

A Brave Little Girl

Just one more kiss for good-night, mamma Just one more kiss for good-night

But the shadows won't seem so dark, mamma, If you'll kiss me a little bit more;

You needn't be laughing, my mamma, dear, While you're hugging me up so tight;

Sir Guy's Skating Party.

'Horrid old man!' cried Mollie angrily. 'Nasty old miser!' gasped May, almost sobbing.

'No; because then we would never have asked mother to get us them. But after we had persuaded her, and she had gone and spent all the money

Mollie and May were sitting between them, apparently quite heedless of the fact that the sharp east wind was blowing round them, and that the snow was beginning to fall.

'What is the matter?' asked a cheerful voice behind them, and with a start they both turned round.

It was a man who asked the question: a tall, broad-shouldered, pleasant looking man, with a voice that won their confidence, and a face they could not help liking.

'It's the pond,' said Mollie; 'we went there to skate, and we find it belongs to a horrid man called 'Sir Guy' somebody. He makes everybody who goes on it pay, and we never knew, but thought it was free. It is greedy of him for I am sure he has heaps of money.'

'But it is only sixpence each,' said the man, 'that is not very much.'

'It is a good deal to us,' said Mollie, 'because we are poor. Father was a clergyman, but he died a long time ago and we have only a very little to live on. Mother managed to get the money to buy us the skates, but she certainly can't do any more; besides, we should not like to ask her for any more; should we, May?'

'No—certainly not,' answered May decidedly; 'we wouldn't be so selfish. No, we shall just have to give it up and make the best of it—at any rate before mother else she will be so troubled.'

'Oh, if that is all,' said the gentleman 'you can come to-morrow—it is too late now—and bring this with you—and he held out two shining sixpences.

But the little girls shook their heads.

'You are very kind,' said Mollie, 'but I am afraid we can't; mother would not like it; though we are ever so much obliged to you—aren't we, May?'

'Ever so much,' answered May earnestly.

'When, finding that the snow was beginning to come really fast, they jump to their feet, bade the gentleman 'Good-night,' and hurried home.

'Well, darlings, have you had a nice afternoon's skating?' was their invalid mother's greeting, as they raced into the dining-room, each trying to reach her first. Then matters had to be explained, and though the twins spoke bravely, and tried hard to appear indifferent yet Mrs. Gordon understood their feelings, and did her best to comfort them.

But at breakfast-time next morning a surprise awaited the children. As they were standing at the window noticing what a lovely day it was, just an ideal day for skating, the maid came into the room with a letter in her hand.

'The postman has just brought this for you two young ladies,' she said.

With a cry of surprise, Mollie seized it and tore it open, while May looked over her shoulder. What they read was this:

'Sir Guy Rutland would be very pleased if Miss Mollie and Miss May Gordon would come and skate on his pond this morning, and also stay to lunch, so as to be able to have some more skating in the afternoon. Sir Guy will take every care of them, and see them safely home before dark.'

With a shout of delight the twins

rushed across to their mother, and pushed the letter in her hands.

'Mother—mother, say we may go!' cried Mollie. 'Dear mother, do let us go!'

'Yes, please do!' echoed May.

For a moment mother looked rather doubtful, but when she saw the eager, imploring faces of her little girls she yielded, and gave the desired permission.

About eleven o'clock that morning Mollie and May, looking the picture of neatness, and radiantly happy, set out on their walk to the pond.

'I am sure it was the man who talked to us,' said Mollie joyously, as they went along. 'I believe he spoke to Sir Guy about us, and asked him to let us come.'

At last they reached the entrance to the grounds in which the pond lay. The man at the gate appeared to know all about this, for while Mollie began a shy explanation he cut her short.

'Yes—yes, miss, I know; Sir Guy told me he had invited two young ladies. Ah! here was the gentleman they had met the day before.

'So you have come!' he said brightly. 'I am so glad; for the ice is simply perfect—it could not be better.'

'You're not Sir Guy?' almost shrieked Mollie, while May stood staring at him with widely opened blue eyes.

'I am so sorry,' said the young man—but I am afraid I am. Do you mind very much?'

The twins remembering all the things they had said about him, looked at him in dismay, till at last Mollie stammered out a faltering apology, in which May tried to join.

'Oh, never mind about that,' he said 'come down to the pond instead, and put on your skates; this is the way.'

'Very tired, very untidy, very happy were the two little girls that evening, as they bade Sir Guy 'Good-night' at the door of their own home.

'No need to,' said Sir Guy laughing; and then turned away.

Before he had gone very far, however he retraced his steps to have another look at the children, and so overheard May speaking.

'Do you remember, Mollie,' she was saying, 'that mother once said that the best thing one could do for a person was to pray for him? We can do that for Sir Guy, can't we?'

'Rather!' said Mollie emphatically, and then they ran into the house; while Sir Guy wended his solitary way home, cheered and comforted by what he had heard.

Ned's New Resolutions.

'I tell you what it is, Alice,' said Ned Brown to his sister, 'I am going to turn over a new leaf to-night, and make some new resolutions; and I'm going to keep them, too.'

Alice looked up from her book with an incredulous little laugh.

'How?' she said. 'As James gives up his pipe every year? He says to papa every New Year's morning: 'Faith an' Mr. Brown, I've given up my poipe, fer good this time; I've thrum it away.' Then when papa catches him with the same o'd pipe a few days later, he apoloizes: 'Faith, Mr. Brown, I thrum it away aisy, for I was afeard I'd made it agen!'

Alice was 14 and Ned 12. On the added dignity of those two years' difference in their ages Alice assumed at times a very tofthly air toward Ned, which was very irritating. Ned made no reply, but, with flushed cheek, quietly proceeded to draw up his resolutions. We looked over his shoulder. This is what we read:

I am going to try to do as near right as I can every day of my life.

I will always tell the truth.

I will never sneak out of anything disagreeable that I ought to do.

I will study hard while I am in school.

I will never read any trashy books.

I will play fair, and always take the part of any little fellow that is being stepped on.

I will try to be polite to everybody, and cheerfully obey my parents and teachers.

I will never forget that a boy must love work to make a successful man.

I will love goodness better than money, and try to follow the Golden Rule.

Lastly, and all the time, I will try to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, and ask God to help me.

EDWARD BROWN.

Dec. 31, 1900.

When he had placed the last period he rose quietly, went around to Alice's side of the table, and laid the sheet before her.

'There, Alice Brown,' he cried, with a new ring in his voice. 'That is brand new, and I'll get somebody besides myself to help me keep it!'

Alice read it through, then she threw her arms impulsively around Ned's neck, and said, with a sob in

her voice: 'You dear old Ned, I'll never be mean to you again!'—Epworth Herald.

Step-Savers.

To save things is to have things, generally speaking. If you save pennies and keep them in your bank you have them, and they are yours. But all saving is not the saving of pennies; there are other things to save, and for other people, too, which is a very fine thing.

There's little Dorrie Mitchell. She is too young to do much. She cannot earn money for her own clothes, nor can she save much, for she has little to save. Her mother is not rich, and Dorrie must go without whatever is not absolutely needful, anyhow, without trying to save extras by doing it. But this little girl has a way of helping that counts for much, taking all the days together. She saves steps for her busy mother, and that means saving time as well.

Dorrie runs on little errands, trots about after her small brother, who doesn't want to keep still in one place two minutes, brings mother what she wants from the pantry or cellar when she is baking, and goes across the street for milk. Mother calls her 'My little step-saver,' because the willing young feet save so many steps that otherwise the tired feet of the mother would have to take each day. Since Dorrie saves the steps, the time, and the strength in this way, mother can do more in other ways.

How fast the young feet can run, to be sure. Isn't it well to make them save steps for others who have many weary ones to take, and who cannot step so fast? If there are any children who are not in the habit of helping as Dorrie does, let them join the army of step-savers at once. Now is the time, so be quick about it.—Our Boys and Girls.

English History Epitomized.

If you wish to run rapidly down the scale of England's rulers, memorize this bit of rhyme and you will never make any mistake:

First William the Norman, then William his son; Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John; Next Henry the third, Edwards one two and three, Again after Richard three Henrys we see; Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess; Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary and Bess. Then Jamie the Scot, and Charles whom they slew; Again followed Cromwell, another Charles too. Then James called the Second ascended the throne, And William and Mary together came on; Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all pass d, God sent then Victoria, the youngest and last.

Now that Queen Victoria is dead and Edward VII. is king, let our young readers change the last line and make their own closing rhyme and remember it with the rest.

Heroic Ants

One cold day my ants were almost all in their nests. One only was out hunting, and about six feet from home. I took a dead blue-bottle fly, pinned it on to a piece of cork, and put it down just in front of her. She at once tried to carry off the fly, but, to her surprise, found it immovable. She tugged, tugged, first one way and then an other, for about twenty minutes, and then went straight off to the nest. During that time not a single ant had come out. In fact, she was the only ant of that nest out at the time. She went straight in, but in a few seconds, less than half a minute, came out again with no less than twelve friends, who trooped off with her, and eventually tore up the dead fly, carrying it off in triumph. Now the first ant took nothing home with her. She must have somehow made her friends understand that she had found some food, and wanted them to come and help secure it. In all such cases, however, so far as my experience goes, the ants brought their friends; and some of my experiments indicated that they are unable to send them.—Sir John Lubbock.

Home Hints

Eggless Cake.—One and one-half cups brown sugar, one-half cup butter, two and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon.

Coffee-Stained Linen.—Soak in cold water to which has been added a little borax; to remove tea or fruit stains, do not put the cloth in cold water, but pour boiling water through it until the stains disappear.

Mexican Rarebit.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the double boiler. When this is melted add a can of tomatoes; let this become thoroughly heated. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and, if desired, a large tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a little salt. Just before serving slide in four unbeaten eggs and beat the whole quickly; then add two or three drops of onion extract. This is a chafing dish receipt, but it may also be made on the stove.

To have roast beef brown on the outside and juicy and rare within, it should be put in a very hot oven at first, then reducing the heat. The great heat at first hardens and also browns the surface, keeping in the juices. The meat should be basted frequently.

The world always listens to a man with a will in him.—Success.

In God's measurement of men, great souls are often found in obscure places, while pigmies pose on pedestals which stand in conspicuous places.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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?

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- 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.