

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
Perhaps the oldest writings 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.

Isalah tells of Christ to come,
While Jeremlah tells of woe,
And in his Lamentations mourns
The holy city's overthrow.
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,
And Daniel foretells kings 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, Nineveh is seen ;
In Habakkuk, Chaldea's guilt ;
In Zephaniah, Judah's sins ;
In Haggai, the temple built ;
Zechariah 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 shows what the apostles did.
And Romans how we're saved by grace.
Corinthians instructs the church,
Galatians shows of 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 how all
The Jewish law prefigured Christ,
And these 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.

J. Cole, the Boy Hero

BY
EMMA GELLIBRAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Of course, now everything was explained. The burglars had evidently entered Joe's room, and Bogle, being in his arms, had barked, and wakened him. A few blows had soon silenced poor Bogle, and a gag and cords had done the same for Joe.

When the man saw me from the kitchen window he must have known that help would soon come, and to prevent Joe giving information too soon they had hastily seized him, bed-clothes and all; and put him into that cellar, to starve, if he were not discovered.

Perhaps they did not really mean to kill the poor child, and if we had been in the habit of using that cellar we might have found him in a few hours or less; but, unfortunately, it was a place we never used, it reached far under the street, and was too large for our use. Our coal-cellar was a much smaller one, inside the scullery; the door of poor Joe's prison closed with a common latch.

Had there been any doubt in the detective's mind as to Joe's guilt he might have taken more trouble, and searched for him, even there; but from the first everybody but ourselves had been sure Joe had escaped with the burglars, so the cellar remained unsearched.

Mrs. Wilson thought that cellar a very suitable place for the apples, and on opening the door had caught sight of something in the distant corner, and sent Mary to see what it was. Then arose those fearful shrieks we had heard, and Mary had rushed out of the cellar half mad with fright.

In less time than it has taken me to relate this, Joe was laid on the rug before the drawing-room fire, and I summoned courage to look on the changed face.

"Could that be Joe—so white, so drawn, so still?"

Doctor Loring was kneeling by the little form, chafing and straightening the poor stiffened arms, so bent with their cruel pinning behind the shoulders.

"Doctor," I said, "why do you do any more? Nothing can bring back the poor fellow, murdered while doing his duty." Then I, too, knelt down, and took the poor, cold hands in mine.

"Oh, my poor child!" I cried, "my little brave heart; who dared say you were false? Let those who doubted you look at you now, with dry eyes, if they can."

"My dear," said Dr. Loring, suddenly, "have you always hot water in your bath-room?"

"Yes, doctor," I said; "yes. Why do you ask? Do you mean—is it possible—there is life?" And I took Joe's little head in my arms, and forgot he was only a servant, only a poor, common page-boy. I only knew I pressed him to my breast, and called him all the endearing names I used to call my own children in after years, when God gave me some, and kissed his white forehead in my joy at the blessed ray of hope.

No want of willing arms to carry Joe upstairs. Mrs. Wilson had the bath filled before the doctor was in the room with his light burthen.

"A few drops of brandy, to moisten the lips, first of all," said the good doctor, "then the bath and gentle friction, there is certainly life in him."

Now, my good sister's clever nursing proved invaluable. All that night we fought every inch of ground, as it were, with our grim enemy, the dear, good doctor never relaxing in his efforts to bring back life to the cramped limbs. The burglars had unknowingly helped to keep alight Joe's feeble spark of life by wrapping the blankets round him; they had meant, no doubt, to stifle any sound he might make; but by keeping him from actual contact with the stone floor, and protecting him from the cold, they had given him his little chance of life.

Oh, how I blessed that kind thought of Dr. Loring's to bring me a barrel of apples! Had there been no occasion to open the cellar-door, Joe would have died before another morning had dawned, died! starved!! What a horrible death! And to know that within a few steps were food, warmth, and kind hearts—hearts even then saddened by his absence, and grieving for him. What hours of agony he must have passed in the cold and darkness, hearing the footsteps of passers-by above his living tomb, and feeling the pangs of hunger and thirst. What weeks those three days must have seemed to him in their fearful darkness, until insensibility mercifully came to his aid, and hushed his senses to oblivion.

Morning was far advanced when, at last, Joe's eyelids began to flutter, and his eyes opened a very little, to close again immediately, even the subdued light we had let into the room being too much for him to bear after so long a darkness; but in that brief glance he had recognized me, and seeing his lips move, I bent my head close to them.

Only a faint murmur came, but I distinguished the words:

"Missis, I couldn't 'elp it! Forgive me. Say 'Our Father.'"

I knelt down, and as well as I could for the tears that almost choked me, repeated that most simple, yet all-satisfying petition to the Throne of Grace.

Meanwhile the doctor held Joe's wrist, and my sister, at a sign from him, put a few drops of nourishment between the pale lips.

"My dear," at length said the doctor, "did you say the boy's brother was in London?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I have no address, as I expected him here this morning."

"That is well; he may be in time."
"In time?" I repeated; "in time for what? Is he dying? Can nothing be done?"

The good doctor looked again with moistened eyes on the little white face, and said sadly—

"I fear not, but the sight of this brother he seems to have such a strong love for may rouse him for a while. As it is, he is sinking fast. I can do no more; he is beyond human skill; but love

and God's help may yet save him. Poor little fellow, he has done his duty nobly, and even to die doing that is an enviable fate; but we want such boys as this to live, and show others the way."

There was a slight sound at the room door, and on turning round I saw Dick—Dick, with wild, dumb entreaty in his eyes.

I pointed to the bed, and with a whispered "Hush!" beckoned him to enter.

The shock of seeing his loved little lad so changed was too much for even his man's courage, for with a cry he in vain strove to smother he sunk on his knees with his face hidden in his hands.

But only for a moment he let his grief overcome him; then rising, he took Joe's little form in his arms, and in a voice to which love gave the softest and gentlest tones, said—

"Joe, lad! Joe, little chap! here's Dick. Look at poor old Dick. Don't you know him? Don't go away without sayin' good-bye to Dick wot loves you."

Slowly a little fluttering smile parted the lips, and the blue eyes unclosed once more. "Dick!" he gasped; "I wanted to tell you, Dick, but—I—can't. I—ain't forgot. 'Own-up—to—It—wotever—I minded it all. Kiss me—Dick. God—bless—missis. Dick—take me—home—to—mother!"

And with a gentle sigh, in the arms of the brother he loved, Joe fell into a deep sleep, a sleep from which we all feared he would no more awake on earth, and we watched him, fearing almost to move.

Dick held him in his arms all that morning, and presently towards noon the doctor took the little wrist and found the pulse still feebly beating; a smile lit up his good, kind face, and he whispered to me, "There is hope."

"Thank God!" I whispered back, and ran away into my own room to sob out grateful prayers of thanksgiving to heaven for having spared the life so nearly lost to us."

When I went back, Joe had just begun to awaken, and was looking up into his beloved Dick's face, murmuring—"Why, it's Dick. Are you a-crying about me, Dick? Don't cry—I'm all right—I'm only so tired."

And having drunk some wine the doctor had ordered should be given him, he nestled close to Dick's breast, and again fell into a sweet sleep, a better, life-giving sleep this time, for the faint colour came to his pale little lips, and presently Dick laid him down on the pillows, and rested his own weary arms. He would not move from Joe's side for fear he might wake and miss him, but for many hours our little fellow slept peacefully, and so gradually came back to life.

We never quite knew the particulars of the robbery, for when Joe was well enough to talk, we avoided speaking of it. Dr. Loring said, "The boy only partly remembers it, like a dream, and it is better he should forget it altogether. He will do so as he gets stronger. Send him home to his mother for a while, and if he returns to you, let it be to the country house where there is nothing to remind him of all this."

Joe did get strong, and came back to us, but no longer as a page-boy; he was under-gardener, and his time was spent among his favourite flowers and pet animals, until one day Dick wrote to say his father had bought more land to be laid out in gardens, and if Joe could be spared he and Dick could work together, and in time set up for themselves in the business.

So Joe left us, but not to forget us, or be forgotten. On each anniversary of my birthday, I find a bunch of magnificent roses on my breakfast table—"With J. and R. Cole's respectful duty," and I know the sender is a fine, strong, young market-gardener; but sometimes I look back a few years, and instead of the lovely roses, and the big, healthy giver, I seem to see a faded, dusty bunch of wild flowers, held towards me by the little hot hand of a tired child, with large blue eyes, and I hear a timid voice say—"Please 'm, it's J. Cole: and I've come to live with yer!"

THE END.

"UNSAFE."

That is the word that is placarded in large letters at each end of the long bridge. A sufficient warning for all prudent people, since no thoughtful person is going to risk his life by trying to pass over an unsafe bridge. But some persons are not thoughtful. So the heedless boys who in winter skate too near the flaws in the ice. And then for one-half of the twenty-four hours the bridge is in darkness, and nobody can see the placard, "Unsafe." So the officers have caused a fence to be built at each end of the bridge, that nobody may be able to enter it.

What is the matter with the bridge? you wonder. Well, when it was built

the foundations were not laid deep enough, and the last frost weakened the wall. It became apparent, too, that some of the materials employed were of defective character. Now the bridge must lie idle for repairs. Many persons were dependent on the bridge for convenience and necessary service. They must be at inconvenience and disappointment until somebody's blunders can be rectified.

There are many unsafe things in the world besides bridges. Here is a young man who has been labelled, "Unsafe." He does not carry the label in printed letters as the bridge does. But the letters are somehow seen and read all the same. But what is the matter with the young man? you ask. I will tell you. When he was a lad at school he was not diligent in study. He often used unfair means to reach the solution of problems, and so made out to answer questions when his class-mates knew he had not gained his knowledge by study. By-and-bye he was employed as a book-keeper. Here he neglected his accounts, and the books got into a hopeless tangle. Next he took money from the drawer, little by little, until the sums amounted to many dollars. In these and other ways he came to be regarded as "unsafe." He cannot now find respectable employment anywhere. Everybody reads the label, "Unsafe," and nobody wants him.

Here is another young man given to occasional drinking, another to swearing, and another to falsehood. They are labelled "Unsafe," and prudent people will not have anything to do with them. Many of these unsafe people, like the bridge, are fenced in. They are restrained by prison-walls. Society has decided that they are unsafe, and they must be so placed that they can do other people no harm.

But what of the building of these unsafe characters? Somewhere in the past life, as in the building of the bridge, something has gone wrong. Every young person should be careful that in building the foundations of his life, and life itself, only the best material is employed, and that the work is solidly done. Virtue, thoughtfulness, fidelity, temperance, purity, integrity, are among the elements essential to building a character that may always be labelled "Safe."—Children's Friend.

A Gentleman.

BY MARGARET E. SANBOSTER.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He did not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same:
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Bishop Goodsell says: "The world has come to understand that when a Methodist preacher comes to town—whether he comes afoot or on horseback, in a palace car or on a freight train, in a stage-coach or on a bicycle—an enemy of the rum traffic has arrived."

A workman who was rolling into a publican's cellar a cask of whiskey gave the cask a kick, and was overheard remarking to his comrade: "I wonder how many curses there are in that cask?"

Wags—"How is Byker getting on as a wheelman?" Gags—"Oh, he gets on all right, but he don't stay on."

Teacher—"Can any little boy tell me which is the longest day in the year?" Billy—"Some fellows say that the day before Christmas is, and some say the day before the Fourth of July."