

Changing Places

"When I am grown," said Ned, "I'll give you a red silk gown, a coat like queens in pictures wear, and a beautiful golden crown."

"But, Oh! mamma if I don't get rich—Whate'er shall I do? For then I cannot buy the things I want to give you."

"Love is better than royal robes, Better than crowns of gold."

"He strained him closer to her breast, Tears started to her eyes; Her brows met in a thought perplexed, Then looked he wondrous-wise."

"And I can do the holding, then; You'll sit upon my knee, and I will call you pretty names."

"When I am grown," insisted Ned, "I'll give you a red silk gown, a coat like queens in pictures wear, and a beautiful golden crown."

A Brave Coward.

"If one is brave on the outside, quite sure in doing what is right, does it matter if, inside, one is full of fear?"

Now Archibald was afraid of many things—of the dark, for one thing; and going alone from his house to grandmother's for another.

His father laughed, a twinkle in his eye. "Mamma," he called, "come and help Cecily find her package."

"Really, Henry," said Mrs. Carter, "there is no package."

"It's plain that I have the best eyes of the family," and he left his berries, and led the way to the lawn.

From the limb above them hung a bird's nest, shaped like a long pouch, and fastened tight to the limb with stout horse hairs.

"O, papa!" cried Cecily, and "O Henry!" cried her mother.

"I remember dropping that tag when I opened Cecily's present from Aunt Mabel," explained Mrs. Carter.

"And those darling orioles have just put it on that nest, and now it's my very own!" And Cecily jumped up and down in her glee.

"Nobody ever had such an express package before in all their lives, did they, papa?"

"I think not, Cecily. Keep your eye on it now, and see what will come out of it." And she did.

From an upper window she could look directly down upon the nest, and by the help of her mother's opera-glasses she discovered that the package was far from empty.

"Papa," she said one day, "a papa bird has to work as hard as a real papa,—harder, too; for those baby birds just swallow from morning till night."

Mrs. Carter persuaded Cecily to write down all her discoveries about the birds in a little blank book, and her papa drew a picture of the nest on one of its pages.

Cecily watched her package faithfully until the small orioles made their start in the world.

Then she came in grief to her mother. "That ends the express package," she said. "It was the nicest any body ever sent me. Only I wish it had lasted longer."

After a happy day, grandmother handed him a little three-cornered note directed to "All Ra's in Mr. Bell's Cellar."

Archibald walked proudly home, and even as he passed the grocery store he held his head high and did not run, though his eyes shone and his breath came quick.

No one knew he was afraid of the dark hall, so no one gave him a note to the shadows.

When Cecily had it in her hand, she found that it was woven with wonderful skill. Bits of string, threads, and some gay yarn were woven in with shreds of bark and stalks of milkweed.

"Cecily," said her papa, one May afternoon, "there's an express package for you out front on the lawn."

"For me?" cried Cecily, beginning to smile; for all afternoon she had been wishing for something to amuse her.

She bounded away, almost treading on Kitty Clover, who was enjoying a dust bath on the drive.

"Why, where is it?" she asked, after searching lawn and porch, parlor and hall.

"I can't find it, papa," she announced, appearing in the garden, where Mr. Carter was at work on the strawberries.

"Really, Henry," said Mrs. Carter, "there is no package."

"It's plain that I have the best eyes of the family," and he left his berries, and led the way to the lawn.

From the limb above them hung a bird's nest, shaped like a long pouch, and fastened tight to the limb with stout horse hairs.

The wind was swaying it to and fro, and above it fluttered two birds, one glossy black on the head, throat, and upper part of the back, its wings edged with white, and all under the breast and about the tail orange-color shading to flame; the other, yellowish-olive, with dark brown wings and quills margined with white.

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"Why not study other birds?" inquired her mamma. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Cecily. I will buy you a nice book about birds and lend you my gasses, and you can find out about the oriole's friends and neighbors."

"You know," said her mother, "that express packages are always coming from Mother Nature. They don't often have express tags on them, but they are just as interesting."

When Cecily had it in her hand, she found that it was woven with wonderful skill. Bits of string, threads, and some gay yarn were woven in with shreds of bark and stalks of milkweed.

"Mamma, that was the very finest express package I ever saw,—more things came out of it."—Primary Education.

We Want to Buy

- A cushion for the seat of war. A sheet for the bed of a river. A ring for the finger of scorn. A glove for the hand of fate.

- A feather for the wing of the wind. A key to the lock of the door of success. A blanket for the cradle of the deep. Food for reflection.

- A hone to sharpen a blade of grass. A cemetery in which to bury some dead languages. A front and back for the sides of an argument.

- A book on how the water works and the frost bites. A medicine to keep the ink well. A dog to replace the bark of a tree.

- A new rudder for the ship of state. A liniment to stop the pane of glass. A treatise on what makes the weather vane and the roads cross.—Selected.

Lesson for a Boy

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had worked for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment,

"Why, I want him to be good for something." "But he likes his own way," I objected.

"Why, Bobbie," she explained when she caught sight of him, "how grand you look! I never saw you dressed like that before."

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMIC.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

It was in a crowded street car. A small, mild-faced man was sitting next a rather obstreperous looking stout lady, and as it appeared to the passengers, was making himself quite obnoxious to her.

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ear. Once more the woman drew away and lo ked angry. This was too much for a gallant six-footer on the other side of the car.

The stout lady lo ked at him indignantly. "How dare you speak in that way of my husband? Daniel—to the little man—will you sit there and see me insulted?"

"The big man made a distinctly audible remark, consisting of one word, and made for the door. The rest of the passengers smiled at things in the street.—Mail and Express.

Millie's Birthday Presents.

"Why! this is your birthday isn't it, dearie?" exclaimed grandmother; "and not one of us remembered it! I guess you must have forgotten it yourself."

"No, I did not forget it," answered Millie; "and at first I felt provoked because no one else thought about it."

"Then I happened to think of Aunt Lucy's flower garden she wanted Glenn to weed, and he didn't. But she never knew I made her a present of some work."

"I should think not," said grandmother, smiling.

"The very best of all," answered Millie, emphatically.—Every Other Sunday.

Rules for Dolls

"A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's lest she should hurt her."

"Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face."

"It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline."

"Dolly," she said, "it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you."—Sel.

What's in a Name?

Bobbie was wearing his first trousers, and was as proud as a boy has the right to be under such circumstances.

"Why, Bobbie," she explained when she caught sight of him, "how grand you look! I never saw you dressed like that before."

"I ain't dressed," retorted the boy, indignantly. "Vese are pants."—Brooklyn Life.

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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.

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.

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

