

Books of the Bible.

In Genesis the world began ;
'Twas then that God created man.

In Exodus the law was given,
As Israel's guide from earth to heaven.

Leviticus, from Levi's name,
The tribe from which the priesthood came.

Then Numbers falls about the way—
What God would have us do and say.

Deuteronomy, which means "twice told,"
The truth, once learned, must ne'er grow old.

Then Joshua came, in Moses' place,
When Law had failed, God brought in Grace.

He next by Judges Israel ruled ;
His love toward them never cooled.

And then, the story sweet of Ruth
Foreshadows very precious truth.

In Samuel First we read of Saul—
The people's King—his rise and fall.

In Second Samuel then we hear
Of David—man to God so dear.

In First of Kings the glory filled
The temple Solomon did build.

And Second Kings records the lives
Of prophets, kings, their sons and wives.

In First of Chronicles we're shown
The house of David and his throne.

And Second Chronicles records
King Solomon's good deeds and words.

Then Ezra builds God's house again,
Which had for long in ruins lain.

And Nehemiah builds the wall
Round Judah's city, great and tall.

Then Esther, Jewish maid and wife,
Raised up to save the people's life.

And Job—his patience sorely tried—
At last God's dealings justified.

Then come the Psalms, whose sacred page
Is full of truth for every age.

The Proverbs, which the wise man spake,
For all who will their teachings take.

Ecclesiastes show how vain
The very best of earthly gain.

The Song, how much we need to prize
The treasure set above the skies.

Isaiah, first of prophets, who
Foretells the future of the Jew.

Then Jeremiah, scorned by foes,
Yet weeps for faithless Israel's woe.

The Lamentations tell in part
The sadness of this prophet's heart.

Ezekiel tells, in mystic story,
Departing and returning glory.

Then Daniel, from the lion's den,
By power Divine is raised again.

Hosea shown the Father's heart
So grieved for sin on Ephraim's part.

And Joel tells of judgment near ;
The wicked nations quake and fear.

Then Amos, from the herdmen sent,
Calls hardened sinners to repent.

In Obadiah, Edom's fall,
Contains a warning word to all.

Jonah, though prophet of the Lord,
Yet fled to Tarshish from His word.

Then Micah sings in sweetest lays
The glory of millennial days.

And Nahum tells the fear and gloom
Of Nineveh and of her doom.

Habakkuk—though the fig-tree fail,
His faith and trust in God prevail.

Then Zephaniah tells of grace,
And love that comes in judgment's place.

And Haggai in the latter days
Repeats: "Consider well your ways."

In Zechariah's wondrous book
We find eight visions, if we look.

Then Malachi, the last of all,
Speaks sadly still of Israel's fall.

A Canadian Celebration, and a Page of International History.

BY A. M. MACHAR.

Just above the old city of Kingston, where the St. Lawrence receives into its noble river-channel the waters of the wide Ontario—and where, some two hundred years ago, the gallant La Salle built his trading fort of Catarqui—a pretty bay is formed by a long fertile tongue of land that extends from the western shore of the lake and shuts in this quiet reach or arm of Ontario. Along its green and tranquil shores scarcely a vestige of the original forest is to be seen, while the rich green fields, with spreading elms and maples here and there, make a cool and grateful shade for the browsing cattle, and the snug, pleasant homesteads tell of generations of peaceful husbandry and rural home life. As on a summer evening, when the sunset tints light up the landscape and the cool slanting shadows grow longer and longer, you sail up this quiet bay to the picturesque little town of Picton nestling under shadowy green heights at its head, associations with any time of conflict or struggle seem remote indeed from the Arcadian scene. Yet its early history is very closely associated with the sharp conflict which rent from England the greater portions of her possessions in the New World and created the United States of America. To that issue these well-tilled shores owed the first settlers; and during the recent celebration of the landing of these settlers a hundred years ago their landing-place has been styled the "Plymouth Rock" of Canada, because—*mutatis mutandis*—these refugees came thither in a spirit and with aims very much akin to those which animated the Pilgrim Fathers, and because the character of these sturdy yeomen did much to mould what was then the infant colony of Canada, just wrested from the French regime. It was, therefore, fitting enough that the centenary of the landing of the "U. E. Loyalists," as they are called, should not be allowed to pass without some national recognition.

Some of them had fought under the old flag and could not brook the thought of living under another. None of them could feel the new republic a home for themselves and their families. Ties of home and of friendship, even of kindred, were severed. Fertile fields and pleasant homesteads in the rich valleys of Massachusetts and Southern New York, were sorrowfully abandoned; and with only their families and such movables as, in those days of difficult transportation, they could carry with them, these staunch "United Empire Loyalists" set out in true pilgrim fashion to make new homes as best they might in the wild Northern wilderness, still protected by the flag they held so dear.

Some of the refugees found their way on foot across New York State, near the head of the Adirondacks, to the long fertile stretch which bounds the St. Lawrence on both shores, just south of the frontier line. Some colonized part of New Brunswick, and one party put themselves under the leadership of a captain who had once been a prisoner in old Fort Frontenac, and remembered its vicinity as a desirable place for set-

tlement. Instead of attempting to cross the trackless wilderness that then lay between New York and Catarqui—a distance now comfortably traversed in eight hours by rail—they came round by the circuitous route of the St. Lawrence, leaving their families at Sorel—between Montreal and Quebec—while the men alone made their way up the noble, but difficult river till they reached, as La Salle had done a century earlier, the banks of the Catarqui and the land-locked bay beyond.

The party returned to Sorel for the winter, getting through it as best they might in that bitter climate, surrounded by a French population, with only the British flag to make them feel at home amid the sounds of an alien tongue. But as soon as spring set free the blue waters of the St. Lawrence and unfurled the snowy bloom of the "shad-bush," their batteaux were on their way to take possession of the new homes on the grants of land made to them at Catarqui and its vicinity. A few French and Indian families still clung to the neighbourhood of the ruined Fort Frontenac, but the new settlers were the first permanent colonists. Their strong arms soon cleared virgin fields where forest giants had spread their boughs so long, and their loyal zeal changed the name of the settlement Catarqui, or Fort Frontenac, to Kingston. Westward up the Bay of Quinte, already described, the homesteads of the loyalists extended, and new parties in time arrived to swell their number.

The conditions of their life for a long time were hard and primitive enough. Some had been soldiers, whose unpractised hands and clumsy axes found "clearing" slow and toilsome work. For lack of a mill in their vicinity they had at first to grind their corn with an axe on a flat stone, or with a pestle and mortar, or else to take a long tramp through the woods with a bag of wheat to the nearest mill. Coarse homespun, dyed a butternut-brown, and home-made cowhide boots had to replace the worn-out clothing of men and women, and squirrel-tail bonnets were the best head-gear the settler's wife could muster to attend the few opportunities of Sunday "meeting." A single minister had to baptize and marry all who needed his ministrations, travelling from place to place in a perpetual circuit. One such missionary, doing his endless work in a truly apostolic way—the Rev. Mr. McDowall—has left a name and memory fragrant with many associations of self-denying Christian labour.

What's Your Boy Worth?

BY GEORGE B. SCOTT.

LAST fall, with Mr. A. B. Campbell, of Topoka, I attended a temperance meeting held in a school-house in Shawnee county, Kansas. After two speeches had been made a collection was taken up to raise money to prosecute liquor-sellers in that county. A tall Kansan arose and said: "Put me down for \$20; I have six boys, and if necessary will make my subscription more; to save them, a \$100 bill would be a small amount." Yet he was a hard-working farmer; but he loved his boys, and as a consequence hated the liquor traffic.

In my late trip I asked a man, formerly a New York merchant, how it was that he had taken such an interest

in the prohibition movement. He replied: "To my astonishment I found out that my eldest boy had taken a drink of beer." That was enough. He loved him as "the apple of his eye." And now every energy of that business man is brought into active service to protect his son from the ravages of the liquor trade.

In a town in Jersey, after a public meeting, a gentleman asked me what he should do to save his two dissolute, drunken boys. A man of means, and living in a handsome country residence, he could not see why they preferred the saloon to their home of comfort. The liquor trade, knowing that he would foot all bills, was only too willing to give the boys all the poison they asked for. He said he loved them; but he never voted for home protection, as against the saloon, on election day. His boys, practically, were not worth casting a ballot for.

I came across a mother in Ohio, who loved her boy so that she would not give her husband any rest until he promised to vote for the Second Amendment. Some people thought she was only a humble, ignorant woman; but she was smart enough to know the value of her boy! You, mothers, who read this article, answer me this question: What's your boy worth? Make the price high, for he is "bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh." Ask father if he is worth a ballot next election. Put the question to him with tear-drops trickling down your cheeks, backed up with a prayer of faith. If you can do it with all sincerity the true value of his boy will appear, and all other questions sink into insignificance.

What is your boy worth?

First: He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.

Second: He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope meeting to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system.

Third: He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.

Fourth: He is of more value than many household pets, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.

Fifth: To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment, and education more than what the average saloon-keeper pays for his license.

Sixth: "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighbourhood in which you reside. If he turns out good he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.

Seventh: Being immortal, he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest estimate that you can put on your boy if there's a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Nebraska virtually says its city boys are worth \$1,000; altogether too low. New York city puts the price of her boys at \$75; less than the price of a city railway horse. An insult to every mother!

What's your boy worth?

Tell me the value of his soul, and I'll name the price of the privilege to sell intoxicants.

What's your answer?—N. Y. *Witness.*