

Papa Was a Little Boy.

Papa was a little boy who really couldn't find the State of Washington...

his intention of making the exchange, and walked out of the arbor.

'Just as bad as ever,' quoted he, 'Humph! that's a good way to talk about a fellow's having a little fun. I wonder what Effie will say about Ned?'

He entered the house to find that his Aunt Helen had come to make them a long visit. Rob was very fond and proud of his Aunt Helen.

She was a beautiful young lady, always what the boy called 'nice and jolly', but never rude or unlovely, and he tried to be his best when she was there.

What was his surprise, therefore, when in response to his polite greeting she 'snubbed his nose,' saying: 'Hullo, infant,' and taking his cap from his hand, threw it into the farthest corner of the room, and calling Rover, ran with him upstairs.

Very soon Rob was astonished and indignant to see the dog come racing down stairs and out doors with one of his most valued possessions tied to his back. It was a beautiful toy battleship which he had always kept resting on stays in a corner of his own room.

'Why, mamma, see what she has done. My boat will be smashed sure. Oh, dear!' and Rob set off in mad chase after the frolicsome dog, and by much coaxing and effort rescued the boat, only to see Aunt Helen marching off through the shrubbery with his steam engine in her hand.

'Aunt Helen! Aunt Helen! what are you going to do with it?' 'Come and see,' but running away, she presently reappeared from a clump of bushes without the engine.

'Where is it?' 'Oh, it's in a safe place in the bushes. Find it if you can, sir,' said his aunt.

'But, Auntie, the gardener has been there with his hose, and it will get all wet.'

'Oh, don't be so 'fraid of your old engine. What is it for but to have fun with?'

After a long and toilsome search among the rhododendrons, the engine was recovered, 'as wet as a sop,' exclaimed the boy, half tearfully.

Two more days passed, and Aunt Helen kept Rob in constant anxiety for the safety of his possessions. She hung his drum in the billygoat's stall, emptied his marble bag on the lawn, balanced his knife over the well, and asked him teasingly what he'd give her not to let it drop; let his pet rabbit out of the hutch, and would have done other and worse things but for the watchful care of tender-hearted little Judith.

Finally Rob went to his mother with the tale of his woes, gravely saying: '—and I'm afraid, mamma, she's out of her head, for I never heard of any lady going on so. Won't you look after her, mamma?'

'What can I do about it, Rob?' asked his mother.

'Why, make her stop. Tell her it won't do. Why—why, tell her ladies don't do so. Tell her you'll have to speak to papa.'

'But, Robert, I think I've tried to make a boy I know stop teasing his sister, and have also spoken to his father, but it hasn't seemed to do any good.'

Rob looked conscious, but replied: 'But don't you think this different? Just think, she might have spoiled my steam engine and my battleship! And she nearly lost Bunnie.'

'Your toys are no dearer to you than are Judith's to her, and think how constantly you annoy her, and how often her pretty things have been injured by you in your desire to have what you consider fun by teasing her. I think Aunt Helen will agree to stop teasing you if you will agree to stop teasing Judith. You must make your own bargain with her; neither your father nor I shall interfere.'

A light was dawning over Rob's mind, and he lost no time in coming to terms with his Aunt Helen. He had learned the meaning of the Golden Rule.

It was not long before Judith sent another letter, to Effie Morris, but this time she wrote:

'P. S.—Rob has got all good. How is Ned?—Observer.'

Bob, Betty and Narcissus.

BY BERTHA B. BUSE.

'Aw, I don't want to play with girls. I'm keeping a livery stable. Girls can't be around livery stables.'

Bobby had been with the big boys all yesterday and it certainly had not been good for him. Four-year-old Betty's eyes grew dark with the big tears that began to gather.

'Come here, Betty!' called Auntie May, who saw the little scene. 'Don't you want to help me make cookies?'

How Betty ran for her small molding board and rolling pin! There is something very fascinating to any child about cookies. In five minutes Bobby had forgotten that he did not like to play with girls and was hanging sheepishly around the kitchen door.

The end of it was that he helped Betty roll out the soft, delightful dough and ate a good deal more than half of the cookies they baked. But Betty liked it. Oh, yes, bless her. Betty enjoyed them more than if she had eaten them herself.

Auntie May said nothing, but when twilight had come and Betty was smuggled in her lap, while Bobby decorated one arm of her rocking chair, she told them a very old fable, which seemed somehow to fit the case.

'Once upon a time there was a little boy named Narcissus, who would not play with the girls. He had the prettiest nymphs to play with, who had eyes as bright as stars and could run faster than any boy you ever saw, but Narcissus would have nothing to do with them.'

'Come and run a race in the sunshine,' they would say, but Narcissus shook his head.

'Come and play ball with the ripe apples.'

'Come and gather nuts under the chestnut trees.'

'Come and dance on the fallen leaves that look like gold,' they would say, but Narcissus would not go. At last he grew cross and rough, and pushed and jostled them.

Then the nymphs all went away and Narcissus walked off alone.

He went through the woods until he came to a deep, still pool, and here he threw himself down. Looking over into the edge of the pool he caught sight of his own face reflected in the water.

'Oh, what a lovely boy!' he cried, and sprang up joyfully. But as he rose the figure vanished from sight. He could only bring it back by lying down and looking into the pool. He beckoned with his arms. The reflection did the same, but he could not make it come nearer.

All day long Narcissus lay looking at the figure in the water, admiring the bright eyes, the red cheeks and the short boyish curls. In the night he could see only a dim image in the starlight, but still he could not bear to go away, and in the morning he thought the reflection more beautiful than ever.

The kindly nymphs crowded around him with food, but he could not look up. All that day and many other days the foolish boy lay gazing into the water.

He grew paler and paler. So did the image in the water. At last he pined quite away, and the pitying nymphs covered him over with leaves. In the spring they went as soon as the flowers were out with garlands to put over his grave.

But they found no grave. Only a pretty nodding flower that still looked at its image in the water. Jupiter had changed the unhappy boy into a narcissus flower, and every spring it comes back to us. But I wonder if the flower does not sometimes wish it were a boy again to grow up to live a man's life among men!

Auntie May paused. Dear little Betty's eyes were half closing, but she opened them with a sleepy smile when Bobby said: 'Betty, I like to play with you, and to-morrow when I play livery stable you shall be the lady who wants to hire a horse.'

Then Auntie May carried the little girl off to Sleepy Land.

A Too Curious Monkey.

One day last week a new lock was put upon the door of the monkey-cage in Central Park. The monkeys watched the proceeding with great interest and the curiosity of one monkey became particularly excited. After the workmen had finished and gone away he drew near to investigate this strange ornament to his house. He felt the lock all over with his paws; poked his finger through the keyhole and twisted it about, shaking the door while he did so. Then he looked long and earnestly through the keyhole, first with one eye and then with the other. Then he examined the hole with another finger.

During his examination of the lock a little monkey drew near and stood watching his actions attentively. The inquisitive fellow happened to turn around and found himself observed. He flew at the little monkey with a cry of rage and gave him a sharp box on the ear. The poor little monkey, in great alarm, fled to the farthest corner of the cage and crouched down there whimpering. Having so defended his outraged dignity, the first monkey resumed his study of the lock.

He climbed up the bars of the cage and took views of it from above. Then he stooped down and took an observation from below. Then he peered through the keyhole, first with one eye, then with the other, as before. Then he explored it again with his finger. Presently, finding himself again watched by the little monkey, he sprang at him and gave him another beating.

Overmuch curiosity is always punished in this world, and by and by this monkey found it out. He caught his finger in the keyhole, and, in spite of all his efforts, could not release it. He twisted and struggled chattered and screamed. His outcries finally brought a keeper to his rescue and his finger was extricated, with loud laughter from the spectators. Seemingly much humiliated, the monkey retired to a corner of the cage, where he sat nursing his wounded finger and sulking as unmistakably as ever a cross little boy sulks. And in the opposite corner sat a much smaller monkey, and, I am sure, if ever monkeys smiled inwardly, that little monkey was doing that very thing.

Where Pussy Got Her Name.

Did you ever think why we call the cat 'puss'?

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only a bright crescent or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon, for the word means the face of the moon.

The word has been changed to 'pas,' or 'pus,' and has come at last to be called 'puss,' the name which almost everyone gives to the cat. 'Puss' and 'pussy cat' are pet names for kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

Real Mud Pies.

Did you ever make a mud pie? When I was a little girl I made hundreds of them, and, being fortunate enough to live in a country where sandstone abounded, we made various and wonderful dishes of the pretty yellow, red, and purple crushed sand.

Our puddings always looked far superior to anything turned out by cook, but, strange to say, we never tasted them!

In the Fiji Islands they are much wiser. There they not only make mud pies, but eat them; the women are said to like them better than the men.

The soil used for this purpose is very soft and of a pretty color, shading from gray to pink. It is not exactly composed of the same kind of earth of which we make our mud pies—clever men think that it is most likely a kind of mineral ash thrown out by volcanoes and rendered eatable by the action of the air.—Sunday School Advocate.

Hints for House-Cleaning.

Raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, in the proportion of two-thirds oil and one of turpentine, make the model furniture reviver. The woodwork should be first carefully wiped off with a dry, soft cloth, and the dust thoroughly removed from corners and carvings. The best article to accomplish this is a large paint brush, usually called a painter's duster. The oil may then be applied with a smaller brush, wiping off with a soft cloth and rubbing thoroughly dry.

To remove the unsightly marks caused by drippings from the faucets in marble basins use pulverized chalk, moistened with a few drops of ammonia. Apply with an old tooth-brush.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—R. W. Emerson.

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