

Little Hands Are So Quiet Now.

The little hands are so quiet now, And the little feet are at rest, And so placid and smooth is the baby-brow,

Where so often our lips have been pressed, We have taken one curl of golden hair, And have placed it with tears away;

The years will come, and the years will go, But sorrow will last for aye— And life, like a darksome dream, shall flow,

Edward's Temptation.

BY H. E. M'BRIDE.

I can't make as much as I ought to make, and I would leave Mr. Smith's store if I could find a place where I could make a little more money.

Don't worry, Edward; don't worry about me, said his mother. You are getting three dollars a week where you are, and I wouldn't give up a certainty for an uncertainty.

That's just the way it is with you mother; you never complain. But I think I ought to make a little more than three dollars a week.

Edward's mother was a widow and lived in a small house in the city of B. Her husband had died some years before and she and her two children, Edward and Ellen, were left in straitened circumstances.

For some time Mrs. Morton had taken in sewing and had done different kinds of work to keep the wolf from the door, but now that her health had failed the prospect before them was somewhat gloomy.

About this time, however, Edward had secured a position in Mr. Smith's store and by his work and the work of the mother they had managed to get along comfortably.

In a few days after Edward had secured the position he said to his mother, "We'll get along splendidly now. I think I can buy almost everything you need and after awhile, perhaps, I will get a little more money and you will get well soon, I think, and then we will get along splendidly."

Edward had often said after he got work in the store, "Mother, I feel pretty rich now and I can keep you after awhile I'll get more money if I do what is right, and I intend to do what is right. Yes mother, he would say, 'I think I can now keep you like a queen.'"

But Edward soon found out that if a queen and her family could live on three dollars a week they couldn't be charged with extravagance.

Edward had been at work in the store for some time and was engaged in sweeping the floor one morning when he discovered a ten dollar bill amongst the rubbish.

That will be a little lift to us, he said. "Mother can now have more of the medicine and we can get along a little more comfortably for awhile."

money on the floor this morning. I felt for about three minutes that I would like to keep it on account of the many nice things that it would buy for my mother, but I have come out all right. I know now that it would be dishonest for me to keep it when it does not belong to me.

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "you are one boy in ten, or, I might say, one boy in a hundred. There are not many boys now-a-days who would have been so honest. Give me your hand; you are the right kind of a boy and I am glad I have you. Come into the office; in half an hour I want to talk to you."

Mr. Smith went into the office and waited. "Well," he said, "I've had several boys around here, and have left considerable money on the floor to test them, but none of them has come out grandly like this one. He'll prove a treasure. I'll endeavor to keep him. The other boys found the money—I feel pretty sure on that score—but they didn't have anything to say in regard to the matter."

When Edward had got his sweeping done and the other chores of the morning, he went into the office. Mr. Smith placed a chair for him with as much dignity as if the president had dropped in.

"Be seated, Edward," he said. "I'm glad I employed you. I have found you out, and I prize you for your worth. You shall have more money now. I don't always pay very high for a boy until I find out something about him—until I find out what he is worth. In other words, I like to find out what kind of a boy the boy is before I pay him very much money. Your pay is doubled now. Instead of giving you three dollars a week, I will make it six dollars a week. I think you said that your mother had been ill for some time. Has she a physician?"

"Yes, sir," answered Edward; "Dr. Anderson comes to see her occasionally and she is improving."

"Well," continued Mr. Smith, "I'll look after that too. She shall have all the medical attention necessary. Here is the ten dollar bill you found. Put it in your pocket. I give it to you. I am glad I have found an honest boy."

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said Edward, "I have only done that which was right and proper."

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, "but there are so many boys who do not do that which is right and proper. The last boy didn't, nor the boy before. I'm glad I found you. Go home now and take this day for a day off. Go home and tell your mother what a noble, honest boy she has. Go ahead. Don't say anything more. I'm glad I have found you and I'll endeavor to keep you for some time to come. Now run on home and tell your mother that she has a prize in you. Tell her that she has a noble boy and that his salary will be raised immediately."

Of course there was rejoicing that day in Mrs. Morton's humble home. Edward rejoiced because his mother would now want for nothing; the mother rejoiced because her son had remembered her teachings and had proved an honest boy.

And that night at the family altar the mother's prayer was a prayer of thanksgiving not only for the timely aid they had received, but that her only son, her darling boy, had been strengthened in the hour of temptation, and enabled to choose the path of truth and right.—United Presbyterian.

The Brave Sister.

"No'm, I don't throw snowballs at Molly, but I think I really ought. Perhaps, then, she wouldn't be such a 'raid cat. If she was hit half a dozen times and found out that it didn't hurt her any to speak of, maybe she wouldn't be such a coward."

"No, indeed, Benny, it wouldn't do her one bit of good. Molly is a gentle little girl, and now that her cheeks are growing rosy and her school work is improving so fast, I should be very sorry to have her set back in any way. But I am quite sure that she would be afraid to go to school if you did not stand by her and see that she is not troubled by those River street boys."

"Well, she's a regular coward, anyway. Coming home to-day, she almost cried when I stopped just to fire a couple at one of those fellows."

"Poor little girl," said her mother, sadly. "But here she comes and it's time to start. Be a faithful knight now and look out for your 'ladye fayre.' 'My lady fair has golden hair,' sang Benny, as the two started to school; but his song ceased a few minutes later as they came in sight of a crowd of rough boys, evidently armed with snowballs.

fun, if not mischief. He had never been taken at such disadvantage before, for not a single friend of his own was in sight. Still, he made up a snowball, hastily, and, holding it a little behind him, he called out:

"Here, fellows, don't throw at me now and I won't at you!" The only answer was a jeer of ridicule, and a snowball struck him fairly on the breast spattering icy particles in his face. He saw he could do nothing and began to turn back, when suddenly one of the older fellows called out:

"Oh, don't run. We aren't going to hurt you, but we'll duck you in a snow-drift all right;" and the next moment another snowball came whizzing, not soft like the other, but hard as a rock, frozen into deadly consistency.

Bennyfel, blinded and half-stunned. The big boy rushed forward, shouting: "Now we'll leave him into the snow-drift and see him squirm."

"Don't you dare to touch my brother!" shouted little Molly, her eyes blazing and her cheeks on fire. "If you touch my brother, I'll have every one of you arrested. You just go right straight back where you came from!"

The leader halted, abashed, as Molly placed herself squarely in front of Benny.

"We weren't going to hurt him any," he said, with a touch of shame in his face. "He never acts afraid of us, and we just thought we'd have some fun with him and scare you a bit; but we didn't mean to hurt him."

By this time Benny had got on his feet, looking white and rather dazed. "We're going right straight on to school, now," continued the little heroine; "and you mind what I say. D'n't you dare to touch us!" And they didn't.

Benny had a headache all that afternoon; but he told the whole story to his mother and father that night and said he should call his sister "Captain Molly" after that. "Coward," said he, feelingly. "Why, Molly scared every one of those River street boys so they won't get over it for a month."—Chris. Register.

The First Coat of Paint.

Father was painting the woodwork of the dining-room. Robert had been watching him for some time and thought it was very easy and pleasant work.

"I would like to try painting a little while, may I?"

"Oh, yes. There must always be a first time."

Robert took the brush. How clumsy his fingers seemed, after all! But he went bravely on, father watching in the meantime. Now and then he gave him words of encouragement and instruction, so that he went on quite bravely and father went away for a little while.

When he came back he saw that Robert was slighting his work in places. The paint was not smooth and streaks plainly appeared.

"Robert," he said, "remember that the streaks will show plainly when the paint is dry."

"But you're going to put on two coats, aren't you?" he asked, somewhat sharp. "If you do the last time over will cover the streaks."

"But we must put on the first coat just as well as if there were to be no second coat," said father, patiently. "It is just as important as to do the work well the last time."

Since that time Robert has grown to be a man, but he has not forgotten his father's words. He has noticed that many do work just as he started to do it that day when painting the dining-room, but whenever he has been tempted to do so the words of his father have come back to him: "Do your work just as if there were to be no second coat."

Have you thoroughly mastered all the rules in this lesson?" asked a teacher of his class in mathematics one day.

Most of the class thought they had done their work well. One boy thoughtfully said: "I can't say that I have the second rule, sir. But I thought I could master it when the review came."

"It isn't safe to slip over the work in that way, George," was the quiet reply. "You are not sure that you will have the time when review comes. Do you not think it would be better to master each lesson as we go along and let the review take care of itself?"

George flushed, but he saw the point, and was not caught that way again.—Selected.

A lively hope makes the Christian active and zealous for God. They are men of mettle who have it; you may expect more from them than from many others, and not to be deceived.—Gournall.

Was this Boy Wise?

Passing along a busy street the other day, I saw a boy carrying a basket full to the brim, which seemed to tax his strength to his utmost capacity. Indeed, at times it looked by his jerks and extra efforts, as if its weight would bear him down beneath it in spite of his pucky determination. I observed to him:

"My boy, that basket is rather heavy for you to carry, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. Then an even more determined expression came in his bright young face, as he added, "But I'd rather carry it than that my mother should have to do it."—Selected.

NEVER IS TIME more precious than when some member of the family is attacked by colic, dysentery or any bowel trouble. The doctor is distant but if Perry Davis' Painkiller is near a danger is soon ended.

Home Hints

Veal Cutlets with Tomatoes.—Dip each cutlet into a beaten egg, then into cracker crumbs and fry slowly under cover until a light brown. After they are taken from the pan fry a few sound, fresh tomatoes, sliced in the same fat the cutlets were fried in. Put the cutlets in the center of the platter and the tomatoes about the edge.

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. Parnelee'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.

"A LITTLE COLD, YOU KNOW" will become a great danger if it be allowed to reach down from the lungs to the throat. Nip the peril in the bud with Allen's Lung Balsam, a sure remedy containing no opium.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

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.

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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. 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 W. man'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