WAITING.

Each day, when my work was ended. I saw, as I neared my home, A sweet little face at the window-pane. That was watching for papa to come.

The blue eyes closed one morning, And I knew that never again Should I see my baby watching for me With her face at the window-pane,

Yet I fancied to-night that I heard her Call just as she used to do, When she heard my step at the open gate: "Come papa. I am waiting for you."

And I think that maybe she is waiting, As of old, in the soft twllight,

She watched when the long day's task was

To welcome me home at night. Some time, when my work is ended,

I shall see, as I near my home, A dear little face in Paradise. That is watching for papa to come.

Serial.

FIFINE.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

CHAP. XIV. -A NEW FRIEND.

When they entered the room early on Monday evening, Fifine could scarcely restrain her emotions of delight. That tall bey who showed them to a seat was surely the little English boy, as she had always thought him, though he was, in fact, an American. Although he was so much changed, she could never be mistaken in the great blue eyes which were so unlike those of her little French companions.

Ernest did not recognisc Fifine, however. She was far more altered than he—taller by, in the Boulevard Ornano. The chiland thinner, not only, but the careless, light- dren learn only good things there, madame, hearted look was gone, and a sad, though things which may make them happy all gentie expression had taken its place. She their lives." did not know of this change in herself, and was dissapointed that he did not recognize her; then she comforted herself with the thought that he was not looking for her, as she for him,

He had given her a seat in the row of chairs nearest the m elodeon, and Fifine saw with joy that it was Ernest's mamma who was playing.

When the meeting was dismissed, mother Touton stood still in her place. Ernest's mamma was shaking hands and talking with a great many people, who came up to where she stood at the melodeon, so near to Fifine that her dress touched the child.

She did not seem to see the little girl at first, but as the crowd began to melt away, she turned to her, and holding out her hand, said kindly, "Well, my little one, and you are not sleepy?"

" I liked the singing, madame," answer ed Fifine, more timidly than usual.

"And that kept you awake?" said the lady kindly. "It is a pleasant thing to sing praises to God, is it not?"

Some one- it was the round-faced girl whom Fifine had seen two years beforecame hastily up and spoke a few words in English. The lady turned to accompany to Marraine. "I hope I shall see you here again, madame. This is a good place, where one learns to be happy," and hurried away. As Marraine and Fifine went down the room they saw her distributing black-covered books from a case of shelves in one corner.

lected about the door, where the same kind-looking woman in the black dress and bonnet, whom Fifine had noticed two years before, was giving little books to passed out, they saw a woman with a shawl over her head come running across the street. She pushed her way through the crowd and spoke hurriedly to the woman you for reminding me of this. I have a at the door. "Tell me, please, Madame Dupont, is it wrong to work on All Saint's

"Madame Legras, is it you? No, my child, it is not wrong," was the answer.

The young woman clasped her hands to-God I' hurried away again.

"Marraine," exclaimed Fifine in surprise " that is the very woman who sat beside as that first night that we came to the meeting. I remember her name, because the little boy's mamma called her by it. Don't you remember? She had a new Bible

" You told me about it the other evening, but I don't recollect her at all. I was door and walked in. Throwing herself into thinking about what the minister said. It a chair, she exclaimed was not the tall English gentleman to-night, but it is a good man, this one, too. What od words they were!"

watching the little boy. I like to see him Martha Washington, and all that sort

places in their hymn-books. How tall he showed me her flo wers and cabinets, and Those who do not honor their parents will has grown, Marraine!"

house, and were ascending the long flights bet." of stairs to their room in the attic, and Marraine made no answer. As they wait- niece for a full moment. There was no use ed on the top landing while mother Touton took the key from her pocket, Fifine heard the sound of footsteps coming hastily up behind them. They stopped on the landing below, and Fifine leaned over the baluster to see who it was.

That is Madame Legras. I do believe she lives in this very house."

The following day was All Saints', and Figure and her godmother remained out in the crowded streets until it was quite dark. They came home tired but well satisfied, for they had gained a good deal of money.

The next Sunday morning, as Fifine was getting ready to go out to her daily toil, there was a knock at the door. Mother Touton opened it, and recognized in the pale, bright-eyed young woman before her the one whom Fifine had called Madame

"Good-morning, neighbor," she said pleasantly; [" I came to ask if you would do me a favor."

"Will you have the kindness to walk in ?" said mother Touton, and Fifine hastened to bring a chair.

Madame Legras smiled upon her so pleasantly that Fifine loved her at once.

"I wanted to ask you to spare me this little girl for two hours this afternoon," continued Madame Legras. It is for the Sunday-school, madame. There is one in the "Workingmen's Mission station' near

Fifine's face had brightened at the word Sunday-school, and she looked earnestly at her godmother. Mother Touton hesitated.

madame," she said at length. "The little one has longed to go to that very place, a-days troubles me more than the behavior and I should be glad to send her. But we of school girls. To begin with, what will are very poor, and Sunday is our best day become of the English language if daisy for work."

"Yes, I understand that," replied Ma dame Legras, with ready sympathy, and mother Touton could easily see, in her pale face and thin hands, as well as in her neat, worn clothes, that she did indeed understand what it was to be poor. "I can be lieve that the thought of this little one makes you the more anxious. But our Lord Jesus became poor for us, that we might be made rich. Would you not like your little girl to learn about him, that she might know where to seek for the true

"I do not exactly understand you madame," replied Marraine. "I know that those must be good people at these meet ings. I have been there three times, and I should like my little Fifine to learn of her, but before going, she said one word them. But there is no one to provide for us, and Sunday is our best day."

"It is a hard matter; I know it well," replied Madame Legras, her pale face flushing. "But the Lord Jesus says to just such people as we, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things'. It is he who gives us everything, There were still a good many people col. and don't you think, madame, that he would be pleased if he saw you willing to give up a part of your gains that your little girl might learn of him?"

" It might be a good action, to be sure," every one. As Fifine and her godmother replied mother Touton. "I had not thought of that. And now that we have not been able to go on pilgrimage or any thing, I will let her go, madame. I thank ways taken great pains with my salvation. but after all, I cannot seem to feel satisfi ed," she added.

Madame Legras seemed about to speak but checking herself, she merely said, "Thank you very much. I will come for gether, and saying fervently, "Thank you at two o'clock, little one. Till then, good-by, madame," and went away.

HALF HOURS WITH AUNT ANNA.

BY MRS. GALUSHA ANDRESON.

Aunt Auna was busy with her sewing when Edna unceremoniously opened the

"Oh, I have had such a daisy time this afternoon. Mamma took me with her to call on Mrs. Blank. Isn't she jolly, though ! "I didn't hear them, Marraine; I was Such a grand old lady makes you think of descending to such depths." the people to their seats, and find the thing. She was awfully good to me, too; "It is no laughing matter my dear. My second does the want of legs supply,

gave me lots of goodies. I'll get mamma in their turn receive small respect from They had turned in at the door of their o take me rext time she goes there, you

> Aunt Anna sat and looked fixedly at her of pretending to be surprised, for she had heard the same style of language during her whole visit, but she could not suppress her disgust

Edna colored under such manifest disapprobation, but she did not speak. Auut "Marraine," said she, as her godmother Anna went on, continuing in words the opened the door of their room, "how odd! thought that had before expressed itself in action.

> "You remind me of what I read in the papers a short time since. The United States Minister to Austria was called upon to make a speech at a public dinner in Vienna. After he has spoken for some minutes, the Emperor turned to a gentleman and asked whether he knew what language it was that the American Minister was using. "I cannot tell what it is, sire," was the reply, 'some words seem to have the German accent. Neither had recognized their mother tongue, so incorrectly had it been spoken by the American. I, too, must ask for a translation. You certainly do not expect me to understand your Eng-

> "I know that you don't like slang, Auntie, but I hear it every day and all day at school. How can I help using it! You can't come out of a bath without some water clinging to you."

" It is hard, I acknowledge. Still, you would scarcely have said 'you bet' to Mrs. Blank."

" Not I. I would not dare."

"Then it seems that you can help repeating such expressions if you will. But tell me why you admire this old lady so much."

"I could hardly say. She is so affable and polite that she makes every one think that she is specially interested in them, and I believe that, for the time being, she is.

"In other words, her elegant manner attracts you. How I wish that you young " I should be very glad to oblige you, girls of this age of the world would imitate her. I must confess that nothing I see nowcome to mean pleasant, and if jolly is used as a universal adjective, applied equally to candy and funerals; if 'you bet' and all the long black line of exclamations that may be expected to follow that vulgarism are allowed to creep into the conversation of young ladies."

> "There is no use of being so solemn about Aunt Anna. We will give them all up when we are married."

> "I doubt it, my dear. These things seem to be part of your education, and at best will cause great trouble to weed out. Now you do not deliberately sow weeds with the intention of pulling them up by and by. But slang is only one of the things that trouble me. I have long wished to speak to you about your rude way of answering old people. I hope you will not take it as a lecture."

> Edna fidgeted a little in her chair, but answered with a smile: "To tell the truth I would not stand it if anybody else talked talked to me as you do; but you are so good most of the time that I just make up my mind to grin and bear it."

"Oh, Edna, Edna, you are incorrigible!" " Not quite, Auntie, only I can't reform

in a minute you know. Go on, please." "I want first to tell you how it hurts me to hear you say 'yes' when grandmother calls you.

"Why, what is the harm in that?"

"When Mrs. Blank and your grand mother were little girls they would prob ably have been sent to bed without their supper if they had spoken so disrespectfully to their elders. They were drilled to rise if even their parents come into the room, and were taught the lines,

> Say 'yes air' to a gentleman And 'no ma'm' to a lady,'

"They distinctly understood that their parents were ladies and gentlemen. In fact, they were taught that they owed greater respect to the older people of their own families than to any one else. Perhaps there was too much stiffness in home manners then, but we have goue too far towards the other extreme, and parents feel very keenly when their children speak disrespectfully to or about them."

"We have the advantage there. I am sure we never call papa and mamma 'the old gentleman and the old lady," as so

"I am glad of it. I cannot imagine you

Edna laughed.

anybody. But to go on with my lecture. Mrs. Blank learned, when a girl, that she must never make herself conspicuous. I walked in town the other day behind you and two or three other girls, and I was distressed at the loud talking and laughter of the group. You even ate pea nuts on the street. I could hardly help speaking to you, and telling you how intensely unladylike the whole performance was."

"I felt ashamed myself," confessed Edna, "and I will never do it, never any more."

"I hope not. I suffered too much mortification to wish to endure it again. Let me ask just one question and I have done. Did your mother teach you to eat with your mouth open?"

"Of course she didn't. I shall think by and by, that you mean to insult me.

"Oh, but I saw you do it the other day, and I notice that your long suffering mother has to tell you sometimes to open your napkin, and not to tip up your soup plate. If you want to complete the list of table enormities, just take lunch with Mrs. Blank and eat with your knife, or blow your coffee to cool it."

Edna rose, made a mock courtesy, took a five cent piece from her pocket, and handed it to Aunt Anna, and said:

"Grandpapa says that when he went to school the teacher charged two pence for

Then, as if afraid of losing her temper, she turned and ran from the room.

her sewing.

"I think I rubbed it in pretty well this time," she said, with a little nod of her head, "she will not forget that lecture."

Smiles.

A little girl was eating an apple, when she said: "This apple tastes like a fool." "Ah," said her smaller sister, "I guess you bit your tongue.

A little miss has a grandfather who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. The other day, however, he came with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he sees the child coming with the new stove-pipe wrinkled like an accordeon. "Oh, grandfather," she says, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

A German had been a Lutheran, and of, course, was baptized in infancy. When asked the question, "Have you been baptized? he answered curtly, "Vell, now, shust a leetle!"

A man being asked about the trustworthiness of a certain person who was in search of a situation said: "There are, doubtless, vocations in which he could be trusted. There's real estate, for example. If that was put in his care, I think the owner would find his property where he left it. I shouldn't care to speak as to any other kind of property.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell himself relates the following: "As we were coming out of church one drizzly Sunday, my wife remarked, 'You had better burn that sermon; it isn't worth repeating anywhere.' 'I shall do no such a thing,' I answered, a little vexed; the sermon is up to my average.' She persisted, and I said little more. But a year or two afterwards, on a bright, cheery Sunday in May-one of those days that make a discourse go off itself I took that same sermon again. And as we came down the aisle after service, she whispered (without the slightest notion that she had heard it before), 'I would mark that to preach on exchange. It is better than common?

Dr. Hastings, of Boston, in speaking of religious joy and of singing as being the the natural expression of that joy, remark ed that some congregations had so little of it that they had to hire people to do their singing. "Why," says he, "I would as soon think of hiring a man to eat my

Visitor Pastimes.

CHARADE NO. 4

Safe on a fair one's arm my first may rest And raise no trumult in a lover's breast,

My whole, a rival of the fairest toast, When best like you then it suffers t most.

ENIGMA 5.

I from my parents differ more Than ever offspring did before. My father like vain Phaeton, May well be deemed Apolo's son, My mother, of more humble birth, A dingy daughter of the earth, They quiet in their ashes lie, While I aspire to reach the sky In days of yore an easy life I led, but now 'tis mixed with strife, I ride upon the battle field, Yet trust in me shall ne'er succeed, The harbinger of light and heat,

LETTER CHANGES 6.

I now am forced myself to eat.

1. Change the central of a distance and form

2. Change the central of a time-keeper and form a sharp sound.

3. Change a fissue and form ashort thick

4. Change the central of a garment and form waste matter.

5. Change the central of to omit and form

Answers to pastimes in Visitor of March 29: Candid (can-did)." Answered correctly by B. B. Woodworth, St.

Enigma 29; "Hole."

Answered correctly by B. B. Woodworth. Conundrum 30; "The Queen has an heir apparent, the orphan has ne're a parent, the baby has no hair apparent.

BOGUS CERTIFICYTES

by long bogus centificates of pretended insraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bit ters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths and "Proverbs," in another column.

BEST AND CO. TFORT to the SURFFRING

" Brown's Household Panacea" has no ed Aunt Anna laughed as she picked up dures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, So Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blo Brown's Household Panace s the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strengt it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramp in the stomach, and Palus and Aches of all kinds.

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others : Mathers ! Mothers &

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your res by a sick child suffering and crying with the exerci-ating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once an get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUE

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