

HOLY WILLIE'S LATEST PRAYER

(By Request.)

O Lord, wha in the Heavens does dwell,
I fear that things are nae gaun well,
Hoo this can be I canna tell;
Baith "cultured" courses
And "frightful" methods fail to quell
The Allied forces.

Lord, I set out to slay a bear,
And hunt a lion to its lair,
And thraw the neck o'Chantclair;
The Cock was game.
An' a' I've got's a Belgium Hare
I canna tame.

O Lord, I hope Ye understand
It was at Thy express command
My people took their sword in hand,
Their foes to chasten.
If Thou would'st help the German
Band,
O do Thou hasten.

Ye shairly canna realize
My army's dwinin' doon in size,
An' sausages are on the rise;
It's maist distressin'.
Some miracle, O Lord, devise,
And reap my blessing.

O Lord, my faith is sairly tried.
I looked to Thee to turn the tide.
I thocht Thou ever would'st abide
A Friend to Willie;
But noo wi' foes on lika side
I'm near driven silly.

"The day," O Lord, hast Thou forgov-
ten?
Thy blessing I was shair I'd gotten.
Yet here wi' grief an' rage I'm sottin,
Ahint the trenches,
While Joffre's nibbles like a rottan
At my defences.

Lord, I beseech Thee, hear my prayer;
Bless me on land, an' sea, an' air,
Preserve me frae the Russian Bear;
Clip Thou its claws.
Or set it dancin' at a fair,
Wi' muzzled jaws.

I've ca'd doon kirks, O Lord, but those
Were filled wi' French an' ither foes,
Wha live on haggises an' brose,
An' worship Burns,
An' wear extraordinary clo'es,
That gie folk turns.

O Lord, destroy thae Scottish chieft,
That dress like lasses, fecht like dells,
They're slippery as conger-eels,
I canna match them;
O lay Thon saut upon their heels,
That I may catch them.

O Lord, what made my spies a' think
That Britain was at ruin's brink,
Wi' Ireland seething like a sink
Wi' civil strife,
And Scotland's glory crooned in drink,
Devoid of life.

Sink Thou, O Lord, the British fleet,
For puir auld, Tirpie's fairly beat;
Stop this infernal rain and sleet
That fills the trenches,
And grant me something to defeat,
E'en wanes an' wenchies.

O Lord, excuse this hurried prayer,
My armies need me everywhere,
And I maun travel here and there,
Frae east to west,
And so hae nae mair time to spare—
Excuse the rest.
—Scottish Review.

"This war is a terrible thing, isn't it?" "Perfectly dreadful. Still, you don't have to keep explaining to people of your set why you are not in Paris."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shopkeeper—That knife has four

blades besides a corkscrew. Scotchman—Hae ye no got one wi' one blade and fower corkscrews?—London Opinion.

"What's that guy doing with that camera? He's been standing on that corner all day." "He's taking a motion picture of that messenger boy."—New York Post.

PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICES.

Consult county clerk or the respective

signers for further information.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Elizabeth Woods, deceased.

Creditors will present claims with vouchers to the undersigned at 26½ South Main street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before the 15th day of October, A. D. 1915.

SARAH ELIZABETH WALTER, Administratrix of the Estate of Elizabeth Woods, Deceased.

MARTIN S. LINDSAY, Attorney for Administratrix.

Date of first publication, June 5, 1915. 6-5-7-3.



Over Mountain and Plain

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