Kissed His Mother.

at on the porch in the sunshine went down the streetman whose hair was silver, whose face was blossom sweet: ing me think of a garden, en, in spite of the frost and snow eak November weather. te, fragrant lilies blow.

rd a footstep behind me. the sound of a merry laugh, I knew the heart it came from ald be like a comforting staff e time and the hour of troub e; peful and brave and strong; of the hearts to lean on, hen we think all things go wrong.

ned at the c'in's of the gate latch, ad met his manly look: e like his gives me pleasure, te the page of a pleasant book. d of a steadfast purpose, a brave and daring will; ce with a promise in it, coring parist, God grant, the years fulfill

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ent up the pathway singing; aw the woman's eyes bright with a worldless, welcome, the sunshine warms the skies. ck again, sweetheart mother," eried, and bent to kiss leving face that was upturned what some mothers miss.

boy will do to depend on; old that this is truelads in love with their mothers r bravest heroes grew. 's grandest hearts have been loving

ace the time the earth began; the boy who kisses his mother every inch a man!

-Christian Intelligencer.

Some Strange Eggs.

Blend Bittle Clay Rees lived in Florida, his home. One day he was digin the sand when up came a queer object. It was long and narrow had a tough shell that bent and ted in Clay's fingers. He could make out what it was. So he ran inda, his black nurse, and showed her. Cinda laughed.

VANTE awsy, honey,' she said, 'that air er 'gator's aigg. Dig erway, an done fin' er heap mo'.'

Clay dug away lustily, and sure igh up came more eggs with every elful of sand. Five times he filled ittle bucket and carried them home is mother, until twenty-five eggs in the box she gave him to put in. That night, when Clay was s white "nightie" and having his ng time ' with his mother, he asked came the eggs in the sand?'

he mother 'gator hid them there,' d, credit vered his mother, as she rocked cuddled her little boy.

> on't the mother 'gator cuddle her eggs like the mother hen does ed Clay.

o, dear, she leaves them in the for the hot sun to hatch out.' are be Well, I fink the mother 'gator is selfish thing!' cried Clay, sitting his indignation.

no,' said his mother, smiling t is her way of taking care of them way God taught her. She can't de her eggs like the mother hen. has no soft feathers, and her hard along the wayside. would break the eggs if she sat hem. The nice warm sand caddles and the sun helps to hatch them

said Clay, nestling down again. le her eggs.'

nother. 'She often comes to look let anything hurt them.' What would hurt them?' asked

drowsily. the eggs, and I have heard that the 'gator likes them, too, and eats all up if he can find them,'

What an awful bad father!' cried prise of the startled observer. his sleepy eyes coming wide open

ut their mother takes care of them. will not let the father find them. e can help it,' said Mother Rees, ging her own little boy.

low day ?' asked Clay. think she will,' said his mother. away of the strange team. hen I'll take them all back,' mur

ed the sleepy little fellow.

oor mother 'gator-feel-bad'-

a strange, rustling noise. He d up, and saw a box on a shelf

frantic manner. here—quick! Here is a box—

His mother came running in, and live on alfaifa grass and vegetables there were a dozen tiny black snouts and ground shells and pebbles." peeping out under the box cover. Before she could even scream, at popped unlike horses. Heavy leather collars a swarm of baby alligators and dropped | fitted the lower parts of their necks, down to the floor, where they scam- forming breast-plates that were attachpered off in every direction. All the ed to the end of the wagon-shaft and

Such a time as there was! Clay to their heads, but to their backs. jumped up and down, screaming with glee, but his mother was screaming driver, "but they travel pretty well with fright, and she climbed on top of and he touched the bird with the a table to get out of the way of the alligators, who went running about, as looked around with their great black if in a hurry to investigate this new, eyes, and then, as though what he strange world in which they found wanted had suddenly occurred to themselves. Black Cinda came running in to see what was the matter, a very moderate trot, turning easily and she got up on a chair and screamed, too. If Clay's father had not come in they might have been perched there, screaming, yet.

Then for a hunt! The baby alligators hid under the furniture and burrowed under the carpets, popping out of every hole and corner. It was nearly a week before the last one was caught. Father Rees shook three out of his boot one morning, and Mother Rees nearly had a fit when she pulled on her stocking and found one in the toe. As for Cinda, she spent the most of her time perched on chairs and screaming, thinking everything she saw was an alligator.

But Clay was not afraid of them. He thought they were the cunningest of playfellows, and begged hard to keep them all. But when his mother told him that the mother 'gator would it." want her babies, he consented to have them taken to the beach. His father let him keep six, and made a pen for them in the back yard, with a small u have he had fine times on the beach tank of water in it. Here Clay played all the way down the long neck—which with them and they became very tame, and seemed to know their little master. He was often seen with the whole lot swarming all over him, but his mother could not bear to touch the creatures, though Clay assured her that their way of running up his arm and poking their black snouts into his face was their way of loving him He kept his pets for a year, then sharp, white teeth began to come in their big mouths, and his father thought they might become dangerous playfellows, so one night Peter.' they all disappeared, and Clay never saw them again. If he had been on the beach the next day he might have seen six young alligators scampering about asthough they did not know what to make of their strange surroundings. I wonder if their mother knew them. -Congregationalist.

Queer Steeds.

"Whoa, chick! Whoa, bird!" some body was saying.

A stroller along a road in southern California heard the words, and wondered at such unusual terms for horses The road led out of a little village into the country and was lined with golden poppies, while here and there brownbacked violets peeped through the green grain that, dropped from some hay-wagon, was now springing up all

The stroller was observing the flowers intently, so did not look around until "Whoa, chick! Gently, bird came right over his shoulder, so near that he sprang to one side, turned mother 'gator ! I so sorry for quickly, and in much astonishment How bad she must feel not to stood facing the queerest team ever seen by anybody anywhere. Standing he takes good care of them,' said so close to him that one of the steeds reached over to peck at a flower in his her babies, and when they hatch hat where two fussy, grotesque birds she finds food for them, and will of gigantic size, in fact, the largest birds in the world-ostriches-harness ed side by side to a curious, sulky like vehicle that had three wheels like here are many animals who hunt a tricycle. On the seat, holding the reins, sat a young man with a pleasant smile on his face, which broadened into a laugh as he saw the evident sur-

"They're a little kittenish and skit-Poor baby 'gators. I so sorry tish yet," he said, as one of the birds leaned over and pecked violently at the flower in the stranger's hat. "They can't kick, but they will eat anything in sight. Whoa, chick Whoa, bird!" as the birds made a Will she go to look at her eggs to- joint effort to reach the bearer of the flowers, who now, laughing, backed

Dont't be afraid," said the driver, touching the bird horses with his whip as they made another convulsive lay was off into dreamland, where effort lunging heavily towards the her alligator and her eggs were all poppies. "They can't bite you; see, they're muzzled." And the man with box of eggs was put in a closet, the flowers noticed the clever way in heither Clay or his mother thought which the birds were harpessed. bem again. A week later, Clay Around their necks was a strap, while to the closet for some toys, and another strap held their beaks to-

gether so they could not bite. "We have to muzzle them," conthe cover dancing up and down tinued he communicative driver. "They'll eat anything-from nails to bronchitis, in short all affections of mother!' cried Clay, dancing oranges. Last week one bird swallow- the throat and lungs, are relieved by and down himself in excitement, ed a pipe—and lighted, at that ; just snatched it out of a man's hand. But bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is that isn't their steady diet; no. They! most economic.

The birds were harnessed and not eggs had hatched, for the closet was to each other; leading backward behind a stove and the box in a warm were traces that passed beneath the wings. The reins we'e not attached

"They're just broken in, said the short whip and spoke to them, They them, started, gradually settling into and back up the road again.

"You see they are harnessed in to stay," the ostrich driver said as he stopped his team. "There are only two things they can do: stand in harness or go ahead. As a rule, they prefer to go. There is only one trouble-I can't get any great speed out of them.'

At the South Pasadena ostrich farm where 100 birds of all sizes can be seen, from chicks to full grown specimens, a boy rides one of the large birds bareback. At first the feathery steed protested, but gradually it became used to it, so that the young rider goes along with all the ease imaginable.

"Curious thing that neck," continued the driver, leaving his seat and unmuzzling one of the birds. "Watch

he held it out. The bird eagerly seized and swallowed it, and the orange could be seen as a large lump passing was an extraordinary spectacle.

A few minutes later the driver touched his strange team, and away they went to the stable or corral, in in the neighboring farm.-C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

Bray's Enemy.

'Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you.'

'At the back gate? Bring him in,

'He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy and hasn't got time. 'How big is he?'

'About as big as my fist, sir,' said Peter. The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. 'Well, countryman,' he said pleasantly, 'what can I do for you?

The small boy-he was a very small boy-took off a soft, dirty hat and held it behind him. 'I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed.'

'Bray, my big Newfoundland dog. And who sent you here with that information? asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

'Nobody sent me,' answered the boy, stoutly; 'I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep free days. He's got to be killed."

'Where did you get any sheep? asked Mr. Joynes. My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He

gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em. 'Did you tell Mr. Ransom that

Bray had been running them?"

'No, sir; I telled you.' 'Ah, that is well. I don't want to till Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep: how would that do

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head he scornfully rejected it. 'That 'ud be paying me for a lie,' he said indignantly. '! wouldn't tell lies for all the money in

When he said this Mr. Joynes took ff his own hat and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. 'Hurrah, herdsman!' said he. 'I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe-Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice fifteen cents and take you in my service. Meantime, Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning countryman.'-Sunbeam.

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A PREMIUM.

The Intelligences is nearing the end of another year of its life. The next year will be its fiftieth—its jubi!ee year.

It was not begun as a mere business enterprise, nor has it been continued as such.

The founder of the Intelligences in its first issue said, "Our OB-

It has been continued in the same spirit and for the same purpose. On the eve of its Jubilee year, its editor is anxious for nothing so much as that the paper may be and do in the fullest and best sense what it was born to be and do.

During its nearly half-century of life the Intelligencer has had its full share of struggles. All religious papers, as all religious enterprises, have difficulties-and some that are not religious have them, too.

But all the time the Intelligencer has held to its purpose—to promote the Kingdom of Christ, and has moved along without halting step.

That there have been mistakes and imperfect work none know so well, nor regret so much, as those who have had to do with making the paper. But through all the aim has been to send to the homes it has been permitted to enter a paper of high christian character, whose teachings and influences would better its readers.

New Features.

We desire that its fiftleth year may be its best. And we are planning to make it, so far as possible, more attractive and more useful.

We are expecting through the year contributions from a number of ministers and others which will be read with pleasure and profit.

We are planning, too, to publish a number of sermons by our own ministers.

We expect to be able to present the portraits of a number of our ministers, with brief sketches of their labors.

The usual departments will be kept up: The Sunday School lesson; the Woman's Mission Society: the Children's Page; News of Religious work everywhere: Notes on Current Events; Denominational News; choice selections for family and devotional reading; besides editorials and editorial notes covering a wide range of subjects.

Fiftieth Year Celebration.

A fitting celebration of the Intelligencer's 50th year would be a large increase of circulation.

There is room for it. There are hundreds of homes of Free Baptist people into which the denominational paper does not go.

All these it desires to enter regularly. But it cannot get into them without the assistance of its friends. Those who know it have to be depended on to introduce it to others.

We ask of all pastors and, also, of all others who believe in the INTELLIGENCER, and the cause for which it stands, to make now an earnest and systematic canvass for new subscribers.

Besides new subscribers, there are two other things the Intelli-GENCER needs:

1. Payment of all arrears. A considerable amount is due. All of it is needed and needed now. Those who are in arrears will be doing the paper a kindness by remitting at once.

2. Prompt advance payments for 1902. These two things well attended to will be a most timely and gratify-

ing way of celebrating the INTELLIGENCER'S Jubilee.

A Premium.

Asking the friends of the INTELLIGENCER to make special efforts' in its behalf, we wish, besides the new features for 1902 outlined in a previous issue to mark the semi-centennial year in another way.

We have, therefore, arranged to offer an INTELLIGENCER Jubilee premium picture. During the life of the INTELLIGENCER four men have been connected

with its management: Ray. Ezekiel McLeod was the founder and till his death its editor. His connection with it was from January 1st, 1853 till March 17th,

Rev. Jos. Noble was associated with Rev. E. McLeod, as joint publisher, the first year.

Rev. G. A. Hartley was joint owner and associate editor with Rev. E. McLeod for two and a half years—July 1858 to Jan. 1861.

The present Editor. The Intelligences offers to every subscriber a group picture of these four men.

Conditions.

1. The premium picture will be given to every present subscriber who pays to the end of 1902—the Intelligencer's Jubilee year. This, of course, requires the payment of arrears when any are due.

2. Every new subscriber paying a year's subscription in advance will receive the picture.

Now is the Time.

The present is a good time to begin work for the INTELLIGENCER. From every Free Baptist congregation in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia we hope to have new subscribers.

Will the pastors kindly direct attention to the things set before them in this announcement, and arrange to canvass their people?

We have to depend largely, indeed almost exclusively, on the ministers o present the claims of the denominational paper, and to press the canvass for subscribers. They will be doing the paper the cause they and we stand for a good service if they will give this matter attention now.

Three things the INTELLIGENCER needs,-

1. Payment of all subscriptions now due.

2. Renewals for 1902. 3. New subscribers from every congregation in the "denomination in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Let work on these lines begin at once.

Help us make the Intelligencer's fiftieth year a Jubilee year