

The Rudder.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with honest eyes of blue, As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level ocean floor? Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view, And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far off shore.

They seem to be scattered about by chance, to move at the breezes' will Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray : But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill, Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a staunch man at the wheel; And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there; There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel The force of the purpose that shapes her course, and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea— Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale. And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be, For the will of man with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail. —Celia Thaxter.

Uncle Fritz's Hero.

'Uncle Fritz,' said Louis, closing the book he had been reading. 'I have just read a story about a boy named Frank, who stopped a train of cars just in time to save it from being wrecked, and the lives of many passengers from being lost. The people called Frank a hero, and made a collection of money for him. Oh, Uncle Fritz, they might keep the money, but how I should like to stop a train and save lots of lives, and be a real live hero?' 'Watch your chances, my boy,' said Mr. Engel, putting his hand tenderly on the boy's head; 'every day there are new heroes made. Each person has in his lifetime many chances of being a hero. Too often these chances are overlooked.'

Just at this point Louis' mother called to him that he had better go for the cows. Louis jumped up from the grass, where he had been reading, and declaring to his uncle that he would not overlook his chances, he whistled to Blitzen, and he and the little dog ran gayly down the road. His cheerful call to the cows was soon heard from the direction of the backwoods.

When they returned, Louis and Blitzen ran into the playhouse, but to Louis' dismay he saw his beautiful watch, of which he was so proud, broken to pieces in the hands of his little brother Carl. The bright color of Louis' cheeks had already been deepened by his recent exercise, but at the sight of the destruction of his treasure it grew still deeper, and his eyes flashed. Carl, who thought his big brother a fit representative of all that was noble and brave, could not endure the sight of his anger, and dreaded to hear what Louis would say.

'Oh, Louis, don't be mad at Carl!' said the little fellow, with penitential tears, and flying at his brother like a whirlwind and thunder-storm combined. 'I wanted to see what was inside it to make it go, and I did not mean to stop it. But, Louis, it won't go now, and I was naughty; so you may have my Hans, and Gretchen, too.' The pets of which Carl spoke were two beautiful white doves he had received on his last birthday, and were objects of his tenderest care. They were his first thought in the morning and his last at night. He remembered them in his prayers, and insisted on Louis doing so too. His favorite psalms were those which mentioned the doves. Knowing all this devotion, no wonder the elder brother showed his tenderness for the younger in action and in word!

'Hold on, little brother; don't cry any more. You have shed enough tears now to put out my wicked fire. You had better keep Gretchen and Hans; I am afraid I would forget to feed them. I might keep them in mind at my prayers, but that wouldn't keep them alive long. I can easily save enough to get a new watch, but no amount of saving could get me another little brother Carl, if anybody should want to see what is inside of this one to make him go.'

The idea of any one wishing to take him apart as he had done the watch amused Carl so much that laughter and smiles checked his tears.

Mr. Engel had entered the playhouse by a different door at the same time that Louis had entered it. Though he had not been observed by the boys, he had taken a lively interest in all that passed between them. He had noted first the flash of anger in Louis' eye, and afterwards the attempt and success at a smile when the little brother made his plea.

'That night, after Louis had finished studying his lessons, his uncle said to him; 'My boy, I am proud to say I

met a hero to-day—a boy of just your size. He stopped a train just in time to save a little boy from being seriously hurt. I saw the danger signal, and was sure the engineer was going to lose control; but he didn't.'

'Oh, Uncle, tell me more about your hero!' said Louis, excitedly.

Mr. Engel put his arm around his nephew, and, drawing him closer, said in a low, earnest tone; 'My hero is the engineer who stopped a train of angry words. The little boy on the track was the little brother who caused all the trouble; the danger signal, the red flush which came into my hero's cheek and the flash in his eye.'

'Oh, Uncle, you only mean me, and I thought you meant a real hero!' said Louis, not knowing whether to be pleased at being called a hero or whether to be disappointed in the way the story had turned out.

'I do mean a real hero, my boy. It is just such opportunities of heroism that I referred to to-day. They are so often neglected, yet they prove the real hero. I entered the playhouse at the same time you did this evening, and I watched and was proud to see that my Louis did not overlook his chance of being a hero. The watch which Carl destroyed will be a gain for you, for you may now take charge of your father's watch.'

'Oh, dear Uncle Fritz!' cried Louis, in a transport of delight. 'I can't remember the time when I have not looked forward to the day when I should be the owner of father's watch! Thank you for it; and for calling me a hero. I shall try hard to deserve both.'

After prayers, as the members of the family were preparing to retire, Mr. Engel said to Louis. 'Think on this, my boy, 'The greatest hero of us all is he who can himself control.'—Christian Intelligencer.

A Game of Letters

This game requires three or more complete alphabets, with extra vowels in proportion. The letters should be pasted on cards of uniform size and appearance. If letters cannot be obtained they may be neatly printed on the cards with a pen. In addition, have several blank cards, and four or five 'star' cards, pasting on four cards red stars and one card a blue star. Mark one alphabet and one extra set of vowels with small green stars. The game is now ready for use; and the more players are engaged, the more interest will be the game.

The players are seated around a table with the cards in the center of the table, face downward. One of the players is designated to make the first draw, placing the letter down in front of him, face upward; and each player drawing in turn does the same until all the cards have been drawn from the 'pile.'

The object of the game is to form words with the letters drawn, and a word completed by a player constitutes a 'book.' At the conclusion of the game the player holding the greatest number of books is declared winner.

If a blank card is drawn it, of course, counts nothing, and is thrown aside, and the player must await his next turn before again drawing. A player may draw a letter from one of the other players, provided the letter is not marked with a green star, and the letter drawn completes a word. Under no other circumstances may a letter be drawn from another player; and only once may he be drawn on during a 'turn.' A word completed entitles a player to another draw, either from the pile or from an opponent on whom he has not drawn during his turn, provided, again, that the letter drawn from his fellow-player completes a new word, a player drawing until he fails to form a word. If a player misspells a word, he must forfeit the letters of the misspelled word to the person from whom he drew the last letter; or, if the last letter was drawn from the pile, the letters are added to the cards on the table.

A red star drawn by a player entitles the holder to two extra draws, regardless of the draws he may have on the completion of words. The blue star entitles the player to three extra draws under the same conditions. As before noted, a player drawing a letter marked by a green star can hold it safely, as it cannot be taken from him by an opponent. These cards are known as the 'safe' cards.

If preferred, the player holding the most cards at the end of the game may be declared the victor.—Arthur Robb, in the Christian Endeavor World.

Boys Who May Be Kings.

Little Prince Edward of York, who, if he lives, will one day be Edward VIII. of Great Britain and Ireland, is not allowed to know that one day he will be a king. He has recently been told about Charles I., and said: 'How

miserable it must be to be a king. I mean to be a doctor.

As he grows older, he will learn that, because of his high destiny, he must work harder, study more, and play less than other boys of his age. Should he refuse to study, and grow up in ignorance of things he should know, he would soon learn that his people would no longer permit him to rule.

Another little fellow who may also sit upon a throne some day is a cousin of Prince Edward. This is Prince George of Sparta, heir to the throne of Greece. His inheritance is not so great, but it, too, carries with it many responsibilities.

The Duke of Braganza, the eldest son of the King of Portugal, is the heir to the throne. He is a bright, active youngster, but as his kingdom is not a very important one, he may not become much of a power in European politics.

Another boy who will inherit a throne is little Boris, Crown Prince of Bulgaria. His future subjects are a race of hardy mountaineers, turbulent and hard to control. He will require much wisdom to keep them in check, and will probably be kept so busy at home that he will have little opportunity of interfering with the affairs of other nations.—Exchange.

In Case of Fire.

It may be worth a good many dollars to you to commit the following suggestions to memory, says a writer in the Indiana Farmer:

When fire is discovered in the house shut the windows and doors at once, so that there may be no draught to increase the flames. Then, see that every one is aroused, and after that ascertain just where the fire is. If not too far advanced it may often be smothered with any large cloth wet in water. Woolen is best, but cotton, if wet enough, will serve the purpose. Heavy draperies, rugs and cushions are all excellent to use in putting out a newly-started blaze.

If obliged to pass through a burning room throw a blanket around you—a wet one if possible—and tie wet silk handkerchief over the mouth and nose.

In wrapping a rug or shawl about one whose clothing is on fire be sure to wrap from the head down; otherwise the flames may be forced upward into the face, causing fatal injury.

Never attempt to stamp out a fire if your clothing is of cotton. If water is not at hand throw a painful or two of flour over the fire, but be sure there is enough to smother it, not to feed it. A painful of water and a mop may often be used more effectively in putting out fire than ten times the amount of water without the mop.

Work Away.

Jim was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor.

'I wish I could raise three cents extra,' he said to Will, his little comrade.

'Work away, then,' sharply answered Will, and he ran off crying his papers. Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a great many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, 'Work away,' would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy, and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change, when she smiled at him and said: 'The rest is for you.'

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and, as they were eating it, he said: 'I wish that lady knew.' And then he thought how glad he was that he had 'worked away' instead of giving up.—Child's Hour.

Debt and Its Danger.

Pay as you go, boys. No matter how earnestly you long for the possession of a gun, a boat, a bicycle or what not, nor how certain you may be that at the end of the week or the month you will have the money to pay for it, do not run in debt.

Lyman Abbott, the man who occupied Henry Ward Beecher's place in Plymouth Pulpit, has this to say on the spending of money before it is earned: 'Hope inspires the man who is earning for future expenditure; debt drives the man who is earning for past expenditure; and it makes an immeasurable difference in life whether one is inspired by hope or driven by debt.'

A man—or a boy—in debt is like a swimmer with a stone around his neck. However expert he may be, his onward progress has a continual drag put upon it, that not only hinders him from reaching the goal, but discourages him in his efforts to even keep his head above water.

Prosperity rarely brings out the best there is in a man. A man's adversities are often his most stimulating friends.

Lay not up against your neighbor the sin of yesterday. He may have repented of it to-day.

Latest English figures make it appear that Germany now produces one-third of the world's supply of beet sugar, of which she exports no less than 1,250,000 tons after completely supplying her own population.

Bee keeping is not an agricultural sideshow, as many people suppose, but has attained the dignity of a distinct industry. Three hundred thousand is the estimated number of American apiaries.

In company, guard your tongue; in solitude, your heart.—Spurgeon.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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