

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath his flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I prayed that my neighbor's baby,
May not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From the little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs so round and sweet—
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From mine, so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried it out to-day;
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance at my cottage door.
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

Serial.

FINE.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

CHAP. XVII.—IN THE LARIBOISIERE.
CONTINUED.

A young woman with a fresh, red-and-white complexion answered Desire's knock. She ushered him into a dining-room on the right or the door, and having taken his name and business, disappeared. She returned in a few moments bearing a tray in her hand, and saying, in very bad French, "Madame will be down in five minutes; will you take some refreshment while waiting?" She set the tray upon the table and withdrew.

In spite of the agitation while Desire could not feel, he enjoyed to the utmost the tempting luncheon of white English bread, Normandy cheese, and a bowl of hot coffee, which was set out before him upon the white napkin. There was not a crumb left upon the plate, nor a drop of coffee in the china bowl, when he heard steps descending the stairs, and the door opened.

It was as if an angel of light had appeared to him, as the sweet English lady entered in her plain, almost shabby gown, and her soft brown curls and sweet smiling eyes; bearing her more than two-score years as lightly as if they had been hardly half the number. She came near to the boy with her usual swift, noiseless step, and held out her hand with that illuminating smile which Desire had seen brighten so many sad faces, and which now warmed his heart to its very depths.

"Monsieur Legras has told me all about you, my poor boy," she said, with her soft foreign accent, but speaking with perfect correctness. "You have left your place because you cannot disobey God, and you are seeking service where you may also serve him: is it not so?"

She had a direct way of going to the heart of things, this English lady, who spent her life in doing good; as if time were precious to her; very unlike the leisurely way of his own people, who seemed to have unlimited time for everything. Desire bowed at her question, without speaking.

"Would you like to work for us about the mission stations?" she asked.

Desire started with surprise, and his pale cheeks flushed. "O madame, indeed yes!"

"It is not all easy work, and the pay is small," said Mrs. McA—

"You would need to be at one of the stations every evening," she went on, but pausing but evidently understanding the gesture with which Desire received the remark. "And on Thursday and Sunday you would attend several which are a great distance apart. There would be long walks: you must be there early, to make fires and light lamps, and remain when all is over to close the room; and you must stand at the door during the meeting to invite people to enter; you could not hear what was being said within, you know."

"But I might invite others to go in, madame, those who never heard of the love of Jesus Christ; and I should work among those who love him, and—O madame!" said poor Desire, fairly breaking down, and with tears streaming from his eyes. He was very weak, the poor boy, and this proffered work, this position of a doorkeeper in the courts of the Lord, seemed almost like standing at the gates of heaven itself.

The necessary arrangements were soon made, and Mrs. McA—, leaving the room for a moment, returned with several articles of clothing over her arm. "It is very providential," she said. "An American lady sent me, only to-day, these partly worn articles of her husband's clothing which she did not care to take home. They will be too large for you, but warmer than those you now wear, and this top coat is really a treasure. It will be so comfortable for you when standing at the door. It will last for years, and you will grow to it."

Desire had never seen such beautiful garments. He had no words in which to express his gratitude, but Mrs. McA— understood him perfectly.

"Madame Andre will alter the shirts and things for me," he said, at least, "and I shall be able to pay her for it: O Madame McA—, that is such a happy thing."

"Who is Madame Andre?" asked Mrs. McA—.

A few words put her in possession of the poor woman's history, and when Desire left the house his cup of happiness was overflowing indeed, for besides his beautiful clothes, he carried under his arm a packet of work for Madame Andre, and in his heart the assurance that he had found for her a faithful and powerful friend.

CHAP. XIX.—THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Desire had not been long in his new situation, when, coming one morning to visit little Fifi, he found the family busily engaged in packing. "We are moving," said Madame Legras, in answer to his astonished look. "O Desire! what a thing it is to have Christian friends! That kind Madame Dalton! imagine what she had done?"

"I cannot imagine," said Desire, smiling; "but you can tell me while I am cording this great bundle, which is far too heavy for you."

He took it from her hands, as he spoke, and Madame Legras sank upon a box near at hand, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, she had done everything," she said. "Think of her finding an apartment for us on the ground floor, and cheaper than this one in the fifth story! To be sure, it is over in the American quarter, on one of those dismal new boulevards. But we shall be too busy to care about the street being quiet, for, only think, Desire, that kind Mrs. Dalton has been about among her American friends, and has engaged work for us on all sides. We shall have a much better clientele (patronage) than ever before. Is it not too good to be true?"

"So many good things are true, lately, Madame Legras," said Desire earnestly. "I suppose nothing is too good for the Lord Jesus to do for us when he sees it is best."

Monsieur Legras looked up from the box in which he was packing his working tools. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," he said.

"But, Madame Legras," said Desire, hesitating, "the meetings; will you not be too far away?"

"Oh, don't you know?" replied his friend. "There is a station at Les Terres. It is carried on entirely by

the people of the American Chapel, but it belongs to our mission, and Monsieur and Madame McA— go there often. We shall feel lonely there at first, among so many new faces, but they will soon become familiar."

"And, O Desire!" exclaimed Fifi, following him as he accompanied Madame Legras into the kitchen; "the best is about me. There is a school in the mission-room every afternoon—an industrial school; they call it—where little girls are taught all kinds of sewing, and the Bible, and hymns, and everything. The American ladies teach it, and Mrs. Dalton says that I may go there, too."

"To school again, Fifi?" said Desire; "that is good news, indeed. But I thought you knew how to sew."

"Oh, yes; plain seam and hemming, and a little darning. But they teach every kind, and how to cut clothes and make them. O Desire! I went there yesterday in a carriage, with Mrs. Dalton. Only think; a carriage—a coupe! It was so little, I thought we should have been crushed by the great wagons, but we weren't, at all; and we went so fast! Oh, it was beautiful!"

"In a carriage," said Desire, looking up from his packing with interest, "I never was in a carriage. But I have been in an omnibus several times. Mrs. McA— is so kind, she gives me money to ride on top of the omnibus whenever I go over the river to Grenelle, and sometimes to go to St. Antoine; when it is stormy, though I could easily walk there in an hour and a half."

"I am glad that she is so good to you," said Fifi, smiling up in his face, as he looked down from the chair on which he was standing, taking things from a shelf, and handing them to Madame Legras. "And I am glad that you are not white and thin any more. You are not fat yet, Desire, but are no holes in your cheeks now."

Desire laughed. "And there will be no holes in your dresses after you go to the industrial school, I suppose," he said, pointing to a little jagged rent in her frock.

"Yes; isn't it too bad?" replied Fifi; "I caught it on a nail, just before you came, when I was helping Madame Legras to pack some things. It is so thin, it tears at everything. But it is true about the industrial school, Desire, for they tell the children to bring all their old clothes, and learn to mend them, and when the things are too old, they teach them how to cut them over into other things, and to make them quite new. And the best is, they bring new stuff, and the children who can sew well enough are allowed to make things for sale, and are paid for their work, and I can sew pretty well already, Desire, and I can soon earn some money for Madame Legras."

"You haven't told him about the Christmas-tree," observed Monsieur Legras, coming into the kitchen.

"No. Fancy, Desire, at Christmas-time, a great tree brought from the forest, and planted in the mission-room, and all hung with new clothing. What funny fruit, is it not? And all the children of the school are there, and they have a nice feast, and every one receives a present of something from the tree. Would you not like to see it next Christmas?"

"I should, indeed, Fifi. But we are all packed now, are we not, Madame Legras? And I must go. I will come to your new home as soon as I can, though you will carry this parcel to a lady in Batignolles, for Madame Dupont. She said there was no hurry, so I stopped here on the road."

Desire hastened away, to make up for lost time. It was a long walk to the quarter called Batignolles, and the nearest way led him across the Common, where father Touton's wagon had once been stationed. The steep path up the abandoned quarry was already bordered with the fresh verdure of opening spring. He looked up to the old church-tower, and the remembrance of the quiet churchyard, with its road to the cross, and of the conversations between himself and Fifi, on the hill of Calvary, came to his mind with the freshness of yesterday.

"Thank God that we are beginning to understand," he said to himself. "The love of Jesus Christ! I suppose we shall be learning it all our lives, and never know it all—not even in heaven, perhaps."

He found the house he was searching for, in a narrow street of old-fashioned suburb. He inquired for Madame Bernhardt's apartment, and was directed to the second floor. A neat maid, in a white cap, admitted him, and ushered him into one of those prim shiny well-waxed little parlors, in which French people of a certain class so much delight. Everything shone, from the bare top of the mahogany centre-table, to the mirror above the small gate, and from the frescoed ceiling, where pink cherubs looked down from the four corners of a blue sky, to the inlaid floor, which reflected them back again. There was no fire, for fear of dust, for the sun shone warmly in at the wide south window, where a small, well-dried, well-preserved elderly man, in an old uniform-coat, sat, facing a comfortable, bright-eyed old lady, who held a great white cat upon her lap.

Desire present his packet, and waited. The old lady opened it, and passed it to her husband, then, looking kindly at Desire, said, "Ah, I perceive that you are the boy Madame Dupont told me of. Take a chair, my good friend, Francois, do you not understand? This book can give us news of our beloved Monsieur and Madame McA—."

Desire's eyes sparkled. "Oh, do you know the McA—s, madame?" he cried.

"Indeed we do; they are our best friends," replied Madame Bernhardt, while her husband added earnestly.

They are indeed our best friends, my boy, as they have been yours, and those of many another unhappy one."

"But, monsieur," said Desire, half-frightened at his own temerity, "you are not working people. Monsieur McA— did not come to you."

"But God sent us to him," replied Monsieur Bernhardt. "We were walking up the street one night, on our way home from a friend's house, when we saw a crowd gather around the door of a lighted room; you know what it was, of course."

"A mission station?" asked Desire eagerly.

"The very same. We were curious to see what it might all be about, and as the sign said, 'Entrance free,' we went in."

"Yes," added his wife, "we said, 'Let us see what kind of assemblies these workmen have among themselves,' and when we came out, we said, 'Those are not bad meetings; they are good for others besides workingmen; let us go again,' and so we did."

"I am so glad," said Desire, as he saw that the old lady seemed to expect him to answer. "I wish that every one would go to the meetings."

"France would be a different country if they did," replied Monsieur Bernhardt. "Already, in the two years since I know about these meetings, I think that Paris is becoming quite changed. If these good people had come before the days of the terrible calamity, the Commune, it would never have occurred. In our poor country we have taught a false religion, or rather, a no-religion. We can never be thankful enough to God for putting it into the hearts of these good English people to come and teach us the true religion."

Desire's heart echoed the old man's words. Fearing that he was staying too long, he rose to go, though he would gladly have heard more of a conversation which awoke new ideas in his mind. For the first time in his life, the state of his country occupied his thoughts, as he walked slowly home, musing deeply; and a resolution sprang up in his heart, which was to bear fruit in after years.

To be Continued.

MARY MILLER'S CONVERSION.

In the Winter of 1858, God poured out his Spirit upon the town of Pawtucket in Rhode Island. Many souls were brought to Christ, and God's people rejoiced over the work.

Mary Miller was the young wife of an irreligious man, and they boarded with the husband's mother, who also lived without God. The only other

member of the family was the young son, Edwin. Mary had been trained by pious parents, and many prayers had been offered for her, but away from all religious influence she was as thoughtless as others around her. Interesting meetings were held at a church near this family's residence, and Edwin, from mere curiosity, attended an evening service; but a deeper feeling was aroused, and he resolved to go again, and on the following evening asked Mary to accompany him to the church.

Mary laughingly answered, "Why should I attend a prayer meeting? But a young friend who was visiting her said, 'Yes, Mary, let us go, it will afford us some amusement, at least.'"

This decided the matter, and the three went together to the house of God. The good pastor spoke to each separately, and to Mary he said, "My young friend, do you feel any anxiety about your soul's salvation?"

Very coolly she answered, "No, sir! none at all, and excuse me for saying, I do not wish to feel any such anxiety."

The pastor said no more to her, and the three, at the close of the meeting, came home together, and the young ladies, noticing that Edwin seemed sad, were determined, if possible, to erase all serious impressions from his mind.

They jested about the meeting, the good pastor, and religious meetings in general, and at length Mary laughingly said, "Now let us have a prayer meeting; brother Edwin will please pray with us."

Edwin before this had sat silent and thoughtful, but now he aroused himself, and gravely replied, "Yes, let us pray, for we all need help from above," and to the surprise of the others he knelt and poured out his soul to God.

When he began Mary was more angry than ever before in her life, but when he prayed for her, that "God would forgive her for sporting with religious things, and bring her to himself," she began to feel alarmed, and when the prayer was concluded she was shedding tears which she vainly strove to hide.

She hastened to her room with feelings far different from those when she left it. Her sins rose up to condemn her, and she spent the night in great agony of mind, and the following day, suffered so keenly that she resolved to go to see the good minister. She stole away to his house when evening came, but at first was disappointed, for a little meeting had gathered there. But one after another rose and told what God had done for their souls; and Mary, as she listened, thought, "Surely, such people can aid me," and when the opportunity came she asked for the prayers of those who loved the Lord, and felt some hope arise within her from the very act.

Upon reaching home she immediately sought the retirement of her own room, and there threw herself upon her knees and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And he who never turns any empty away answered her prayer, and gave her an assurance of forgiveness of her sins. She united with the church, and still lives to testify to the fact of God's goodness and mercy toward her. And some years after her own conversion she had the joy of seeing her husband brought to the Saviour.

W. in American Messenger.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.
I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea; and it was on one of these trips that the incident of which I am going to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of ropes watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am cleaning the signal lamps, miss," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, miss; if we do not hang our lights we might be wrecked." Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on the coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully. Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she came back and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

The old man looked into her face and asked:

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I thought that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and was like a child. At last he said:

"You are right, miss; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me the same commandment when I was bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for might be quite wrecked by that ship, as you call those cloths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "Signal Light for Souls Bound for Heaven."

A RESOLUTE BOY.

A correspondent sends us an incident connected with a boy of fourteen who came from a rural village to the city, invited by friends who are living in luxury, to spend his vacation with them. His firmness in declining to partake of what he brought a dark shadow upon his father's home, may excite the smile of some who believe only in self-indulgence, but in all the circumstances displayed a moral heroism which, worthy of all admiration, and which should be an example to all boys who read it. It was a recent occurrence.

This lad's home afforded the luxuries of country life, but a dark cloud rested over the household. His father had destroyed all true domestic happiness by the use of the wine cup. No one had instructed the lad as to his course of action while in the city.

At his first dinner with his friends the customary wines were on the table. When asked to partake, with one hand on the glass, he gave so decided a reply that no one could mistake his meaning. Not satisfied, his uncle, with his own hand, presented the glass, but received the reply, "No, uncle, I cannot." But take some of this; it is only champagne; it will not hurt you." The boy politely thanked his uncle for his kind intentions, but steadily refused. As long as he was in the city, and even when pressed by still stronger temptation at a party which was given on his account, at which wine was freely furnished, he remembered his own sad home and remained firm in his resolution not to touch the destroying cup.

Wine can do no good to any boy. To partake of it may lead him directly into the path of destruction. It is better to stop before beginning.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

"I can't give lots of money and I can't sew cloaks and gowns for poor children because I'm not rich enough or big enough, mamma. But I'll tell you what I can do; I can 'highway and hedge 'em!' said a bright little girl on her return from a child's sermon."

"What is that, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, it's coaxing poor children and naughty children into Sunday-school. I can't explain it to you, but I know how, for the superintendent told us. And I'm going to do it! What can you do to bring the children into the Sunday-school?"

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. The person 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.

Address: VISITOR Pastimes, St. John, N.B.

ENIGMA 19.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 2, 1, 3, 7, 8, is the name of an ocean.

My 8, 7, 6, 9, is what a church is built on.

My 5, 1, 3, 9, is to act excitedly.

My 6, 5, 1, 2, 9, is what every one should have.

My 1, 6, 9, is what Eve did.

My 6, 5, 4, 1, 2, is to walk.

My 8, 7, 6, 9, 5, is a girl.

My 6, 1, 8, 6, 4, is to taste.

My whole is a secret of success.

BEHEADED WORDS NO. 20.

Behead a sharp instrument and leave to speak.

Behead a statement and leave a feeling.

Behead a piece of furniture and leave a part of the body.

Behead a holder and leave what we are all getting.

Behead a weapon and leave a word.

CONUNDRUM 21.

What English word contains all the letters of the alphabet?

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES

In VISITOR of May 4.

Cross-Word Enigma 14:

Dorcas

Omri

Reign

Coyn

Alone

Sinner

Charade 14: "Newspaper."

Answered by B. D. Woodworth, St. John; Maria S. Coy, Hillsdale.

Enigma 15: "Brackett."

Answered by B. D. Woodworth, St. John; Maria S. Coy, Hillsdale.