

The Quest of Lazy Lad

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Have you heard the tale of Lazy Lad,
Who dearly loved to shirk,
For he 'hated' his lessons and 'hated' his tasks,

"For that is a jolly land, I know,
With never a lesson to learn,
And never an errand to bother a fellow
Till he doesn't know where to turn.

So Lazy Lad he sailed to the west,
And then to the east sailed he,
And he sailed north and he sailed south
Over many a league of sea;

Then Lazy Lad sailed back again,
And a wiser lad was he,
For he said, "I've wandered to every land
That is in the geography;

"So it must be the best way, after all,
And I mean to stay on shore
And learn my lessons and do my tasks
And be Lazy Lad no more.

Wood-Folk Talk.

BY J. ALLISON ATWOOD.

THE CROW.

What does the crow say? The syllable 'caw' repeated several times?
I thought you would say that. A tradition is hard to break; but just listen for yourself sometime, and you will be convinced that the crow has been sadly misunderstood.

Of course, you wonder why one bird should spend all his time calling out the name of another. Well, that's just what I want to tell you about.

It was a long time ago—before any white people had invaded Birdland. The year had been unusually mild, and all the birds had returned from the south, where they spent the winter.

Then what an excitement! For weeks nothing was discussed but the reception and new spring plumages.

When the day arrived, birds from treetop and meadow came by the score—waders, climbers, perchers—in fact, all kinds under the sun. The table, which, by the way, very closely resembled the ground, was festooned and hung with arbutus.

At the head of the table sat the king himself, a sturdy little fellow, nicely dressed in black and white, and wearing a concealed crown of gold on his head.

Whenever he wore his crown he always concealed it under a cap of feathers, and trusted that his actions would speak his worth.

Next to him sat Bob-o-link, a cheerful little dandy, but noted, nevertheless, for a good deal of common sense.

On the other side was Brown Thrasher, dressed in a long-tailed coat of brown and a beautiful spotted vest. Thrasher was liked for his wit and sauciness, but on the whole he was a good deal of an adventurer.

Among other celebrities were Mocking Bird, a great jester and all-round wit; Quail, the famous toast-master, and, in fact, all civilized birds except Night Hawk and Whip-poor-will, who were ridiculously shy of all public gatherings, and Crow, who had not been invited.

Of course, it was a great pity that Crow did not receive an invitation, but, somehow, the king had taken a strong dislike to him. The reason for this, he told his subjects, was because Crow could not sing, but it was really because he was black.

Well, to say the least, poor Crow's feelings were greatly hurt. He was

very sad as he sat high up in a nearby tree and looked down upon the gay tumult. Crow was a very sociable fellow, and, moreover, he was very hungry. Suddenly a thought came into his cunning black head.

Just as the party was at its merriest, he stood erect and called out in his loudest tone, 'Hawk, Hawk, Hawk!' Instantly there was a confusion. Thrasher, quickly gathering his coat over his new vest, scurried into the nearest thicket. Quail, greedily bolting the last of his dessert, so far forgot his manners as to run straight across the table and hide himself in the long grass; while Bob-o-link, checked in the midst of a brilliant speech, vanished among the nearby reeds.

Then Crow, laughing to himself, flew down to the table and, made short work of the feast to which he had not been invited. Just as he was finishing the last mouthful, King Bird, ashamed of his hasty flight, returned, ready to confront his deadly enemy. Instead of the expected Hawk, however, he found only Crow, just then hopping up from the table and carefully rubbing his bill against the side of a branch.

Oh, what a rage he was in when he saw the trick that had been played upon them. With a snap of his bill he flew at the Crow like an arrow, and would undoubtedly have injured him had not the rascal taken instant flight.

From that day to this Crow has been an outcast. If you watch him carefully you will notice how warily he flies, for the smaller birds have never ceased to torment and abuse him.

King Bird in particular has never forgotten the outrage, and whenever he hears Crow's mocking voice calling 'Hawk, Hawk, Hawk,' chases madly after him, crying out, angrily, 'Cheat-thief, Cheat-thief.'

Sometimes Crow, as he thinks of the feast, laughs exultantly as if to say, 'I got the best of you that time.' Whereupon Quail, first glancing proudly at his own sleek form with the air of one who has not lived in vain, mounts the top of a nearby stump, and in his clear, shrill voice answers, 'Not quite! not quite!'—Can. Baptist.

Carrie and Her Bees.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

Carrie was feeling a little bit homesick. She had been at the hospital three long weeks; but she was getting better, and the nurse had told her she might sit up a little while to-day, if it was pleasant. The rain beat against the window at the foot of Carrie's little iron cot, as if it wanted to break the glass right out of it.

Nobody would come to see her to-day, she was sure. Mamma and papa came yesterday, and Ruthie and Merrick and Clarence were coming to-morrow, because it was Saturday, and school didn't keep.

'O dear, it is going to be such a long day!' sighed the little girl.

Disappointment shone out of her blue eyes, although she bravely tried to keep them smiling for Nurse Katherine's sake. But somehow nurse always seemed to know when Carrie was trying to be brave and to keep the homesick feeling away.

'Well my dear, who do you think is outside, asking to see Miss Carrie Perkins?' she asked, cheerily, as she stooped to smooth the rumpled pillow and straighten the bedclothes.

'O, I can't tell, nurse! Is it some one I want to see very much?' exclaimed Carrie, a pink flush dawning on her cheek and a sparkle gleaming in her eye.

'I think so,' nurse nodded, brightly. Just then the door swung open, and in walked Miss Hartwell, Carrie's Sunday school teacher.

Miss Hartwell always brought some thing interesting to read; to-day it was a book about bees. Nurse said she might say an hour, and drew a rocking-chair to the side of the bed, and then walked down the ward to look after other patients.

The bee book proved so interesting that Carrie asked Miss Hartwell to leave it with her; and every day afterward, until Carrie was well enough to leave the hospital, Nurse Katherine read about these wise little honey makers, till Carrie grew so interested that she determined to ask her father to get her a 'colony' as soon as she was able to look after them.

And now, one year later, Carrie Perkins, well and strong again, is owner of three working colonies of honey bees.

From Ohio to Massachusetts the bees traveled to reach her. The first thing they did after they arrived, and Carrie's father had unpacked the hive and set it out in the yard, was to clean house; this they did by carrying off all dirt that had accumulated during the

journey, and also all the dead bees.

Carrie had remembered so much of what she had read that she soon knew how to take all the care of her little family.

Her friend Helen was visiting her one day and wanted to watch Carrie at her work; so she, tied on a mask, that the bees might not sting her, and followed Carrie out into the apiary.

Heaven was very anxious to see a queen bee; but Carrie told her that she herself seldom saw one. But while they were stooping over a comb of honey, from which the bees hung in clusters, a bee suddenly lit on Carrie's hand.

'O, Helen, look quick! It is a queen!' she cried.

'Why, how can you tell?' asked Helen, stooping to examine it.

'I suppose she looks just like the rest to you,' said Carrie; 'but I never could mistake little queenie. Don't you see that her body is longer and slimmer and dainier in every way?'

'Why don't you wear a mask?' Helen suddenly asked.

'Because the bees know me and never sting me. One day a bumble-bee that had a nest in the ground close to the hive came up to visit my bees; but they didn't want him round, and they got so excited driving him off that one little bee lit on my hand and gave me a sharp sting. That is the only time, though, and I think he was sorry for it afterward.'

'Why don't you keep the bees all in one hive?' asked Helen, as Carrie skipped across the yard to another one.

'When the bees hang on the outside of the hive it is a sign there are too many inside; and unless another colony is started the bees will swarm in some tree. Every time a new colony is started I have to raise a queen for it. I've got three colonies and three queens.'

'What is that?' asked Helen, as Carrie placed a saucer in one of the hives.

'Sugar and water for their dinner.' 'Why, I thought bees got their own food.'

'Sometimes there are not flowers enough for all of them near by, and when I find they are not making honey as fast as usual I feed them, to keep them from going too far away. Bees sometimes fly seven miles for food. My bees often go down to the brook to drink. I've seen hundreds of them at a time sipping water there.'

'What made you first think of keeping bees?' Helen asked, as she handed Carrie the mask she had been wearing.

Then Carrie told her about the rainy day at the hospital and the bee book that Miss Hartwell had brought her. But what astonished Helen most was to hear Carrie say that she was going into the bee business as soon as she was old enough to do so.—N. Y. Advocate.

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

Of course you boys and girls are not the kind to forget to say 'Thank you' when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say 'Thank you' when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

'Where are my gloves?' cried Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. 'Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!'

'Here they are, Jack,' mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. 'I put them away for you when you left them lying about.'

And perhaps Jack says 'Oh!' and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says 'Thank you.' We fear his mother is used to it however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying 'Thank you' for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say 'Thank you' whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—Great Thoughts.

Boys and the Cigarette.

The statistics in regard to heart disease among boys caused by the use of the cigarette are simply appalling. One hundred and fifty boys were recently examined in Chicago as to their physical qualifications for position on the various high school athletic team, and nineteen of them were rejected because of the tobacco habit. It is probable that a large proportion of the boys examined were not smokers. In a preliminary examination for West Point, in Pittsfield, Mass., one-fourth of the candidates were rejected for the same cause. The army and navy records present a fearful list of heart-failures from the same evil habit. It is also a fruitful source of insanity, as many medical men testify. Every teacher of boys can adduce instances of young lads ruined mentally, morally and physically by the terrible habit, grown into a vice. The cigarette fiend is the boy who has become a complete slave to his appetite. Once fairly in its grasp, he is stunted in development, lost to ambition, sunk to all appeals to honor; he will lie, steal, do anything to satisfy his insatiable cravings. Ninety-two per cent. of the boys in the Pontiac Reform School, and the John Worley school, are cigarette smokers, and of these the majority are fiends. The records of the reform schools for girls show similar facts.—Principal H. L. Boltwood, in The Advance.

Young Chickens

Much of our success with young chickens will depend on the first ten days' care. Keep them warm, is the first and most important of all instructions.

If chickens are allowed to get chilled they never recover from it, and either die in a few days or develop into dwarfs which never amount to anything.

Do not let them get wet, especially from the early morning dew. See that the coops are arranged so that they can be confined at night, and not be allowed to have their liberty until the sun is well up.

Feed them at regular intervals, not too much at a time; rather let them be only partially satisfied, so that they will run to you at feeding time.

Give them fresh, clean water at morning, noon and night, and teach them early in life that they must hustle for their food.

Don't expect one hen to look after more than a dozen chicks, especially during the early spring months. Even eight or ten will be better cared for, and will grow faster.

Keep them growing, and get them ready for market at ten weeks of age—a longer time will mean a proportionate reduction of profit on each one.

'It is only a few weeks since I decided to pay a tenth of my income to the work of the Lord, and I already feel an increase of pleasure in giving.'

He Heard the Sermon

'You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear this morning.' 'O yes I did, mamma.' 'Well, what did the minister say?' 'He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning; and, O ma, can I go?'

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one.

There are two kinds of folded hands—those that lie upon empty laps, and those that lie upon finished work.—James Buckham.

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.

When a man's chief business is to serve and please the Lord, all his circumstances become his servants.—R. C. Chapman.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: 'I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used.' In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

The Intelligencer's Jubilee

A PREMIUM.

This is the INTELLIGENCER'S fiftieth year—its jubilee year.

We are anxious for nothing to which 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, to, 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 W men'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 1853 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!