

Not Always Easy.

Isn't always easy, when the day is cold and bright, and you're very fond of coasting, and can skate, and be sitting on a school-bench, with the hill and pond in sight, and adding rows of fractions on your slate.

Isn't always easy, when the brook is full of trout, and your fishing-rod's behind the closet-door, and you have to fill the wood-box, and go pottering about at things which never seemed so hard before.

Isn't always easy, when the sky is softly blue, and the other girls are romping in the yard, and you practice all the morning—'one and two and one and two'—and plod through scales ridiculously hard.

Isn't always easy, when there's anything on hand, which is pleasanter than study or than work, and you keep a steady spirit, and take a plucky stand, and tell yourself there's no such word as shirk.

Isn't always easy; but it certainly is right, and it won't be long before results will show, and you work and study give us all we have that's good and bright—What little boys and girls can't always know.

—Golden Days

The Lily Boy's Cure.

AN INCIDENT OUT OF LIFE.

You would have thought him anything but a lily boy.—the grimy-faced lad, who sat close to Miss Emmons's side in the Market Mission Sunday-school that Easter Day, and the closeness less from affection than from the conviction of experience that only there was security possible in the order of the class. And, even if it was, his eyes were on the alert, and his small fists doubled, ready to give a swift blow or sly kick should her eyes be off guard and turned for a moment.

The superintendent illustrated the lesson of the day by a handful of seeds, with the story of their burial in the earth and springing into new life of bud and blossom. At the close of the lesson, passing around, he gave to each one present a little packet of the seeds, bidding them to remember, as they watched these grow and bloom, the Christ life that, for their sakes, was laid in the grave, and that, rose in immortal beauty.

Tommie was interested, for the first time that afternoon, in the giving out of the seeds, and clutched his packet tightly, and Miss Emmons felt a hope that in some way they might reach his heart, as she had been unable to. But really was the school over when, looking back as she turned away, she saw the old grin of mischief on Tommie's face, yielding to the temptation, the package of seeds went flying through the air to hit another boy on the ear.

With a sigh, she passed on, and stopped to speak with the superintendent. A moment later, and Tommie came up, a pathetic droop to his lip and accent to his tone, as he said, 'Mr. Miller, you skipped me with them seeds. Can't I have some too?'

'Why, certainly, my boy,' was the ready answer; but Miss Emmons put her hand with 'No, Tommie can't have any more seeds.'

Perhaps he did not see the look of pain on her face,—pain for the lie he had so glibly told; for, with a whine, he asked, 'Why can't I? I like flowers as well as anybody.'

'Because,' she said quietly, 'you have already had your seeds.' For a moment he looked sharply at her. Evidently she knew something. How much did she know, he wondered. But he was willing to take the chance of the doubt, and, as if with a sudden recollection, he answered, 'Oh! I forgot. Mr. Miller did give me the seeds, but I remember, now, there's a hole in my pocket; they must have slipped through. I'll go and look around where I sat; maybe I can find 'em.'

In a moment he was back. 'I can't find nothin' of 'em, Miss Emmons. Where do you think they are?'

'I think,' she said slowly, 'that they were in the pocket of the boy you threw 'em at.'

He looked up with a half-shamed grin. 'So you seen me,—did you?'

'Yes, I saw you.' But Tommie's abasement was only for a moment, and he added, in a coaxing tone, 'But I didn't mean to, an' can't I have some more? You care more for me than for a few old seeds, don't you?'

'Very much more,' she answered. 'So much more that I would not risk what might be your ruin by giving them to you as the price of a lie.'

And under her clear gaze Tommie slunk back.

As Miss Emmons was passing out of the door, another one of the teachers touched her shoulder. 'Here, my dear; I brought this for you,' putting in her hand a stem of Easter lilies,—a long stem, set with leaves, and crowned with the beautiful, white-petaled, fragrant bells.

Tommie was on the walk, and saw the lily in her hand.

'O Miss Emmons!' he cried, darting to her side. 'How pretty that lily is! I never saw anything so pretty! Won't you give it to me?'

'No.'

But he was not so easily rebuffed.

'Please won't you give me the lily? Miss Emmons's heart was sore over her loss of all confidence in, and of hope for, the boy, and she answered briefly:

'No, I can't give it to you.'

She had thought this would be final, but Tommie followed her to the crossing, where she had paused, waiting for a car, and made a last appeal:

'O Miss Emmons! You're older'n me. You've had lots of flowers give to you in your life, an' I never had one. Please do give me the lily!'

As she looked in his face, so full of eager longing, and his shining eyes, that seemed to see nothing but the flowers, a sudden thought and resolve came to her, and, though her car was almost there, she drew back as she asked:

'Do you want the lily very much, Tommie?'

'I guess I do. I never wanted anything so much.'

'Very well, then. If you will go back to the Sunday-school room with me, I will give you the lily.'

As they entered the room, now empty and silent, Miss Emmons sat down and drew the little fellow to her side.

'Why is it you care for the lily?'

'Oh! because—because it is so beautiful.'

'Yes, it is beautiful,—pure, and white, and spotless. God made it so. But if I should take it out and beat it down in the black mud of the street, how would it look then?'

'Why, that would spoil it!'

'Yes; and—still more gently—do you know that God made your soul like the lily,—pure, and white and spotless? He wants you to keep it so, but every time you do what is wrong, or say bad words, or tell a lie,—as you did to-day,—you soil and stain your soul just as I should the lily if I dragged it in the mud.'

'But you won't?' he asked, as in a sudden fear.

'No, Tommie; I want to keep the lily clean and white, and I want to help you keep your heart as clean and white. Will you not try to?'

He looked up with eyes that she had so often seen restless and full of sly mischief, but alight with wonder now.

'I didn't know before that I was like a lily. Yes I will try.'

'Then let us tell Jesus about it.'

And so, side by side in the quiet room, with the fragrance of the lilies sweet and close, they knelt, and she asked Jesus day by day to help Tommie keep his heart as sweet and pure and clean as was the flower.

'Miss Emmons,' Tommie whispered as she put the lily in his hand, and he touched half reverently its snowy petals, 'if I'm good, can I be your, 'lily boy?'

And putting back his hair with a soft touch, while her eyes filled with happy tears, she answered:

'Yes, dear, you shall be my 'lily boy.'

'What an' improvement there has been in Tommie Benson!' said Mr. Miller, some six months later.

And Miss Emmons, with a smile replied:

'Yes; it was that Easter lily. From that day he has always tried to be, and has been, my 'lily boy.'—S. S. Times.

Jim Crow and His Brothers.

Three tame crows were obtained from the parents some three months since, when they were about one month old, and have proven very interesting objects. They are so entirely tame that they come flying along wherever they may be, at the call. 'Come, Jim, come on, 'fighting upon the shoulders or the lap and manifesting a desire to be fed. When we reach home in the afternoon, they seem to be watching for the carriage and are on hand at once, greeting us with croaks and caws, and with lowering and shaking of the wings.

It is very interesting to note their power of observation and their intelligence. They had always seen us wearing a straw hat or hatless. We were surprised one day to note that they manifested some fear, refusing approach, which was understood when we remembered that a cap was worn. Going within, we reappeared wearing

the hat and carrying the cap. Calling them to us, we permitted them to see the change made from hat to cap, and vice versa; and the result was perfectly satisfying.

It occurred to us that they might appreciate roasted peanuts. We gave one to each, with which they played for some time, then discarded for something else. Gathering up the peanuts, we called them, and, as they intently watched the proceeding, opened one and fed the contents to them. They then very eagerly received each a peanut, which was immediately placed beneath their feet and picked open. Since, they have manifested great fondness for these, and dive their heads to the bottom of our pocket to obtain them, always searching for them in the one side-pocket in which we originally showed them they were placed.

We tried them, also, with some wild ripe cherries, for which they did not seem to care, but, filling their mouths with them, emptied them into our slippers, and were ready to repeat as often as we removed the slippers to cast them out.

They are as familiar with our visitors as with ourselves, but quickly fly away upon the appearance of a stranger presenting the aspect of a tramp.

They mix freely among our own, but manifest fear upon the appearance of a strange horse.

Ordered from the portico, they scold very loudly, and continue this as they are driven off, being absolutely disobedient to the word.—Exchange.

A 'Don't' To It!

'Mamma, I do wish I could find something that hasn't got a 'don't' to it!' said poor little Annette, who had been called away from several pieces of mischief since dinner.

'Why, darling, what do you mean?' asked mamma.

'Cause, mamma, it just looks like all the things that folks want to do have 'don't's' to them; and what's left is just old stupid things that nobody cares about.'

I called the little one to me and tried to make her understand that those ugly 'don't's' that she dreaded so much, instead of being bars to keep us out of happiness, are really safeguards to protect us from sorrow and ills.

'Now my little daughter thought it was cruel 'don't' which made her lay down the tongs just now and stop playing in the fire. And yet, if poor little Bessie Lyons had heard or heeded such a 'don't,' she would not be lying at home now with her pretty face all marred for life!

'And when I said the 'don't' that kept you from sailing your little boat on the cold water this damp, chilly afternoon, it was the very same 'don't' that might have saved Burnie Simons from the cruel pneumonia that robbed you of your little playmate.'

Annette's eyes filled with tears; for she had loved Burnie very dearly, and only two weeks since had seen him laid under the snow. She crept up to me and put her warm hands across my lips;

'Don't say another word, mamma, please don't! I see now they are God's 'don't's' and I won't try to get them away any more, but will just let them stay where he has put them!'

And I heard not another word about the good old 'don't's' after that!—Christ Observer.

The Bag Bed.

'Just one more story, Uncle Frank,' begged Beth, 'something about when you were in Alaska.'

Uncle Frank deliberately took out his watch.

'I—I'm afraid it's time somebody I know was in bed.' And he looked mischievously into Beth's dark blue eyes. 'And a bed, too, more elaborate than one I had mountain climbing,' he added.

Beth knew by Uncle Frank's twinkle that he was going to tell something interesting, if it wasn't a story.

'Was it one that folded up against the wall, like those they had when grandpa was a boy?' asked Beth, curiously.

'No, 'twas one I carried on my back; and it buttoned-up!'

Beth looked incredulous at the idea of a 'buttoned-up bed.'

'Yes,' continued Uncle Frank, amused at Beth's mysterious expression. 'Twas made of skin, like a bag, lined with very warm wool, with a flap that contained an air-hole made in it. This we could unbutton whenever we wanted to go to bed. We had to crawl in feet first. Then we would button it up, and sleep like a log till morning. And I guess we looked more like a log than anything else in our queer, round beds.'

'My! I'd like to have one to sleep in,' exclaimed Beth.

'Well, you'd need one if you were

on a snow-covered mountain, where the wind blew a gale for hours at a time. A tent would hardly stand such a blast for a moment, but in our bag beds one was safe and snug as you'll be in ten minutes. Good-night!'

And Beth ran upstairs to dream of the queer little beds so often used on the Alaska mountains.

Manicuring.

A girl whose nails are noticeably well kept explained to a group of companions the other day that she was her own manicure, and that her implements were few and not at all the expensive or showy outfit that most persons, particularly dealers and manicures, consider necessary. 'To begin with,' she said, 'I never use nail scissors, not even cuticle scissors or knives, but nail clippers. These never produce hangnails, while scissors or knives may. My manicuring box holds some emery boards, a stick of orange wood sharpened to a thin broad point, a piece of pumice stone, half of a fresh lemon, a jar of amandine, a tiny jar of rose paste, although a box of powder with a polisher or a bit of chamois unmounted will do as well. Once a week I 'do' my hands thoroughly, and with a trifling daily care they are well kept. The pumice stone removes ink and other stains; the lemon is the only bleach needed, and is better than any other, as it will not thicken the nails as most of the prepared bleaches made from mineral acids will. For the weekly care of my nails I soak my fingers a few minutes in tepid, soapy water, trim the nails with the clippers, using the emery board to shape them. I clean them only with the orange wood stick, never with a steel cleaner or anything rough, keep the cuticle pushed down, and finally smear with the least bit of rose paste and polish with the powder and a polisher or piece of chamois. The amandine is to nourish and heal the nails, and I use that occasionally at night.'—Evening Post.

Home Hints.

Sandwiches.—One pint of chopped meat will make twenty-five good-sized sandwiches.

Salt Meats.—All salt meats have parted with some of their nourishment, and are difficult of digestion.

Fuel Foods.—These are first the fats, then the sugar and starches. Such fats as butter, cream, olive oil, nut butters, and nuts themselves are to be preferred.

Coffee for Church Supper.—Allow one pound of finely-ground coffee to each thirty persons. Hot milk is better than cream and much cheaper. Do not boil the milk; simply heat it.

Eating too Much.—Diabetes usually comes to those who eat too much, and can be relieved only by diet. Avoid all foods containing sugar or starch, and such as pickles or underground vegetables, as they tax the digestive organs.

Mush Bread.—Sprinkle half a pint of cornmeal into a pint of hot milk. Cook for a moment until partly thick. Take from the fire and stir in the yolks of four eggs. Fold in the well-beaten whites; turn into a baking-pan and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Nothing can be much more contemptible in a young man, than to deliberately plan to spend this life in self seeking and at the end to ask Christ for salvation.

'I tried to be a sceptic when I was a young man,' said Cecil, 'but my mother's life was too much for me.'

Prosperity rarely brings out the best there is in a man. A man's adversities are often his most stimulating friends.

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence, Ltd., makers.

FOR NINE YEARS.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes; 'For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg: I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally) in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me.'

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: 'Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.' Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: 'Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her.'

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