

An Editor's Prayer

(To St. Francis de Sales, Patron of Journalism)

When the galleys are strewn around us,
And the dummy is due to-night,
When a proof is lost amid manuscripts tossed,
And there's something still to write;
When we sit at the keys bewildered,
And all inspiration fails,
Then share the balm of thy heavenly calm,
Good St. Francis de Sales.

When an author forgets his promise,
But the printer remembers ours;
When copy is shy till the hour is nigh—
And then it comes in showers;
When we don't catch sight of the misprints
Till the issue is all in the mails,
Then keep us whole, in body and soul,
Brave St. Francis de Sales.

When the very last run is printed
And the pens and presses are stilled,
And the editor's "We" is the soul of me,
By the dread of judgment chilled,
May some word of mine that was fruitful
Be found in the fateful scales—
So aid all men who wield pipe and pen,
Good St. Francis de Sales.

—*The Far East.*