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THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

OLD TESTAMENT.

In Genesis the world began;
'Twas then that God created man.

In Exodus the law was given,
As Israel's guide from earth to heaven.

Leviticus, from Levi's name,
The tribe from which the priesthood came.

Then Numbers tells about the way—
What God would have us do and say.

Deuteronomy, which means "twice told,"
The truth, once learned, must ne'er grow old.

Then Joshua came, in Moses' place,
When Law had failed, God brought in Grace.

He next by Judges Israel ruled;
His love toward them never cooled.

And then, the story sweet of Ruth
Foreshadows very precious truth.

In Samuel First we read of Saul—
The people's King—his rise and fall.

In Second Samuel then we hear
Of David—man to God so dear.

In First of Kings the glory filled
The temple Solomon did build.

And Second Kings records the lives
Of prophets, Kings, their sons and wives.

In First of Chronicles we're shown
The house of David and his throne.

And Second Chronicles records
King Solomon's good deeds and words.

Then Ezra builds God's house again,
Which had for long in ruins lain.

And Nehemish builds the wall
Round Judah's city, great and tall.

Then Esther, Jewish maid and wife,
Raised up to save her people's life.

And Job—his patience sorely tried—
At last God's dealings justified.

Then come the Psalms, whose sacred page
Is full of truth for every age.

The Proverbs, which the wise man spake,
For all who will their teachings take.

Ecclesiastes show how vain
The very best of earthly gain.

The Song, how much we need to prize
The treasure set above the skies.

Isaiah, first of prophets, who
Foretells the future of the Jew.

Then Jeremish, scorned by foes,
Yet weeps for faithless Israel's woes.

The Lamentations tell, in part,
The sadness of this prophet's heart.

Ezekiel tells, in mystic story,
Departing and returning glory.

Then Daniel, from the lion's den,
By power Divine, is raised again.

Hosea shows the Father's heart
So grieved for sin on Ephraim's part.

And Joel tells of judgment near;
The wicked nations quake and fear.

Then Amos, from the herdmen sent,
Calls hardened sinners to repent.

In Obadiah, Edom's fall
Contains a warning word to all.

Jonah, though prophet of the Lord,
Yet fled to Tarshish from His word.

Then Micah sings in sweetest lays
The glory of millennial days.

And Nahum tells the fear and gloom
Of Ninevah and of her doom.

Habakkuk—though the fig tree fail,
His faith and trust in God prevail.

Then Zephaniah tells of grace,
And love that comes in judgment's place.

And Haggai in the latter days
Repeats: "Consider well your ways."

In Zacharish's wondrous book
We find eight visions, if we look.

Then Malachi, the last of all,
Speaks sadly still of Israel's fall,

—*E. J. Carr, in The Christian.*

A Day in Africa.

I am not immodest enough to assume to speak for other readers, but for my own part I have become rather tired of African travelers. One always knows beforehand what they have in their pack, and precisely the way in which they will spread out their wares. The victorious struggle with the lion, and the hair-breadth escape from death at the hands of the native chiefs, are matters easily anticipated; and that romantic young savage who attaches himself body and soul to the person of the adventurer, and invariably returns with him to civilization—what a threadbare figure that is! How well we know him under his various guttural aliases! Yet what would six months in Africa amount to without this lineal descendant of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday?

I may seem to display a want of tact in disparaging African travelers, being, in a humble fashion, an African traveler myself, but I have a rare advantage over everybody who has ever visited that country and written about it—I remained there only one day. The standpoint from which I view the dark continent is thus unique. If I had remained a year, or even a fortnight, I should have ceased to be original. I should naturally have killed my lion, tempted the appetite of the anthropophagite, and brought home a little negro boy. I did none of these things, and, instead of obscurely falling in at the tail end of a long line of African explorers, I claim to stand quite alone, and in an attitude so wholly unconventional as to entitle it to copyright. So far as I am aware, the idea never before entered the head of any man to travel 5,000 miles to Africa, and then to stay there only twenty-four hours!—*T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE boy who laughed in his sleeve until he burst the elbow is one of the latest public curiosities.

ORIENTAL AMUSEMENTS.

Some of the Peculiarities of Japanese Theaters.

The entrances and exits to and from the stage of a Japanese theater are all made through the audience by a long, raised platform down one side, corresponding with one of our side aisles, and introductory remarks are made from it. Prompting is not so adroitly done as with us. An attendant in black squats behind the star, book in hand, and reads every word of his part to him in full view of all but those of the audience directly in front, since lights are not used, but each actor is accompanied by an invisible (a man with his face covered with a black cloth) who holds a candle at the end of a long pole, just under his face. The attendant must be well up in the action of the part, for he is never in the way of his principal, but nimbly manipulates his candle so as to avoid intercepting him. Women do not act, but men represent them, and it is noticeable that men who are above the average height are always chosen, and whose natural voices are anything but effeminate. Stars are paid well, the best at the best theater getting $1,000 per month. The dressing is quite as extravagant as ours, and he requires no less than forty servants, so that his expenses, like those of all high-salaried people, are large. The stage has a thirty-foot turn-table in the middle of it by which scenes are changed quickly by simply turning it around. The stage machinery is quite simple. An upright post, a foot in diameter, was the pivot of the turn-table, and the periphery rested on well-greased wood bearings, and the power was that of a couple of coolies applied to a stick attached to the rim. The curtain is a light cotton cloth hung on a wire. The lights are large candles with thick paper wicks, which require snuffing every few minutes, and are snuffed by an old fellow who handles the snuffers with a professional flourish, occasionally dropping a red end into a box without stopping to apologize. The foot and fly lights he snuffs while the play is in progress, going in and out among the players, regardless of the situation. The play lasts all day and all night. A box for four costs $2 for a whole day or a whole night. Parties go and stay all day, lunching and smoking at pleasure. It is an extremely social sight. The Chinese theaters do not give any idea of it. The ventilation is good, odors are not offensive, the gay dresses of the people in the boxes are pleasing as well as their good faces and their bright eyes. That they are a sympathetic people is proven by the fact that during the melodrama, while a poor blind orphan was reciting his tale of sorrow, heads were bowed all over the house, and women "had real good cries" such as might flatter Clara Morris, were she on the stage. The streets in the vicinity of the great theaters are filled with peep shows, and monkey shows, and low-priced comic theaters and wax figures, and side shows of all kinds, which are lint resting for a glance, but not generally entertaining.

Sour Bread.

The venerable Dr. Woolsey, of Yale, who is much interested in securing a general law of divorce throughout the United States, is asked by an interviewer if he does not think that sour bread has much to do with divorce. Whereat the doctor wonderingly asks, "Sour bread? What is that?"

Let us answer.

Sour bread, doctor, is death. Sour bread is sin. Sour bread is original sin. Sour bread is dyspepsia. Sour bread poisons first the body and then the mind. Sour bread is impurity taken into the stomach and from thence distilled into the brain. Sour bread is not the bread for inspiration or wisdom. Sour bread eaten to give nutriment and strength, and giving none, causes desire for the artificial stimulants, tobacco and whisky. Pure food, doctor, helps largely to make pure men and women. Wives who poison their husbands daily, doctor, with dishes fried in rancid lard or butter, or who mix animal grease in a state of semi decomposition with their hot biscuit, or who top off this involuntary system of Lucretia Borgiaism with sour bread, are the chief promoters of domestic rows, troubles, wrangles and finally divorce. Sour bread clouds the mind, darkens the understanding, narrows the intellect and weakens the body. Good bread and pure food worked up finally into brain or matter or whatever you choose to call it, gives clear heads, clear ideas, truth, and promotes and leads to gentleness, mercy, charity and peace. The kitchen, doctor, is the neglected corner-stone of your theology. The cook is now one of the despised saviors of humanity. Despise not the day of small things, doctor. Spirituality and divinity can't be developed out of a diet of chips, and husbands don't get much better. Husbands, of course, doctor, are bad. All husbands are worse, much worse than their wives. But, as a commencement to make them better, they must have wives who will see that they have good bread. Yes, doctor. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. But perhaps you don't smoke.

—*Graphic.*

The Greek Brigands of To-day.

The whole of the band of Greek brigands by whom Mr. Suter was captured were Christians—that is, they belonged to the Greek Church—and no less than seven had been in the Greek army in different grades, and had deserted therefrom. Notwithstanding that every day of their lives is passed in perpetrating the most heinous crimes, yet these men never begin a meal without crossing themselves, and saying their prayers at night. On the Greek Easter-day Mr. Suter was surprised to find that each had his candle lighted, and that after presenting one to the prisoner they would not begin to eat till they had crossed themselves three times, each time the chief saying: "Christ is risen," and the remainder answering: "Truly, He is risen," concluding the ceremony by kissing each other all round, including Mr. Suter.

Every brigand wears a charm, consisting of either a bit of blue glass or red silk, to preserve his flesh from being penetrated by bullets, and the faith they all put in these things surpasses belief. One anecdote is told of a member of Aristides' band who, during the Cretan insurrection, was exposed on the top of a rock to the fire of the Turkish troops. Presently he gave a shout and fell back, saying he was shot, but when examined nothing could be seen but a slight black mark where the bullet struck him. This was all accounted for by a blue marble charm which he wore, and several men swore to the truth of the above story.

One or two stories, as related to Mr. Suter by the gang round their evening meal, show their brutality. The chief of the band, Aristides, one day came across an old Turk out shooting, who had with him his piece of forked stick, which is used in order to obtain a better aim by resting on it the barrel of the gun. Simply for amusement, the brigand chief strangled the man afterward placing him in a kneeling position, putting his fowling piece to his shoulder, and resting the barrel on the crutch in the most natural position, so that any passer-by would never suspect but that it was a peasant sportsman instead of a corpse.

Another anecdote was told with great gusto. Niko, the chief of the band that took Col. Synge, caught a man near a saw-mill whom he thought he recognized. The conversation commenced thus; "Did you not once spy for me?" "Yes." "Did I not pay you five liras for so doing?" "Yes." "Then," said Niko, "take a bit of paper and pencil and write as I tell you; 'This is the way Niko treats traitors.'" After this was done he first sawed off the man's right hand so that he should never write anything against him, next he deprived him of his ears so that he should hear no more questions about the band, and, finally, he cut his tongue out to prevent his telling tales. Then, wrapping all these fragments in a handkerchief, he bade him walk to the nearest village to present them with the note to the Pasha. The poor man, not daring to refuse, started on till he died from loss of blood.—*London Daily News.*

A Woman's Quick Wit.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of its bitterness left. In war time the people were generally divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell t'other from which. This remark reminds me of a story I heard about an estimable woman of 70-odd, who died two or three years ago, here on the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse, back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and, knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and, throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the North or to the South—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit. "Hello!" called out one of the guerrillas. "Hello!" she returned. "What side are you on?" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet: "On both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass unmolested.—*Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.*

Cholera has been introduced into France by the ship Sarthe, whose commander has committed suicide in consequense. Eight or ten cases are reported daily, with 42 deaths thus far.

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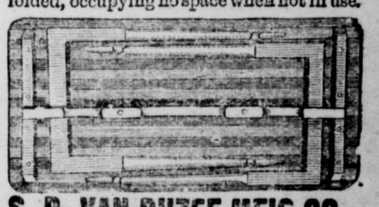

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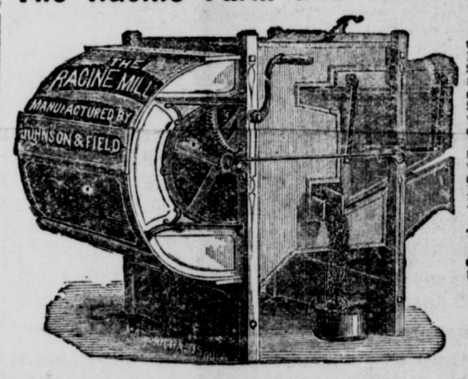

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