

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE IN POETRY

The following brief synopsis of the Bible books, in rhyme, has been kindly sent by Miss Fairweather, superintendent of the Junior League in Moncton, N. B. The Juniors of Moncton have profited much by memorizing the lines as here given:

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand; In Exodus the Hebrews marched to faith the promised land. Leviticus contains the law, holy, and just and good; Numbers records the tribes enrolled, all sons of Abraham's blood. Moses in Deuteronomy recounts God's mighty deeds; Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads. In Judges their rebellion off provoked the Lord to smite, But Ruth records the faith of one well-pleasing in His sight, In first and second Samuel of Jesse's son we read; Ten tribes in first and second King's revolted from his seat; The first and second Chronicles see Judah captive made, But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid. The walls around Jerusalem, Nehemiah built and repaired; Who Esther saved her people from plots of wicked men. In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod, And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God. The Proverbs like a goodly string of choice pearls are strung; Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here. The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's rose; While Christ the Saviour and the King the rapt Isaiah shows. The mourning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorned; His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns. Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries; Whilst kings and empires yet to come, Daniel in vision sees. Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell; And Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell. Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call; Whilst Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final doom. Jonah displays a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord; Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored. And Nahum tells on Nineveh just a judgment shall be poured. A view of Christ's coming doom Habakkuk's vision give; Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live. Hagai wrote to those who saw the temple built again; And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's coming reign. Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord, His closing notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, the holy prophets wrote, Describing how the Saviour died, His life and all He taught. Acts proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place, St Paul in Roman's grace. The Apostle in Corinthians' instructions, exhorts, reproves; Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves. Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be; Colossians bids us live to God, and for eternity. In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven; In Timothy and Titus, too, a bishop's rule is given. Philomen marks a Christian's love which others Christians know; Hebrews reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law. James teaches without holiness, faith is but vain and dead; St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led. John in his thirteenth gives delights to dwell. St. Jude us awful warning gives of judgment, wrath and hell. The Revelations prophesies of that tremendous day. When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

SOMEWHAT COMPLICATED.

(San Francisco Star.) Four customers had called that morning. The dealer reflected that the order by mail would necessarily take time, so going to the long-distance telephone he got his favorite jobber on the wire. This conversation ensued: "Hello! Is this the Retailers' Supply Company?" "Yes." "What's talking?" "Watt." "What is your name?" "Watt is my name." "Yes. What is your name?" "Oh! Charles Watt. Well, Watt, send me this order by noon's express, here (Here he reads order.) "All right. Are you Schott?" "No; I'm not shot nor half-shot." "I mean are you John Schott?" "No, I'm Knott." "Well, then what is your name?" "Will Knott." "Will Knott?" "Ubi My name is Will Knott, of Knoxville. I want that order sent out on today's noon express, sure." "Certainly, Knott. Good-bye." And Knott went back to the counter wondering whether Watt said he would or not or what. But he got the goods.

A TERRIFYING NIGHT IN KOREA

The mountain, north of Seoul, is crossed by Peking Pass. We had overtaken the relay of chair-coolies in the afternoon, but the journey had been long and trying on all, and the men, completely exhausted, swayed and reeled from one side of the path to the other under their heavy burden. I insisted that they should rest. Grateful for an opportunity to rest my cramped limbs, I scrambled from the chair, then stood transfixed with fear and terror. Coming over the crest of the mountain were hundreds of lighted lanterns. Faintly from far away came strange wild voices, shouting and screaming. Louder, louder swelled the weird, fantastic noise, and drums, bells and gongs could be heard. "Turning to the men I cried: 'What is this?' and pointed to the strange thing now descending quickly toward us. The men in an excited way talked all together. I could see that it was something very unusual, and they seemed to be very much frightened. My Christian boy, Ke Tai, came to me to keep me from being alarmed. He carefully explained, but using many words I had never heard before. I listened, more mystified than ever; whether it were a mob or an uprising, and so at great length and with many more strange words, not in my vocabulary, he tried to enlighten me by the meaning mind. Nearer came the menacing mob, and above the clanging of brass, the yelling and wailing arose in an unearthly roar. Alone, at midnight, on the dark mountain pass, I stood and faced—what? I knew not, but certainly something terrifying and awful. My heart was with sorrow and a strange, unutterable longing for my homeland and mother swept over my heart. Had my time come to go? It might be indeed so. With faltering voice I insisted that I can't tell you in a few words what the boy understood. What this time the boy understood, what it was that I needed, and made reply: "Yes, it is a nobleman who has departed from this world." It was a great funeral, nothing more. Midnight was the favored time for the procession to the grave. The darkness will help to keep away the evil spirits, so they think; the drums and bells are used to frighten away the malign demons by the noise. The rattling and piercing cries were from the large crowd of hired mourners.—Ellaue Wagner, in the Christian Herald.

PAIDS AND FASHIONS.

Neck ruffs of tulle, the exact tone of one's costume, are seen whenever a cooler day comes. Checked pearl collar pins are one of the latest fads, and very much in keeping with summer toilets. The Persian belts are usually finished with a very narrow edge of patent leather or dark, yellow suede. The majority of bathing shoes are made with silk ribbons and are laced with the use of black and white stripes for simple morning frocks. White kid gloves are stitched in colors to match the frock. Lavenders and pinks are especially favored. Trimmings of baby Irish, Valenciennes, Cluny and white Oriental lace are all lavishly used on the midsummer frock of lingerie, mousseline de soie and fine linens. Chiffon cloth waists in colors, as well as white, are as smart as any separate blouse. Pompadour silk is frequently used for lining these filmy fabrics. The new parasols from Paris are nearly all fringed. Handles all show the effect of the new overworked chateaucraze. Nearly every one displays a cock or a golden pheasant head. The waist knots are most elaborately tied. There is one in dragon fly effect with a long gilt body and innumerable little silk tufts on either side of it to serve as wings. Bandings and motifs in pearl and crystal beads are being shown in great profusion—and it is rumored that both pearl and crystal trappings will be used on many of next season's models. Decidedly attractive and summery looking too are the rattan covered steamer trunks. They come provided with a strap in front, so that the trunk can easily be pulled out from under the berth.

REAL HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

(Rochester Herald.) The results that may ensue from being married to a suffragette were revealed the other day in a London suburban police court. Mrs. Tunnicliffe took up the cause and was not able to spend much time at home. When the husband remonstrated she simply commanded her daughter to pack her father's gripsack, and there and then ordered him out of the house. He went, and then the lady sued him for desertion and demanded alimony. "But surely you did not take it so feebly?" asked the magistrate of the husband. "It was no use of objecting," was his answer. "She wanted to be master and said that if I annoyed her she would lock me up. I was only so anxious to go back home, but she would not let me." The case was dismissed.

GOOD ADVICE TO LAWN TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS

SCIENTIFIC MOTHERHOOD.

Oh, deary me! Oh, deary me! That such a thing should ever be— That motherhood should come at last. And 'mongst the science be classed, With chemistry, astronomy, And ge and entomology! I'm mighty glad, you may be sure, My mother was an amateur. The scientific mother jogs Her infant like a thing of cogs; And cradles now no longer frock, Lest nervous systems they should shock. The child is placed within a sling— A sort of antiseptic swing— And not too fast and not too slow, Fair science sways him to and fro. The little babe's no longer pressed Against his mother's untaught breast, But held at arm's length, so that he May gather girth expansively; And when his little tummy's filled With milk and pepsin thrice distilled, He goes to dreamland by the rule On couch of medicated wool. The mother's kiss is obsolete, As also is her hug so sweet; Because that dearest kiss of youth Holds microbes dangerous, forsooth! And every show of mother-love, With eyes lit like the skies above, Is quite forbidden, least it serve To enervate the infant nerve. No scientific mother cheers With baby talk the infant ears, But moulds his character with speech; Such as the icy purists teach; And lullabies and soothing hand To send him into slumberland Cold science treats with sniffs and shrugs, As merely sentimental drugs. And when, perchance, the science kid Hath done some thing that is forbid, He does not feel the gentle tap, Face down across his mother's lap, But, shivering with fear and awe, Is taught the majesty of law— That justice holds a flaming sword— Though virtue's still its own reward. And when the child of science plays, 'Tis all in scientific ways. He may not pull his daddy's hair, Or play his granddad is a bear— A game like that would give, you see. False notions of zoology; And fairy tales are all tabooed By scientific motherhood. Poor little chap, by science bred, On rule and regulation fed! To go through all your baby time With ne'er a song or nursery rhyme, And not a bit of natural play, To cheer you on your baby way! Great Scott! I'm mighty glad, I'm sure, My mother was an amateur! —Judge.

CANADA'S GRAND OLD MAN NINETY YEARS OF AGE.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, for years known throughout the British Empire as Canada's Grand Old Man, the born in Bonnie Scotland, celebrated the 90th anniversary of his birth on August 6. His career is certainly one of the most wonderful in the annals of modern times. Born at Forres, Scotland, on Aug. 6, 1810, as the son of a saddler, he made the prediction, as plain Donald Alexander Smith, to his cousin, now Lord Mount Stephen, then a herd lad, that as there were no lairds in Canada to lord it over man, he would leave for British North America to reap fortune and win a competency. Accordingly, as a young boy of 18, he set sail for the west, years before Horace Greeley was known, and has done better on this continent than any man from the east who ever crossed the western main. Arriving at Montreal, he at once entered the service of the Hudson Bay Co., and for years was immersed in the solitudes of Labrador. He endured terrible hardships, but finally became superintendent of that company, whose sphere of influence extended for 3000 miles. Afterwards, in company of his cousin, now Lord Mount Stephen, he advocated, against strong opposition, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was told that the receipts of the road would not pay for the axle grease of the trains. He had faith in the proposition, however, and has lived to see it the greatest transportation company in the world, carrying passengers from Great Britain to Hongkong over its own lines. Lord Strathcona is to-day the world's oldest multi-millionaire, Canada's greatest philanthropist, optimist and financier, the British House of Lords' second oldest peer, Great Britain's most prominent railroad builder and Canada's High Commissioner at the seat of empire.

IN THE FLAT.

It was the tiniest of tiny flats. "Yes, sir," said the maid, "the stork arrived with a fine baby boy." "Great Josephus!" exclaimed Mr. Platte, who had been away on a trip. "That means more room. Have you hung the broom in the air shaft?" "Yes, sir." "And trimmed the leaves of the rubber plant to one-half their normal size?" "Yes, sir." "Then take the pet dog to the fancier's and have his tail cut off. We must economize in some way. Thank goodness it wasn't twins."—Chicago News.

THE LEVELLER.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold, Fenced round by his 'right divine'; The baron he sits in his castle old; Drinking his ripe red wine; But below, below, in his ragged coat, The beggar he tunceth a hungry note, And the spinner is bound to his weary thread; And the debtor lies down with an aching head; So the world goes! So the stream flows! Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows, Who maketh all free On land and sea, And forceth the rich like the poor to fee! The lady lies down in her warm white lawn, And dreams of her peared-ridge; The milkmaid sings to the wild-ewe dawn Sad songs on the cold hillside; And the bishop smiles as on high he sits On the scholar who writes and starves by fits; And the girl who her nightly needle plies Looks out for the summer of 'life, So the world goes! So the stream flows! Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows, Who maketh all free On land and sea, And forceth the rich like the poor to fee! —Barry Cornwall, in The Springfield Republican.

SALVATION ARMY LEADER TRIES BACK-TO-LAND EXPERIMENT.

From the days of the "Darkest England" scheme General Booth has been anxious to try the experiment of placing on the land men of good character, but without capital, who would be willing to learn the arts of agriculture and be fitted for the tenancy of a small holding. At length he has obtained the money where he had been unable to get it, and he has begun to prove the truth of his hopes and beliefs on the late George Herring farm by the late George Herring farm. An estate of 400 acres has been purchased at Boxted, near Colchester, says the Daily Graphic, and this has been divided into five-acre holdings, each equipped with commodious cottages and the necessary outbuildings. The holder will be encouraged to develop his plot in every possible way. He starts with twenty head of poultry, a pig, and an adequate is at his disposal in order to advise as to the sale, so that every reasonable provision has been made to ensure the success of the small agriculturist. While his produce is marketing he receives a weekly allowance for himself, wife, and family. An excellent beginning has been effected, and all eyes are turned to the heads of families have taken up their holdings, with evident zest and enterprise. In many cases the new life is strange and unfamiliar to them, but with a desire to learn and become efficient the Salvation Army express their belief in the possibilities of the future. For the present the men are on trial, and no binding arrangements are concluded. After two years the army proposes to seal the bargain by handing over to each successful holder a lease for 99 years on the five-acre plot and cottage. This will be effected on easy terms, so that at the end of forty years the tenant or his heirs will have paid off the capital sum and allowances, and for the future will remain in possession with only a small annual charge. So far as the army is concerned, the profit will accrue to its exchequer. In fact, it is possible General Booth will find a balance on the wrong side, but he is quite content if he can prove the success of his ideals in this direction. Heaving also that other similar schemes may as a consequence be inaugurated. Altogether it is a bold scheme. It has been wisely conceived, and is surrounded with the necessary safeguards for ensuring the tight stamp of a colonist—who is not of necessity a Salvationist—and each man enters into a covenant that he and his heirs will preserve the land for agricultural purposes. J. J. HILL AND HIS SONS. (Cincinnati Times-Star.) On one occasion it is related that James J. Hill, master of the Great Northern Railroad, called his son James to him and handed him a cheque for \$150,000. "You have been a good boy and worked hard," said the old man. "How about my brother Louis?" asked James. "He has been as good as I have, and worked as hard. Have you another cheque for him, or shall I split this?" "Well, James Jupiter Hill gave the grandest exhibition of aerial soaring and ora-bombarding the world ever witnessed. He said that James, Jr., was trying to tell him how to dispose of his fortune, was trying to get his money away from him, was ungrateful, undutiful, and a good deal of a slob. In the middle of the oration James, Jr., shut the door behind him, incidentally breaking all the glass out of it. Hill's private secretary remained as an audience. When the old man paused for lack of breath, the secretary insinuated: "But it's pretty nice to see one brother think so much of another." "That's so," said J. J. H. heartily. "James is a good boy. Make out a new cheque for Louis."

DOGS AS DEPUTIES.

For the first time in the history of Missouri two hunting dogs have been regularly designated as deputies and attached to the office of the State by Jesse A. Tolerton, the present commissioner, bearing the seal of Missouri, he certifies that Lady and Queeny are regularly attached to the working force of his office and requests that they be so recognized and adequate opportunity be given them to employ. These two new State employees are of the English setter variety and their part of the work is to walk around and look wide where the game wardens suspect that game is secreted. Around railroad stations and all that the deputy game warden has to do is to lead them through a pile of baggage, and when Lady or Queeny gives a knowing sniff and attached to a halt, following this information a clerk, to follow this information to confiscate the baggage and find the quail. FORTY-FOUR ERRORS OF LIFE. (London Evening Standard.) The fourteen mistakes of life, Judge Rentoul told the Bartholomew Club, are: To expect to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it. To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. To look for judgment and experience in youth. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. Not to yield in trifles. To look for perfections in our own actions. To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied. Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation. To make allowances for the weaknesses of others. To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp. To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live forever. To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

DOES FARMING PAY SOME SUCCESSSES MADE

CANADA'S PROSPECTIVE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

An interesting sketch of Earl Carrington, who will likely be the next Governor-General of Canada, appears in May Busy Man's. Perhaps it is his sincere kindness and spontaneous geniality that constitute Lord Carrington's chief assets as a person in the public eye. In the House of Lords many a tedious debate is enlivened by his welcome merriment; on the country platforms, and at National Liberal Club banquets his jests are inimitable. Apart from the serious viewpoint of his mission—and for a moment it is serious—perhaps his special function is that of softening the asperities of provincial Radicalism, and of convincing disappointed aspirants after social fame that a peer may really be a good fellow. In his young days, when he proved himself to be one of the most charming and pleasant young men of the court, Lord Carrington was chosen to accompany the King, then Prince of Wales, on his famous tour through India. And there, on all sides, he made hosts of friends. In 1885, when the earl was sent out to be Governor of New South Wales, he found the prevailing tone of Australian statesmen was one of mingled dislike and contempt for all that pertained to Downing Street, and also that they were apt to vent their dislike of the colonial office upon the governors. Without any too apparent effort Lord Carrington won all hearts in Sydney, the popularity thus gained becoming a standard to which recent governors have been expected to conform. He was long remembered as the most successful representative of the crown who had ever been sent out to Australia. WHAT HE FOUND OUT. (London Globe.) An Italian journalist, Signor Tommaso Gioni, has just had some disagreeable experiences. Desirous of knowing something of the lunatic asylums from within, with the object of ameliorating the lot of the insane, he presented himself at the gates of the Cimarra Asylum and asked for an audience of the King of Bats, and then he ran foul of the police, and in the end found himself interned in the asylum. The doctors examined him, and finding him far from tractable, administered an emetic. Then they vaccinated the enterprising journalist. After that they held a consultation in the presence of the "lunatic"—whose bona fides they evidently suspected—and brutally but unanimously agreed that the only treatment in such a case was trepanning for a cure on the brain. By this time Signor Tommaso Gioni thought the best he could do was to confess. This he did, and found himself at the police station. The magistrate, however, released him, observing that he thought the doctors had administered sufficient punishment.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Buttons are made of silver these days and inlaid with little spots of bright enamel. Two or three of these take the place of a dozen of any other sort. Wide-stamine ribbons, all cotton, but printed in chic Egyptian and Persian designs and colorings, are in demand for scarfs for Panama and other outing hats. The most popular ribbon rosette is made from half-inch double silk ribbon, made into a number of knotted groups. Five yards is needed for each rosette. Striped materials, especially in the popular combination of black and white, gray and white, and blue and black, come next in favor to the co-ordinated fabric. Soutache braiding combined with embroidery, using heavy silk, makes a most striking garniture than all-silk embroidery. This is yet a favorite decoration. Persian and other Oriental effects are leaders of the moment in ribbon designs and colorings, and are extremely effective when combined with plain fabrics or other plain ribbons. A novelty in the binding of hats is to take a ribbon about three inches wide, gather at each edge, and draw up to fit over the brim edge, and ride on the lower as on the upper side. The Charlotte Corday is fast gaining in favor in the lace lingerie hats. Lace is used over a colored silk lining, and a bunch of flowers or a rose made of ribbon is the trimming. The idea of this sensation is to face the under side of the brim of the hat out to within one-half of the edge, instead of applying a band several inches in length, as was done last year. Shrink and set color of children's garments before making up. They wear so easily that it is not worth while to run risks of waiting until afterwards. Brittle finger nails indicate a lack of oil; eat more olive oil and butter, and rub vaseline every night on the nails.

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