

Kiss and Make it Well.

I sit at my window and sew and dream, While my little boy at play...

So I kiss his head, and his knee and his arm, And the dear little grimy hand;...

'Tis a foolish whim, do you say? Ah, yes! But the foolish things of earth...

What Ralph Saw.

Ralph had been sick a whole month, and now that he was able to sit up...

He was so glad that the men were at work there just at this time, for the days sometimes seemed very long to him...

But one day the funniest thing happened at the new house. A strange workman appeared upon the scene...

Ralph was at his accustomed place at the window and was watching a carpenter who was measuring pieces of lumber...

As Ralph was much better the next day, mamma said she believed that his laughing so hard over Jim Crow's pranks had done him more good than medicine...

Very soon he looked around to get his pencil, and it was gone. He looked about a few minutes; then he took another pencil from his pocket...

The man now began to look vexed, and he searched all about, probably expecting to find some mischievous boy around, Ralph thought...

Presently he seemed to have measured all the boards he needed, and then he began nailing them in place...

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles...

White horses always suggest the circus. Their coats are even more difficult to keep clean than a black horse's, and are very seldom in a presentable condition...

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Then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth...

But how little Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew. Her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn, and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them...

'What manner of horses do they ride?' 'Black horses.' 'Then there is no need of haste.'

At the noon halt the leader again asked, 'What manner of horse do they ride now?' 'Bay horses.'

'Then we must ride harder.' A few hours later the leader asked, 'Are they horsed again?'

'They ride chestnuts.' 'Then we ride for our lives.'—Reformed Church Messenger.

Stingy Jimmy. Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny, nor a bite of an apple or a crumb of candy...

The three little girls hovered near while mamma slipped one of the socks over her hand.

mamma! he said. And then he explained to her how the crow had been playing jokes on the carpenter all the morning...

So they waited, and presently the man turned to take up his handkerchief, for he had grown very warm again...

Then mamma went out on the front step and cried to call to the man, but he was shouting and gesticulating to the other workmen in such a frantic way...

Ralph watched from the window. He saw the man turn at last and listen to what his mamma had to say, and he saw them both go around to the farther end of a pile of lumber...

Then Ralph saw mamma point up into the branches of a tree which stood near, and from which, as she did so, there came a cry of 'Caw! caw! caw!'

The other workmen shouted with laughter. At first the subject of Mr. Crow's practical joke was inclined to be angry, but at last his better nature conquered and he laughed with the rest...

As he went back to work Ralph saw him take the handkerchief and tie it under his chin, and mamma explained when she came in that he said he would have to tie his cap on or the bird would be flying off with that next...

But Jim Crow seemed satisfied with his morning's work, and after his trick was discovered he flew off home, and the p or workman was left in peace...

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But what do you think? There were about a hundred little holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

Mamma smiled as she said: These socks will have to be darned before they can be worn.

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda put her arms around poor little Tillie, whose tears were falling softly over the careless work.

'Never mind, Tillie,' she said, 'you will get the prize, for you did knit the first pair!'

'Well, grandma's mamma grandma was Tillie—gave them each a prize for learning to knit—a little work-box, with needles, scissors, thread and tiny thimble.'

'Tillie has learned something else, too, I think,' said mamma, as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie her work-box, a pretty blue one, and said in a whisper: 'Make haste slowly!'

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit; but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will never forget.—Little Folks.

Whether or not a horse's color is an indication of his breeding and powers of endurance is a much disputed question. The color theory doubtless originated among the Arabs, for centuries famous as horsemen. Its exponents say that it is the result of constant observation and long study, but many competent horsemen deride it as a superstition.

Be this as it may, the chestnut is the Arab idea of perfection. In this connection it is significant that the majority of successful race horses have been chestnut in color. Chestnuts also seem to have carried off the greatest number of honors in the show ring.

The Arabs, like the dictionary, make but little distinction between the chestnut and the bay, and consider the latter color about as desirable as the former. The dictionary defines bay as a shade of chestnut.

Horses of a rich seal brown are good to look upon, but among the Arabs rarely fetch a large price, as they are considered lacking in hardihood, prone to sickness, with little or no endurance. Roan horses are by many regarded as very hardy, but all horsemen do not concur in this opinion, and, as the race-horse trainers express it, the roan color indicates a cold cross somewhere in the breeding.

The black horse is, in the American mind, suggestive of the funeral, which possibly recounts for some of the prejudice against it. A black horse is a nightmare to his groom, for his coat shows the slightest speck of dust or dirt, and a little gust of wind often spoils hours of hard grooming. When a black horse has been exposed to the sun and weather for some days, his coat fades to a rusty, washed-out color.

White horses always suggest the circus. Their coats are even more difficult to keep clean than a black horse's, and are very seldom in a presentable condition. It is most disagreeable to drive behind a gray horse or white during shedding time. Then one's clothing is sure to be covered with clinging hairs, that are very noticeable.

Piebald and skewbald horses attract too much attention to the rider or driver to be considered quite the thing, and, like the white horse, remind one of the saw-dust ring. A mixed coat is a pretty strong indication of low breeding.

There is an ancient tale of a band of Arabs being pursued by their enemies, which sums up their theory about a horse's color. Among the fleeing band was a man with unusually keen eyesight, and from time to time he would describe to his leader the horses ridden by the enemy.

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'If I didn't want it,' he said, 'perhaps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?'

'Because it is nice to be generous,' said his mother, 'and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little Johnnie, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself.'

'Well,' said Jimmy, 'I'll try it.' The hoop was sent off. 'How soon shall I feel better?' he asked, by and by. 'I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel better?'

'Certainly,' answered his mother, 'but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner.'

Then he gave away his kite and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his saxepece that he meant to spend for raffly. Then he said:

'I don't like this giving away things, it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better.'

Just then Johnny ran up the street bowling the whoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else. And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Selected.

What the Spider Told. 'I was spinning a web on a rose vine,' said the spider, 'and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she cried; 'I can't! I can't!'

'Then the mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread, and tried to fasten it to a branch, the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it, and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.'

'What a patient spider!' she said. 'The little girl smiled too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine, and a square of beautiful patchwork on the doorstep.'—Babyland.

Wonderful Fireworks. In Nagasaki, Japan, there is a firework-maker who manufactures pyrotechnic birds of great size that, when exploded, sail in a life-like manner through the air and perform many movements exactly like those of living birds. The secret of making these wonderful things has been in possession of the eldest child of the family of each generation for more than 400 years.

Where and How Pansies Grow Best. Give them, if possible, a place where they will be sheltered from the hot afternoon sun. Cut off the old flowers as they fade, and keep the ground mellow and free from weeds. They will bloom until the hot days of mid-summer. Then their flowers will be small, and there will not be many of them. It is a good plan to cut the old plants back at that time, and allow them to renew themselves for autumn.—My Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmele's Pills the best medicine for those diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.'

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: 'I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup, several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my home.'

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.



The Intelligencer's Jubile

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.

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 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 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

