

Not Always Easy.

It isn't always easy, when the day is cold and bright, And you're very fond of ceasing and ceasing to skate, To be sitting on a school-bench, with the hill and pond in sight, And adding rows of fractions on your slate.

It isn't always easy, when the brook is full of trout, And your fishing rod's behind the closet door, To have to fill the wood-box, and go pottering about At things which never seemed so hard before.

It isn't always easy, when the sky is softly blue, And the other girls are romping in the yard, To practise all the morning—"one and two and one and two"— And plod through scales ridiculously hard.

It isn't always easy, but it certainly is right on hand, Which is pleasanter than study or than work, To keep a steady spirit, and take a plucky stand, And to tell yourself there's no such word as shirk.

It isn't always easy, but it certainly is right And it won't be long before results will show That work and study give us all we have that's good and bright— What little boys and girls can't always know.

—Golden Days.

Hugh's Temptation.

BY EBEN REXFORD.

Hugh Ward got up at daylight to build a fire and warm the room for his mother, who was not strong and found the keen air of the Winter mornings very trying in their domicile close to the caves, and all the time he was about this labor of love he was hoping that the experiences of to day might not be a repetition of those of yesterday, and the day before, and, in fact, the entire week.

He had been searching for something to do in the great city, and it made him think of what his grandmother used to say about 'hunting for a needle in a hay stack.' There might be plenty of work, but the trouble was to find it.

He had visited stores and manufactories—any and all places where there seemed likely to be a chance of a boy's obtaining employment—and always the answer to his inquiry was, 'We do not need anyone at present, and several applicants stand ready for the first vacancy that occurs.'

Matters were getting serious with Hugh and his mother. There was next to nothing left to live upon.

Where food was to come from when this little was gone, Hugh had no idea. He could hope for something favorable to happen, and do his best to get work, and that was all.

He built the fire, and busied himself getting breakfast, if the little there was to do—because there was so little to do with—could be called breakfast-getting. Then he went to the door of his mother's room, and called her. He found her crying.

'Don't do that, mother,' he said gently.

He did not ask her what she was crying about. He knew only too well. 'Oh, Hugh, I can't help it,' she answered. 'I am completely discouraged. I could stand the hardship so long as I was able to do something to help, and not mind it much. But now—with no work, no chance of getting any as I see, and a poor old sick mother on your hands—'

He stopped her with a kiss. 'What would I do without you?' he asked. 'The thought of you makes me strong and determined to accomplish something. Don't worry about me, mother. I can bear it if you can.'

'Yes, I know you will do that for my sake,' she replied, with a sigh, 'but it is hard for me to sit here, idly, day after day, knowing that I can do nothing—'

'You can hope that I will find work,' he said. 'That will help, mother.'

'I can pray, too, she replied. 'I have prayed, but it has seemed as if my prayers were not heard. Forgive me, my boy, for being so weak as to let you see how discouraged I get. For your sake I will try to be braver.'

When the poor little meal was eaten he put on his hat and went out again in search of work.

Up and down the busy streets he went, trying at this place and that to secure a job, no matter how hard or humble it was. He was willing to do anything honest for the sake of earning something.

But there was nothing for him to do. It was the old story of the past five days over and over again.

'Oh,' he said to himself, as he paused on the street after the sixth failure he had met with that day, 'what is to be done?'

A sense of the danger close at hand came home to him all at once as it never had before. It frightened him. Starvation stared them in the face. There was not enough in the house to last over Sunday. Something must be done at once to secure more. But how was he to do it? He could earn nothing. Must he beg?

He shrank from the thought with a shudder. But, if he could not get work, he might be forced to do that for his mother's sake. She must not suffer for want of food.

He came to a great building, in which he knew there were many lawyers and other professional men's offices.

'I'll try here,' he said. 'There may be something I can do.'

He went up the stairway leading to the rooms above. He began at the first office.

'No; they had nothing for him to do. It was so at each place on that floor.

He climbed to the next one. The answer was the same there.

At last there was but one office left to visit, and it was with a despondent heart that he knocked at the door.

A gruff voice bade him come in. He opened the door and entered the room. A man sat at a desk busily engaged in writing.

'Well, what's wanted?' he asked, merely glancing up from his paper as Hugh came in.

'Work,' answered Hugh, 'I have been searching for it all the week. I will do anything it is possible for me to do, if I can earn something. If I do not, we—my mother and I—will soon be starving. I will sweep your floor! I will bring in your coal! I will do whatever you set me at! Only give me a chance to work. Don't tell me, as all the rest have, that you've nothing for me to do.'

'I'm sorry, of course; but I'm obliged to tell you that, because it's true,' replied the man. 'We have a dozen applicants to every job.'

Poor Hugh! He turned away with a quivering lip. He went to a window and stood there, looking out, but seeing nothing, for great tears blinded him.

There was a step in the hall and a gentleman came in.

'Hello, Stephens! How are you?' cried the man at the desk, getting up to shake hands with the newcomer. 'Glad to see you! Sit down!'

Hugh felt that he was not wanted here and went out.

'Who is that?' asked the visitor.

'A poor boy who wants work,' was the reply. 'He seemed terribly cut up because I couldn't give him any. A fine looking chap, but in hard luck, if the story is true. Ah, well, there are hundreds more in the same fix. It's a hard Winter for the poor, Stephens.'

Hugh was going down the dim hallway, when his foot touched something. He bent down to pick it up.

It was a pocketbook!

A great thrill went over him as he opened it and saw that it was filled with banknotes. Here was money enough to keep him and his mother comfortable for months to come.

'It's mine—mine—because I found it!' he cried, as if in answer to some one. 'How do I know who lost it?'

He saw a name stamped across the inside—'W. E. Stephens.'

That is the name of the gentleman who has just gone into the room that I came from,' he thought. 'I suppose he lost this. But he does not need it, and he will never know who found it. I do need it. I will keep it! It is to save my mother from suffering that I do this. For mother's sake, not mine. Surely, that cannot be wrong; for she will starve if I don't. It may save her life!'

'He thrust the pocketbook into his coat hastily, as if he feared discovery, and ran down the stairs. He would buy some bread and meat and tea, and take them home with him. They would have a royal feast!'

But—how could he explain to his mother how he came by these things? Could he tell her that he had found and kept a pocketbook whose owner he knew? No, no! She would never touch one mouthful of food procured in this way.

'But it won't be stealing,' he cried, trying to argue with his conscience.

'Yes, it will,' answered back conscience. 'You know whom it belongs to. Take it back to its owner.'

'But we need money so much,' he said, pausing on the street.

'But you need honor more,' something responded. 'Could you respect yourself if you were to keep this money? No; you would lose your self-respect, and when a man, or a boy, cannot respect himself, he is going toward ruin. Do what you know is right.'

He met Mr. Stephens in the lower hall of the building.

'Did you lose this?' he asked holding up the pocket-book.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Where did you find it?'

'Upstairs in the hall.'

'But you are just coming in from the street.'

Yes, replied Hugh, feeling a guilty flush creeping over his face. 'I found it when I came out of the room, and I thought I would keep it, we needed money so; but I couldn't do it, and I was bringing it back to you.'

'You are sure mother didn't send you back with it?'

'My mother knows nothing about it,' replied Hugh, and turned to go.

'Don't be in such a hurry said Mr. Stephens. 'I want to go with you and see where and how you live. You've done me a good turn; maybe I can do one for you.'

'Oh, if you could only give me some work to do!' cried Hugh. 'I want to be earning something.'

'We will see about it by and by,' said Mr. Stephens.

He went home with Hugh and satisfied himself that the boy's story was a true one.

Before he went away he had engaged Hugh to come to his house for several hours daily, to help him to arrange a library that he was fitting up.

'And here is something to bind the bargain,' he said, putting a ten dollar bill in the boy's hand.

'Oh, sir you don't know how thankful I am, because I can't express it!' exclaimed Hugh, with glad tears in his eyes.

'I understand,' said Mr. Stephens. 'The thing to be most thankful for is that you resisted and overcame the temptation that was put in your way. If you had yielded—think of that?'

'I do!' rejoined Hugh. 'But the temptation was so strong. Mother, I came near doing it for your sake, and yet it was the thought of what you would think of me that helped to save me quite as much as a desire to do right. I am ashamed to think how near I came to being a thief.'

'He who is tempted and resists has more to be thankful for and proud of than he who is not tempted,' answered his mother, and kissed him proudly.

'Do what is right and honest always, let what will happen. That is your mother's advice—remember it.'

And Hugh always will.

That was the end of their trouble. He had found work and could earn enough to keep them comfortably through the Winter. And he did so.

He is at work still for Mr. Stephens who has proved to be a good friend to him, because he believes him to be honest and a boy whom it is safe to trust.—Golden Days.

Sandy Tait's Return.

It was at the close of one of those short winter days, when as you return from school you think with longing of your mother's nice warm parlour and well-spread table, that Sandy Tait was plunging about in one of the slums in a not very savoury part of our town, looking for a house he could not find.

At last, accosting a policeman, he said, 'Can you tell me where one John Tait has gone to? He used to live in at that low door under the arch some five years ago.'

'Five years, youngster!' said the policeman; 'that would be a long time for the folks hereabouts to be in one house. They change them about every month; and I can't blame them, for it's a dismal hole. But I do mind of a man of the name of Tait being there. Was he one of the bear-eyed, red-nosed kind that gave the like of us a lot of trouble?'

The lad's heightened colour and downcast eyes told that the description was correct, and more than that, that he was somehow connected with the original. The policeman saw how things were, and good-naturedly added, 'Oh, but never you mind; he is right now, as you'll see when you find what fine quarters he is in.'

Following the policeman's direction, Sandy found himself at the door of a respectable house on the first floor of one of those well-built, attractive looking tenements which are growing up in all directions, giving the working man and his family the opportunity of making a comfortable home to themselves.

The door happened to be ajar, and Sandy, pushing it open and hearing the sound of voices farther in, found himself at one step face to face with his father, and mother and sister, whom he had left five years ago in shame and misery.

'Sandy, Sandy!' cried his father, stretching out his hand to his long-lost son. 'I thank God for this! And the poor mother, stammered at first and scarcely able to believe her eyes, stammered out that this was the day she had prayed and waited and watched for.

'Ay,' said her husband, 'many's the night's sleep you and I have lost wondering about our laddie; and it was harder for me, for I could not but think that if I had not sent him night after night to the public-house for these wretched jugs of beer, he would never have learned to drink. But it was the thought of that that made me stop, and not a drink of either whiskey or beer has been within the door for many a day.'

Mary, who had been sitting wondering at her new-found brother, and at the transformation of the pale, loose-jointed boy of five years ago into the swarthy, well-developed youth just arrived, could not take her eyes off him, and felt thankful beyond words that these two, so dear to her, had been rescued from the power of the destroyer.

Just at that moment why should appear at the door but Mr. Renton, the minister, who often looked in of an evening to speak a word of comfort.

'Oh, Mr. Renton,' cried Mrs. Tait when they saw him, 'come away and rejoice with us! Sandy has come home again!'

'And Mr. Renton did rejoice. Many an anxious thought had John Tait and his son cost him, and he listened eagerly as Sandy told how he had run away to sea, and how, in an appalling storm, the story of Jonah, which he had learned from Mr. Renton, came back to his memory with overpowering vividness, and he felt he could not flee from the Lord. 'Ah,' said Sandy, 'when a fellow feels that there is but a plank between him and eternity he sees things as they are. The husks all seem to be but husks, and the only thing worth doing is to arise and go to his Father. What a blessing,' he said, turning to Mr. Renton. 'I felt the lessons I had learned in your Sabbath school to be—the way was clear when my eyes were opened!'

Before leaving, the good minister offered up the fervent thanks of the re-united family for the Heavenly Father's goodness to them.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMICAL.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

Used internally Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Croup, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

PALATABLE AS CREAM.—'The D. & L.' Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from severe coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest benefit. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

A NAGGING COUGH drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balsam, which relieves hard breathing, pain in the chest and irritation of the throat. Give it freely to the children.

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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. That 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 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.

D. McLEOD VINCE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, etc., WOODSTOCK N.