

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

IN Genesis the world was made ;
In Exodus the march is told ;
Leviticus contains the law ;
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.
In Deuteronomy again
We're urged to keep God's law alone ;
And these five books of Moses make
The oldest writings that are known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads ;
In Judges oft the Jews rebel ;
We read of David's name in Ruth
And First and Second Samuel.
In First and Second Kings we read
How bad the Hebrew State became ;
In First and Second Chronicles
Another history of the same.
In Ezra captive Jews return,
And Nehemiah builds the wall ;
Queen Esther saves her race from death,
These books "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith ;
The Psalms are David's songs of praise ;
The Proverbs are to make us wise ;
Ecclesiastes next portrays
How fleeting earthly pleasures are ;
The Song of Solomon is all
About the love of Christ ; and these
Five books "devotional" we call.

Isaiah tells of Christ to come,
While Jeremiah tells of woe,
And in his Lamentations mourns
The Holy City's overthrow.
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
And Daniel foretells klugs of old ;
Hosea calls men to repent :
In Joel, blessings are foretold.

Amos tells of wrath ; and Edom
Obadiah's sent to warn ;
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,
And Micah where he should be born.
In Nahum, Ninevah is soon ;
In Habakkuk, Chaldea's guilt ;
In Zephaniah, Juda's sins ;
In Haggai, the Temple built.
Zachariah speaks of Christ,
And Malachi, of John, his sign,
The prophets number seventeen,
And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Tell what Christ did in every place ;
Acts show what the apostles did,
And Romans how we're saved by grace.
Corinthians instructs the Church,
Galatians shows us faith alone,
Ephesians, true love ; and in
Philippians, God's grace is shown,
Colossians tells us more of Christ,
and Thessalonians of the end ;
In Timothy and Titus both
Are rules for pastors to attend.

Philemon Christian friendship shows ;
Then Hebrews clearly tells us how all
The Jewish law prefigured Christ ;
And those epistles are by Paul.
James shows that faith by works must live,
And Peter urges steadfastness,
While John exhorts to Christian love,
For those who have it God will bless.
Jude shows the end of evil men,
And Revelation tells of heaven.
This ends the whole New Testament,
And all the books are twenty-seven.
—Sunday-School Times.

HAL'S CONVERT.

HE was a rough-looking Irish boy.
This at the first glance ; but his face
was full of fun, his brown hair clung
to his head in tight curls, his eyes
were merry, gentle, or fierce, accord-
ing to his quickly changing moods. I
am not sure that you might not have
called him positively handsome, had
he been well dressed and cared for.

In speech Mike was the worst boy
in school. Why should he not be ?
His father was unusually intelligent
for one of his class, a good workman,
but given to drink, and when drunk
he was foul of speech, abusive of his
family, the terror of the neighbour-
hood.

Mike's mother, ignorant, hard-work-
ing, honest, quick-tempered, dealt
many a blow to her children in her
hot impatience, while she worked early
and late to keep them clothed and fed.

The boy had never learned the first
lesson in self-control. How could he !
When angry, as he was extremely
often, his profaneness was fearful to
hear. All the better class of boys
avoided him ; all but Hal, a fine,
manly fellow of twelve, whose home
was as good as Mike's was bad.

Hal admired Mike, who rivalled him
in foot-ball, base-ball, jumping, and in
his classes even, for Mike was among
the first there in spite of his disad-
vantages. Hal was distressed at
Mike's profaneness, and determined to
try to help him to give it up. This
was how he did it :

He took him one day to see his fan-
tailed pigeons ; then to see his pups, a
new and thriving but sightless family.
One day Hal astonished his Aunt
Hannah by asking her if she would
have a secret with him. Would she
knit a pair of cardinal mittens like the
pair she knit for him last winter ? Of
course she would. Christmas morning
Hal slipped the mittens into Mike's
cold hands. One morning the boys
were alone, again admiring the pups.
"Mike," said Hal, "if you'll give up
all your bad words, I'll give you one
of my pups." Now these pups con-
stituted a prospective bicycle fund, at
least the beginning of one. Their owner
expected to sell the five young setters
for at least sixty dollars. It cost a
struggle to give up one.

Mike could hardly believe his ears.
"I'll do my best," he said, and bore off
his treasure in such a state of pride
and delight as he had never known.
He kept his word. The foul words
slipped out many times afterward, but
by-and-bye he had so far given up the
dreadful habit that his teacher praised
him for his improvement. "It's not
meself it is," said the boy ; "it's Hal
intirely."

Some of the well-dressed boys in
school jeered at Mike, calling him
"Hal's convert ;" but do you not
think Hal had found out the secret of
helping those less fortunate than him-
self ?—*Congregationalist.*

PEEPY'S PET.

THERE was a little girl who was
called Peepy ; but why she was called
so I do not know. Perhaps it was
because, when a baby, she used to peep
from behind a curtain or a door, and
cry, "Peep-o !"

She was a good little girl. When
she was five years old her mother had
to go to Europe for her health, and
Peepy was sent to board in the family
of a farmer whose name was Miller.

One day Mr. Miller made her a
present of a bright silver quarter of a
dollar. Peepy had been taught to sew
by Susan Miller ; and so she put her
work-box on a chair in her little room
and sat down and made a little bag in
which to keep the bright silver coin.

Then she took a walk near the
grove, and saw two boys who had
caught a robin, and were playing with
it. They had tied a string to its legs ;
and when the poor bird tried to fly
away they pulled it back again, and
laughed at its struggles.

At last the little robin was so tired
and frightened that it lay on the
ground panting, with its feathers
ruffled, and its beak wide open, and
its eyes half closed. It seemed ready
to die. Then the rude, cruel boys
pulled the string to make it fly again.

"Please don't be so cruel," said little
Peepy. "How can you be so cruel !"

And she ran to the poor bird, and
took it up very gently.

"You let our bird alone !" one of
the boys cried out. But Peepy still
held it, and was ready to cry when she
felt its little heart beating with fear.

"Do give it to me, please," said
Peepy. "I will thank you for it very
much."

But the boys laughed at her, and
told her roughly to let the bird alone.
"We caught the bird, and it is ours,"
said one of them.

"Will you sell me the bird ?" asked
Peepy, taking her bright quarter out
of its bag and offering it.

"Ah ! now you talk sensibly," said
the larger of the boys. "Yes, we'll
sell it."

So Peepy parted with her money,
but kept the precious bird. The boys
ran off, knowing they had done a mean
thing, and fearing some man might
come along and inquire into it.

Peepy took the bird home ; and
Mrs. Miller told her she had done
right, and helped her to mend an old
cage into which they could put the
poor little bruised bird. Soon it took
its food from their hands, and grew
quite tame.

Peepy named it Bella, and kept it
in her chamber where she could hear
it sing. Bella loved Peepy, and would
fly about the room, and light on her
head, and play with her curls.

But as summer came on, and the
weather grew warm and pleasant,
Peepy thought to herself, "Bella loves
me, and is grateful for all my care ;
but liberty is as sweet to birds as to
little girls. I will not selfishly keep
this bird in prison. I will take it into
the grove and set it free."

So Peepy took it into the grove and
set it free ; and Bella lighted on a
bough and sung the sweetest song you
ever heard. It then flew singing
around Peepy's head, as if to say,
"Thank you ! thank you a thousand
times, you dear little girl." If Bella's
song could have been translated into
words, I think they would have been
these :

"Darling little Peepy,
When you're sad or sleepy,
I will come and sing you a merry, merry
song ;
So do not be grieving
At this tender leaving ;
I shall not forget you, dear, for, oh ! love is
strong."

Peepy went home rather sad with
her empty cage. But what was her
joy the next day to see Bella on the
window-sill ! She opened the window,
Bella flew in, and they had a nice
frolic. Then, when the dinner-bell
rang, the little bird flew off. Peepy
was happy to think it had not for-
gotten her.

A GOOD REPLY.

A gentleman travelling on the rail-
road made the acquaintance of a fellow-
passenger, who with his wife and
little son occupied seats adjoining his
own. The boy was a good-tempered,
frank little fellow, whose bright ways
and childish talk were very enter-
taining.

He was busily engaged in trying to
untie the knot of a parcel, which his
new friend suggested he could not do,
and offered to cut the string for him.
But his prompt and well-pronounced
reply was, "Thank you, sir, but my
papa never allows me to say I can't.
I belong to the Try Company."

A MARKED YOUTH.

YEARS ago there lived in the interior
of New York a boy, the son of a
farmer, who also worked at the trade
of a potter. The boy was a marked
youth, because he would do with
might whatever he undertook. He
was a leader in the ordinary sports of
boyhood, and whenever the farm or
the pottery relaxed their hold upon
him he would be found repairing some
damaged article or devising a new im-
plement.

His father was poor ; the farm was
small and could only be enlarged by
clearing up the primeval forest. The
boy was anxious to acquire knowledge,
but his services were so necessary to
his father that he could not be spared
to attend the winter term of the com-
mon school.

But the boy was in earnest. With
the aid of his brother, one year his
junior, he chopped and cleared four
acres of birch and maple woodland,
ploughed it, planted it with corn, har-
vested the crops, and then asked, as
his compensation, to be allowed to
attend school during the winter. Of
course, the father granted his wish.

When the boy was seventeen, the
father's pottery business had so in-
creased as to demand a more extensive
factory. A carpenter was hired to
build the new building, and the boy
assisted him. So familiar did he
become with the tools and the trade
that he determined, with the aid of
the younger brother, to erect a two-
storey frame dwelling-house for his
father's family. The two boys cut
the timber from the forest, planned
and framed the structure, and then
invited the neighbours to assist at the
"raising." They came from far and
near to see what a lad of seventeen
had done. When every mortise and
tenon was found to fit its place, and
the frame was seen to stand perfect
and secure, the veterans cheered the
young architect and builder. From
that day he was in demand as a master-
carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the
founder of Cornell University.

"Seeat thou a man diligent in his
business ? he shall stand before kings ;
he shall not stand before mean men."

The meaning of this old proverb is
that the man who has done well in
little things shall be advanced so that
he shall not waste himself on work to
which obscure and unambitious men
are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated
the truth of the Bible saying.—*Anon.*

READING ONE HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who, at the
age of fourteen, found himself an
apprentice to a soap-boiler. Having a
spare hour every day, he decided to
pass that fleeting time in reading.
Within a few weeks the habit became
fixed, and then he thoroughly enjoyed
his lesson. He stayed seven years at
the place, and when he was twenty-
one he took a position that could be
filled only by an educated man.

Now, let us see how much time he
spent in reading during the seven
years. At the rate of one hour a day,
the whole time thus passed would be
2,555 hours. In other words, it was
equal to the time one would spend in
reading at the rate of eight hours each
day, three hundred and ten days, or
nearly a whole year.