Don't go to my house.
Dont strike my door,
You know the times are so hard,
And dollars hard to get,
But tug a little harder,
Is what I mean to do.
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it:
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theres on loan;
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?
You can't tell how we miss it,
If it by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late,
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer if your married,
You know the reason why.
The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious too,
At first to glance it over,
And then to read it through,
And I to read the leaders,
And cut the book reviews,
And scan the correspondence,
And every scrap of news.
I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
For other people take it,
And printer, so must I;
I, too must keep me posted
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A fogy simpleton.
Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few you know.
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather look my supper
And do without my tea.
So, pray don't you stop it
Unless you want my crown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down;
And send the paper promptly
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcome benison.

What People will Say.
Price 50c. per Bottle. Six Bottles for $2.50.
BY ANNA OLIVER.

At a prayer meeting recently, the burden of three of the prayers was that we might be "freed from a man-fearing spirit." In some form, this thought is frequently expressed in private and in public. We are sometimes neglected, lest some one should say we are putting ourselves forward in some way what we otherwise would not in order that persons may form of us some opinion we hold to be desirable. Multitudes of men and families sacrifice comfort, health, self-respect, to grasp and hold, not for the sake of enjoying wealth, but that they may be reputed wealthy by the world. We say "the world," and it sounds large; but really, to most of us, a very small circle constitutes our world. If some five or six persons approve our course, it is all right with us. In short, what people will say gives the key-note to many actions.

Now, a few days since, we were pondering the question why it is that, with few exceptions, every one is under the thumb of Mrs. Grundy. When we called to see a friend, her little child was playing in the room. Presently the nurse-girl came to take him away and prepare him for dinner. But the young gentleman preferred to remain with the company, when mamma interposed in this manner:

"Oh! Willie must go and have his hair brushed. Why, that lady thinks Willie has not had his hair brushed to-day. See how astonished she looks! And (to the nurse), Mary, every one will think Willie has no more clean aprons unless you put one on him right away."

This had the desired effect. The child went at once to be brushed and dressed, from fear of what persons would think of him.

The next call made was on a poor, sick woman, whose child seemed younger than Ethel—two years old. Soon the little man began to cry, interrupting our conversation.

"Oh, my," said the mother, "gampa looking at you. He thinks a great deal of Minnie should cry."

Now, grandpa was a surely old man, sitting in the corner of the room, reading his newspaper, and paying no attention whatever to the child. But Minnie straightened her face, and wiped her eyes, to see whether "gampa" didn't think her a awful queen.

This visit finished, we returned home, and proposed to take Ethel, our own little girl, out for a walk. We asked the lady who has her in charge to put on her coat. But Ethel said:

"Oh! no. I wan't to wear my little boo shawl."

Immediately, the lady exclaimed: "Mercy on us! If the little girl should go out with only her little blue shawl on, everybody in the street would look at her. And they would all say to themselves: "Is it possible that little girl hasn't got her winter coat yet?"

At this Ethel laughed. The coat went on and the walk proceeded. The young lady carried herself and eyed every passer-by in a manner that said: "Look at me. I've got my winter coat on."

Returned from the walk, her wraps were removed; but her mittens, being a novelty from gloves, she did not wish to relinquish.

"Mercy on us!" was again exclaimed. "Did I ever hear of a little girl's wearing her mittens in the house? What would everybody think?"

At this point we sat down, with the clear conviction that we had arrived at the solution of the question previously pondered. From the earliest dawn of consciousness up to maturity, the motive most frequently held before our children is the opinion of others. What wonder that so many of us are slaves to Mrs. Grundy. Boys and girls thus trained will be a fourteen years of age thoroughly self-conscious, and will ask themselves, in regard to every action, not what is wise and right, but "What will people say?" If parents, and all who have the care of children, will watch themselves, they will probably be surprised in discovering to what an extent they present this motive. It is so easy in this manner to stop children from crying, or induce them to conform to our motives, that the temptation is great. But a very little thought will obviate this and offer true motives of action.

For instance, take the case of Ethel. The very next day she was going to play in the yard, and her warm coat was needed; but again she preferred her shawl and was 'cute enough to suggest,

"Nobody can see me in the yard."

We drew her into our arms, and said:

"Our little darling must wear her coat because it is right to do so. Does she not remember how bad a cold and cough and sore eyes she had when she came from the asylum to live with us? She is now strong and well, and we love little Ethel too much to let her get so sick. At that time, you know, pet, you had no warm clothes to wear; but now our heavenly Father has given you home and friends and nice warm things, and he expects you to wear them and keep well. Is it not kind in our heavenly Father to take such good care of little Ethel?"

By this time the coat was on and buttoned, and the child's lips were held up to us for a kiss, as she said:

"I uv hear'n Father most, and 'ou next."

And thus, with her thoughts drawn off from herself to the goodness of God, she went out to her play.

Now, we submit if such motives are not far in advance of the former. Besides, the former are not true. People are not thinking about us, are not talking about us. If we pause to reflect, it is very apparent that the world—a few gossips excepted—is thinking of itself, not of us.

The one general reason to be given to children, however young, for any course to be pursued is, because it is right. Why it is right can also usually be explained to them. If we had our generation trained to such motives, we would need fewer prayers against a "man-fearing spirit," and heroes would be more common who would "dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone."—*Christian Union.*

A Street Arab.

John Brady was a street Arab, dirty, frowzy, and ragged. By day he wandered about New York, picking up a living by hook or crook, and keeping clear of the policemen. At night he slept under a cart, or in a doorway, always on the alert lest his perambulating enemy should carry him off to the Station-house.

One day John was taken by a policeman, and the magistrate sent him to Backwell's Island, as a street vagrant. John didn't know it, but that was his first step to a better life.

An agent of the Children's Aid Society, going to the Island to do good to the vagabonds there confined, saw John. Something about the street Arab attracted his attention.

"There's the making of a man in that boy," said he, "if he can have a fair chance."

John was sent out West to work on a farm. That was his second step in the right direction. His good work won the confidence of the farmer, and he was sent to the district school three months in a year.

In that school-house John's vocation dawned upon him. He became ambitious to become a scholar. Even mathematics, so hard and unattractive to ordinary boys, seemed to whet his mental appetite.

He continued to do good work for the farmer, while doing better work for himself. When his time of service was out, he wrote to President Porter, asking him if there was any method by which a poor boy anxious for an education could pay his way through Yale College. The President's reply brought John to Yale. He rang the College bell to pay for his tuition and board.

John made friends by hard work and brilliant success. Under the religious influence in which he was placed, he was led to give himself to the service of a divine Master. When he graduated, he had determined to become a minister, and support was offered him for three years at Union Theological Seminary, New York. He went to the city where he had been a ragged vagabond, as a student of Theology.

Last summer, twelve years from the day the agent of the Children's Aid Society found him on Blackwell's Island, John Brady left New York as the first Presbyterian missionary to the Esquimaux of Alaska.

So much for benevolent Christian work. One waif saved from a life of shame and made a means of untold good to others! Who will say that this will not repay all the time and money spent by the noble men who were the agents in the Godlike work?

A Negro's Experience.

As I passed a small colored church I halted a moment to speak with the aged sexton, who was sitting in a pensive mood upon the front steps. His once agile form was much bent by reason of the weight of years and the infirmities of age. His locks were silvery, while his real ebony face was lighted up with an expression of the purest kindness. I said:

"Uncle Payne, where were you raised?"

"Ober de mountains, sah, down in old Farquier."

"What is your age?"

"I's high on eighty; so de white folks say."

"Well, you're getting quite aged, Uncle Payne?"

"Yes, sah, I's getting ole, and has spent de most ob my life in sin an' folly, serbing de debil."

"Ah, that is bad, Uncle Payne; but how long since you became a Christian?"

"Sens jis' afore de wa' sah."

"Well, it has been a good while since then, Uncle Payne, you should have considerable experience by this time."

"Yes, sah, I ought to hab; but I's jis now learnt how to chaw crusts."

"How is that, Uncle Payne? I do not quite understand what you mean."

"Well, sah, you see I come to Jesus an' gib my heart to Him; for a long time I thought de Lord mus' be feedin me wid pie an' cake, an' all good things. I was not pleased if He didn't, but now I's satisfied any way, I can take a crus' from his hand as well as anything. I's got de witness in me."

How many are there who follow the Master, not because of the miracles which He did, but because they eat of the loaves and fishes, and are filled! How many seek the "pie and cake," but spurn the idea of crusts, though presented by the Father's hand. We must take the crust as well as the cake, if we would have the witness in us.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM, A.B.

☞ Contributions of good original puzzles and answers are solicited from every reader of the VISITOR for this department. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, marked "For Fireside Pastimes" and addressed to William C. Burnham, VISITOR Office, No. 85 Germain St. Saint John, N. B.

QUERIES.

1. What three words in the English language have for their termination—cion?

2. What word contains seven consonants, and only one vowel?

3. What word of seven syllables has a vowel in every syllable, and the same, and in all, but the last?

DUPLEX.

CHARADE.

When urged to my second, you should always speak my first; and my whole seeks, in a peculiar way, to escape my second.

DUPLEX.

ACROSTIC.

1. A fabled animal.
2. A country of Europe.
3. A Bible name.
4. A kind of reptile.
5. A system of practice in medicine.
6. A mythological personage.
7. What all should avoid.
8. One of the Queens of England.
9. A useful public official.

The initials form the name of a character in one of Dickens' novels.

DUPLEX.

ENIGMA.

My 1st is a domestic animal.
My 2nd An article.
My 3rd Is used as a beverage.
My 4th Is in atom.
My 5th Is in Granite.
My 6th Indicates negation.
My 7th Is in the news.
My 8th Is often ignored.
My whole was a Roman Conspicator.

DUPLEX.

WORD SQUARE.

1. One of the sciences.
2. A useful article of commerce.
3. A kind of puzzle.
4. One of the books of the Old Testament.
5. The name of a town in Switzerland.

DUPLEX.

Answers next week.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Frank A. Good, Jacksonville, sends correct answers to Decapitations, Numerical Enigma, Cross-Word Enigma, and Charade in the VISITOR of Feb. 12th.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PASTIMES.

To Decapitations. 1. S-top. 2. M-ine. 3. B-rood. 4. S-hot. 5. B-ear. 6. S-hoe. 7. W-in. 8. S-table. 9. H-our. 10. S-even.

To Word Square:—
Boston.
Condor.
Murphy.
Euchre.

To Numerical Enigma.—Importance.
To Cross-Word Enigma.—Saint John.
To Charade.—Charity.
To Curtailments.—1. Pie-t. 2. Sole-e. 3. Sin-e. 4. Cut-e.

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