

## JOHN JENKINS' SERMON.

"The minister said last night, says he, 'Don't be afraid of givin'! If your life ain't nothin' to other folks. Why, what's the use of livin'?' And that's what I say to my wife, says I. There's Brown, the miserable sinner, He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

"I tell you our minister is prime, he is, But I goshn't quite determine, When I heard him a givin' it right and left, Just who was hit by his sermon. Or course there couldn't be no mistake, When he talked of the long winded prayin' For Peter and Johnson they sot and scowled At every word he was sayin'."

"And the minister he went on to say, 'There's various kind's of cheatin', And religion's as good for every day As it is to bring to meetin'.' I don't think much of a man that gives The loud amens at my preachin', And spends his time the following week In cheatin' and overreachin'."

"I guess that dose was bitter enough For a man like Jones to swallow; And I noticed he didn't open his mouth Not once, after that, to holler; Hurrah, says I, for the minister— Of course I said it quiet— 'Give us some more of this open talk, It's very refreshin' diet.'"

"The minister hit 'em every time; And when he spoke of fashion, And rigging out in bows and things, As women's ruinin' passion, And a lot of church to see the styles, To help a winkin'— 'A waddin' my wife, and says I, 'That's you.'"

"And I guess it sot her thinkin'. Says I to myself, that sermon's pat; I at man is a queer creation; And I'm much afraid that most of the folks Won't take the application. Now if he had said a word about My personal mode of sinnin' I'd gone to work to right myself, And not set there a-grinin'."

"Just then the minister says, says he, 'And now I've come to the fellers Who've lost this shower by using their friends As sort of moral umbrellas. Go home,' says he, 'and find your faults Instead of huntin' your brother's; 'Go home,' says he, 'and wear the coats You've tried to fit for others.'"

"My wife, she nudged, and Brown he winked, And there was lots o' smilin', And lots a lookin' at our pew; It sot my blood a 'bilin'. Says I to myself, our minister Is gettin' a little bitter; I'll tell him, when meetin's out, that I Ain't at all that kind of critter."

Harper's Bazar.

## Serial.

## FIFINE.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

## CHAP. V.—VANITY FAIR.

It was a bright Sunday in autumn. The streets were flooded with the golden light, and the air was unusually crisp and pure as Ernest and his mother came out from the doors of the American chapel in Paris. They were almost the first of the throng of people which came pouring out of the doors, and they hastened along the street as if some business of importance called them.

"May I run on and get the places, mamma?" asked the little boy, as they reached the street corner. At a nod from his mother, he ran down the avenue, and turned into a small office-like room, threading his way with difficulty through the crowd that encumbered the entrance. An omnibus drove away from before the door, and another wheeled up at the same moment. Some numbers were called out—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—some people got into the vehicle. Little Ernest came running out of the office as his mother came up.

"Here there are, mamma, forty-three and forty-four. It is forty which begins. We shall not need to wait long. There is ours coming now. Oh, it is quite full!"

The omnibus drew up; several people got down. "Forty," cried the conductor, and a woman got in. "Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three—it is full!"

"No matter, mamma," said Ernest hurriedly, as his mother looked at her two numbers and the single vacant place. "I can ride on top. I shall not fall off," he added to the conductor, who looked at him doubtfully.

"Mount then," said the conductor, and the little boy climbed up to the roof of the omnibus, while his mother took her place within. The horses started off at a great pace, as several other stages from different directions drew up to the station.

Down the long avenue, with its stately bordering of palaces, its wide alleys, shaded by chestnut trees, its throngs of foot passengers, and its confusion of rapid carriages; turning away from a bright vision of trees and fountains and flower-enamelled

grass; through narrower streets, where long rows of high, white buildings formed interminable vistas; past open squares filled with beautifully dressed children running about the walks. In another omnibus now, and threading narrow, crooked streets, where the buildings were dark and grimy with age, and bare headed children were pushing their way among men in blouses and women in white caps. Up a long, steep hill, and out upon a broad boulevard, deserted at this hour, except in the wide alley planted with wide trees, which occupied the centre between the two paved carriage ways.

"Is it late, mamma? must we walk fast?" asked Ernest, as he climbed down from his lofty perch and joined his mother on the sidewalk before the busy omnibus station.

"No; we have time enough," she answered, looking at her watch.

"Then will you walk in the alley? I like so much to watch them all. Is it not like Vanity Fair in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' mamma?"

They crossed the street to the broad footway in the middle of the boulevard. It was thronged with people, walking or sitting upon the iron benches under the tree. They were all poor people, to judge by their dress, and were nearly all accompanied by children. They sauntered idly along, stopping at every moment to look at some juggler, or dancer, or tumbler, or to join the assemblage around a gaming table, or an auctioneer.

Ernest and his mother walked rapidly on, yet not without observing all that passed before them. In one place the crowd was denser than usual. They heard a bell ringing, and as they drew near, could see, standing upon a platform, a woman with an enormous red bow upon the top of her head, while a boy in a gay, parti-colored dress stood beside her. He was ringing the bell, and the woman was distributing long slabs of wood marked with numbers among the audience. The boy called out the number at which it had stopped, and a card of gingerbread was given to the holder of the lucky number.

Farther on, the sound of drums and horns was heard, and a small wooden theatre came into view, the actors and actresses, in wonderfully gaudy dress, displaying themselves upon the platform before the entrance, while one and another from among the admiring bystanders, enticed by their attractions, passed up to the paying place and into the theatre.

Beyond was a merry-go-round, with children riding upon the wooden horses, and others waiting for their turns. Next came swings suspended from an immense revolving circle, and beyond that, a circus tent. Between them were booths of all sorts and games of every kind, and groups of people before them all.

"It is just like Vanity Fair," repeated Ernest, as they threaded their way among the multitude.

"I often think so myself," replied his mother. "But here we are."

They had reached a narrow part of the boulevard, and crossed over to the sidewalk. Nearly all the signs of the fair had been left behind, but one or two humbler stalls were to be seen here, and among them the long tables, the wooden lion's head with his gaping mouth, and the tray of balls of the game of *Boule*. A lame boy was sitting beside it, and a gayly dressed little girl in sandals, and a spangled skirt and scarlet jacket, was talking to him. She held a tamborine in her hand. Ernest looked back at her as he went on.

"Mamma," he said, "do you remember that pretty little girl at the fete at Villerville? That is she."

"I don't remember faces very well," replied his mother, looking back; "but the dress is the same, I see. Yes; I think you are right."

They reached at this moment a little knot of children, clustered around the glass doors of what seemed to be a shop, though white curtains concealed its contents from view. The children ran toward Ernest and his mother, who spoke to them all, and seemed pleased to see them. Then Ernest, taking a great key from his pocket, opened the door and they all passed in.

Meanwhile Fifine and her companion looked after them. "Do you know Paul," said the little girl; "I saw that little boy in Normandy. It was at the fete in Villerville, last August. He held his mother by the hand, just as he did now, and he talked so strangely! You can't think how funny it sounded."

"That is because they are English," answered Paul. "They always talk strangely, those English. I know this one, too. He comes here every Sunday."

"What do they do in there? It is not a cafe," said Fifine.

"They sing for one thing," answered Paul. Listen! you can hear them now."

A sweet sound of children's voices, accompanied by some instrument, floated toward them. As the door opened now and then to admit other children the strains of music swelled and diminished in sound.

"What else do they do?" asked Fifine, when the last note had died away.

"I don't know," answered Paul; "but any one may go in. The little boy told me so one day, but I told him I could not leave the *Boule*. You might go, Fifine, since you have hurt your foot; and can't dance to-day."

"I don't like to go alone," said Fifine hesitatingly; then, as the music recommenced, she added, "If you would go to the door with me, Paul, you could watch the *Boule* from there."

Little Paul took up his crutch, and the children went together toward the closed door.

"What does it say on the sign?" asked Paul.

"To Workingmen," said Fifine, reading slowly, as if spelling the words; "Moral Reunion. Free Library. Sunday and Friday at eight o'clock. Sunday school at two o'clock."

"That is now," observed Paul. The door opened at this moment, and Ernest looked out. His blue eyes brightened, and a smile overspread his whole face, as he saw Fifine.

"Will you come in?" he asked, holding out his hand. You will hear some pretty stories, and learn to sing sweet hymns."

Fifine understood what he said, although he spoke differently from other children, in a soft way, almost like a little child who is learning to talk. She gave him her hand, and he led her into the room. It was a long, low room, floored with brick, and the ceiling supported with posts. The walls were hung with bright pictures, or with texts in large letters. About fifty children were seated upon rush-bottomed chairs, placed in rows around a low platform. Two ladies were upon this platform. One was standing before a table upon which a great book lay open; the other was Ernest's mamma, and she was playing upon a melodeon. Ernest led Fifine up to the platform, and seated her at his mother's feet. At that moment the children rose and began to sing, and Ernest went back to the door.

When the hymn was ended, the lady who stood behind the table told the children a story which, Fifine thought, was the most beautiful one she had ever heard.

Then Ernest's mamma, asked the children questions about the story, but though many of them answered nicely, and Fifine could have done so, too, so well she remembered it all, she did not dare to say a word.

After this, they all learned a text of Scripture, repeating it over and over after their teacher. Fifine did not know that it was a verse of the Bible; but she, too, learned it so perfectly, that she never forgot it in all her life. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

When the little assembly was dismissed, Ernest, standing at the door, gave a pretty card to every child. Fifine's was pink and had a beautiful picture on it. Between looking at her picture and repeating her newly learned verse, her thoughts were fully occupied as she ran along the boulevard to find Mamma.

To be Continued.

## THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market-town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetable of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and, placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and, though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh," he continued, turning to Ben. Williams.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman the spot on the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones! He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I wouldn't tell a lie or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

A man who, by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will, in a little while, have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him.—*British Evangelist.*

## Smiles.

A soldier of a cavalry regiment was arraigned for stealing his comrade's liquor ration. He was an Irishman, and his defense was unique. "I'd be sorry indade, surr, to be called a thief. I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom, and sure I was obliged to drink his to get me own."

A Western Judge recently sentenced a man to imprisonment for life. Before removal from the court, the prisoner exclaimed that the Judge was no gentleman. The indignant Judge promptly added two years to the sentence.

A Boston man besought his wife, he being but three years married, for the privilege of a night key. "Night key!" she exclaimed, in tones of amazement, "what use can you have for a night key when the 'Woman's Emancipation League' meets Monday night, the 'Ladies' Domestic Mission' Tuesday, the 'Sisters of Jericho' Wednesday, the 'Woman's Science Circle' Thursday, the 'Daughters of Ninevah' Friday and the 'Woman's Progressive Art Association' and the 'Suffrage Band' on alternate Saturday nights. You stay at home and see that the baby doesn't fall out of the cradle." He stays.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. The person sending the best six 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.

## PUZZLE.

Find in the Bible the names of eight persons each name being composed of three letters and the initials spelling the name of a governor set over Israel.

## ENIGMA.

1. Rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar.
2. Father of Sagar.
3. One who shaved another's servants.
4. One who had palsy eight years.
5. A native of Cyrene.
6. Mother of one of Paul's friends.
7. Instructor of artificers in brass and iron.
8. Son of Cush.

The initials spell the name of a stone where sheep and oxen were slain.

## TRANSPPOSITION.

Ot dilig nefidre elgd, ot iapnt het iyl,  
Ot wotr a ferpem n oth levote,  
Ot osomht hetieia, ro dad tanerho euh  
Tuno tel borainw, ro tilwptare-hgilt  
Otkese het tebasnoe yee fo vahaen of argish,  
Si swetalfu nad dirlouseul sexese.

## ANSWERS.

Answer to charade, in *Visitor* Jan'y 10th  
"Mendicant" mend-i-cant.  
Answered correctly by Bertha B. Woodworth, St. John and Tilly Kierstead Collina Kings Co.  
[Two weeks are given for competitors to send answers, and no solutions will be credited which are not received till after publication of answer.]

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I ought to state that I was led to try FAMILINE in this case, simply on the recommendation of my wife, who had been pleased with its effect in a severe case of burn also in a painful backache, resulting from a settled cold. Notwithstanding that it proves to be a "proprietary" article, I cannot conscientiously deny its admirable composition and efficacy.

I am yours very truly,  
Geo. L. Austin, M. D.

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