

Family Reading.

[For the Witness.]

THE LAKE ALUMETTE.

Have you ever seen the beautiful Alumette, The magnificent pine-fringed lake, In its splendor—the sun about to set Ere the fair lady moon awake?

The waters are tinged with a golden glow, With rose, and ruby, and purple bars; Heaven's mantle flung on the lake below, Till it fades off slowly beneath the stars.

The distant hills, robed in violet mist, Of the western hues partake, As they stand with the sunlight crowned and kissed, On guard round the beautiful lake.

Over the waters ride gay little boats, Diamonds flash from the dipping cars; Laughter and song's mingled melody floats To ripple and vanish around the shores.

Life is so gay on the Lake Alumette, Ah me! it does its sky ever from On a place unmarked, unheeded, and yet— There has my brother gone down.

Sad-hearted we sit by Lake Alumette, Who saw him go down in the wave? And question ourselves in anguished regret, Did we make every effort to save?

For those who are left, to some one so dear, We tried feebly some warning to set; We have failed, and we look with sorrow and fear For woe that may come by Lake Alumette.

NORAN.

BEDE'S CHARITY.

[By Heba Stretton, Author of Jessica's First Prayer, &c.]

CHAPTER XL.—A VERY DARK NIGHT. VERY early the next morning, whilst Maggie was still sleeping calmly, I crept out of my room and went to my bread and milk with my last shilling for Stephen's child. She was awake when I returned, and was plainly quit at home, and in a very comfortable way.

But the end must come to every pleasure and pain in this life, and at last I tied on my bonnet and mine and we walked together across the park, which was very beautiful, and the sun shone from the rain in the night. The blinds of the house in Piccadilly were still drawn down, for it faced the south, so I walked with her to the very door, and was just stooping down to give her a last kiss, when she opened suddenly, and I was startled, and I was in a terrible state, and I was in a terrible state, and I was in a terrible state.

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need? I'm a poor stupid scholar, and He has once had lessons to teach me, but I would rather learn them all, than go ignorant into the other world, and misunderstand something there. Besides I am learning them from His knee, Phoebe, and sitting in the way of out of the reach of His hand, and He lays it on my head now and then as my hand is on your head, my dear."

"Suppose Stephen should never come back," she said. "From that I know Cor had not told her very thoughtful of Cor."

"He would come back in God's good time," answered. "This may be the hardest lesson I have to learn, but it cannot be a very long one."

"Do you think God will be angry with me, if I am a little down-hearted about losing my situation?" asked Phoebe.

"At all, my darling," I said. "No, no, the Lord Christ understands it all. Who knows but He was out of work sometimes when He was a carpenter, and did not know how He should get money to maintain His mother? I suppose He went through all the troubles of a working man."

"I like to hear you say that," answered Phoebe brightly. "I don't know how I should not have given in so soon, but I am glad you and I've been to a good school this evening, and they have a hundred and seventy daily governesses on their list, and not one application for them! Aunt will not hear of my leaving her altogether, but I must do what I can get out of this."

"Shall you tell Cor?" I asked.

"Not yet," she said, "not till the month is over at any rate. I know Cor would want me to take money from him, but that would not be pleasant, would it? I shall try to get along somehow, and a tiny rowing boat will do till I have more money. I am glad you and I are provided for for life. It is not much I know, but then it is certain. I almost wish I had not come and troubled you about it, but I couldn't help it, Margery."

"No, she was a young thing yet, and it was her nature to be kind to me. I was glad when she told me to be still and silent, like people who are in the night, and cannot see where the blow comes from, but who are waiting for the dawn to break. The brightest light we can see, is a tiny rowing boat, and they look like giants ready to destroy us. But when the morning comes, to see a small boat, and a vessel, a vessel, that one cannot find the large boat on the Hudson or the Rhine. Many of these interesting excursions are made to the royal palaces and parks in the neighborhood of London, and the number of these latter is in a country so comparatively small and poor as Sweden. I have already visited five of these palaces. The buildings are very fine, and in some instances very extensive, containing a vast deal that is rich and valuable, while the parks and forests are large and well kept. They are all more in other directions. There are all, palace and park alike, generously thrown open to the public.

On these multitudinous waters, it strikes the stranger as a novelty to see so many boats with sails at anchor, or with their crews engaged in the peering of the other side. They are all occupations upon the land, as well as upon the water, are open to both alike. (I was startled only the other day, on entering a barber-shop, to see a young lady gracefully brushing her hair, and the barber, who was engaged in the garden and farm to the town and in traffic. Many of them carry passengers across the numerous fords, competing with the steam gondola, in all cases ignoring the co-operation of men. Any strong-minded woman that cannot find "spheres" enough in the United States would do well to emigrate to Sweden. Here she can "paddle her own canoe" to her heart's content.—Methodist.

THIS UNEVEN WORLD. "Now look at that fellow," said one poor man to another, as they walked home together; "don't you think he ought to do his bit round in his carriage and look after his money. If he wants a thing he buys it. If his children need shoes they have them, and he lives on the fat of the land every day. Isn't it a mighty unequal world?"

"Not so very, Hugh. 'Till I warrant he has troubles and cares enough of his own sort. But nothing like mine. I can tell you. To be always so cramped and crowded for money is a harder burden than he has ever had, I venture."

"You think you would trade with him even, do you? In his situation out and out, and give him yours?"

"Yes, if I could take my manly wit me. 'Ah, that's not in the bargain. His wife, I am told, is a shrew."

"I'm thankful to have the advantage of him there. If it wasn't for Mary's sweet, cheerful temper, I don't know how we should bear our poverty."

"Then his oldest son is a cripple."

"My Bob is straight and robust as that pine tree. It's no wonder he is thankful for, Ma, for that one's child, if all sound and healthy, isn't it, though?"

"I should think so. That rich man sometimes sits up whole nights in hard study over his business affairs, while you are soundly, comfortably sleeping, Hugh. More than that; I know he is not nearly so distracted to raise five thousand dollars or so that he had, feeling more cramped for money than ever you did in your life."

"Well, well, it may not be quite so uneven a world as we think for. But I am hungry enough for my good supper, if it isn't made of nothing but turkey and partridge. There come the children, running and shouting and laughing, neighbor; I hope you have as good a welcome waiting for you."

THE LATE PROFESSOR MAURY. Matthew Fontaine Maury, LL.D., known to the public generally as Professor Maury, who died at Lexington, Va., last Saturday, January 14, 1873. In 1825 he entered the naval service, and received the appointment of the globe in the ship, and circumnavigated the globe in the ship, which was equipped during this cruise, which occupied about four years. He began his "Treatise on Navigation," which has passed through several editions, and is used as a text book in the navy. In 1835 he was regularly promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and the appointment of astronomer to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, but resigned it. In 1838, while travelling on professional duty, he met with an accident which resulted in permanent lameness and unfit him for active service. He was not placed in charge of the depot of charts and instruments at Washington, afterward known as the Hydrographical Office; and upon the organization and union with it of the National (now called the Naval) Observatory in 1844, he was made superintendent of the combined institutions. Before this time he had published a series of papers, which have called the "physical geography of the sea," and had gathered many observations of the ocean winds and currents from the records of naval and merchant vessels.

In 1842 he communicated to the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography a plan for supplying model log books to the commanders of vessels in the naval and merchant marine, in which a systematic series of observations might be recorded, and for causing abstracts of these records to be made up and transmitted to the department in Washington. The scheme was adopted, and the course of eight or nine years he had thus collected a sufficient number of logs to make 200 large manuscript volumes, averaging each from 2000 to 3000 pages observations. These materials were digested and examined by a committee appointed for the purpose. In 1844, he published the well-known and valuable work, "The Physical Geography of the Sea" (New York, 1855). The charts, consisting of several independent series, as the

track, plot, storm, and whale charts, are ingeniously constructed so as to present upon simple inspection, and for every part of the ocean, the results of all previous experience there, whether of winds, storms, rain, or any other possible phenomena. Among the practical commercial results of these explorations, and of the shortening of the passage to the Atlantic by the Pacific ports of the United States by about forty days, and of voyages from America to Europe in proportion; the discovery of the telegraphic ocean cable; and the indication of good whaling grounds. In 1855 Lieut. Maury was promoted to the rank of commander, and he has since been one of the principal scientific associations of America and Europe, and has received from several foreign governments valuable testimonials of their appreciation of his services. Besides the works already mentioned, he has published "Letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America," a Relation between Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere," in the appendix to "Washington Astronomical Observations for 1846" (1851); "Astronomical Observations" (1853); and "Letters concerning Lines for the Steamers crossing the Atlantic" (1854). During the late war Lieut. Maury entered the rebel navy, and at the time of his death was Professor of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute.

THE SOULS INQUIRIES ANSWERED IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE. (Arranged by G. Washington Mason, Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature.) FEBRUARY 8.

When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? Job xxiv. 29. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John xv. 27. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid.—Isa. xl. 2.

Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?—Job xxv. 13. Commit thy way unto The Lord; and trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.—Isa. xxviii. 5. Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us.—Isa. xxvii. 12.

What shall we do?—Acts ii. 37. Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God.—1 John iv. 7. Love one another with a pure heart fervently.—1 Peter i. 22.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. ONLY NED. (By Jennie M. Drinkwater.) CHAPTER V.—THE NEW PURPOSE. One morning, a week after this, came an era in Ned's life. He had worked a week for nothing and received his pay. He was not needed, at present, in the peach orchard. He always remembered just where Sukey stood, and how much milk there was in the pail, when a new thought struck him.

"Hurry!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I think of it before? I might as well be a calf or a fool or a crying baby for all the good it do!"

Ned was so absorbed in his new thoughts that he did not see Sadie running towards him, nor hear her voice till she had called "Ned, Ned!" three times at least.

He looked up to find her swinging in and out of the lane. "Come here, Sadie. I'll tell you something."

Ned's voice sounded as if he had found a pot of gold. Sadie was at his side instantly. "I am going to begin life for myself!"

"You did not ever begin it for?" Sadie asked curiously.

"I am going to be a blacksmith, I guess," he went on hurriedly under his breath. "I'm going to find a job for myself. What you've done for me, Ned, I'm going to do for you. I'm going to live on a woman."

"You are a girl; that's different."

"Well, you are not a man?"

"I'm not big to be such a good-for-nothing fellow. I've only got eight dollars in my pocket, but I'm going to get more. I'm going to get more. I'm going to get more."

"Sadie looked very admiringly at the new Ned."

"I know you will do something grand. You'll be like—like—Sadie's list of heroes was very limited,—like Benjamin Franklin."

"What did he do?"

"Well, he didn't make lightning; but he did something."

"Then he told Sadie for the first time the story of the stricken oak."

"Oh, dear!" Sadie said. "Perhaps it was an angel, Ned, that took care of you."

"Somebody did," said Ned. "I believe that."

"If you should get into prison the angel might come and help you out, I don't know."

how could he help him to become a blacksmith? The only one else in all the world that he could apply to. What did all the world care for him? Mr. Norton gave him a day's work once in a while, but he could not teach him to be a blacksmith. There was Uncle John in California. He went away when Ned was a baby; he seldom wrote to Ned. "Tilda will seldom send her money, and never that Ned know, made any enquiries concerning him. And even if he dared write to him he had no money to pay the postage, and then—he did not want to go to California to be a blacksmith! So he walked on slowly, quite dejected; what was the good of trying with no one to help a fellow? Perhaps if he had behaved himself here he began to whisper the again. How could he "behave" all the time?

Again Mr. Norton's words came to him. Would God help him? He looked up into the sunny sky; there were no words on his lips. I think God listens to a prayer that has words in it.

(To be Continued.) RIDDLES. 134. First Prize. I hold my court in the field near, And my rule you with a right hand; I find my pleasure in the sunbeams' glow, To strip the bloom from the rose's fair land; And I find no other work than to strip the rose, Whose petals from the bush I shake, And drive their troops like the wind's breath.

WHOLE. When I get up in the morning, I find my bed is all the same, And I find the sun is all the same, And I find the sun is all the same, And I find the sun is all the same.

WHEN I GET UP IN THE MORNING, I find my bed is all the same, And I find the sun is all the same, And I find the sun is all the same, And I find the sun is all the same.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES. 131—Wasp. 132—Wasp. 133—Sweetheart. CROSS WORDS—Sug. woe. Mia. other, love.

—An exchange says: "The lady members of the First Baptist Church in Nashville, Tenn., have agreed that they will dispense with all jewelry on Sunday, wearing no jewels but consisting of a simple collar and a simple dress in plain calico dresses." This is a reform looking in a very legitimate direction. If sensible and pious women would more together in this matter, the prevailing custom of turning the house of God into a show-room of military and naval decorations, and the first of the season, would speedily die out. The great danger is that the reform will destroy itself by running to extremes. It is not well, for instance, that the Nashville ladies should belittle their movement by the affectation of appearing in calico dresses more than any other. The important thing is that they should wear their plain dresses, and leave their dingle-dangles and furbelows at home.—Christian Union.

Readings on the Lessons. [These readings are based on the lessons of the International Series of Sunday-school lessons, which is hoped will be adopted in every school in the country. They are intended to be read by the teacher to relieve the teacher in any way from the work of studying. No remarks are to be made, but the teacher is to be prepared to answer any questions that may arise. The readings are to be read on the first of the month, and the teacher is to be prepared to answer any questions that may arise.]

February 8.—Gen. ix. 8-17. In the Old Testament God delighted to teach through nature. In the New Testament our Saviour, dealing with a more artificial generation, sutting himself to the commonplace wants of our nature, drew his illustrations chiefly from the every day affairs of men. He was in this as in all other things God made men. In the Old Testament, however, wherever the Divine teachings are most direct—as for instance in the words spoken by God himself to Job, recorded in a work considered only second in antiquity to the Genesis itself—there we especially find "sermons in stones, books in the running brook, and God in everything."

The rainbow had doubtless been seen by Noah a thousand times with ever new delight, and never did its glories so gladden his heart as after the long imprisonment in the ark. It was in this moment of rapture, beholding the glories of the sunshine, perhaps for the first time for years, and seeing in it a promise of renewed verdure and beauty over the landscape, that God speaks to Noah as the representative, not here of the Church, but of the whole race, and gives him that rainbow as the beautiful token of the promise He here makes not to destroy mankind again by water, but to curse for man's sake the serpent, and the First High Priest of Nature and Nature's laws, and to give him the rainbow as a sign of the promise He here makes not to destroy mankind again by water, but to curse for man's sake the serpent, and the First High Priest of Nature and Nature's laws, and to give him the rainbow as a sign of the promise.

—The most unwise thing one can do is to purchase improved Wheeler & Wilson. It has no shuttle.

ADVERTISEMENTS. ALLAN LINE, under Contract for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mail.

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PRICE 25 AND 50 CTS. PER BOTTLE. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Manufacturers and Proprietors, 74 HIGH STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I. 377 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q. AND 17 ROUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, ENGLAND.

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