

THE CHILDREN.

A FAMILY SCENE.

Crawling and walking,
abbering and talking,
Hiding and peeping,
Running and leaping,
Stumbling and falling,
Crying and squalling,
Fighting and fussing,
Hugging and bussing,
Sulking and pouting,
Laughing and shouting
Coming and going,
Singing and crowing,
Playing the men with papa's old hat,
Riding the dogs and teasing the cats,
Then shouting aloud with joy and glee,
O mamma and papa, come and see!
The mother, alive to all their joys,
Quickly responds to her darling boys.
Now papa, won't you lay down that pen
And take a look at your little men?
Why mother, are those our little boys
That ate the candy and broke the toys?
But now I see them riding their horses,
Acting the men and playing the bosses,
"Variety is the spice of life,"
Then you and I enjoy it, dear wife.
What a paradox these children are,
That bring so much joy as well as care.
But so the Lord doth wisely ordain,
To mingle pleasure along with pain.
Then let us pray that our noisy boys
May lighten our cares, lighten our joys,
May prove our staff and comfort through
life,
Then smooth our pillows in death dear wife.

Serial.

FINE.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

CHAP. XXI.—A GLAD RELEASE.

There was not, in all Paris, a happier boy than Desire. He lived with Madame Andre and little Rosa, to whom he was as the dearest of sons and brothers. He had found a beautiful little apartment near the Ornano Station which was most central to his work, and thither Madame Andre had removed. There was the brightest of little sitting-rooms, not larger, perhaps than her old room had been, but with a nice bed-closet adjoining, and with a beautiful west window, where the sun shone in till the last moment, thus saving much expense of candles. And there was a second bed-closet for Desire, with a corner taken off for a kitchen. It was only four feet square, but there was plenty of room for Madame Andre to stand before the porcelain stove with two covers, which had a drawer below for the charcoal, and a shelf above for the plates. There was room enough, too, for the square board which Desire nailed up in the corner, by way of a kitchen-table; and though there was no window, only a ventilator for the smoke and gas to escape by, yet abundant light came in through the open door, while Madame Andre was getting things ready; and when she had prepared everything, and had closed the door, and sat down to her sewing, the pot-au-feu needed no light to boil by, and the sitting-room was as neat and comfortable as possible. Madame Andre had plenty of work now, for Mrs. McA—and Mrs. Dalton, and other ladies of the mission sent her garments to make, and she was, besides, regularly employed to scour and clean two or three mission-rooms. And Rosa was as happy as a queen, with a store of cast-off toys, which Ernest had collected for her among his little friends.

Though Desire was very busy, he managed often to take the long walk to Les Ternes, to visit little Ffine. He went, too, to Monsieur Bernhardt, who was much interested in the boy, and who lent him books and newspapers, over which Desire pored in every leisure hour. They had long conversations, too, about the state of the country, and the effect of religion in elevating the masses, and many other such questions, now beginning to force themselves upon the boy's awakening intelligence.

With all his duties and interests, he never forgot mother Tonton. The old woman failed rapidly as the sweet spring time came on, and Desire went every morning to inquire after her.

"I should like to die on a Sunday," mother Tonton had said one day, as Madame Dupont, who had been reading to her in the "Pilgrim's Progress," closed the book at the last page. "Then all you kind friends,

who have led me from Vanity Fair up to the very brink of the River of Death, could be near me as I cross the dark waters."

Mother Tonton had her wish. Early on Sunday morning Desire brought word that the old woman was dying. Madame Legras and Ffine hastened to her at the earliest hour allowed, and the others followed as soon as their duties permitted. It was the sweetest of spring afternoons, and birds were singing in all the trees, as Mrs. Dalton and Ernest walked down the Boulevard Ornano, after Sunday-school. They were joined at the corner of the exterior boulevard by Madame Dupont and Desire, hastening up from the distant station of Meulmontant, and together they crossed the boulevard and entered the wide gateway of the Larioisiere. They were all well known there, and were admitted without a word.

The curtains of mother Tonton's bed were fastened back, to admit the air. Madame Legras was supporting the old woman's head, and Ffine lay upon the narrow bed at her godmother's side, her face hidden in the pillows, but clinging closely to Madame's hand. Monsieur Legras stood at the bedside, from time to time repeating texts from the Bible, with which his memory was well stored. One or two nurses stood near.

All made way for Mrs. Dalton, as she approached, and a chair was given her at the bedside. Mother Tonton gazed eagerly in her face, as she bent over her, and Mrs. Dalton said at once, in a low voice, "Every inquiry had been fruitless. They have disappeared from Bayeux, and cannot be heard from. It is the hand of God, dear friend, and your wish shall be granted. When you leave your little girl, she becomes my charge. She shall go home with me from your bedside."

"Thank God!" said the old woman fervently, and closed her eyes. She seemed to have waited but for this, before passing away. Her eyes opened once more, and rested upon Madame Dupont. "My salvation is accomplished," she said, with a smile, and died.

The friends remained kneeling around the bed, while Monsieur Legras uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving for the glad departure of the dear old woman. When they rose from their knees, Mrs. Dalton lifted Ffine from the bed, where she still clung to her godmother's hand. She was weeping with the quiet self-control which she had learned in so hard a school. Mrs. Dalton sat down with the child in her arms.

"You are my little girl now, dear Ffine," she said gently. "Your godmother gave you to me, and you shall go home with me, and be my little daughter, and Ernest will be your brother."

The child clung to her new protectress with a close embrace, though she did not speak.

"Desire, will you call a carriage?" asked Mrs. Dalton, wiping away the tears which clouded her eyes. "And, Monsieur Legras, will you carry the little one down stairs? She is quite exhausted. Ernest, go with them; I will follow you in a moment."

She stayed to say some word of direction to the attendants, then descended the stairs, accompanied by the Bible-woman and Madame Legras.

There was room upon the carriage-seat for both the children at Mrs. Dalton's side, but she took Ffine in her arms, and whispered loving words of comfort to her, as they drove rapidly along the streets to the little girl's new home.

CHAP. XXII.—A RAY OF LIGHT.

Mrs. Dalton had been delayed in her plan of quitting France, not only by her inquiries after Ffine's relatives, but by mother Tonton's lingering illness. She thought it best, for the child's sake, to postpone her departure no further, and immediately after the old woman's funeral, the little party left Paris. It was not without a severe struggle that Mrs. Dalton had been able to leave the mission work in which she had passed such happy years. Ernest, too, was passionately devoted to it, and would gladly have remained all his life in Paris.

but it was time that the boy should engage seriously in the work of his education, if, as he hoped, he was to become a minister of the gospel. He was now past twelve years of age, and Mrs. Dalton was anxious to return with him to America, preferring that his studies should be pursued in the purer atmosphere of his native land.

Mrs. Dalton was very far from rich, and the expenses of her son's education would draw heavily upon her limited income. When, therefore, she adopted little Ffine, it was with the knowledge that strict economy would be necessary to enable her to act justly by both children. She resolved to educate Ffine in such a manner that she might support herself by teaching, or in any sphere of usefulness for which her talents might fit her.

Before going to America, however, Mrs. Dalton proposed to spend a few months in England. She and Ernest were much worn out, by the incessant fatigues, and especially by the late hours, which the mission-work required. Ffine, too, needed thorough change of scene, and relief from all thought of care, before beginning her studies in earnest. So much of the little one's existence had been overshadowed by heavy anxiety and grief, that there was danger of her losing the elasticity of her nature; she had grown graver and more thoughtful than was good to see in the naturally sunny-hearted child. So Mrs. Dalton decided to travel about a little before returning to America in September, in time for the children to begin their studies.

The parting with Desire was a better trial. Happy though the little girl might be, under the tender care of her adopted daughter, and in the loving companionship of her new brother, Desire was too closely interwoven with every event of her past life ever to be second to any one in her love. She could not be consoled at parting with him, and this trial cast a shade even over the happy life upon which she was now about to enter. There were sorrowful adieus with many another friend, but this one grief overshadowed all the others.

To be Continued.

DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

"Please, Miss Nellie, will you tell me how I can do every little thing for the glory of God?"

Sabbath-school was over, and the scholars were rapidly leaving the room; but in one class there lingered a little maiden, whose heart, being newly filled with love for Christ, was eagerly seeking means whereby she might show it.

During the lesson Miss Nellie had striven to impress upon the minds of her listeners the duty and necessity of all Christians, old or young, rich or poor, working for Christ; and the verse—"Whatever thing ye do, do all to the glory of God"—had given rise to little Allie McFarland's question.

Miss Nellie, hearing her name spoken, turned bright loving eyes upon her questioner, and as she met the earnest inquiring gaze fixed upon her, she said:

"Sit down a moment, dear, and I will tell you a few ways in which you can serve God. You have a little baby sister, have you not?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Does not your mother often wish you to take care of baby, and do you always do so willingly?"

Allie dropped her head, as visions of times when she had done her mother's bidding in a very ungracious manner, presented themselves. Without waiting for verbal answer the teacher proceeded:

"You are often sent on errands; often have to help wash dishes, or do other house-work; do you always hasten when so told to do? Are you always cheerful when at your work? The Lord does not ask you to do any great work for Him. By that I mean work that would seem great to you, but He does ask of you to think of Him at all times, in all places, and to let your thoughts of Him govern your words and actions, and I can assure you, when thinking of Jesus, your lips will not utter harsh words, nor will unkind thoughts find harbor

in your heart. And dear, you must not think to do these little things for Christ without his aid. Pray earnestly to be led and trusting in him, you may be confident, whether at home 'helping mother,' at school doing your duty, among your companions speaking kind words, or wherever you are, you will do all to the 'glory of God.'"

Time passed, and when six months after, Allie McFarland, though only twelve years of age, united herself with God's people, Miss Nellie overheard the following:

"Yes, though I say it as shouldn't, since I'm her mother, and it isn't considered just right to praise your own, though why not I can't clearly see, I know Allie has religion if anybody has. 'She used to be cross and hateful like other children, now she is always kind and good; only sometimes I can tell by the color that the temper is still there, only held under. She reads her Bible and prays, and I often tell her father that if going to church and Sunday-school will work such changes we had better begin.' Then silence a moment, presently a sigh, and the woman continued: 'I expect, though, it is most too late to think of such things, for now I never find time for anything but work. I wish, though, that I was as happy as some Christians seem to be.'"

Little member of the "Good Shepherd's" fold, be not discouraged if you seem to be doing but little for Jesus; the results may be great. Like little Allie you may be the means of planting the germ of truth in the heart of some friend and thereby bringing them finally home to God.

Smiles.

TAKE OF YOUR COAT.—Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, my son. Men seldom work so hard as that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes; but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who can make a living by sucking the end of a cane, and who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it, who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, son, and will go to the sheriff's to buy a postal-card, and apply at the office of the Street Commissioners for a marriage license.

So find out what you want to do and be, son, and take off your coat and make success in the world. The busier you are the less evil you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holiday, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

When some of the members of a Belgian regiment were in London, some time ago, Lady Burdett-Coutts entertained them at her villa, Holly Lodge, where every man was presented with a tract and a cigar. "How kind of ze lady," remarked one of the brave Brabanters, who did not comprehend the nature of the publication given to him, "fist only to geef us ze smoke, but to provide also ze paipaire for to lide ze cigar vid'!"

At the meeting of the Baptist Minister's Association in New York Dr. Wayland Hoyt tilted his chair so far back that he fell over and lay flat in the floor. "Dr. Hoyt has the floor," said the Moderator, Dr. Elder, whereat there was laughter and applause.

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. Persons sending the best six contributions during the second quarter of the year will be entitled to a prize volume, and the person who sends the most correct answers to questions during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.

Address: "VISITOR PASTIMES," St. John, N. B.

ENIGMA 24.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 10, 9, 12, 8 is a part of a ship.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 8, 5 is a vegetable.
My 3, 2, 5, 11, 12 is religious.
My 12, 11, 10 is the amount.
My 7, 6, 5, 12, 12, 11, 10, is an animal.
My whole is an animal.

CHARADE 25.

My first is to fix in the mind; my second is what the Gypsies live in; my third is a boy's nickname; my whole is what we all must be to be happy.

REVERSAIS 26.

Reverse a bar of wood and have on untasty person.

Reverse to seize, and have a curse.
Reverse a vehicle, and get an inclosure.
Reverse to break short, and get kitchen utensils.
Reverse to drive violently, and find to disfigure.
Reverse placed, and find a timepiece.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES.

In VISITOR of May 18.
Enigma 19: "Advertise."
Answered by B. D. Woodworth, Neil Currie, and Maria S. Coy.

Behaved Words 20:

Luter-Utter
Chair-Hair
Holder-Older
Sword-Word

Answered by B. D. Woodworth, Neil Currie, and Maria S. Coy.

Conundrum 21: "Alphabet."
Answered by B. D. Woodworth, St. John.

Every moment of our lives every part of our bodies is wearing out and is being built up anew. This work is accomplished by the blood. But if the blood becomes weak or vitiated, and does not perform its work properly, the system is actually poisoned by the worn-out matter clogging the vital organs, instead of leaving the body. For all diseases arising from vitiated blood GOLDEN ELIXIR is a sovereign remedy.

"You Claim too Much for Golden Elixir."—How can one medicine be a specific for Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, and fifty other disorders? Simply, Mr. Caviler, because the virus of all diseases is in the blood, and this fine vegetable antiseptic neutralizes it there.

If you are going West, purchase your Ticket from G. A. Freeze, the agent on Water Street, St. John Passengers for Winifred, the Great Western, and the choice of orange. Cushioned seats provided for all classes and baggage checked through.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? SLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP will relieve the poorest little sufferer immediately—depend upon it: there is no mistake about it. There is no mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

Suppose you have "tried fifty remedies" and received no benefit. Your liver may be congested, your stomach half paralyzed, your nerves quivering, your muscles knitted, with nervous quivering, your bowels contracted, your tongue diseased, your blood full of impurities—yet one week after commencing a course of GOLDEN ELIXIR you will feel like a new creature.

SUMMER

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

When you commence your school this spring, if you will write us a postal card, we will furnish you with sample copies of the best, cheapest, and most interesting Sunday-school papers and Lesson Helps published, free of charge. Remember, you can get everything you need for your school by writing to

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