

The English Language.

A farmer was trying to plough  
With a jackass hitched up to a cough,  
When he kicked up a terrible rough,  
Said the farmer: 'It's hard, I though  
I could do near as well with a cough;  
I will rest 'neath the shade of this bough;

'Such driving for me is too rough;  
I've had of it nearly enough;  
I'll give this old jackass a cough  
And quit, for I'm quite in a bough,  
And ploughing is almighty tough.

'With farming I'm glad to be through—  
My wife, she is tired of it, though;  
We're wet with rain and the dough,  
And ploughing has made me quite 'bough.

'I'll sell out and pocket the dough,  
To the city I'll glad enough go,  
I'll through down the shovel and bough,  
In Wall Street my money I'll blough.

'My wife has contracted a cough,  
'Tis time for us both to be cough!'

—New York Sun.

A Talk on Heroes.

Ever since Colonel Seyton showed  
Ted how to salute properly, he was  
'clean gone' 'stracted,' as old Sambo  
said, on all subjects relating to war.  
Even in Sunday school, Miss Neale  
found him unresponsive to everything  
less bloodthirsty than the slaughter of  
the Philistines, or the taking of Ai;  
and, upon introducing such a topic for  
his especial interest, she found new  
difficulties; he was inclined to monopolize  
the talk and give severe criticisms  
of ancient methods of warfare. For  
instance, on the taking of Jericho, he  
insisted that such marching about the  
walls under the javelins of the garrison  
was an exceedingly precarious  
method; and he stood up excitedly to  
give his own plan of assault, when a  
low stir of laughter among the near  
classes brought him down, silent and  
flushed.

'Well,' said Miss Neale, with a twinkle  
in her eyes that always warned the  
boys of an awakening topic—the  
're-volve,' 'Ted always called it—'why  
not have a war ourselves? Do you  
all want to fight?'

They looked a bit doubtful over  
such else ranging of the subject, and  
young Joe got quite white.

'Now?' he asked anxiously; 'here?'

'Certainly; why put off a good thing?  
Ted, whom would you like to kill?'

'Oh!' said Ted, much aggrieved, 'I  
don't want to kill anybody right now.'

'Why not?'

'Because,' weakly, 'I don't.'

'When would you like to begin?'

Ted fidgeted and then gave a nervous  
laugh.

'You make me feel creepy,' he said.

'Yes,' added Jack, with wide-open  
eyes; 'you speak as if fighting for one's  
country were—were murdering people.'

'No,' gravely; 'a brave man must  
fight for his country if she needs him;  
but she doesn't need you now, so you  
have more time for another kind  
of war.'

'Oh!' said Joe, with a long breath,  
'you mean fighting faults.'

'Giants,' answered Miss Neale, with  
a bright nod.

'Pshaw! you can't get to be a hero,  
nutered Ted, tilting his nose, 'and  
have triumphal arches built for you  
that sort of way.'

'No? What is a hero?'

'It's from Latin, heroes,' replied  
Hugh, surnamed 'The Ant' for his quiet  
ways; and the students thought a  
hero became a god when he died.'

'It's a demigod, and the Greek has  
it too,' added Jack, not willing to be  
elipsed in learning.

'It's a great, brave man,' said little  
Joe, as Miss Neale's eyes came to him.

'A man who can't be beat,' said Ted.

'Well,' said Miss Neale, smiling, 'we  
will take that; it is a strong definition,  
Ted; a man who cannot be beaten;  
master of himself and any circumstance  
that meets him.'

Ted looked rather taken aback by  
this point of view, but he said nothing.

'Master of himself,' repeated Jack,  
reflectively; 'that's where the fighting  
would be.'

'Yes; there are giants all along that  
line.'

'Which,' asked Hugh, with a pucker  
of his nose, 'do you consider the  
best of them, Miss Neale?'

'Selfishness?' she suggested.

'Is laziness one?' asked Tom, and  
there was a laugh, for all the boys  
knew how often Tom was late for  
school.

'O, dear, yes!' and Miss Neale shook  
her head; and envy, and conceit, and  
rivalry so many more, fighting them  
sally does make heroes, Ted.'

'Yes, Miss Neale,' said Ted, meekly;  
'mean—I—'

'Triumphal arches,' she suggested,  
with her bright, keen look.

'Well,' coloring a bit, 'they're fine  
have.'

'They are, indeed; and finer to  
serve, I should like to build one for  
the honor of some heroes who simply  
died still once, at attention,' she said,  
gliding at Ted.

'Tell us, the boys said.

'You'll find the story in Napier, how  
at the sinking of the 'Birkenhead,'  
four hundred men at the call of their  
officers, Captains Wright and Girardot,  
calmly and without a murmur accepted  
death in a horrible form rather than  
endanger the women and children who  
could be saved in the boats. Captain  
Wright gave the word for the men to  
fall in on deck by companies, knowing  
that the sea below them was full of  
sharks, and that the ship could not  
possibly float till the boats came back;  
and the men fell in, knowing this also,  
and stood at attention without utter-  
ing a word, till she keeled over and  
went down with them.'

There was a little silence. The  
superintendent was coming up the aisle  
to his desk.

Long before, there was a death  
noble still, said Miss Neale, softly,  
'and triumphal arches are reaching  
over all the world.'

'Churches,' murmured little J. e.

The superintendent's bell rang, and  
the hymn he announced was that: ring-  
ing, sweet old psalm:

'All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal ad-  
dem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.'

Miss Neale's boys did not look at  
her or at each other as they stood up,  
but their voices rang out with a reser-  
vate sort of emphasis, and Ted's was in  
the lead.—Sabbath School Visitor.

How the Wrong-Doing was Blotted Out.

Tom was not a bad boy—indeed, his  
teacher had classed him among the  
pretty good boys. He had his faults,  
but I am not going to tell them to you.  
One day he got 'all twisted up,' as he  
called it. Things went wrong, and he  
disobeyed his teacher. I cannot tell  
tales out of school, so you shall not  
know just what he did, but it was  
something very wrong.

The next morning, instead of a  
pleasant smile and a cheery greeting,  
Miss Hall, his teacher, saw only a  
hurried glance and a troubled down-  
ward look. After prayers Tom was  
sent to a room by himself, that he  
might think and decide what to do.  
He was not to join in his class work  
till he had decided. Tom thought: he  
knew that he had done wrong. He  
was sorry, for he loved his teacher,  
and he had seldom been punished; but  
Miss Hall felt that his offence could  
not be overlooked. At the recess she  
went in to see him, and said:

'Well, my boy, what shall we do?'

'I don't know, teacher,' he replied,  
'I did very wrong, and I'm sorry.'

'I know you are sorry,' said the  
teacher, 'and I dislike to punish you  
but I do not see how I can help it; do  
you?'

'No, ma'am. I know I ought to be  
punished.'

'What shall it be, my boy?'

'Just what you say, teacher.'

'Are you willing in some way to tell  
the boys what you have told me?'

'I am willing,' Tom answered eagerly.  
'Will you write it on the board, or  
say it?'

'I had rather write it teacher.' So  
together Tom and his teacher went  
back to the school room, and on the  
blackboard, behind the teacher's table,  
Tom wrote, and you may be sure the  
room was very still when Tom was  
writing. You could hear the clock  
tick. Tom felt rather flustered by the  
unusual silence, and could not remem-  
ber to spell as well as usual. He  
stopped at one word and looking up to  
his teacher, said in low voice, 'How  
do you spell sorry, Miss Hall—with  
two r's or one? He will never forget  
how to spell that word, I know.'

When he had finished writing, he  
slipped back into the room, and let the  
blackboard tell its own story, and they  
read:

'I disobeyed my teacher yesterday;  
I am sorry, and I will try to do as she  
wishes in future.'

THOMAS CARR.

Then the teacher said, 'I know you  
will all be generous enough to say  
nothing of this to the one who has so  
nobly confessed his wrong.' Then she  
wrote Res—meaning Reserve—above  
the words, and there they stood all  
day. Tom saw them every time he  
looked up and often when he didn't,  
too, and he thought, 'O dear, if I had  
not done wrong, if I could only take it  
back and rub out those hateful words!'

The next morning Tom dreaded to  
go to school, thinking of the hand-  
writing on the board till the bell rang  
and the teacher said, 'I have rubbed  
out the words that were written here  
yesterday. Will the scholars get their  
Bibles and read what is in their place?'

In place of Tom's confession the  
teacher had written 'Isaiah xliii. 25.'

Every Bible was quickly turned, and  
the passage silently read, and many a  
quick, intelligent glance turned to-  
wards the desk. 'Please, teacher, let  
us read it together,' said one.

So all read in subdued, tones these  
beautiful words.

I, even I am He that blotteh out  
thy transgressions for Mine own sake,  
and will not remember thy sins.'—  
Children's Messenger.

Uncle Joe's Corner.

'Haven't you wondered sometimes  
what people meant when they said  
they had to 'work like a dog? We do  
not put dogs at any hard work in this  
country. I think the saying must  
have been borrowed from some coun-  
try where they work dogs real hard, as  
they do in Hel and Belgium. There  
one sees everywhere funny little  
carts to which dogs are harnessed. In  
Belgium this is done in the same way  
as you harness a horse to a wagon, but  
in Hel and these dogs are put between  
the wheels and under the cart, and a  
peculiar arrangement like an old-fash-  
ioned bed-spring is fastened round the  
back of their heads.

In the country places in Belgium the  
dogs of an make a l the butter, a sort  
of tread-mill being fastened to an ordi-  
nary churn, which they can turn with  
their feet. I wish you could see them  
at this work; you would think it a  
very funny sight. After the butter is  
made, they are harnessed to the little  
carts and driven off to deliver the milk  
to the customers. And hard work it is,  
for the great copper cans that hold the  
milk are real heavy, and you would  
feel sorry for the poor dogs as they pull  
their leads round the streets. The  
rough harnesses wear off their hair,  
and cause great sores on their tender  
backs, and their feet are often lamed  
by the toes catching in the tread-mill  
churns, but for all that they wag their  
tails and lick the hands of their masters  
as fondly as do our own more fortunate  
pets. They have to carry other things  
as well as milk; everything almost that  
a horse or donkey would do in other  
countries dogs must do in Holland and  
Belgium, even their owners being taken  
out for a ride behind them sometimes.

But you would never guess what  
other use has been made of dogs in  
Belgium. In one city there, Ghent,  
they are a part of the police force.  
They have been trained so that they  
have become very efficient. Dummy  
figures are made up to look like thieves  
and other bad people, and the dog is  
taught to seek them out and to seize  
and hold them without hurting them  
much. The dogs are also taught to  
swim and seize hold of persons in the  
water, to save them from drowning;  
to climb steel walls so as to get hold  
of burglars; and they do all these things  
so well that the plan of making them  
policemen is to be used in other cities.

Don't you think the dogs in those  
countries know what it is to work like  
a dog? I do.—Uncle Joe, in the  
American Weekly.

The Story of Taffy

A littlerough terrier who was brought  
to the Animal Rescue League was far  
from being a beauty.

'He is so homely I can't find a home  
for him,' the matron said to a visitor:  
'but it seems a pity to chloroform him,  
he's so affectionate.'

The visitor went out to look at him,  
and found him a sorry-looking spectacle.  
A life of unkn wn hardship on the  
streets had not helped to develop what-  
ever traces of beauty he may have  
been born with. He was lean to boni-  
ness; and his unkempt little coat was  
rough and rusty; but his eyes were  
like two jewels.

'He has beautiful eyes,' said the  
visitor.

'Yes, he has,' said the matron, 'and  
a lovely disposition. I wish we could  
find a good home for him.' Then body  
seems to want him.'

Somebody did take him, however,  
in spite of his homeliness.

'He is so funny and ugly that I can-  
not help liking him,' she said; and  
Taffy, as he was called, went to a beau-  
tiful home in the country. A month of  
good feeding, patient training, and,  
above all, of loving kindness, developed  
the poor little stray 'mongrel' into a  
sturdy, alert little dog. His coat grew  
glossy and sleek, and his beautiful  
pleading eyes bright and saucy. Not  
long ago his kind mistress showed him  
to a friend, who asked her,—

'Where did you get your Ayrshire  
terrier?'

'He is only a little mongrel I took  
from the Animal Rescue League,' ex-  
plained Taffy's mistress.

'For all that he is an Ayrshire terrier  
and a very nice specimen, replied the  
friend.

But I doubt if Taffy's mistress loves  
him any better than when she believed  
him to be merely a little mongrel.—E.  
B. Barry, in the Beacon.

Happiness is composite; pain is  
simple. It may take a hundred things  
to make a man happy, but it never  
needs more than one to make him  
suffer.—F. Marion Crawford.

Stone By Stone

Tom and Robert were walking  
through the woods. They came to a  
stream of water; both stopped, delib-  
erating what was best to be done.

'I am going to leap it,' said Tom.  
'I am going to work my way over,  
stone by stone' said the more prudent  
Robert.

Tom leaped, and, missing his foot-  
ing, fell into the stream, whilst Robert,  
working his way carefully from one  
stone to another, landed safe and dry  
on the other side.

Boys, learn the les on while yet  
young; the shortest way often appears  
the longest. Do not try to leap across  
the stream of difficulties that separates  
you from the shores of success.  
Perseverance, diligence and determina-  
tion are all stones cast across the  
stream of life. A leap will bring you  
down among them wounded and bruise-  
d. But conquer them, stone by  
stone and ultimately you will reach  
the other shore—the coveted land of  
success. Remember do not leap;  
work your way across the stream,  
stone by stone.

Home Hints

The foot of a coarse cotton stocking  
is superior to a sponge for bathing  
purposes.

The average walking pace of a  
healthy man or woman is said to be  
75 s eps a minute.

A drinking glass placed between  
sheets in a bed will gather moisture if  
there is damp.

The virtue of a poultice lies in its  
heat, softness and moisture, therefore  
it should be changed frequently.

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

Meat must always be cooked with  
the fat downward.

Whipped cream is more easily dig-  
ested than plain cream.

If the waste pipe is clogged with  
grease pour down a pailful of boiling  
water, in which you have dissolved a  
cupful of soda. You may have to do  
this two or three times before the im-  
purities are removed.

Plum-pudding if made properly  
and hung up in a cool dry place, will  
keep for months, and be improved for  
the keeping. They can be boiled  
again from one to two hours, according  
to size.

Scrambled Eggs.—Take two eggs,  
pepper and salt, one ounce of butter,  
one dessert-spoonful of milk; buttered  
toast. Beat up the eggs with the  
milk, season with pepper and salt;  
melt the butter, pour in the eggs, and  
keep them stirred till creamy and  
about to set. Spread out on buttered  
toast, garnish with crisp parsley, and  
serve hot.

Cure for Flies.—As summer is  
nearly here, the following will prove  
useful to house-wives in general: Boil  
three or four onions in a pint of water;  
then with a gilding brush do over  
your glasses and frames, and reas-  
sured the flies will not alight on the  
articles washed. This may be used  
without apprehension, as it will not  
do the least injury to the frames.

Some Way To Stop Nose-Bleed.

Have the child sit up straight, and  
hold the nostrils tightly together.  
Wrap a small piece of ice in a little  
cotton wool, and gently rub the out-  
side of the nose with it. If this does  
not stop it, you may have the child  
raise his arms above his head, and put  
a lap of tissue paper under his upper  
lip, holding it there firmly. Do not  
allow the child to blow his nose for  
some time after the bleeding has stop-  
ped. If the attacks are frequent, con-  
sult a good physician, as there may  
be some disease of the blood or blood-  
vessels which should be treated before  
things have gone too far.—Ladies'  
Home Journal.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind  
that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has  
nothing in common with the impure,  
deteriorating class of so-called medicinal  
oils. It is eminently pure and really  
efficacious—relieving pain and lame-  
ness, stiffness of the joints and muscles,  
and sores or hurts, besides being an  
excellent specific for rheumatism,  
coughs and bronchial complaints.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills  
are constantly receiving letters similar  
to the following, which explains itself.  
Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont.,  
writes: 'I never used any medicine  
that can equal Parmelee's Pills for  
Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Com-  
plaints. The relief experienced after  
using them was wonderful.' As a  
safe family medicine Parmelee's Veg-  
etable Pills can be given in all cases re-  
quiring a cathartic.

The essential lung-healing principle  
of the pine tree has finally been suc-  
cessfully separated and refined into a  
perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's  
Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all  
dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.  
Price 25 cents.

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 Women'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. Joe. 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