JUNE, 4 1902

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." Aud he gently stroked his mamma's cheek With a hand as soft as down.

But, Oh ! mamma if I don't get rich-Whatever shall I do ? or then I cannot buy the things I want to give to you." You'll always give me," mamma said, 'That which is best and true.

Love is better than royal robes. Better than crowns of gold." Why, I can't give that, said litt'e Ned To you when I am old, be too big, you krew, mamma, For you to Liss and hold."

e strained bim closer to her breast, Tears started to her eyes : ed's brows met in a thought perplexed, Then looked he wondrous-wise. guess when I'm big and old, Why, you'll be undersize.

And I can do the holding, then; You'll sit upon my knee, nd I will call you pretty names. Now, man.ma, don't you see hat when t am a great big man, My little girl you'll be?

When I am grown," insisted Ned, "I'll give you a red silk gown, coat like queens in pictures wear, steamers And a beautiful golden crown." n for Eas d he gently stroked his mamma's cheek oston eve With a hand as soft as down. and FRI (standard MONDA -Advance.

A Brave Coward.

FREDRICA BALNARD WESTERVELT.

fone is brave on the outside, quite we in doing what is right, does it tter if, inside, one is full of fear ? I nk not.

Now Archibald was afraid of many ngs-of the dark, for one thing; and joing alone from his house to grand- just fooling me.'

After a happy day, grandmother handed him a little three-cornered note directed to 'All Ra's in Mr. Bell's Cellar.' Inside she had written, 'Rats, do not hurt my grand-boy Archibald, far he is a good boy.'

Archibald walked proudly home, Cecily was delighted. 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. He treasured his note, and carried it every time he passed they are just as interesting. But

dark hall, so no one gave him a note | keep it for a carios ty.' to the shadows. He kept on doing the things he was afraid of in spite of found that it was woven with wonderbeing afraid. Except about those ra's, he never told any one. I do not know what he is afraid of now, for he is a tall man, with boys of his own; but, if he is a coward, he is a brave one, I am sure of that. - S. S. Times.

Cecily's Express Package.

'Cecily,' said her papa, one May afternoon, 'there's an express package cation. 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.

She ran to the gate, thinking that perhaps her father had left it there, to be brought to the house in a wheelbarrow.

But no, there was no box at the gate.

I can't find it, papa,' she announced, appearing in the garden, where Mr. Carter was at work on the strawberries. 'I've hunted everywhere. You're

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

'Why not study other birds?' in- ear. Once more the woman drew away my g'asses, and you can find out about the woman and politely said : the oriole's friends and neighbors.'

'You know,' said her mother, 'that him off the car.' express packages are always coming

come, Cecily; let us find papa ; and he No one knew he was afraid of the w.ll get the nest for y u, and you can

When Cecily had it in her hand, she ful skill. Bits of string, threads, and street.-Mail and Express. some gay yarn were woven in with shreds of bark and s alks of milkweed. That afternoon her mamma read her some phetty verses about the orioles and their nest. When she ended, Cecily gave a long sigh.

'Mamma, that was the very finest express package I ever saw,-more things came out of it.'-Primary Edu-

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 shoe for the foot of a mountain. A sleeve for the arm of the law. An opener for the jaws of death. A lock for the trunk of an elephant. A pair of glasses for the eyes of the law.

A feather for the wing of the wind. A key to the lock of the dcor of success.

A b'anket for the crad'e of the deep. Food for reflection.

Scales for the weight of years. A button for the coat of paint.

quired her mamma. 'I'll tell you and lo ked angry. This was too much what we'll do, Cecily. I will buy you for a gallant six-foo'er on the other a nice book about birds and lend you | side of the car. He stood up before

'Madam, if this monkey is annoying you, I should be delighted to throw

The stout lady lo ked at him indigfrom Mother Nature. They don't nantiy. 'How dare you speak in that often have express tags on them, but | 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

Millie's Birthday Presents.

'Why ! this is your birthday isn't it, dearie ?' exelaimed grandmother ; 'and not one of us remembered it ! 1 guess you must have forgotten it yourself." 'No, 1 did not forget it,' answered Millie : 'and at first I felt provoked because no one else thought about it, Then last night it popped into my head that it would be nice to give presents on my birthday. But I couldn't think of anything to give ; and then, pretty soon, I thought I'd give such presents that no one would know I was giving them. It has been lots of fun. You see, Uncle George never knew who put that patch on his coat-sleeve; and a patch is such a comical present that I laughed all the while I was doing it. Mother never will think, when she laughs over the letter I wrote her that I was making her a present of a laugh, will she!'

'I should think not,' said grand . mother, smiling.

'Then I happened to think of Aunt Lucy's flower garden she wanted Glenn The Intelligencer's Jubilee

A PREMIUM.

This is the INTELLIGENCER's fiftleth year- its jubilee year.

We are anxious for nothing to much as that the paper may be and do in the fullest and best serse what it was born to be and do. The 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 serd to the homes it has been permitted to enter a paper of high christian character, all whose teachings and influences would ber efit 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 expectirg 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 Waman's Mission Society; the Ohildren'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.

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light, but many dark corners ad at, and reach his small hand into closet, which was even darker than hall and the room, catch up father's pers, and then run downstairs with n to where father was waiting in

sitting-room, by the bright lamp, UDI hange them for his heavy business les of

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NITY

B.

Archibald would come burstinto the pleasant room with his PES shining and his breath coming , and set down the slippers with ir of triumph.

fts. bank you, my boy,' father would

chibald would beam with pleasure ever told how afraid he was of the hall. He did not know what it that frightened him, but the furnidid not look as it did in the day and the clothes hanging in the would brush against him as he ed the door in a dreadful manner, tat all as they did in daylight. chibald was only five. It was four sfrom his house to grandmother's. dmother's house had a big yard,

teps up from the pavement, and hite columns at the porch, with ines all twined round them. were flowers in the oval beds in tass; and in the hall a glass case many gay-feathered birds from southern lands; and in alor shells and coral and seaweed a far-away ocean ; and in the dinom caraway-seed cookies in the tureen. Could a little boy go to house than that to spend the Besides, there was grandmother

always ready to tell stories then she was a little girl. when Archibald was four, his to grandmother's. Every one route to his grandmother's knew ald. So how could he get lost, a told he might go to grands all alone, and stay for dinner, d to say that he was afraid to count the eggs. They were whitish for that when he gets to be an old here alone, but he was. He and marked with scrawls of dark horse." bravely off, just the same ; for brown. Day after day she watched,

ther's for another. Yet Archibald Her father laughed, a twinkle in his ald go upstairs at supper time, when ·eye. one else was there, and there was

'Mamma,' he called, 'come and help Cecily find her package.'

By and by both Cecily and her mother returned to the garden. '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. He stopped just under a great maple shading the lawn. 'There !' he said, and pointed upward.

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.

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

For dangling by a string which was woven into the nest was an express tag labelled 'Miss Cecily Carter, Pewee Valley, Ky.'

I opened Cecily's present from Aunt Mabel,' explained Mrs. Carter. 'We He had much to say about never being looked at the things on the porch, you allowed to do as he pleased, and that remember.'

very own?' And Cecily jumped up and down in her glee.

'Nobody ever had such an express try to break that colt of yours ?' package before in all their lives, did they, papa?'

'I think not, Cecily. Keep your something." decided he was old enough to eye on it now, and see what will come out of it.' And she did.

From an upper window she could many kind people on the way? by the help of her mother's opera glasses she discovered that the package way !' he said, as if rather indignant was far from empty. The mouth of at my lack of common sense. ry this little note from mother, | the nest, however, was partly closed ald swallowed hard. He was for fear of hawks ; and she could not

A thermometer to measure the heat of an argument.

A rung for the ladder of fame. A hinge for the gait of a horse. A tombstone for the dead of night.

A razor to shave the face of the earth. A link for a chain of evidence. A pump for the well of knowledge.

A telescope to watch the flight of time.

A song that will reach an ear of corn.

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 pair of pinchers to pull the root of evil. 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 work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, 'I remember dropping that tag when and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. it would be time enough for him to 'And those darling orioles have just settle down to work when he was older.

> upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said, 'Karl, why do you

The boy looked up in surprise.

'But he likes his own way,' I ob- for consolation. jected. 'Why shou'dn't he have it ?'

good of a horse that always has his own | like that before.' 'And as for working.' I went on,

'I should think there was time enough

to weed, and he didn't. But she never knew I made her a present of some work.

Grandma kissed her tenderly, and said, 'The forgotten bir hday was a very happy one, after all, was it not, dear child ?'

"The very best of all,' answer ed Millie, emphatically .- Every Other Sunday.

Rules for Dolls

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

'A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

'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.'

Madge was reading these rules to her dolly with a sober face. Then she laughed.

'Dolly,' she said, 'it's fanny ; 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. put it on that nest, and now it's my While the sense of injury was strong He felt himself a man indeed, and was very anxious to be acknowledged as such. But his elders were unappreciative. Uncle Harry had poked fun at him in a quiet way, even going so 'Why, I want him to be good for far as to inquire what 'those things' were. So Bobbie went to Aunt Helen

'Why, Bobbie,' she exclaimed when By this time Karl was staring at me she caught sight of him, 'how grand look directly down upon the nest, and in perplexity. 'I'd like to know the you look ! I never saw you dressed

'I ain't dwessed,' retorted the boy, indignantly. 'Vese are pants.'-Brooklyn Life.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been suc-

'Why, don't you see, if he doesn't cessfully separated and refined into a

Fiftieth Year Celebration.

A fitting celebration of the INTELLIGENCER's 50th year would be a a rge 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 IN-TELLIGENCEE, 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 Beeds :

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 th ngs well attended to will be a most timely and gratifyin g 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 INTEILIGENCER Jubilce premiums picture.

During the life of the INTELLIGENCER four men have been connected with its management :

Rev. Ezekiel McLecd 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. McLeed, as joint pub lisher, 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 mansger 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 INTELLI-GENCER. 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.

