

CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

BY J. M. MACON.

Jes' turn de back log ober der, an' pull you stools up nigher.
An' watch dat 'possum cookin' in de skillet by de fire.
Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks, to make my feelin' flow.
An' I'll grine you out a fac' or two, to take befo, you go.
Now, in dese busy, wukin' days dey's changed de Scrip'ter fashion.
An' you needn't look to mirakule to furnish you wid rations.
Now, when you wantin' loaves of bread, you's got to go an' fetch 'em;
An' ef you wantin' fishes, you mus' dig you' wums an' ketch 'em;
For you kin put it down as sartin dat de time is long gone by.
When sassafras an' 'aters used to raia from out de sky.
Ef you think about it keefully, an' put it to the tes',
You'll disskiver dat de safes' plan is gin'ully de bes'.
Ef you stumble on a hornet's nes', and make de critters scatter,
You needn't stand dar like a fool an' argerfy de matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles all aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to shuffle out o' town.
Dar's heaps o' dreadful music in the very fines' fiddle;
A ripe and meller apple may be rotten in de middle;
De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges' fool;
Dor's lots o' solid kickin' in the humbles' kind o' mule;
De preacher ain't de holies' dat w'ars de meeks' look;
An' does de loudes' bangin' on de kiver ob de book.
De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots and lan's;
Dey scatter all deir picayunes aroun' de peanut-stan's;
De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir rents,
But Heben an' de organ-grinder gets de copper cents.
I nebbler likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin'.
Dat frolics fru de wukin, days an' snoozes at de meetin';
Dat jines de Temp'auce 'Ciety an' keeps a gittin' tight,
An, pulls his watermillions in de middle ob de night.
Dese militertry nigger chaps, wid musket in deir han's,
Perradin' froo de city to de music of de ban's
Had better drop deir guns an' go to marchin' wid deir ho'es,
An' git an' honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton rows,
Or de state may put 'em arter while, to drillin' in de ditches,
Wid more'n a single stripe a-runnin' cross deir breeches.
Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is mighty sof an' nice,
But it busted up de renters in de lubly Paradise.
You see, dey bofe was human bein's jes like me and you,
An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do.
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em an' a cotton crop to make,
Dey's nebbler thought o' loafin' roun' and chat-tin' wid de snake.

—Scribner's Magazine.

Serial.

FIFINE.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

CHAP. XIII.—PARIS AND THE ORNANO MISSION STATION.

Fifine ran out upon the white road, and saw the great dark ambulance coming, whose familiar rumble Marraine's quick ear had recognized. She waved her apron above her head as it drew near, and the horses stopped. Fifine repeated her god-mother's request to M. Jacolet, who, bidding Desire mind the horses, followed her to the cart. Marraine was sitting up, waiting for them.

"Jacolet," said she, as soon as she saw him, "you are going to Paris soon. You must take me with you. I must go there I can pay you; there is still a little money left, and there is the cart."

M. Jacolet appeared much shocked by the change in mother Touton. They had not met since their parting at Louviers, and he had not heard of her failing health. He readily agreed to do as she requested.

"I was going directly to Paris," he said. "One does better there through the autumn when the town is full of foreigners, than at these little fetes now that all the great ones are over. We will fasten the cart behind the wagon."

He even insisted that mother Touton and Fifine should occupy the bed which had once been theirs, saying that he and Desire would do very well in the cart. Fi-

fine was so much surprised by this politeness on the part of cross M. Jacolet, that she could hardly go to sleep, when, for the first time in many weary weeks, she found herself lying in a comfortable bed. Her heart was lighter than it had been in a long time. The few words which Desire had spoke to her, M. Jacolet's unexpected kindness, the luxury of the old familiar rumble of the wagon as they jogged slowly along—all filled her heart with gladness. "Perhaps the Lord Jesus thinks we have had trouble enough," was her happy thought as she fell asleep.

The days which followed were days of brightness to little Fifine. She made herself very useful, cooking the meals and mending M. Jacolet's clothes, and it was surprising how kind the surly man continued to be. Marraine grew much better, now that she no longer had to drag the heavy cart. She could not walk much, for that always brought on the coughing, but she sat in the little parlor, making a full new suit of clothes for Punch and all the other puppets, for M. Jacolet intended to set up his establishment in the Champ Elysees, and had determined to have everything as fine as possible.

As for Fifine, in the intervals of her work she gathered flowers by the roadside, to decorate the little parlor, or walked with Desire as he drove the horses, now chattering merrily to him, and again talking gravely of the thoughts which had filled her little heart in the sad days she had lately known.

Desire had not forgotten the things he had heard in the mission meetings, or had read in Madame Andre's bible. He had thought much of these things during his long wanderings, and though he was still ignorant of a great deal which is familiar even to the little children in Christian homes, yet he could often help Fifine to understand the things which puzzled her so much.

They arrived in Paris while it was yet early autumn. Mother Touton rented a room on the sixth floor of a house, having sold the cart. There was but little money left from that which they had been saving for the winter, after sharing with M. Jacolet the expenses of the journey, and paying a quarter's rent for their room. They had not sold the hurdy gurdy, though it was very heavy for Marraine to carry about in her weakened state. But there was no other way for them to earn a living than by Fifine's dancing.

"We must go out every day while we can, my girl," mother Touton said, the first evening that they were in their new home. Fifine had been asking how soon she might begin to go to school. "I wish I might send you, my child," Marraine had said, "but that cannot be."

"But, Marraine, why do you say we must go out every day while we can? We can go all winter if we like, except the stormy days. Is it not so?"

Mother Touton shook her head, and looked sorrowfully at the little girl for a moment, and then said, as if trying to be cheerful. "Ah, yes; but one must expect many stormy days in winter. And one never knows what is in the future," she added gravely.

"Dear Marraine," exclaimed Fifine earnestly, "I will dance my very best, and try to get a great deal of money, and in the future you can rest and let me take care of you; can you not, Marraine?"

The old woman's eyes filled with tears. "God bless you, my child," she said; "yes, perhaps I shall rest. And, Fifine," she added, after a pause, "one thing I have decided to do. I am am going sometimes in the evenings to that place where the good English people come, where they tell one about the love of Jesus Christ. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Fifine, clasping her hands with delight; "I remember well, and oh, the Sunday school on the Boulevard Meuilmontant, where the little boy and his mother were! May I go there sometimes, Marraine?"

"That is too far from here," replied her godmother, "and Sunday is not a good day; you could not well be spared, my child. But we saw that little boy and his mother at the meeting on the Boulevard Ornano, did we not? Perhaps you will meet them there some time. Josephine, do you know this is the reason why I looked for a room in this quarter."

"That we might be near that room on the Boulevard Ornano, Marraine? I am so glad you thought of that. It will not be far to go from here."

"Those English are good people, Fifine," continued Marraine; "I hope I may get to speak to one of them, some day. I should like them to know about you, if—"

Fifine waited for her godmother to finish, but as she said no more, the little girl answered, "I think you could get to speak to them, Marraine. Do you not remember how the little boy's mamma spoke to the woman who stood near us?"

"I did not notice," replied Marraine; "I was watching all the people shaking hands with the tall gentleman and the lady with the English curls."

"I remember just what she said," resumed Fifine. "Well, Madame Legras, and how do you like your new Bible? I wondered what a Bible was, but I know now, for Desire says it is the book God sent to teach us what we ought to do. Perhaps we can get a Bible at the meeting, too. Desire said that Madame Andre got one there."

"I wish I might see one," said Marraine, "if it would tell me what I ought to do. But we should go to bed now, my girl, for to-morrow we must begin our work."

They went out every day after this, carrying the hurdy gurdy and the tamborine. They went into the courts of houses, and into the parks and squares. Fifine liked to dance in the smaller squares, for there was seldom any one there except nursemaids and babies, and the little ones were always delighted, especially with the rattling of the tamborine, and the nursemaids almost always spoke kindly to her, and gave her little sous.

But Fifine dreaded to go into the courts of houses, for the *concierges* was often cross and disagreeable, and there were frequently rough boys at the windows or playing in the courts, who mocked at her, and sang a rude little French song:

"Josephine, Josephine!
Arrest thy machine!"

which they seemed to think a wonderful joke. Into the courts of the more elegant houses they were seldom allowed to go, and in the crowded apartment-houses they found, little Fifine thought, many rude people, and but few kind ones.

The very first Sunday night they went to the meeting on the Boulevard Ornano. The room was somewhat changed, having been enlarged to nearly double its former size, but the pictures, the texts, the rush-bottomed chairs, the plain table and the little melodeon, were quite the same. The tall, thin gentleman and the lady with the brown curls were both there, but though little Fifine looked eagerly for Ernest and his mamma, she did not see them.

Fifine did not very well understand what was said, but mother Touton seemed to drink in every word. At the close of service she lingered a moment, as if she would have liked to speak to some one, then turned suddenly and drew Fifine away. A notice had been read, announcing that meetings for working people were held in the room every Sunday and Monday evenings, and for children on Thursday afternoons, beside Sabbath school on Sunday afternoons. Fifine longed to go to one of the children's meetings, but she knew she could no more be spared on Thursday than on Sunday. She was very happy when she heard her godmother say, "We will go again to-morrow, my girl; perhaps they will be there then;" and she looked forward brightly to the morrow.

To be continued.

LITTLE LEAKS AND LITTLE SINS.

Mother said little Lucy, "is Robert right?"
The mother smiled, and asked what Robert had said or done.

"It was at our playtime that it happened," said Lucy. "We were all in the playground, and the schoolmistress happened to pass, and in taking out her pocket-handkerchief she dropped her pencil. Robert picked it up when she had gone past, for he said that he wanted a pencil, and that it would just do for him. I told him he oughtn't to keep it, as it was not his, and that to take anything not belonging to one is a great sin. 'A great sin!' he said; 'how can it be more than a little sin to steal a penny pencil?' But is he right, mother?"

"No, my child, he is very wrong. There is no such thing as a small sin in the sight of God, because every sin is disobedience, a transgression of the law of God, and can only be forgiven for the love of Christ, who laid down his life for us."

"But I will tell you a story which will make you better able to understand what little sins may lead to. It happened before you were born. Your father and I were then living at the seaside. At the bottom of our garden there was a little wall, down by the water's edge, and we often used to sit there, in order to watch the waves as they broke upon the shore

and the ships as they sailed to distant lands.

"One beautiful summer evening we were sitting upon this wall; the sea was quiet, and in a little bay not far from our garden a fisherman and his son were preparing to put to sea in their boat. The air was so still that we could plainly hear all that they were saying. The little boy, who was examining the boat, said to the man: 'Father, do you see there's a leak in the boat? the water can get in.' 'Nonsense?' said the father, 'it's only a little bit of a hole, and there's no danger. If there were to come a storm it would be quite another thing, but this evening the weather's so beautiful that there's nothing in the world to be afraid of.'

"A moment after they hoisted their sail and started on their little voyage. For some time we were able to hear their cheerful songs, and it was already night when we went back to the house. But soon after the weather began to change, a violent storm arose, and we heard all night the sound of the wind, and the waves as they broke against our garden wall.

"In the midst of the storm we heard the sounds of distress rising from the sea, and we also heard the tinkling of the bell which fishermen in danger sometimes ring to call people to their help. We ran to the shore; the night was dark, a feeble light flickered on the sea, and the bell kept on ringing.

People were rushing up and down upon the shore in great distress, but before the lifeboat had been able to be put out, the light had gone out and the bell had stopped. Cries of distress still, however, rose from the sea; four men put out in the lifeboat; they rowed to the place where we had seen the light, and by the mercy of God they arrived in time to save the man and boy, who were clinging to the mast. A little hole had caused the wreck of that boat, and a little sin may bring shipwreck to our souls."

Smiles.

A laughable circumstance once took place upon a trial where the Rev. Mr. Wood was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the judge addressing the reverend person said:—"Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" The gentleman replied:—

"O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
Double U,
Double O, D."

Upon which the astonished lawyer laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met in his life and after two or three attempts declare, he was unable to record it. The court was convulsed with laughter.

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. The person sending the best 30 contributions during the first quarter of the year will be entitled to a prize volume, and the person who sends the most correct answers to puzzles during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.
Address: "Visitor Pastimes," St. John, N. B.

NO. 1 DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. His Wig.
2. His Grandmother.
3. His Comfort.
4. His Countrywomen.

First and final, spell the name of an Englishman's support.

CONUNDRUM NO. 2.

Twice nine of us are eight of us,
And two of us are three;
And three of us are five of us,
What think you, can we be?
But if, with this, your not content,
And still would seek for more,
Why twelve of us are six of us,
And five of us are four!

CHARADE NO. 3.

Where'er my first you chance to meet,
In city, country, town or street,
My second you will always find
Is seen to follow close behind,
My whole all critics must confess
Would help to make the riddle less.

Answers to pastimes in Visitor of March 28.

Charade 25; "Blockhead."

Answered by B. B. Woodworth.

Enigma 26; "The vowels."

Answered by B. B. Woodworth.

Conundrum 27; "Excel (XL)."

Answered by B. B. Woodworth.

This week we give the names of those who during the quarter have sent the three largest lists of correct answers to pastimes: B. B. Woodworth, St. John, comes first with 18 and secures the prize. Second, Tilley Keirstead, Collins, with 11, and third, Maria S. Coy, Hildale, with 9. We have also received answers from 16 others, from various parts of this Province and Nova Scotia. We again offer a prize book for the most correct answers to the puzzles for the next three months, and hope all our young folk will compete. The competition will begin with puzzles in this Visitor.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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Pastor of St. John's Baptist Church,

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Fredericton, Jan. 20th, 1880.

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