

Family Reading.

Lines on a Skeleton.

[Sixty years ago, the London Morning Chronicle published a poem entitled, "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair, clerical hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the Morning Chronicle.]

The Fifty Dollar Bill.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of the extra fire to be considered; the fact that the best rag-carpet, woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly; the dread possibility of sunshine fading out the chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the sauce-pan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed.

said he. 'No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank?' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Dean, her face hardening, 'I did!' 'We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go around peddling tinware,' said the doctor. 'It's pretty hard for one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little—'

For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. And her first utterance was: 'It's the Lord's judgment upon me!' Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to the table-drawer, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, enclosing one dollar towards Dick Bodley's horse and cart. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor little O'Hara, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes, and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

the gay ribbon measured and in watching the ladies who came in to do their shopping; but after a while she grew tired and wished for her mother to come. Then a little girl older than she came in, and they began to talk together. Lucy told her she was waiting for her mother who had promised to come for her when she got through her errands.

Concerning Marriage. One of Jonathan Edwards' daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. 'No,' said that stern individual, 'you can't have my daughter.' 'But I love her and she loves me,' pleaded the young man. 'Can't have her!' said the father. 'I am well to do, and can support her,' explained the applicant. 'Can't have her!' persisted the old man. 'May I ask,' meekly enquired the suitor, 'if you have heard anything against my character?' 'No!' thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused: 'I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bad temper and you wouldn't be happy with her!'

This Christian large-heartedness will go to the most accessible. We sometimes go to an old infidel and waste our powder and shot on him, and get disheartened because he won't be converted. When we could go to those who would receive the Word, what is the use of sticking to a hardened old crocodile? Don't waste your time on him; work for the conversion of those in his family, and of his servants, then he will see a miracle, and it will do more towards converting him than if you had spent all your ammunition on him. You know how it is with a river running around rocks, always seeking the softest places; it is the law of nature. Some say, never leave a difficulty behind; I say, leave it behind. Suppose you are studying a language; they say when you meet a difficulty, camp out there, never give up until you have conquered it; I say, leave it there, go on, and by-and-by, when you turn around the difficulty has disappeared. Thus it is with the movements of Christianity: it goes ahead to those who will receive the Word, and those that are left behind become hungry for it.—F. Judson.

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