

Poetry.**NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE and **JOHN** wrote the Gospel, to show

How Jesus redeemed, and would save us from woe.

How He set up His Kingdom, we next have the facts

Narrated by Luke, in the book called the ACTS.

Then, next to Acts—**ROMANS**—an epistle of Paul, To prove that the Gospel is meant for us all.

First and second **CORINTHIANS**—then make it appear.

Paul wrote God's own words: so sublime! yet so clear!

Next—**GALATIANS**—reveals (what no one inherits) *Salvation by grace*: and not through our own merits.

EPHESIANS—as tho' this glad strain to prolong— Then breaks forth exultant in rapturous song!

PHILIPPIANS—**COLOSSIANS**—both, echoing the strain,

With **THESSALONIANS** first, second—Gospel doctrines explain.

Then in **TIMOTHY**, first, second—if the Clergy will search,

They will find—as in **TITUS**—how to govern God's church.

Next, in **PHILEMON**—we see that a running slave May when changed by grace become honored and brave.

Then **HEBREWS**—the last of Paul's letters sublime—

Proves Christ to be God: and his Gospel, Divine.

Now, lest we should think we have nothing to do, Since, we're saved but by grace—next **JAMES** comes in view:

To teach us that grace, living power doth impart, To make us most active and loving of heart.

Then **PETER**, first, second—like a voice from the skies—

Bids us gird up our strength and push on for the prize;

Not with strife and with envy, but in meekness and love:

As **JOHN**, in three letters—and **JUDE**—do next prove.

And we see through the visions **REVELATION** last shows,

A bright world awaiting our race at its close.

JOSEPH T. HARRIS.

GOD'S BUILDING.

Of all the beautiful lessons

With which God's book is filled,
This one, of wonderful sweetness,
Hath oft my being thrilled.

Oh, wonderful care of the Father!
Oh, wonderful love so free!
To know that the Maker of all things
Careth so much for me!

'Tis said that the temple, so stately,
That crowned Moriah's Hill,
Was built without sound of hammer,
The toilers working so still.
Far off from the grand foundation
Was all the noise and strain
Of fitting one stone to another,
From base to turret's fanc.

And when all were brought together,
The stones of every size,
The columns, so strong and graceful,
Each in its place to rise—
They formed so grand a temple
As never before was seen;
So true in its great proportions,
So bright in its glittering sheen.

Yet there is a greater temple,
And God is He who plans;
Now gather'ing His stones together
For His "house not made with hands,
And each ransomed soul will be there,
Which evermore, day by day,
He's fitting for this great temple,
Which will last for ever and aye.

Our pains, temptations and perils,
Our sufferings, sighs and tears,
Are God's chisels, tools and hammers,
Before "the angel appears."
Let no one shrink from the process,
Let none of the Lord complain;
But wait with a meek submission,
'Twill not be long or in vain.

Away from the noise of the furnace,
Away from the toil and sin
Will He carry each of His children,
The beautiful gates within;
Where each in appointed station
He will fashion one by one,
And Christ will complete the temple,
Himself for the corner stone.

The Rev. Dr. Gilfillan, Theologian and Poet, died on the 13th of August of heart disease.