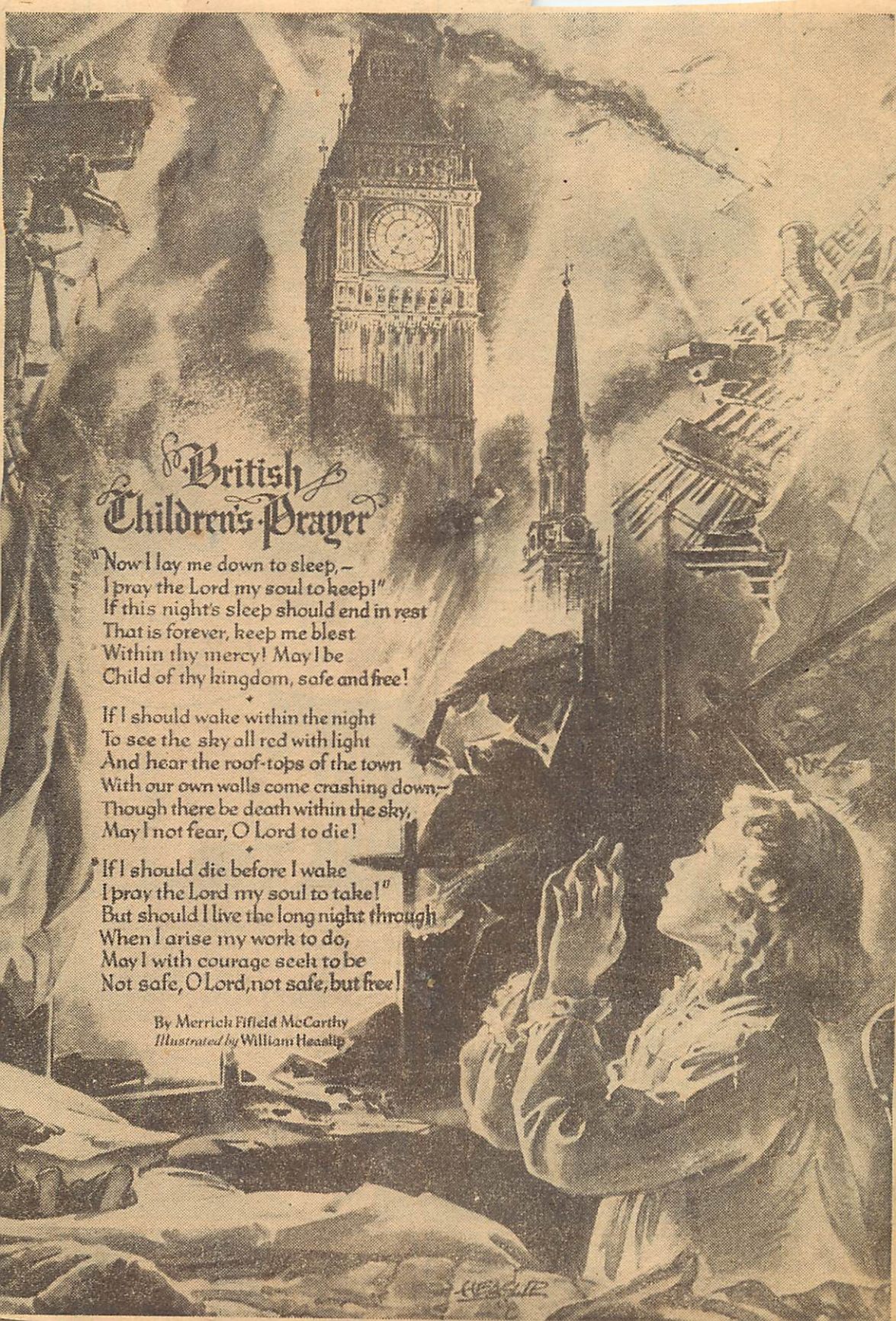
Prayer.

Our Father in Heaven we
draw nigh to thee in our
morning hour of worship. We know
too well our own frailty and
inadequacy. We know that
without thy guiding hand we
walk in darkness, so we would
reach to thee in the darkness of
our knowledge knowing that Thou
wilt not disregard those prayers
that rise to thee from the hearts

The responsibility of judgment.

Moral strength is as necessary to security as military might. Integrity is the cement of society.

As we return to our homes may we find strength for the tasks of this coming week. May we learn to seek only judgment rather than our own and to be unafraid to stand up for what our conscience tells us to be right and good and altogether just. Above all let us have mercy deal with one another gently and walk humbly in the sight of God. Amen.



British Children's Prayer

"Now I lay me down to sleep,—
I pray the Lord my soul to keep!"
If this night's sleep should end in rest
That is forever, keep me blest
Within thy mercy! May I be
Child of thy kingdom, safe and free!

If I should wake within the night
To see the sky all red with light
And hear the roof-tops of the town
With our own walls come crashing down—
Though there be death within the sky,
May I not fear, O Lord to die!

"If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"
But should I live the long night through
When I arise my work to do,
May I with courage seek to be
Not safe, O Lord, not safe, but free!

By Merrick Fiffeld McCarthy
Illustrated by William Healy

A CHRISTMAS WISH *By Joseph Auslander*

Amid this brief enchanted season
I think: Could we stay as we are
By stringing bells of rhyme on
reason,
By wishing on a star!

I think: If only this bright
vision
Of faith in human brotherhood
Could face tomorrow's chill
derision,
Tomorrow's cynic mood;

I think: If only we could
fashion
Year in, year out, this dream of
grace,
Then the great glow of His
compassion
Would shine in every face!

If only for each day's demanding,
When patience ravels thin and
rough,
We kept His gentle
understanding—
So little were enough.

If only, for the gray days after
The lights of Christmas, men
could keep

The sparkle of their Christmas
laughter,
Its gladness warm and deep!

If only, through the sordid story
Of striving, through the greed
and grime,
We caught a glimmer of the glory
And trust of Christmastime!

If only, in our daily dealing,
We took of His truth one small
part,
Hand would reach out to hand,
and healing
Descend upon the heart;

If only, from star-haunted
manger,
Men carried hope, a living
flame—
For when we kneel, no man's a
stranger,
Nor stands he up the same.

If only love, as pure and holy,
Could linger from His hallowed
birth,
Then should God's peace prevail,
and slowly
His Kingdom come on earth!

Fiction

The Time We Had The Rabbit

"THE trouble with me," Pete said, a few minutes after he let me in and climbed back into bed, "is that I'm lonely. It seems to me that I've always been lonely. I'm a lonely soul really."

"You weren't lonely last night," I said, looking around the hotel room. "Judging by the empty glasses with cigarette butts in them, you must have been having the whole convention up here."

Pete fished in the water jug for another piece of ice.

"Just pass me that bottle on the dresser," he said, trying to be off-hand. "And try not to look so disapproving. This is for purely medicinal purposes."

There was a quiet moment.

"Do you feel any less lonely?" I asked.

"It's not that," said Pete, "You don't understand. Nobody does."

He fixed me with a look that worried me for a minute.

"What I mean is," he said, "a bachelor like me every now and then comes up against the fact that he needs something to love, something to protect, something that needs him to look after it. Do you understand?"

"I had a pet rabbit once," I suggested.

"I wish I'd had a rabbit," Pete said in a low, sad voice. "I've never even had a rabbit."

We had a couple more.

"Rabbits are nice," Pete said.

We had a couple more.

"Other kids had rabbits," Pete said, "but not me."

"Maybe it's not too late," I said.

"Do you mean that?" asked Pete.

"They have rabbits at the market," I said. "We could have them send one up."

"A white one with pink eyes," said Pete.

When we phoned the market, the man seemed to be very understanding. He said he knew just how Pete felt. He had a little trouble getting the room number straight, but he was a nice man.

I think it was while Pete was telling me about the night before, and how Eddie Boyne had broken the bed being an Arabian acrobat, that the phone rang. The girl at the other end seemed to be a little excited. You could hear her voice quite clearly.

"This is the parcel room," she said, "and we have a parcel for you."

"A parcel for me?" exclaimed Pete.

"Well, yes," said the girl. "As a matter of fact, this parcel seems to be a rabbit."

"Of course, it's a rabbit!" shouted Pete. "Why isn't it up here?"

"You—you want it up there?" she asked.

"Certainly," said Pete.

It was an awfully nice rabbit. White, with pink eyes, just the way Pete wanted it. It was a pleasant looking rabbit, but a little dumb looking if you looked closely at the face. It came in a little carton with holes punched in the top of it. When we let it out of the box it hopped under the bed.

"It's shy," I said.

"Shy but sociable," said Pete. "Rabbits are sociable."

"Try to get it out so we can see it," I said.

"I'll call it," said Pete, getting out of the bed and peering under it. "This is a very nice rabbit, but if I'm going to call it out it must have a name."

"There was a rabbit called Peter," I suggested, "but then, if we call it Peter, we'll always be getting you two mixed up."

Pete poked his head further under the bed.

"No," he said, "this rabbit is gentle and affectionate. I think her name is Simone. I once knew a girl named Simone, and she was gentle and affectionate."

"I remember her, too," I said.

"Here, Simone," said Pete, "nice Simone."

"Maybe she's hungry," I said, "her namesake always was."

"Of course, she's hungry," agreed Pete. "What do rabbits eat?"

"Lettuce," I said.

Pete picked up the phone and asked for Room Service.

"I want a lettuce salad," he said. "A plain lettuce salad, without any dressing."

Room Service said something.

When the waiter came he stepped into the room first and looked at us. Pete smiled at him though, and he went out and brought in a table with a lettuce salad on it. Pete paid him and thanked him.

"No dressing?" said the waiter.

"Simone doesn't like dressing," Pete explained gently.

The waiter left the room quite quickly.

Pete put the salad on the floor near the bed and Simone tried a little and then ducked back out of sight again.

"Try putting it on the other side of the room," I said.

"That may bring her out."

"It will," said Pete, "there's no sense having a rabbit if you can't see it."

We put the salad on the floor under the dresser and Pete got back into bed. We sat there quietly. Just then there was quite a banging on the door and Eddie Boyne came in. He sat on a chair and didn't say anything at first. Just sat there looking awful.

After a few minutes he got up and poured himself a drink. Then he sat down again and tried to speak. The third time he made it. "Was I here last night?" he whispered.

Pete looked at the broken bed and said he was.

"I've got to go on the wagon," Eddie said. "This morning I felt as if I was getting the horrors."

"It comes from drinking," I said.

"I kept feeling there was somebody sitting on the end of my bed staring at me early this morning," Eddie said.

"That's bad," said Pete.

"Just staring," said Eddie. "And then I kept dreaming about an electric tiger, all lighted up that kept jumping at me—"

Pete and I looked at each other.

"—all because I'd murdered the hotel manager," said Eddie. "But I'm all right now."

It was just then that Simone's hunger got the better of her, and she hippity-hopped out across the floor and under the dresser.

Eddie seemed to go all over green. He shook his head a little and put his glass down.

"You feel all right, Eddie?" asked Pete.

"You look a little tired," I suggested.

Eddie gave a kind of a funny laugh, way down in his throat. "I'm all right," he said, "I just felt queer for a minute."

That was when Simone hopped back under the bed again.

"Look here," Eddie shouted, "what's that?"

"What's what?" asked Pete.

"I thought I saw something," said Eddie, pulling out his handkerchief and running it around under his collar. "It's hot in here."

"What did you think you saw?" asked Pete.

"Well," said Eddie, "it looked like—like a kind of rabbit."

"What kind?" said Pete.

"I knew a man that used to see toads," I said, "he was always looking at his hands to see if he was getting warts on them."

"What's the matter with toads?" Pete demanded. "Toads are very useful creatures. Though I can't say I'd like to have them creeping and crawling all over me. They're probably slimy."

But Eddie was at the door.

"Let me out of here!" he shouted.

When he got to the door he turned around.

"Listen," said Eddie, "if either one of you guys ever see me take a drink again, I hope, so help me—I hope I get—I hope I get warts!"

He slammed the door.

"Eddie should go on the wagon," Pete said.

"He sees rabbits," I agreed.

—Joseph Easton McDougall



TO A NICE LITTLE GIRL .

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

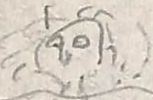
DEAREST LITTLE GIRL .

MAY OLD SANTA WITH HIS TOYS

FILL YOUR LITTLE HEART WITH JOYS.

From.... Granny

Remies of a Rambling Rubber Neck



A very large frog sat in a puddle
He had lumps on his back and a pimple on his ^{middle}
His sides flew out and his throat flew in
He gulped lots of water and made an awful din

Along came a fisherman a' looking for some bait
He spied Mr. Froggy who was sitting out late
Made a quick grab and missed him by a whisk
In went Froggie and man kept look!

Froggie climbed a lily pad and shook off drops
Puffed in some air and pulled out some stops
Just as fisherman came a creeping out de slime
Tunes in old Froggy "he had a grand old time."

H. R.
Nov. 28/47

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Beyond beauty of sunset and
crimsoned sky

Beyond the farthestmost clouds
sailing on high
up where the stars are, glittering
and clean

There is a glory that man's never
sees.

The things that we see with our
dim mortal eyes

are but the steps to greater, vast
surprise, surprise.

The ladder to dreams too precious
to speak

The way that is travelled by strong
and by weak

When our coil comes we shall then
pass the stars

their brightness grow dim as we still
fly beyond