

15. 1901
Lullaby.
KATHERINE EVELYN MADISON.
Princess Curlyhead;
Dressed in royal snowy gown,
In your little bed.
And chase the butterflies
In the land of dream;
And the happy light that lies
Sparkling in its streams.
I pray you, princess woe,
To keep the winsome grace
Now so dear to me.
—Chris. Advocate.
Little Susan.
HELEN M. RICHARDSON.
Do, mamma! chorused Merrick
And Clifford.
I don't know as there is
Anything to tell, she said.
I've heard about the time she sat
In the large square pew in the
Meetinghouse, and—
I never! interrupted Dorothy,
I never have told us any meeting-
stories about 'Little Susan.'
You tell us something naughty
Did you? You've told us so many
things about her—but p'raps
'Little Susan' never did anything
naughty, she hesitated, fearing mamma
would think her rude.
I'm afraid this time you will say
she was naughty, although I do
think she meant to be, replied
mamma.
The children each drew a long breath
Fetched nearer the rocking-chair.
'Little Susan' was more wonder-
ful to them than all the storybook
characters they ever had heard about.
'Be-
she was our own great great-
grandmother!' Dorothy would assert,
a wise nod of her little head.
I've told you before, began
mamma, 'that 'Little Susan' had black
and rosy cheeks, and hair that
was tight, crinkly curls all over
her head. Her restless little feet
were still, and it was very hard for
her to keep them quiet during the
sermon, when she sat on a little
pew in the corner of the pew in the
meetinghouse in Boston, more
than a century ago. Her hands often
were restless as her feet, and these
things got her into trouble one
morning.
The pew was high, and 'Little
Susan's' seat was low, so low that her
feet just came to the top of it. Her
sisters, Eliza and Harriet, and her
brother, Nahum, had each in turn
occupied the 'little seat,' and sat primly
upon the 'big folks' seat.'
Used to wonder how much longer
she should have to be tucked in the
pew, out of sight. She could hear
mamma say 'Secondly,' then, after
a while, 'Thirdly,' presently,
'Fourthly'—these were about the only
words of the long discourse that she
understand—and often before her
head would fall to the side of the pew, and she
could hear nothing more until the big
organ pealed up in the singing seats and
announced the closing hymn.
The very warm Sunday in July
'Little Susan' sat alone in the large
square pew; and this was how it hap-
pened.
Her sisters, Harriet and Eliza,
visiting their grandmother in a
neighboring town, and her brother,
Nahum, was sick, and this kept her
at home and mother at home. 'Little
Susan' rode to meeting with her Uncle
John; but there were more than
enough little cousins to fill the pew,
and she was in front of her father's, so
she decided that this would be a fine
chance for her to try the 'big folks'
seat in her own pew, which she had so
often wanted to do.
After sitting there a while, however,
she began to wish herself back in her
corner, where nobody could see
her, and she should have to go to sleep.
The floor, that did not come anywhere
near the floor, were asleep already;
and only the tithing man would turn
his head just a minute she would slip
upon the 'little seat' and take a
nap. But this stern man, whose duty
it was in 'Little Susan's' day to pre-
pare the order in meeting, and to see that
everybody, especially children, be-
haved themselves and did not go to
sleep during the long sermon, kept his
eyes fastened upon her all the time, or
at least seemed to her, until all of a sud-

den Johnnie Piper, who sat in the
back part of the room, fell off his seat.
Here was 'Little Susan's' opportunity,
and while the tithing man, stick in
hand, started to chastise Johnnie, she
reached one foot down until it touched
the floor, then she noiselessly pulled
the other one after it, and was on the
'little seat' in a twinkling.
'But it did not seem a bit as it did
when Harriet and Eliza and Nahum all
were there, and by the time Parson
Field had reached 'Fourthly' in his
sermon she began to wish she had
stayed in the 'big folks' seat,' where
she could see something. Here there
was nothing but the crown of Aunt
Sally's black bonnet and the end of
Uncle John's queue within reach of
her bright black eyes. She shut the
lids together tightly and tried to go to
sleep, but somehow they flew up again
every time she winked them down.
'All of a sudden she saw something
that interested her. Uncle John often
had a habit of shutting his eyes the
same time that 'Little Susan' did.
This day it was so hot that when
Parson Field's voice slowly droned
forth 'Fifthly' Uncle John's head was
nodding. The end of his long white
queue hung over the back of the pew
just within reach of the little girl's
restless fingers. Up they crept, until
they touched it.
'What fun it would be if Uncle
John's head should happen to bob
while she had hold of his queue! She
would hold it very lightly, so as not to
have it pull hard, for the tithing man
had by this time set Johnnie Piper
back upon his seat, and was looking
for other culprits.
'But alas for poor 'Little Susan' just
at this moment Uncle John's head
gave a quick jerk, and instead of letting
go, as she had intended to do, her
frightened fingers clutched the wisp of
hair so hard that Uncle John spoke
right out in meeting!
'The tithing man got there in season
to see what had caused the disturbance;
but Uncle John pleaded so earnestly
for his little favorite that she was
allowed to go unpunished, unless you
think, as she did, that the mortification
of being discovered was sufficient pun-
ishment.
'It was a lesson that she never for-
got, and her Uncle John always could
call a blush to her cheek whenever he
reminded her of it.—N. Y. Advocate.
Joe's Fire Company.
Joe was washing dishes. It seemed
to Joe that she was always washing
dishes. If she had only been a boy,
and could have done boys' work! Poor
Joe tossed her little dark head, set her
teeth hard, and went on with the
dishes.
Outside she could hear the children
talking as they build stick-houses.
Joe called her little sister Nan, and
Nan's little friend Bob, 'the children.'
For they were only six, while she was
ten, and 'going on eleven.'
Bob was the next-door neighbor's
boy. He had big blue eyes, stiff white
hair, and a round grave face. He
drawled his words and dragged his feet.
Such a slow, solemn little boy was
Bob.
Bob and Nan always played together.
But they were never quite happy un-
less Don was there too. Don was the
large brown dog. When mamma saw
Nan coming slowly across the lawn or
down the walk she always knew that
Bob was only a few steps behind, and
that old Don would be close behind
Bob. She knew, too, when she saw
this solemn trio, that some mischief
was on foot.
Joe listened to Bob's slow drawl
while she scalded and dried the plates.
'Your sticks don't lie straight, Nan
Turner,' he was saying.
'Don't care if they don't,' piped
Nan's clear little voice. 'My parlor's
all furnished, anyway. See, Bob.'
Joe could not resist looking out of
the window to see too. She was only
ten, you remember. There they were
under the trees. Nan's hat was hang-
ing by one string. Tired of building,
she was already furnishing her parlor.
A row of small stones for 'chairs' stood
on a bright bit of calico, which was the
'carpet.'
Bob was slowly laying his sticks.
He looked at Nan's house, and said,
with slow scorn in his voice, 'Folks—
don't—furnish—their—houses—before
—they're—built.'
'Don't care,' said Nan. 'I'm tired
of playing stick-houses, anyway. Tisn't
any fun. Come on, let's be the Pilgrim
Fathers, Bob, and clear the land.'
'What'll Don be? He can't be a
Pilgrim Father,' said Bob, looking at
Don thoughtfully.
'Oh! he can be a tiger, and we'll
shoot him,' Nan said, 'and we must
burn away the woods, you know, Bob.
That's the way to do—papa says so,
and papa, he knows everything.'
Away went the Pilgrim Fathers to
clear the land. And close behind went
the friendly tiger, which was to be

shot. Joe watched them out of sight,
and then went back to her dishes.
The next minute she heard Nan's
voice screaming, 'O Bob, Bob! quick,
quick, quick! The ash-house is all
afire! Oh, oh, oh!'
As Nan's 'ohs' increased in strength,
Bob's voice joined in, and Don barked
wildly.
'The ash-house on fire?' thought
Joe, 'and it's close to the barn.' She
flung down her dishcloth, caught up a
pail of water, and ran.
Papa was chief of the fire depart-
ment in the village. He had often
told his children what to do in case of
fire.
How Joe flew across the yard, call-
ing to Nan and Bob to get more water,
and come quick. Before she reached
the ash-house she could see the smoke,
and when, out of breath, she pulled
open the door, black clouds rushed out
and choked her. She could see the red
flames darting in and out of the dark-
ness within. The stone part would
not burn. Joe remembered that, and
dashed the water with all her little
strength against the wooden roof of
the building.
By this time Nan was there with
more water. Joe had just raised the
pail high for a good throw, when the
gruff voice of the old gardener, from
somewhere near, called, 'What be you
young 'uns up to now?'
Joe sent the water first, then wiped
her hot face, and called back, 'O Davis,
bring some water, quick! The ash-
house is all afire!'
'Taint, nuther!' shouted old Davis
in disgust: 'I'm smokin' hams.'
Joe dropped her pail, and ran back
to her unwashed dishes. Some way
she was glad not to meet any one just
then.
The little procession of three formed
as usual. Nan's curly head was held
very high. Bob's feet dragged them-
selves unwillingly away from the ex-
citing scene. Don's long, silky ears
drooped. He seemed to feel that the
burden of the mistake rested most
heavily upon him.
A slow smile crept up among the
freckles on Bob's round face. 'Nan,'
he said, 'I—told—you—there—wasn't
—any—hurry.'
That night, at tea-time, Papa Turner
said to mamma, 'I've been thinking all
summer that I must put lightning-rods
on our house and barn. But it won't
be necessary. Davis says we have one
of the finest and most fearless of fire
companies right in our family.'
Joe's cheeks were crimson. Then
papa told mama all about it. They
both laughed, and papa pulled Nan's
curls, and asked Joe where she had
found her way of curing hams.
Then Bob came in from his supper,
and Don came in from his, and mama
said, as she kissed them all round,
'Let papa joke all he wants to, child-
ren. He's as proud as I am of our
brave little fire company.'—S. S.
Times.
Which Was Colonel Brooks?
In a big, sunny barn chamber stood
a basket filled with hay. In this soft
nest a proud mother-cat was purring
her four babies off to sleep.
One was maltese, with sky-blue eyes.
Two were black and white. But one
was black all over—not a white sock to
his foot or even a white necktie under
the dear little chin. He was the one
I chose.
I named him Colonel Brooks. A
pretty big name for a kitty baby
wasn't it?
Well, he was a darling from the
very start. He loved and trusted
everybody.
You should have seen him step up
to our big dog Rufus, without one sign
of fear, coaxing him to be friendly
with the sweetest of love-making.
And old Rufus who up to that time
hated the very sight of a cat, fell in
love with the little colonel on the spot.
Colonel Brooks had never slept by
himself, so he would have been very
homesick if Rufus had not shared his
bed with him. Uncle Will made it
his business to see that they went to
bed early.
But one night, when Uncle Will was
very late in coming home, he found a
black kitty on the front door step cry-
ing to be let in. He supposed of
course it was Colonel Brooks. So he
picked him up, put him on the cellar
stairs, and told him to go straight
down to bed.
Then Uncle Will seated himself to
read the evening paper. But no sooner
was he settled in the easy-chair than a
black kitty, for all the world like the
colonel, jumped into his lap, purring
like a small steam-engine.
'Is this you, Colonel Brooks?' cried
Uncle Will. Didn't I just put you
down cellar? How did you get up
here?
Uncle Will hardly could believe his
own eyes.
So he took the cat under his arm,
and went down the cellar stairs to have
this strange matter explained.

But, when Uncle Will reached the
foot of the stairs, the queerest thing
happened.
Another black cat came out to meet
him!
And, what was the most puzzling of
all, the cat on the cellar floor was just
like the cat in Uncle Will's arms; and
the cat in Uncle Will's arms was just
like the cat on the cellar floor.
Not a white hair on either of them
and just the same size! Oh, dear me!
How was Uncle Will ever to know
which was his own dear kitty?
Just then a snore came from the
box where Rufus lay asleep.
'Oho,' cried Uncle Will, 'I'll take
both cats over to Rufus. He'll know
which is Colonel Brooks inside of two
minutes.'
Inside of two minutes! I should
say so! In just one tail-wag. Rufus
knew what to do. He gave a growl
that sounded like a small clap of
thunder.
And, lo and behold; the kitty under
Uncle Will's right arm reached to the
top of the wood-pile, hissing with
anger and fright.
But the little black kitty under
Uncle Will's other arm gave a spring
straight into the heart of Rufus's
warm bed, and began to rub noses with
his big friend.
Then Uncle Will knew that this one
was Colonel Brooks. But if it hadn't
been for that wise old Rufus, he might
never have found out to this very day.
—Youth's Companion.
Surgeon to a Tiger.
One of the finest tigers in the Zoo-
logical Gardens, Dublin, was threat-
ened with gangrene in its paw—the
claw having become distorted and
grown into the foot. Rev. Samuel
Haughton, M. D., senior fellow of
Trinity College, Dublin, and a well-
known person in the Irish metropolis,
undertook to perform the dangerous
experiment of operating on the paw.
It was indeed a thrilling experience.
The mate of the tiger was first secured
in a side den. A net, devised by Pro-
fessor Haughton, was thrown over the
tiger, and he was drawn forward to the
door of the cage. Four stout keepers
then held the feet of the struggling
animal, while Professor Haughton cut
away the diseased claw.
The suffering beast furiously but
vainly tried to get at him during the
operation, but the rage of the tigress
looking on through the bars of the side
den was much more terrible to behold.
She roared, and flung herself violently
against the barriers in her mad desire
to go to the rescue of her mate.
When the tigress was admitted to
the cage after the wound of her mate
had been dressed, she turned up the
paw and examined it with touching
solicitude, and then licked her mate, as
a cat licks her kitten, to soothe him,
purring softly the while.
But perhaps the most extraordinary
part of the affair was the sequel. A
week later Professor Haughton was
again at the Zoo to see how his patient
was getting on. When the animal
espied him he began to purr like a cat,
allowed him to examine the paw, and
seemed pleased that he should do so.
Indeed, for years afterwards the tiger
and tigress showed themselves most
friendly and grateful to Professor
Haughton.—Westminster Gazette.
No HOME should be without it.
Pain-Killer, the best all-round medi-
cine ever made. Used as a liniment
for bruises and swellings. Internally
for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid sub-
stitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer,
Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.
The reason why we speak of so many
of life's experiences as 'losses' is be-
cause we fail to take account of the
gains of which these so-called losses
were the price, and which we never
should have obtained without them.
Losses and crosses are heavy to bear;
but when our hearts are right with
God, it is wonderful how easy the
yoke becomes.—C. H. Spurgeon.
In youth we make our age. Our
final years sit in judgment on the
past.
THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade,
but young lives endangered by severe
coughs and colds may be preserved by
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Croup,
whooping cough, bronchitis, in short
all affections of the throat and lungs,
are relieved by this sterling prepara-
tion, which also remedies rheumatic
pains, sores, bruises, ples, kidney
difficulty, and is most economic.
MRS. CELESTE COON, Syracuse, N.
Y., writes: "For years I could not
eat many kinds of food without pro-
ducing a burning, excruciating pain in
my stomach. I took Paine's Pills
according to directions under the head
of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion,' and a
box entirely cured me. I can now eat
anything I choose, without distressing
me in the least." These Pills do not
cause pain or griping, and should be
used when a cathartic is required.

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