

'What a Boy Can Do.'

A boy can make the world more pure By kindly word and deed;

A boy can make the world more pure By lips kept ever clean;

A boy can make the world more true By an exalted aim;

Thus stated in my rhyme; What, dear lad, could greater be—

'Because they have as many pretty things as you have. Think again.' 'There's Jessie Hale,' said the little one, slowly and thoughtfully.

'Very well,' said mamma, quietly. 'Suppose we invite her to come over tomorrow and stay all afternoon.'

The tired look instantly vanished. The weary form became animated in preparation for the expected guest. All the playthings were put in order;

The following afternoon the mother watched the two little ones in their play. She saw the pleased expression come into the eyes of the one to whom so many toys were like fairyland.

That night, as she tucked the coverlets around the little form, after hearing the drowsy voice murmur, 'Our Father,' the sleepy eyes opened to say: 'I'm tired, mamma, but I'm so rested in here, and she fell asleep with her little hand resting lightly above her heart.'

The mother knelt by the crib. 'God keep her heart always rested,' she prayed softly.—Journal.

Not at Home.

'Now, Miss Peach, you have torn your new dress; I must punish you.' Doll Peach would have cried, perhaps, only her wax eyes had no tears in them.

Truly, now, Nelly had torn the dress herself, putting it on. But she was playing nurse, and she liked to punish the dolls.

'I shall leave you alone with Mrs. Birch,' said Nelly, 'till you behave. Mrs. Birch, please tell doll callers I am not at home.' Nelly had heard her mother say this when she was going out.

So little Miss Nelly marched out of the nursery, leaving the dolls with Nurse Birch and the baby.

There were doll Peach, doll Dozy, doll Sambo, and doll Dinks—four of them.

Nelly went to the study. It was where her brother Ben kept his books. She thought she would play doctor, like Ben. She put on her brother's spectacles, and made visits to the sick chairs and tables.

But she soon grew tired of it. It was so lonely without the dolls. Just then brother Ben came in. 'Why, Nelly, you here?' he cried, and ran forward to kiss her.

But he hit the table with his elbow. Down fell a glass vase to the floor. It flew all into bits.

'Dear me!' cried Ben. 'But never mind! If I say nothing to mamma, she will think it is Nelly. Then you will be punished, little sister; and he stooped to kiss her.'

'That's not fair,' shouted Nelly, running away. 'You did it yourself.' 'Why, did I?' cried Ben; 'and who tore doll Peach's dress, I would like to know?'

'Oh, Mrs. Birch must have told you.' 'Well, you punished your doll for the dress. Now you must be punished for the vase.'

Nelly thought a moment. 'That would be very wrong,' she said. Then she ran to the door and shouted: 'I am at home, Mrs. Birch; I am at home!'

Then there was a frolic. Ben played camel for the dolls to ride, and poor Sambo fell off and broke his neck. Sambo was a black crockery doll.

After this Nelly never punished the dolls for her own faults.—Our Little Ones.

Some Dead Flies—Hints for Boys.

The wise Preacher (see Eccl. 10:1) says, 'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor.'

That is, a little foolishness or unbecoming conduct or bad, extravagant habits indulged by a man noted for his wisdom will cause the people to deride or despise or scorn him. And the same will hold good in the case of a boy.

Now, these indiscretions, foolish acts, unbecoming conduct, and bad habits are figuratively called 'dead flies,' for as a mass of dead flies decaying in the apothecary's sweet ointment will befoul it and cause it to send forth an offensive odor, so will vile conduct and bad habits in a boy cause him to be offensive to all good, sensible people.

Now, what are some of these dead flies? Let us see:

- 1. Refusing to love and obey father, mother, brothers, and sisters. 2. Speaking loud, cross, snappy to father and mother. 3. Doing in a pouty, sulky, growling way what father or mother requests him to do. 4. Using wicked words, talking vile talk, telling lies. 5. Profaning or breaking the Sabbath day, by going swimming, skating, fishing hunting, or playing base-ball or foot-ball on Sunday. 6. Smoking or chewing tobacco or smoking cigarettes. 7. Loitering around cigar-stores, billiard-rooms, saloons, or pool-rooms. 8. Playing cards or gambling in any way. 9. Drinking beer, whiskey, or any intoxicating drink. 10. Going in company with boys who smoke, chew, drink beer or whiskey and loiter in the saloons and tobacco stores. 11. Playing hooky or otherwise disobeying teachers or parents. 12. Being filthy and careless as to your personal appearance.

Any one of these habits or practices indulged by boys is more or less of a reproach, and causes thoughtful, sensible men and women to feel sorry for them or reproach them; for, remember, as the wise Preacher says in the verse quoted at the beginning of this article, it only requires a 'little folly' to cause a man reputed for wisdom to lose the respect of his fellows.

So it only requires a little indiscretion, a little foolishness on the part of an otherwise upright boy to cause men and women to lose confidence in him.—Rel. Telescope.

How to Make a Cup of Tea.

Nothing is easier. The odd thing is that so many girls fancy tea-making a difficult art, when it is really a very simple process, which requires only attention and care to produce excellent results.

Having good tea to begin with, next be sure that you have freshly drawn, pure and filtered water of which to make the beverage. The water must not have been standing for hours exposed to the weather, nor simmering on the range and growing flat.

It must be fresh, and then, if you have a brisk fire or the hot flame of an alcohol lamp, bring it quickly to the boil. A flat bottomed kettle is to be preferred, as it has a broad surface to expose to the heat and the boiling is soon accomplished. Water is boiling when it bubbles and jumps merrily about, and steam comes in white puffs from the spout of the kettle. It does not boil when it begins to simmer and to sing. That is only the sign that it is near to boiling. You must make your tea when the water has just boiled, not when it has been boiling a long time.

A kettle which has been standing on the back of a stove all day, filled up now and then by a dipper or two more of water added when some has been taken out, will not make good tea. You must boil the water on purpose.

Blaming Others.

Is it courageous, when we have done something we know we should not have done, to try to excuse ourselves by throwing the responsibility upon somebody else?

Two boys, brothers, were out in the vacant lot next to their house, practicing with an air-gun. They had taken turns in shooting, and had tried different targets. When it came to Walter's turn again, he said to Fred, who was about two years younger—

'Do you see that little knot-hole near the window? It's pretty close, but I'm going to see if I can't hit it.'

'Yes, do,' Fred said emphatically. 'Go ahead, and see how near you can come.'

Walter aimed at the knot-hole, but the good luck that had been with him so far deserted him, and the shot, instead of striking the knot-hole, went through the window-pane.

'Now you'll catch it!' Fred said, screwing up his face expressively, as Walter looked at him in dismay.

'You're just as much to blame as I am,' Walter said angrily. 'Why?' was Fred's retort.

'Cause you told me to do it. You said, 'Go ahead, an' I did.'

When their mother inquired the cause of the trouble, Walter gave the same excuse.

'Fred told me to go ahead, and see how near I could come to it,' he said, 'an' I think he's just as much to blame as I am.'

How about that? When we are old enough to know for ourselves what we are doing, and whether it is right or wrong, can we free ourselves from blame by saying that somebody else told us to do, or not to do, a certain thing?

No conflict is so severe as his who labors to subdue himself.

Brave Sheep.

The other day I found a good story in a new book. In the life of Dr. Moody Stuart I read that, when a boy, he was greatly surprised one day to find all the sheep in a field standing close in a circle, with their faces outward.

Two foxes had run off with two lambs, and the sheep at once drove the lambs together and formed a circle round them for their defense. Wild horses and wild deer do that when attacked by wolves, but I did not know that sheep had such skill and courage.

Sheep were probably once quite wild, and in their wild state they were far stronger and braver than they are now. In great danger their original nature rushes upon them and arms them for the defense of their lambs.

If the sheep risk their lives for the lives of their lambs, surely the Good Shepherd will defend his own. A man and again he tells us that he laid down his life for the sheep. His sheep were lost in the wilderness, ready to perish, and he went into the wilderness to seek and to save them. And he counts even one sheep well worth saving. He leaves the ninety and nine in the fold, and goes after the one that has strayed. He cares for each as if it were his own ewe lamb.

Home Hints.

A hairdresser says that an old silk handkerchief is much better to use in stroking the hair night and morning than a brush.

Horseradish Sauce.—Beat one half-cupful of heavy cream until thick. Mix one quarter of a cupful of horse radish root with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and add to the cream. Season with salt and cayenne.

A delicious hot gingerbread was served at a home luncheon the other day. It was fresh from the oven, spicy and tender, and on being broken it proved to be full of almonds. They had been split into halves so as not to be heavy enough to sink to the bottom of the dough during the cooking process. The combination of flavors is to be recommended.

Barbecued Beef.—One pound each beef, veal and fresh pork chopped fine. Mix with six crackers and three eggs, two cups milk, one tablespoon salt, one teaspoon ginger, little cayenne pepper, one half grated nutmeg, one bay leaf pounded, one grated onion, one tablespoon lemon. Mix thoroughly and beat well. Shape into a loaf. Put small strips of salt pork on top and bake one and one half hours. Baste often.

Use Them Nice.

In one of our Christian homes there is a little girl about nine years old. One night, after she had done her 'home-work,' she thought over her duties to her heavenly Father, and to those around her. She then wrote and signed the following pledge: 'I am willing to try to obey my father and mother and do my heavenly Father's will. When people are sick, I will try to help them, and do any kind deed I can; and when I go back to school try to help my schoolmates; and if any one doesn't use me nice, I will love them and use them nice. I will follow my heavenly Father. I will do unto others as I want them to do unto me.'

If I Were You, My Boy.

I would learn to be polite to everybody.

I wouldn't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies.

I wouldn't get sulky and pout whenever I couldn't have my own way.

I would see if I couldn't get people to like me by being civil to everybody.

I would try to see the little things that I could do to help my mother, and do them without being asked.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: 'I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption.'

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: 'I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache.'

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