

That's the Way.

Just a little every day, That's the way! Seeds in darkness swell and grow, Tiuy blades push through the snow, Never any flower of May Leaps to blossom in a burst. Slowly, slowly, at the first, That's the way! Just a little every day.

Fred and Carlo.

Little Fred Keith had no brother or sister to play with; and, when company came, he was very selfish with his playthings. One day his father brought home a beautiful collie. 'Now, Fred,' he said, 'Carlo is to be your pet; but you must treat him kindly, and not be selfish.' They had grand frolics when they went for a walk together. If Fred threw a stick into the pond, Carlo would always swim out and bring it back.

One bright morning in July, Fred went out into the pasture to pick berries. He carried two small pails, one of which mother had packed a nice luncheon. Carlo trotted along, carrying the empty pail in his mouth. The blueberries hung in clusters on the low bushes; but the sun was hot, and before one pail was filled, Fred decided that it was surely dinner time.

He sat down in the shade of a tall arbutus bush, and began to eat a sandwich. Carlo smelled the meat, and begged for a piece; but though his big brown eyes were wistful and he held both paws, Fred took no notice. 'I'm real hungry, and I want it all myself. You can catch a squirrel,' he said at last.

The second sandwich was half gone, and Carlo's eyes looked sad. 'Carlo has been chasing a rabbit all the morning. Perhaps he is a hungry as I am. Perhaps maybe he can have this ham and cheese cake, and I'll eat the pie.' Carlo barked a joyous 'Thank you!' somehow, Fred's pie tasted twice as good as usual. Then they ran down the spring, and drank some of the water.

When both pails were full, they started for home. Faithful Carlo carried one pail so carefully that not a drop was spilled. The next afternoon Fred took Carlo for a walk in the fields. Grandfather's barn, where he kept his safe hay, stood by itself in the pasture; and near it was an old cellar. Fred went to edge to look over, a stone loosened, and he fell in. He tried for a long time to climb out, but each time he slipped back.

Carlo ran round the edge, barking, and he jumped in. Fred was glad he did not leave him alone. He called for help until he was tired. The sun went down, and a few stars began to peep out. Then he called all his might, but the only answer was an echo from the old barn. Fred lay down beside Carlo, and tried himself to sleep. When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly. He remembered a gin-snap that was in his pocket. 'I'll get Carlo half, the dear doggy!' he thought. Out came the cookie, and his blank book with it. Fred shouted with delight as he emptied his pocket. It was full, like all boy's pockets; and sure enough, there was a stubby and some string. Fred tore a page from the book and showed it to his Mother. 'I'm in the old cellar and can't get out.'

FRED.

He tied the paper round Carlo's neck. Then he piled up all the rocks he could reach high enough to get Carlo out. 'Come quickly, Carlo,' he said; 'the dog leaped away. Lanterns hanging into dark corners, and all neighbors were hunting for Fred. Fred ran to the door when she heard Carlo's bark. How she did hug Carlo! She had read the note! 'Fred,' exclaimed Fred, when he came supper and finished telling the story of his adventure, 'I'm glad you have Carlo some dinner yesterday. He had not helped me, I'd be glad to see him now.' Fred said his mother, 'Carlo is a dog. I should be very sorry if a boy were selfish to such a degree.'—Fay Stuart, in the Morning.

'March Straight Up to It'

I wonder if there are many boys who were born to such a heritage of fear as I was. I do not mean fear in the sense of lack of physical courage, but a fear of nameless unknown things—a dread of the dark, a feeling that something awful will start out upon you from behind some door, or out of some corner, or that a clammy hand will grasp your legs as you run up stairs in the dark.

If any such read this, they will be glad to know how I was cured, and the story I have to tell will show also the power and influence of a piece of poetry and the value of stringing the mind with the right kind of reading. It was my mother who helped me. Two of the earliest pieces of poetry she set me to learn by heart were the story of The Fakenham Ghost and The Story of the Sign Post, and the conquest of my fear began in this way: I was between nine and ten years old; it was Sunday afternoon; I had been sent on a long journey from one country village to another in a solitary part of the lovely county of Kent, England. My errand was to carry some comforts to a sick friend of my parents.

It was a beautiful day, but its beauty was eclipsed for me by the knowledge that I could not get home before dark, and parts of that lonely road in the gloaming, even with some one with me, were full of terrors. To travel it in the dark, and alone, filled me with a nameless, haunting fear of something unknown.

When the day was just declining I started on my return journey. The night fell before I reached that part of the road which I most dread. It ran for about two miles between a sand-bank on one side and one of those high hedges, so characteristic of Kentish scenery, on the other. Out of this hedge grew great gnarled and knotted oaks. In the darkness these took all sorts of shapes to my excited imagination, and, like Henry in the poem of The Sign Post:

Again in thickest darkness plung'd, I groped my way to find, And now I thought I spied beyond A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upward rose, Of cloak and mantle bare, And held its naked arms across To catch me by the hair.

But I remembered the rest of the poem. I recalled that Harry, Calling all his courage up, Straight to the goblin went, And ever through the dismal gloom, His piercing eyes he bent.

I remembered also the lesson which he learned when he found that what he feared was nothing but a sign post after all.

And well, thought he, one thing I've learned, Nor soon shall I forget, Whatever frightens me again, To march straight up to it.

I followed the example of the hero of the little poem, and then and there began a struggle which ended in partial victory, for, of course, my fears did not vanish forever at once.

But I had learned another lesson from the story of Henry, and from many subsequent experiences, which has stood me in good stead for many long years, and that is, never to shirk a difficulty, but always to 'March straight up to it.' Often one sees trouble ahead, feels he is in a tight place, and is tempted to get around it rather than to face it, thus making the difficulty all the greater in the end. How much smaller the trouble grows the nearer you approach it, and how much more easily it is overcome if you 'March straight up to it!'—The Congregationalist.

Dressing for Dinner.

There was no denying the fact that the rising generation of young Browns, ranging in age from 17 to 25, were apt to be quarrelsome and argumentative.

Mr. Brown was nervous, and inclined to be irritable. He worked hard all day, and the arguments, the small nagging, and family jars at dinner were not refreshing to a tired man.

'My dears,' said Mrs. Brown at last, 'I am going to insist on every member of the family dressing every evening for dinner as though we were entertaining friends. I shall expect you to put on your best manners with your change of clothes as you would if you were going to a dinner party.'

And that was the beginning of notoriously pleasant family dinners in the Brown household.

They had been accustomed to come straight in from business or shopping, and sit down to dinner, 'just as they were,' irritable, cross and ready to contradict everybody. They brought all the little frictions and worries of the day to the dining-room circle. All that is now changed.

They go straight to their rooms, and have a refreshing hot water scrub. The girls put on nice fresh blouses or half-worn evening gowns; the young men don a fresh coat or dinner jacket. This small change rouses a desire to please. The girls, who used to be short and snappy at meals, have quite reformed.

Dressing for the evening reminds them that they are nice-looking. They put on pretty manners with their pretty frocks.

All the cobwebs of the day are chased off; the accumulated bothers and irritabilities are forgotten in the small ceremony of making themselves look nice for the evening.

It cheers up husbands and brothers to see their womenkind dainty and sweet at dinner.

It's much harder to say unpleasant things to a gracefully dressed, gracious-mannered woman than to the same person in her grim, plain everyday attire.

A change from the workaday clothes gives a pleasant feeling that you are going to enjoy yourself. It is quite like preparing for a little party.

Nothing is more fatal to the happiness of a family than that unfortunate sentence: 'It's only ourselves; we needn't bother about how we look unless strangers are coming.'

Young people ought to be taught that nice behavior and pretty clothes in one's own family circle are even more important than outside it.

Mrs. Brown's chief regret is that she did not start 'dressing for dinner' as soon as her children were short-coated.

'It would have saved years of unpleasantness at meal times,' she says, with a sigh.—Public Ledger.

What Some Boys Don't Know

The following are extracts taken from letters published in an English paper called the Children's Friend. They were written by prominent Englishmen, from their own experience, at the request of the paper, for hints to boys, and they will, I am sure, be equally helpful to our boys in Australia.

From MR. WALTER HAZEL, M. P.:— 1. That football, however important, is not absolutely the chief end of life.

2. That only a coward is ashamed to say, 'I can't afford it.'

3. That a great part of school education is wasted, because it is not followed up by subsequent study.

4. That a father's advice may be worth much, though at football he may be worth little.

5. That clean living and the fear of the Lord are in entire accordance with manliness.

From MR. GEORGE CADBURY:— 'My advice to boys and girls on leaving school would be, at once take up some work for the good of others. I can never be too thankful that I was induced to take a class of boys, not much younger, but much more ignorant than myself, when I was seventeen or eighteen years of age. From work of this character I have received untold blessing myself now for over forty years.'

From SIR RICHARD TANGYER:— 'I am asked to send a few words of counsels to boys just going out into the world. I am a very busy man, but I cannot refuse to say a few words to those whose battle in life is about to begin.

'Be absolutely truthful in thought and word. Be civil to all; it costs nothing, makes a good impression, smoothes away difficulties and often yields an abundant return, sometimes in most unexpected ways.

'Never be afraid you are doing seven pennynorth of work for sixpence in wages. Even if you do this, you are still the gainer in experience and skill.

Be willing, prompt and cheerful. Whether you are clerk or artisan, keep your bench and tools in perfect order. In this way much time is saved, and time is money—save both.

Be sober—be diligent.'

The Dangerous Door.

'O Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school-bell rings;' and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little Peace crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

'Very well,' said Cousin Will; 'I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen.'

'Oh, that's good!' exclaimed Bob. 'Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there for ever?'

'No; the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson.'

'Why, that's splendid!' cried Kate; 'I should like to go in myself.'

'Ah! it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble.'

'Why, what comes out?' said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

'When the guards were away,' said Cousin Will, 'I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened and the little lady began to talk very fast like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! and did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'Oh, yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door, 'and what a turned-up nose she has?' Then poor Lucy, who was round the corner, ran home and cried all the evening.'

'I know what you mean!' cried Kate, coloring; 'were you listening?'

'Oh, you mean our mouths are doors!' exclaimed Harry, 'and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?'

'You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare to come out.'—Selected.

The 'Night Bird.'

Don't throw a stick at that poor frightened bat. He is surprised and blinded by the sudden burst of light that you let in when you opened the cellar door. He never did harm you. He lives on moths and similar insects.

There! Hande him tenderly. See how delicately he is formed, how slender the bones, how light the weight for flying. See how frail that web is spread over the fingers, to open like an umbrella or wing, or to close like a fan when he rests. See the thumb, without any web, to hook to a branch while he sleeps. With that he tears the wings from the moths and flies before eating them, for he will not swallow wings.

His smell, feeling, and hearing are so acute that he appears to have a sixth sense. He always knows day from night, even when in the darkest dungeon. Shut him in a black room and he will make no sound while the sun shines outside, but as soon as twilight shadows the earth he begins chirping, piping, and scratching to be let out to search for food in the gloom.

No species, except the vampire of tropical America, preys on anything but insects and fruit. This little creature looks like a mouse, but in hot climates big, fox-faced bats are called flying dogs and flying foxes.

There, too, are species with gorgeous fur as bright as the brilliant-colored birds of the tropical belt. And one gentle, tame breed is hardly larger than a bumblebee.—Our Animal Friends.

Home Hints

Remember that when baking powder or soda is used the cake must be baked immediately, or it will be heavy.

To prevent a boot or shoe from slipping off at the heel, gum a little piece of velvet inside the heel of the shoe. This will make it cling to the stocking and prevent slipping.

Keep a little package of absorbent cotton in one of the sideboard drawers. If oil, milk or cream is spilled on a woolen dress or coat, a bit of the cotton instantly applied will remove all traces of the stain.

No person should ever eat heartily when very tired. The wisest thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with three teaspoonfuls of milk in it, sit down for five minutes and then begin slowly to eat, masticating thoroughly. In a little while the vigor of the stomach will come back, and all will be well.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses more substantial claims to public confidence.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Ourswall, P. O., Ont., writes: 'I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well.'

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites and Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents. Get one at your Druggist's.

The Intelligencer's Jubilee

A PREMIUM.

This is the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year—its jubilee year.

We are 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. 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, all whose teachings and influences would benefit its readers.

New Features

We desire that its fiftieth year may be its best. And we are planning to make it 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 W man'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 an earnest and systematic canvass for new subscribers.

Besides new subscribers, there are two other things the INTELLIGENCER needs:

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

2. Prompt advance payments.

These things well attended to will be a most timely and gratifying 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 above, to mark the semi-centennial year in another way.

We are therefore, offering an INTELLIGENCER Jubilee premium picture.

During the life of the INTELLIGENCER four men have been connected with its management:

Rev. Ezekiel McLeod was the founder and till his death its editor. His connection with it was from January 1st 1853, till March 17th, 1867.

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.

Rev. Jos. McLeod has been editor and manager since March 1867.

The INTELLIGENCER offers to every subscriber a group picture of the four men who have had to do with its management. The picture is 12x16, printed on fine paper, suitable for framing.

.. Conditions ..

The Premium picture is offered to all subscribers to the INTELLIGENCER. The conditions are as follows:

1. To every present paid-up subscriber who pays one year in advance.

2. Where any arrears are due they must be paid, and also, a year's advance subscription.

3. To every new subscriber paying one full year's subscription.

Now is the Time.

The present is a good time to 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 claims of the INTELLIGENCER and arrange to canvass their people?

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

Three things the INTELLIGENCER needs,—

1. Payment of all subscriptions now due.

2. Advance renewals.

3. New subscribers from every congregation in the denomination in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Let work on these lines go on in every congregation.

Let us make the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year a Jubilee year indeed