

ANCIENT HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

AND it came to pass that the chief priests of all the tribes had assembled in the temple, as was the custom in those days, to commune with one another.

2 And while they were yet assembled the chief priest saith unto the scribe, what is this matter which troubleth the tribe of Saint Andrew?

3 ¶ And the scribe arose and readeth a great parchment which was worded with much cunning.

4 And it was signed by many names, yea even to the names of Robert the son of Mikin, Axel the son of Yure, Ben Net the interpreter of the law, Killi-Kan the son of Mak, Mikel the son of Kar, Jar the son of Robert, Millr the son of Gaul, and Balan the son of Tyne.

5 ¶ And when there had been an end to the reading thereof, the chief priests saith one unto another, there are a goodly number of names to the parchment, and asketh are they all good men? and no one spake.

6 ¶ And the chief priest saith unto the scribe, have ye the book in which are inscribed the records of all good men?

7 And the scribe answereth the chief priest, yea verily.

8 And the chief priest saith unto the scribe, turn ye to the book, and readeth what the record saith of these men.

9 ¶ And the scribe turned unto the record of Robert the son of Mikin, and readeth what was therein written in the ancient language, which being interpreted, meaneth that Robert the son of Mikin held high honor in the land, was trusted by the nation and a ruler amongst the tribe; and his record was likeneth even as the snow.

10 And he then turneth to that of Axel the son of Yure; and yea even his record was good, for had he not given many shekels to the temple, succored the needy and given alms to the poor.

11 And the record of Ben-Net, the interpreter of the law, was that of one well learned in the law, yea even as one who hath an humble opinion of himself, for is it not written that he who is humble in spirit shall be exalted before men.

12 And Balan the son of Tyne, his record was likeneth pure, even as that of Robert the son of Mikin.

13 ¶ And lo and behold the scribe turned to look for the record of Killi-Kan, the son of Mak, and he found it not.

14 And the chief priest saith unto Patrick the high priest, know ye this man? And Patrick the high priest answereth saying, yea verily, but it is not meet that I should say anything against him, for hast he not been unto me even as a brother?

15 And the chief priest turneth unto the other chief priests assembled, and saith, know ye aught of this man?

16 And one of the chief priests arose and saith that he came from a far off land, a stranger and in trouble, and we took him in, for was he not well learned in the law?

17 And behold he hath prospered, and there is much gratitude in him.

18 And the chief priest saith unto the scribe, let his record be inscribed in the book.

19 And of Mikel the son of Kar, it was

written he was a temperate man, and knoweth not iniquity.

20 And of Jar the son of Robert it was also written that he was a man temperate in all things, and where he dwelleth peace abideth.

21 And of Millr the son of Gaul, it was written that he was sickly in his youth, but that he had waxen strong, and shunneeth evil company, for is it not written, he that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.

22 ¶ And when the scribe made an end of reading the records, no one spake, for were they not all good men?

23 And the chief priest saith unto the scribe, turn ye to the book wherein is accounted the shekels.

24 And the scribe turneth and lo and behold each man had contributed the number of shekels for which he had stood sponsor.

25 And there was much confusion amongst the chief priests for hadst it not been reported that some of the tribe were dilatory in their reckonings with the steward.

BAD RHYME, GOOD REASON

IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET.

Full sixteen months have passed away
Since the San Pedro's keel
Struck with great force upon the rocks,
Which made the good ship reel;
And there a total wreck she lies
Occasioning much regret;
Of course they're going to raise her—
But it hasn't happened yet.

There's been a lot of talk of late,
(At least I've heard them say,)
'Bout pulling down the magazine,
And taking it away;
But Government resolutions
Are like the drizzling wet,
We hear and see a lot of them—
So it hasn't happened yet.

"Long-suffering Victorians,
The day is now at hand
When close beside your Outer Wharf
The Empresses will land;"
Thus spake Van Horne last summer,
But I am prone to bet
'Twas but a passing fancy—
For it hasn't happened yet.

Within the limits of this town,
There dwells a lady fair,
Who boasts of having, with her smiles,
Entrapped a millionaire;
She says: "It's you, my darling,
And not your money, pet;"
But there's a rival in the field—
So it hasn't happened yet.

In the not far distant future—
As now the story goes—
A much disgusted benedict
In court will air his woes;
And not a few young men, I hear,
As co-respondents, fret,
Lest it should really come to pass—
But it hasn't happened yet.

Our boys will play lacrosse this year
As never heretofore,
They'll walk around Vancouver—
Westminster will not score;
I make this statement entre nous—
I'm not disposed to bet
That they will be victorious—
For it hasn't happened yet.

"(Since the above was written the man and wife have "made up" and left town together.

I hear that Professor Foster
Is looking for a scrap
With someone, be he famed or not,
He doesn't care a rap.
He would even fight a big 'un,
Will challenge Jim Corbett
To meet him to a finish here—
But it hasn't happened yet.

I thought when Pere Grinator
Became a Christadelph
I'd see a marked change in the yarns
His pen was wont to tell;
That he no more to shows would go,
Nor mingle with that set
Whose heads are innocent of hair—
But it hasn't happened yet.

But what about those golden times
That we were soon to know
When the Citizens' candidates
Began to run the show;
Have they their election-vows forgot?
And must we, too, forget?
I hope not, but I must remark—
That it hasn't happened yet.

We have some men upon this earth
Who favor the belief
That all the planets 'round the sun
Will shortly come to grief;
Old Sol himself will, so they say,
His mission then forget
And with the rest will be destroyed—
But it hasn't happened yet.

The time will come, inventors say,
When through the atmosphere
Great ships loaded with human freight
Their lofty course will steer,
When men upon old mother earth
Will speak of having met
Some one of note from planet Mars—
But it hasn't happened yet.

Old England, it is truly said,
Stands mistress of the seas,
That her good flag in every clime
Floats proudly on the breeze;
But Uncle Sam would have us think
Her star is soon to set;
We know he would like to see it—
But it hasn't happened yet.

GUFF.

The Consumers' Coal Company, Ltd., has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000. To do a general coal business at Vancouver. Jas. Webster, J. W. Weart, J. I. Johnson, Alex. Grant, R. V. Palmer, W. Lawson, N. McLean, C. A. Schooley, Robert. A. Anderson, are the trustees.

It would appear that the consumers of coal are beginning to avail themselves of the provisions of the by-law which gives them permission to have their coal weighed on the public scales, and to ask for a duly certified ticket as to the weight in view, however, of the generally understood fact that a large majority of the loads are from two to three hundred weight short when delivered, it ought to be the business of the City Council to make it imperative, subject to a heavy fine, that all coal be weighed upon the public scales, a certificate of weight being an essential part of the delivery. Surely people pay enough for their coal without being robbed at the same time. It is the plain duty of the Council to intervene in this matter as well as in regard to the measurement of woods, for a cord here compared with what it is out East is a very small thing. No one likes to reflect upon the honesty of his coal or woodman by being particular as to certificates of weight and that kind of thing, but if the city by-law is made so as to thoroughly protect the consumer, the latter's position would be made much easier.