

Family Circle.

The Books of the Bible.

The following metrical arrangement of the books of the Bible, will help children to remember their respective locality in the Bible.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The great Jehovah speaks to us,
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy,
Joshua and Judges rule the land,
Ruth glean a sheaf with trembling hand,
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther the beautiful mourner show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes next comes on,
And the Sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then,
With Lamentations, takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyes,
Swell Joel's, Amos', Obadiah's,
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And softly Habbakkuk finds room,
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Raphael builds his walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Record the life of God's dear Son.
The Apostles' Acts are next disclosed,
And Paul's Epistle, for Rome composed.
Two other letters to Corinth sent,
Are followed by one for Galatia meant.
One also is sent to Ephesus,
One to Philippi, one to Colosse.
Then Thessalonians, Timothy and Titus come
on.
Together with the letter to Philemon,
The Epistle to the Hebrews now comes in view,
Which shows the Old Testament fulfilled in the New.
Now follow Epistles from James, Peter and John,
Of numbers reversed, of three two and one.
And now, at the close, is the Epistle of Jude,
With John's Revealed Visions, which in Patmos he viewed.

How Walter Entertained the Boys.

A hearty laugh burst from the group of boys clustered around the lamp post at the corner. The smallest of them, Alf Lester, exclaimed a little contemptuously: "The idea of a fellow thirteen years old not knowing how to make a snow-ball! Why, I'm only ten, and I can make splendid ones, hard as anything!"

"I should think you'd have got used to the cold by this time, Walter," added Alf's brother Will.

Walter Perry shivered, wrapped up as he was in overcoat, comforter, overshoes, mittens, and seal-skin cap with ear-lappets, as he replied good-naturedly, "They say an eel can get used to skinning, but I don't believe I'll ever get used to snow and ice. If I hadn't promised Aunt Delia that I would stay out doors a whole hour to-day, you wouldn't catch me here. Ugh!"

"I believe you haven't got much courage! You are afraid of the cold!" sneered Joe Brainard.

"May-be I am. I am not afraid of a gun which is not loaded, as you were yesterday. I know how to handle a gun, too, if I don't know how to make a snow-ball."

The day before this exchange of banter, these same boys and one or two others were in Mr. Lester's house, admiring a new gun; but Brainard could not be persuaded to touch even the stock, while Harry Greenough was senseless enough to hold it with the muzzle towards him.

"I am accustomed to guns," said Will Lester pompously, "my father is a great sportsman."

"So is mine," said Walter; "he and brother Arthur and I often went shooting."

"Did you?" exclaimed Will. "Papa said yesterday he thought you must be a sportsman. What did you shoot?"

"Oh, parrots and—"

"Parrots!" screamed three or four.

"How could you kill them?"

"Easy enough—horrid nuisances!"

"Why Walter Perry! Parrots nuisances? They cost lots of money. My cousin Mary has one she wouldn't sell for a hundred dollars," cried Alf Lester, in amazement.

"You must remember that with us—in the West Indies, I mean, where my father lives, gray parrots are as common as the crows are in your corn fields. Your cousin just ought to hear a flock of them go screaming over the house-tops at daylight in the morning, on their way to the coffee fields. Oh, don't they make a noise!"

"Something like our crows?"

"Only more so, Alf; does your cousin Mary's parrot ever scream?"

"Yes indeed! Sometimes she has to keep Polly covered up two or three hours to quiet her."

"Then just fancy twenty or thirty all yelling at once, up in the air, where you can't cover 'em! Then think of the mischief they do to the coffee."

"That's so; they always love coffee."

"Does coffee grow like corn, Walter?" asked Harry.

"Oh no, it is a bush with a pretty blossom."

"What color?"

"White and pale lavender."

"Oranges grow there, don't they?" Alf inquired.

"Yes, oranges and lemons, bananas, guavas—"

"Guava jelly?" suggested Alf.

"The fruit of which the jelly is made."

"Does it grow on a tree or a vine?" asked Will.

"On a shrub; it has a pretty flower—white and pale yellow."

"Bananas grow on trees, I know, for I saw some growing in the Botanical Gardens in Washington when papa took me there last year," said Joe Brainard. "There was only one bunch on that tree, though."

"That's the way they grow with us. A young tree comes up, flowers out, bears only once, and then dies; but from the same root there will be young shoots coming up all the time, so that a man who owns a banana walk always has fruit at hand."

"A banana walk—what's that?"

"Well, one root, which, sending up so many shoots makes a sort of grove where it is always cool and damp—and unhealthy."

"The people there are fond of bananas, are they not?" said Will.

"Fond of them? They live on them—eat them raw, baked or fried, for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Bananas are a necessary of life."

"Which do you like best—red or yellow ones?"

"The yellow ones. The red ones that grow with us are given to the pigs; even the negroes won't eat them."

Little Alf Lester listened in admiration. "What lots of things you know, Walter! A heap more than any of us."

"Oh no! I don't know how to make snow-balls, and you do," replied Walter, merrily.

"Let's cry quits, Walter! You may get used to the cold and the snow just when you like; we will not tease you any more. You teach us all you know about the West India Islands and we'll make all your snow-balls."

"Agreed!" cried all the boys, including Walter.

"They have everything nice there, don't they?" said Will, who was very fond of oranges and bananas.

"Not quite! No such schools as they have here in Boston, or papa would not have sent me here to be educated," answered Walter. "No one country can have everything; we have beautiful birds, lovely flowers, delicious fruits all the year round—also earthquakes and tornadoes; but oh! so much ignorance, and superstition even among well-informed people! Give me the intelligence I find here, even among school boys, even if I do half-freeze six months in the year. Ha! my hour is up and nearly another gone; you've entertained me—"

"No, no! You were the entertainer! Tell us some more next Saturday?" cried Joe Brainard.

"May-be I will. Good-by—ho for the warm parlor!" answered Walter, scampering away.

A Chip that Could Talk.

The following anecdote was related by John Williams, the martyr missionary to the South Sea Islands. He was engaged one day hewing timber for a chapel, surrounded by many wondering natives:

"I had come to the work one morning without my square," he says, "I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, and said to him:

"Friend, take this, go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior, but in one of his battles he had lost an eye. Giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said:

"Take that! She will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not. Take it, and go immediately, for I am in haste."

He took it from me and asked, "What must I say?"

I replied, "You have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish."

With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held the piece of wood, and said:

"How can this speak? Has it a mouth?" I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time talking about it.

On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the end of this mysterious business, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her he said:

"Stay, daughter, how do you know this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply, "for it told me what he wanted. And all you have to do is to return with it as soon as possible."

With this, the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting:

"See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation I could, but it was to him such a mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. For several days after, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he told them of the wonders which this chip had performed.

According to His Folly.

Let me tell you a Dutch story right here, because it comes from a Dutchman in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and must be a true story. The Dutchman was never ashamed of his religion. In his neighborhood there was a skeptic who said, "You can't believe anything you can't understand;" and so some of the people asked the Dutchman if he would not have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes, if you tink best."

"Have you any objections to the neighbors coming in?"

"No, shust as you tink best."

So they made the appointment, and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in, laid by his hat, and was introduced to the skeptic, and he began suddenly by saying:

"Vell, now look here, I bleefs de Bible—what you bleefs?"

Said he:

"I don't believe anything I can't understand."

"Oh, you must be one very smart man. I was mighty glad to meet you. I ask you some questions. The odder day I was riding along the road, and I meet von dog, and that dog he had von of his ears stand up in this way, and de odder one he stand down so. Now, vy was dat?"

Now that was very unhandy—just then, very unhandy. He either had to prove that the dog did not have one ear standing up and the other standing down, or else he did not believe it. So he said:

"I don't know."

"Oh, then you are not so very smart after all. I ask you anodder question. I saw in John Smith's clover patch, the clover came up so nice, and I looked over into the fields, and dere was John Smith's pigs; and dere came out hair on dere backs; and in the very same clover patch were his sheep, and dere came out wool on dere backs. Now, vy was dat?"

Now, that was as bad as the other, because the same perplexity arose. He had to prove that there was wool on the back of the pig or hair on the back of the sheep! and he couldn't tell why, and therefore he had no business to believe it. Finally he said:

"I don't know."

"Well, he said, 'you are not so smart as you tink you are. N I ask you anodder question. Do you bleef dere is a God?'"

"No, I don't believe any such nonsense."

"O, yes, I hear about you long ago. I know all about you. My Bible knows about you, for in my Bible he says, 'The fool says in his heart there is no God;' but you big fool, you blab it right out."

Smiles.

There are many people in every audience who do not understand some not unusual words. A preacher who, in addressing a country congregation, spoke of drawing an inference, was surprised next day to hear one of his auditors remark:

"I don't just know what an inference is, but if any horse in the parish can draw it 'tis our Blackbird."

A worthy Baptist minister in the West gently rebuking his flock for their extravagance in dress, used the word "garbage," supposing it to be a more elegant form for "garb." Wild hilarity in the choir, and horrible consternation among the devout portion of the congregation.

THE PALACE CAR.—A good joke is told about the bringing of the Governor General's palace car from Metapedia to the Moncton shops for repairs lately. The negro porter in charge was interviewed in reference to it, the conversation being as follows:

Q. by bystander—Are you in charge of this car?

N. P.—Yes, I am.

Q.—Were there any members came down on board?

N. P.—Members?—who are de members?

Q.—Why, members of Parliament, or of the Government.

N. P. (indignantly)—Members! No, sah, no members, trabel on dis car only de Royal family (with peculiar emphasis) and myself trabel on dis car!

Conversation here ends.

A down-town man who went to church last Sunday, remarked afterward that he preferred the organ to the preacher. He said there seemed to be a stop to the organ.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The daughters received a letter from their father, which stated that he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came the house was anything but inviting. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked:

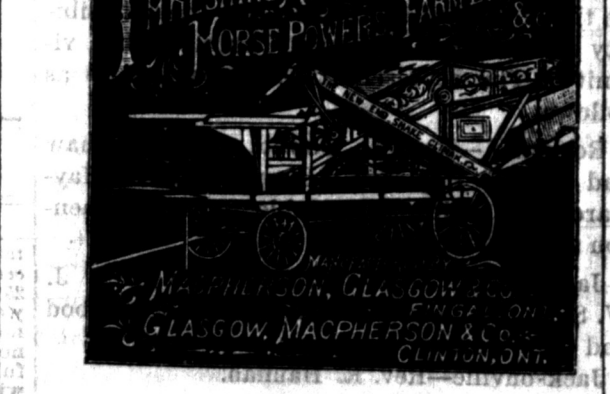
"Where is our mother?"

"In heaven," said the good man.

"But where is the widow, with six children, whom you wrote us that you had married?"

"Why, I married her to another man, my dears."

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At 5.00 P. M. (Express) for Sussex, and Riviere du Loup, Quebec, Montreal and the West.
At 8.15 P. M. (Express) for Halifax, Pictou and intermediate Stations.

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At 2.15 P. M. (Accommodation) from Point du Chene and intermediate Stations.

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