

No House for a Boy.

In the House of Too Much Troubles Lived a lonely little boy; He was eager for a playmate,

Conquering Difficulties.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, tinkle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waist-coat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of an humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster.

'I would like to attend your evening school, sir.' 'And what do you wish to study?' asked the teacher, roughly.

The schoolmaster glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, 'Very well, you can attend, but a bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters.'

He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pecking away. His ignorance was a misfortune, and not a fault.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village schoolmaster could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying.

Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of engineer at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive.

to build long and difficult lines of railway. But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

'Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson.—The Presbyterian.

Nunkie's Dog Story.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

'Halloo, Nunkie!' Nunkie looked up from the piece of carpenter work that he was doing, and smiled at the boy who, entering the shop, had greeted him in this way.

'Well, Charlie?' 'I saw Mr. Brown to-day.' 'What about him?' 'He had been drinking again.'

'No,' said grandfather, patting both curly heads. 'God has made Fido so that he knows enough to love us and help us when he can. Now, if you want him whipped, you must do it yourself, for I can never forget that he saved a life very precious to me.'

'That is right,' said grandfather. 'After this, when he scratches up your posies, you must remember that he doesn't know when he is doing a naughty thing, as my Patty does, and that, if it had not been for Fido, grandfather would have no little curly-headed girl.'—Sydney Dayre, in Sunbeam.

'Why—why!' exclaimed the boy, with wide-open eyes and excited manner, 'how could he be, when he had been thrown into the river?' 'That's what the man wondered; but there the dog was, surely enough, and he came to the conclusion that the bag must have been rotten, so that the heavy stones had burst it open.'

'What did the man do with him then?' Charlie asked eagerly. 'I hope he let him live.' 'While he was wondering what to do with him,' Nunkie continued, 'he discovered that the dog had learned such a lesson that he would not be likely to touch the sheep again. No one could induce that dog to go anywhere near the sheep. He seemed to understand that it was the sheep that had gotten him into trouble, and he was determined to give them plenty of room. Do you not think that he was a very wise dog?'

'Yes, indeed; wiser than Mr. Brown.' 'Yes, or—' Here Nunkie paused, waiting for Charlie to finish.

'Or,' repeated the boy, 'or anyone who keeps on using tobacco when he knows it is hurting him.' 'Or,' began Nunkie again, but Charlie could not think just then of any more, so his uncle said: 'I'll tell you. Or a boy who again and again lets anger get such control of him that he says and does many things that get him into trouble, and cause him to feel very sorry afterward.'

'Oh—h—h!' This time the word came slowly and thoughtfully, and there was a different expression on Charlie's face. Somehow there was less of self-satisfaction there.

'We should all do well to take pattern after the dog in some ways, shouldn't we, lad?' 'Yes, I think so.' And Charlie meant it, too.—The Westminster.

Patty and Fido.

Grandfather was sitting in his big chair. Fido came up to him and grandfather patted him. Patty came, too, but with an angry little face. 'I want you to whip Fido, grandfather,' she said. 'Here is your cane. Whip him hard.'

'Why do you want Fido whipped, dear?' asked grandfather. 'He's been digging a great hole in my garden. My garden's been so beautiful, you know, and now Fido's scratched and scratched, and spoiled my pansies.'

'Well, so I do,' said Patty, slowly. 'He always wags his tail and jumps about when I come, and looks at me just as if he wanted to say, 'I'm glad to see you.'

'A long time ago,' said grandfather, 'as much as three or four years, I think, there was a wee baby girl playing about here. Fido was very fond of her, and when she took hold of his hair and toddled at his side, he walked slowly, so that her little feet would not slip. She used to play with him as he lay asleep, and he never got angry when she pulled his ears or his tail.'

'Oh, what a dear doggie!' said Patty. 'Who was the baby, grandfather?' 'It was a little girl we call Patty.'

'No,' said grandfather, patting both curly heads. 'God has made Fido so that he knows enough to love us and help us when he can. Now, if you want him whipped, you must do it yourself, for I can never forget that he saved a life very precious to me.'

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A Poser in Arithmetic.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows: 'To Fuen-huen, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof.'

'Now, we will suppose your father left these eighteen elephants. Fuen-huen, take your half and depart.' So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and went his way.

'Now, Nu-pin,' said the wise man, 'take your third and go.' So Nu-pin took six elephants and traveled.

'Now, Ding-bat,' said the wise man, 'take your ninth and be gone.' So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamoosed. Then Suen-punk took his own elephant and drove him home again.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland P. Q., writes: 'My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my home.'

The Big Brother.

The big brother is only a young man himself, and to the eyes of his father and mother, he does not present a very formidable appearance. But to the little fellow in knickerbockers who gazes at him with awe and profound admiration the big brother is a personage. Little Karl means one of these days to do everything that brother Tom does to be just as strong, as fine, as athletic.

A Lesson on Politeness.

Adrian is three years old, and a few days ago his father bought him his first cap. It is a real soldier cap. 'Now,' said his aunt, 'if Adrian is big enough to have a cap, he is big enough to know what to do with it.'

At the conclusion of the lesson Adrian went out on the porch to practice it. When Miss Nina passed, he took off his cap and said 'How do you do?' or 'Good-by,' to a lady, and she told him that he must never wear his cap in the house.

I know some boys twice as big as Adrian, who have not yet learned that lesson of politeness. It is a little thing to be sure, but it is one of those little things that mark the gentlemanly boy. Does it not pay to learn all these trifles well?—Selected.

A Recipe for Making Sausage.

Here is a recipe for making sausage which is going the rounds: First cut the meat fine in a good cutter, one that chops the meat all alike without leaving lumps or strings. If the pork is very fat you can add three or four pounds of lean round steak to forty pounds meat, though it is considered better without this. To this amount of meat add one pound salt, three ounces ground black pepper, one quarter pint sage, and two heaping tablespoonfuls ginger. Mix all thoroughly together and pack in pans, or you can make the bags and fill them. Smooth down well and cover the top with hot lard. This is a very good recipe that has been used for years and has been very successful.

Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret-hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments when we meet God alone.—Frederick William Robertson.

A pastor has accomplished a great deal when he has awakened a spirit of earnest inquiry among his people. Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.—Ruskin.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One 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 catartic is required.

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