

LILLIE'S PRAYER.

MINNIE A. PERHAM.

Midnight in the marble mansion;
Hearts were beating wild with fear;
Though with luxury surrounded,
All was dread and sorrow here.
For the darling of the household
In his little cradle lay,
And the sands of life were running
All too rapidly away.

Oh, my darling!" sobbed the mother.
As she kissed the forehead white;
And the poor awe-stricken father
Gazed with sorrow on the sight.
They had never been so solemn
Or despondent in their life—
A profane, ungodly husband,
And a pleasure-seeking wife.

This sweet babe, their greatest idol,
Loved and worshipped by them all,
Must be now be taken from them
While he was so young and small?
Near them stood their little daughter;
Though her face was pale and white,
She had borne with meek submission
All the sorrow of the night.

In the Sabbath school for children,
Where she went with Kitty Small,
She had learned of God our Father—
How he loves and cares for all.
And she knew, what e'er his doing,
Nothing ever could be wrong;
For, though she was young and childlike,
Still her faith was very strong.

"Lillie girl," exclaimed the father,
And he touched her on the arm;
"Tell me why you're not excited;
Tell me why you are so calm;
Don't you see the boy is dying?"
He can't live throughout the night."

"Oh, papa," said Lillie, sobbing,
"Don't you think God will do right?"
"Lillie, pray," the father faltered,
"Pray the Lord his life to spare;
For if you like this can trust him,
Surely he will hear your prayer."

Down upon her knees dropped Lillie,
And these simple words she said:
"If it be thy will, oh Father,
Please to spare dear brother Fred!"

Still no change; the silence deepens;
And the hours glide slowly on.
See he smiles! his eyes are open!
Can it be that death has gone?
The disease has passed the crisis,
And the baby as he lay
Very slowly seemed improving;
Death has surely passed away.

"Lillie," once more said the father,
"If my boy is spared for me,
I'll believe the Lord forever,
And my Saviour he shall be."
And the little one grew better,
And the parents do to-day
Bless the time when little Lillie
Taught them humbly how to pray.

Serial.

FIFINE.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

A RAY OF LIGHT—CHAP. XIII.—CONTINUED.

They journeyed slowly through Normandy, re-visiting many scenes of Fifine's early life, and then passed over into England. Mrs. Dalton understood the art of travelling pleasantly, and of combining instruction with amusement in a manner which seemed perfect to the children, at least. They would settle down for a few weeks in some beautiful, quiet spot, central to half a dozen places, interesting from historical association, or from their own attractions. They would pass long, delightful days in excursions to these places, at which times Mrs. Dalton would always be ready to repeat the poem, or to sketch the historical incident, or to tell the story of the person's life, which had rendered the place celebrated. Fifine began, too, to study English, under Ernest's tuition, in hours when Mrs. Dalton was occupied in reading or writing. The children had formed a delightful plan of surprising their mother with Fifine's new accomplishment, and the excitement of this charming design carried them through many hours of quiet perplexing study. Towards the close of August they returned to London, where Mrs. Dalton proposed to make some preparations for the voyage home.

They had corresponded regularly with their friends of the mission, and especially with Desire. He had written freely of all his thoughts and feelings, and Madame Dupont, to whom he confided all the workings of his mind, had given her impression of the subject. It was, therefore, with no surprise that Mrs. Dalton learned that he decided to become an evangelist, to carry the good news of the love of Jesus Christ among his poor, ignorant countrymen. But the tidings which awaited them to their arrival in London were indeed sur-

prising, being no other than that a benevolent English lady, who had already done much for the mission, had undertaken the charge of Desire's education, and that he was to be sent at once to England, for a few years of study. In fact, he was already on the way, and one evening, as Mrs. Dalton and the children returned from a delightful day spent in visiting the lions of London, they found him awaiting them in their sitting-room.

Though Fifine flew to meet Desire with rapture, she was almost abashed at the change which a few months had wrought him. The tall, well-formed, neatly-dressed youth, with his bright, intelligent expression and pleasant manner, was as unlike the delicate, shrinking, patiently-suffering friend of her former life, as the prettily-dressed child who flew towards him, her eyes sparkling, her brown hair falling from under her bonnet, was unlike the little dancing-girl he loved so well. He had never seen her head covered before, and could hardly feel that she was indeed his little Fifine, till she had removed the little crepe bonnet, which she still wore in memory of her godmother. It was not long before the first strangeness were off, and then the happiness of the children was perfect. By the time they were seated around Mrs. Dalton's tea-table, to which sundry generous additions had been made, in honor of the traveller, the children were all chatting merrily.

Mrs. Dalton, on her part, was thoroughly satisfied with the change she saw in Desire. He had grown more manly, yet had lost none of his child-like simplicity. There was something extremely winning in his gentle, sympathetic manner, and she felt that his personal influence upon others would be great. "He has not mistaken his calling, I am sure," she said to herself; "and how thankful I am that the way has been so beautifully opened to him."

The mission-work and all their mutual friends in Paris were thoroughly discussed, and then the conversation turned upon Desire's own prospects. "How wonderful that the money for your education has been provided," observed Mrs. Dalton. "I could not imagine, when I first knew of your wish, how it could ever be brought about."

"That was Mrs. McA—'s doing, I suppose," said Ernest.

"Of course here," replied Desire. "How much I owe to her! But it was Madame Dupont who told her of my desire."

"That desire was first awakened by Madame Dupont's teaching, no doubt," said Mrs. Dalton.

"Not so much by her as by my kind friend, Monsieur Bernhard. He first talked to me about France, and the effect which this mission-work was sure to produce, and the lent me books and papers."

"Monsieur Bernhard!" repeated Mrs. Dalton. "I do not remember the name. He is not one of the mission people, nor a workingman, I should think."

"Not a workingman, though he and his wife were converted through the mission, Mrs. Dalton. Monsieur Bernhard has a place in the government. This makes him think a great deal on political questions, and on the effect which religion should have upon a nation; and he believes that France will never be capable of self-government until she is truly Christianized—till a religion is a real motive and principle with the people. It was talking with him which made me want to be an evangelist."

Mrs. Dalton seemed to be lost in thought. At length she asked, "Is this Monsieur Bernhard a young man?"

"No, he is quite elderly; he is the kindest man in the world, and Madame Bernhard is sweet and motherly. You could not help liking her, I am sure."

She, however, was busily engaged in writing letters, and heard nothing.

A STRUGGLE—CHAP. XXII.

The time had come for Mrs. Dalton and the children to sail for America; yet still she lingered. Desire and Fifine rejoiced at this, as it postponed the sad day of their final parting; but still they wondered, and Ernest yet more than they. Their astonishment was extreme when at last she announced her intention of once more visiting France before taking her departure from Europe.

The journey thither was hurriedly performed, and early in the morning after leaving London they were rattling through the streets of Paris. Nearly all their friends hastened to greet them, but it was not until the following day that Madame Dupont appeared.

You are still weary, dear Mrs. Dalton," she said, after a first glad salutations had been exchanged; "you still need rest, but these little ones are never tired, and I came, in part, to ask if they may go with me to-day. I am going to a very pleasant place to luncheon," she said, smiling, to the children, "and I think you will like to go with me when I tell you it is to visit Desire's kind friends, Monsieur and Madame Bernhard. They want you to give them the latest news of their dear boy, as they call him."

The children hastened to get ready, and set out, each holding Madame Dupont by a hand. They took an omnibus for Batignolles, and having arrived at the end of the route, they walked along the narrow sidewalks to a quiet street of small, old-fashioned houses, separated by garden-walls, over which trees were hanging. The parlor into which they were ushered, looked, not upon the street, but upon a garden full of beautiful flowers, all primly laid out in square, box-bordered beds, with straight walks between. There was a little terrace before the house, and stone urns upon it, and down at the end of the long alley, a fountain of a pool. High trees overshadowed this quaint, old-fashioned garden, which had a beauty quite its own. The parlor was of a different order: bright curtains and rugs and gilt ornaments were everywhere, and a great white cat lay sleeping upon a velvet cushion.

"How pretty this is," cried both the children. "But it is not at all like what Desire told us of Madame Bernhard's apartment."

"Madame Bernhard has moved here since Desire went away," replied Madame Dupont.

The door opened, and a pleasant, motherly-looking old lady entered. She kissed the children, who recognized her at once, by Desire's description, and were at home with her immediately. Monsieur Bernhard came in a few minutes after, and they were soon engaged in discussing Desire's plans and prospects and in enlarging upon his manifold perfections, on which subject the little party seemed agreed.

Luncheon was served in a cheerful dining-room looking also upon the garden. Fifine sat at Mr. Bernhard's right hand, and he helped her to everything nice upon the table.

"Well, little one," said the old gentleman at length, "how do you like our new home?"

"It is very pretty," replied Fifine. "I did not know there was such nice places in Paris. Mrs. Dalton's apartment was pretty, but it had no garden."

"You shall go through the garden after luncheon," replied the old gentleman. "You will like it better still when you have seen it."

To be Continued.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Ten years ago two lads, footsore and weary, entered a small village on the western bank of the Mississippi. The sun was nearly down. Each felt that he could go no farther, and, with a sense of depression and homesickness such as they had not before experienced, they dropped into a secluded place on the wharf, and shed bitter, burning tears over the old home and the loved ones from whom they were so cruelly parted. At length James, the youngest, stammered forth

"This won't do, Dick; night is coming on. We must eat and sleep, and be ready for something in the morning. I promised mother that I'd do the best I could."

"Of course; but how can a fellow away from home, and no money to do with, help it?" was the terrible reply.

To see his comrade cast down roused James to his usual bright, happy manner.

"As to money, we've enough for tonight, to-morrow we must try to find something to do," was the cheerful answer.

To-morrow came. The lads were from New England homes. Their manners and appearance spoke of thrift, economy and neatness. With a fair education, and particularly quick in figures, they were ready for anything that might offer. Before noon both were engaged as clerks at which seemed to them really high wages.

Tipton was a small village, but the surrounding country was already taken up by farmers, and the river was at that time the only outlet for their produce; hence business was active and saloons abundant.

As the day wore on it became evident that the two clerks, quick and apt in their new surroundings, were actuated by altogether different principles. James Darcy attended church regularly, and every day found time to read the Bible his mother gave him at parting. He made few friends; but those were studious, and soon there was a reading room in the attic of the store, and a lyceum with an average display of forensic talent.

Dick Fraser worked faithfully through the day, but at night he wanted fun. To be shut up in the attic was too mean and poor for his views. The saloons were well lighted; there were pictures and singing and good companionship. James persuaded and even went so far as to appeal to his love for his mother.

"What are you afraid of, boys? What possible harm can come to me? I like a good time, and I don't like books and Sunday going, as you do."

"You ask what I am afraid of, Dick," said James, with a tremor in his voice. "To visit the saloon every night is to be induced to drink and to gamble. Those who go there go for that purpose. Is it not so?"

"Some go for that, likely, and others go to look on. I have never taken more than one or two glasses; and as for play, why, I just begin to know the cards."

"Promise me you will not venture to learn more of them. I can not bear to think of the sorrow that you will bring to your old home, the ruin you will surely draw upon yourself," pleaded James.

"Fudge!" exclaimed Dick, turning on his heel. "What a fuss about nothing! Here, Throop!" to one of his associates who was passing, "just stop and hear the parson. In his eyes it's an awful thing to shew yourself in a saloon. He's afraid!" was continued, with a laugh.

"Afraid of what?" asked Throop derisively.

"Delirium tremens," roared Dick. "And I confess I shall be afraid, too, if I sit and listen to him any longer."

"Then why do it! Edmunds and Ferrol are out, and Jack won't be far behind. 'Come on!'"

James saw his old friend go out with a heavy heart. Then he leaned his head on his hand, and thought of the dear old home. Many times he had been homesick, and many times he had felt that he must give it all up; but the promise he made his mother as he stood with his hand clasped in hers nerved him, and the Bible she had given him was a comfort. Weary as he might be, it rested him to read.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

Tipton is no longer a small village, but a large commercial town. James Darcy is a prosperous merchant, with a home to which he has just brought the mother to whom he promised in every way to do the best he could, and in no case ever to touch strong drink. Last week Dick Fraser was buried at the expense of his old friends, a victim of the very delirium

tremens the bare idea of which made him laugh in his youth.

Every soul has right and wrong set before him. He must choose. Which shall it be?

Smiles.

The words of Mr. Joshua Billings are pointed. "Thar iz advice, enuff now laying around loose to run three just such worlds as this; what we are suffering most for iz sum good examples."

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst looking horse that I have ever seen in harness. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fatten him up, is it? Fatten the poor baste, can scarcely carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

A man recently saw a statement of his own death in a newspaper. He has written to the editor: "Sir, I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper on Wednesday last. I was born in Dublin, not Cork, and my retirement from business in 1860 was not owing to ill health, but to a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was not small-pox.—Please make corrections."

"The cat hath been called a domestic animal," says Josh Billings, "but I never could tell whyfore. All there is domestic about a cat iz, you kant lose one; they are as tuff to lose as a bad reputashun iz. Yu may send one out of the State done up neatly in a meal bag, and the next morning yu will find him alongside the kitchen stove, redder tew be stepped on. Thare iz only one thing about a cat thar i like, and that iz, they are very reasonable, a little money, well put, will go a great way in cats."

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 puzzles during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.

Address: "Visitor Pastimes," St. John, N.B.

RIDDLE 27.

I'm savage and cruel, ferocious and wild;
I'm gentle and tame, submissive and mild;
I'm tall and I'm slender, I'm thick and I'm thin;
I'm out in all weather, and yet found within;
I'm red and I'm yellow, I'm white and I'm black;
In courage not wanting, in cowardice no lack;
Now who am I, what am I, can any one say?
I am easy to guess, my name tell I pray.

ENIGMA 28.

Im composed of 7 letters.
My 3, 6, 4, 2, is quiet.
My 5, 1, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a hall through which many pass to destruction.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES

of May 25th.
Enigma 21: "Vanity."
Answered by B. D. Woodworth, and Neil Curry.

Reversals 22:
Mar-Bam
Dew-Wed
Draw-Ward
Part-Trap
Top-Pot

Answered by Neil Curry.
Conundrum 23:
Letter S to IX.
B. D. Woodworth, and Neil Curry.

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."

says a skeptic. "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 or other western points have choice or rouge. 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? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a 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 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 have not improved. Your liver may be congested, your stomach flat, your nerves quivering, your muscles knotted with torture, your bowels constipated, your lungs diseased, your blood full of impurities—yet in one week after commencing a course of GOLDEN ELIXIR you will feel like a new creature.

C. & E. EVERETT.

Fel and Straw Hats & C.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

I have just received from the principal sources of Europe, United States and their spring stock, consisting in part of:

150 CASES BLK SOFT WOOL HATS
65 CASES BLK 8 FT FUR
50 CASES GOLD SOFT WOOL
34 CASES GOLD SOFT FUR
143 CASES MEN & BOYS
STRAW
400 DOZ. ENGLISH STIFF
25 DOZ. AMERICAN
200 DOZ. GLENBARY CAPS.
142 DOZ. CLOTH
60 DOZ. ALMA
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The above Goods were purchased at low prices for Cash, and will be sold at an advance for Cash or approved credit.

C. & E. EVERETT
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