

Don't.

I might have just the mostest fun  
If 'twasn't for a word,  
I think the very worstest one  
'At ever I have heard.  
I wish 'at it 'ud go away,  
But I'm afraid it won't,  
I s'pose 'at it'll always stay—  
That awful word of 'don't.'

It's 'don't you make a bit of noise,  
'And 'don't go out the door.'  
And 'don't you spread your stook of toys  
About the parlor floor;  
And 'don't you dare play in the dust,  
And 'don't you get your clothing mussed,  
And 'don't do this and that.'

It seems to me I've never found  
A thing I'd like to do,  
But that there's some one else around  
'At's got a 'don't or two.  
And Sunday—'at's the day 'at 'don't  
Is worst of all the seven.  
O goodness, but I hope there won't  
Be any don'ts in heaven.  
—Nixon Waterman.

Cousin Rachel's Way.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

'Cousin Rachel's coming'  
'Hurrah for Cousin Rachel!' said  
the boys.  
'I'm glad! I'm glad!' said the girls.  
'How long is she going to stay?'  
'O, for a good little visit,' said  
mother.  
'That's nice. I wish she would stay  
all the time.'

'Why are you so glad she's coming?'  
asked Ruth, who was cousin to the  
children, but not to Cousin Rachel.  
'O, because we love her so,' said  
Elsie.

'Is she very pretty?'  
'We all like her looks,' said Elsie.  
'I suppose she brings you nice  
presents?'

'No, she doesn't. I don't believe  
Cousin Rachel has any money to spend  
on presents.'  
'I dare say she's very smart and  
wise.'

'I dare say she is, but it isn't that.  
It is—'

'It's just she makes everybody feel  
so good,' put in Jack, as Elsie hesitated.  
'Yes, that's it. Everything seems  
to go so smoothly when Cousin Rachel  
comes.'

'I must put some flowers in her  
room,' said Elsie.  
'And you may put my new writing  
stand in there,' said Harry. 'She'll  
need it to write her letters.'

Ruth formed in her mind's eye, as  
she usually do in anticipating a meeting  
with a stranger, a picture of Cousin  
Rachel. Though she might not be  
exactly pretty, she was probably very  
sweet and graceful and wore pretty  
clothes. Ruth never thought of her  
being otherwise than young.

But cousins may be of such different  
ages, as we all know. Joining the  
berry group which ran out to meet  
the guest, Ruth caught her breath a  
little at what she saw.

Cousin Rachel was neither pretty,  
graceful, young, nor well dressed.  
Certainly it was rather a dowdy-look-  
ing little woman, with half-gray hair,  
who was receiving such a welcome.

'Here you all are,' she was exclaim-  
ing. 'Well, well! All the boys' hair  
tingled, and Tom actually in long  
trousers. All passed your examina-  
tions, as I heard. And here's Elsie,  
with all the hair which came off the  
boys—such a pretty wave to it—going  
to let it grow long now, girly? And  
here a new cousin. I wonder if she's  
as good as you all are. Perhaps she's  
better. If so, she'll teach you better.'  
If not, you can teach her. And did  
Elsie ever get those handkerchiefs  
needed for father? All of them?'

Why, she must be a fine little needle-  
woman by this time. Well, my birds,  
I don't think I've seen anything quite  
so nice since I saw you all last.'

All this mixed in with kisses, laughs,  
and general greetings to mother and  
the rest. By this time the bevvy was  
on its way upstairs.  
'New papering in the hall? And  
how bright and cheery it looks!'  
The boys, having done their part in  
the escort of honor, rushed away, but  
the girls followed to the guest room.  
Elsie came up to where Ruth, standing  
a little to one side, appeared to be  
seriously considering the new arrival,  
waiting for a moment, as if trying to  
size up Cousin Rachel with the eye of a  
stranger.

'You see,' she presently said, in a  
whisper, while mother was opening  
the drawers and closets, 'it's just  
Cousin Rachel's way that makes us all  
love her so. You can't really tell  
what it is.'

No, said Ruth, in hearty agreement,  
you can't tell, but you see it and  
know it.

Then they had to stop to listen, for  
Cousin Rachel had espied the flowers.  
'O, you dears! To think of your  
bringing such beautiful ones here for  
me. And did you raise these your-  
selves? When I was a little girl I had  
my own bit of a garden, but I never,  
never raised such pansies and phlox.

You will give me a slp like that  
geranium when I go away, won't you?  
'I never knew the time yet,' said  
Elsie, laughing, to Ruth at the dinner  
table, 'when Cousin Rachel couldn't  
say something pleasant about every-  
body and everything. Either every-  
thing you do is sweet and beautiful, or  
it just has been or is just going to be.  
If we've been acting like perfect little  
fends she knows we're so sorry that  
we'll never do it again, so of course,  
there's good in it. Listen, now!'

In a little aside mother had noticed  
that Ted's hands were not quite clean.  
'But he always has his shoes so  
nicely backed,' interjected Cousin  
Rachel. 'Indeed, I don't often see  
boys so careful about keeping them-  
selves neat as these.'

Jack settled his necktie. Tom got  
out of sight a handkerchief which had  
seen too much service, and each one  
vowed within himself that if they were  
not all that was claimed by the kindy  
visitor, they were going to be.  
'You going to eat it all, Tom?' er  
ticed Jack, as a box of candy was  
passed around after dessert.

'Boys always like candy,' with the  
beaming smile. 'But my boys would  
rather see others enjoy it than them-  
selves.'

At which pleasant little assertion  
there was a shout as the chatty meal  
came to an end, and the guest was led  
about to see whatever might be new  
on the place since the last visit.

'There she goes,' said Elsie. 'All  
that's nice she admires, and all that  
isn't nice she finds something to be  
thankful about. When Ted broke his  
rib it was a mercy it was not his back.  
And she held up her hands in perfect  
rapture when she saw the splash of oil  
all over the big chair and spoiling the  
parlor carpet when the big lamp was  
knocked down, saying:

What a blessing it didn't happen  
when it was lighted!  
'Mother,' said Elsie, when at last  
Cousin Rachel's visit came to an end  
and she took her leave amid deep re-  
grets 'why can't everybody be just so?'

'How just so, dear?'

'Why, just like Cousin Rachel. Al-  
ways thinking good things better, and  
bad things not so bad, after all—'

'Always,' said mother, as Elsie  
paused, evidently thinking much more  
than she could express, 'on the watch  
for the best in everything. Always  
ready to find a good side to evil, if  
possible.'

'Always making you feel good about  
things.'

'Yes, yes, my little girl. It would  
be good—good for the world—if we all,  
young and old, would cultivate Cousin  
Rachel's way.—Chris. Advocate.

He Took the Whipping.

A TRUE STORY.

Let me tell you a story about a boy  
I knew whose name was Harry. In  
the place where he lived there had  
been no missionary for a long time,  
and Harry did not know much about  
Jesus.

At last the missionary came and  
started a Sunday-school. How Harry  
did love that Sunday-school. He  
walked two miles every Sunday-morn-  
ing across the prairie to the school  
house where the Sunday-school was  
held. When he heard the story of  
Jesus, he resolved to be a Christian;  
and he became a brave and faithful  
one, I can tell you.

Harry's father was a very wicked  
man, and, of course, did not help the  
boy in his Christian life.

After a while the cold weather came  
on, and they needed a fire in the  
school-house for Sunday-school. There  
was no wood on that prairie, because  
there were so few trees, and nobody  
was willing to give them any coal; so  
the missionary said they would have  
to stop Sunday-school until warm  
weather. Harry went to the mission-  
ary, and said:

'We can't give up the Sunday-school;  
you just hold on, and I'll see what I  
can do.'

The next Sunday morning Harry got  
up very early in the morning, took a  
basket, and walked four miles to the  
place where the railroad track was.  
There he filled the basket with pieces  
of coal that had dropped from the  
engines. He hastened back to the  
school-house, and when the missionary  
and the scholars arrived there was a  
nice coal fire in the school-house stove.

Harry's father heard about the  
matter, and, calling his son to him, he  
said, with an oath, 'Harry, I haint' no  
use for that Sunday-school. The  
quicker it dies out the better. If you  
get any more coal for them, I'll give  
you such a beating as you never had.'

Harry thought a good deal about  
this during the week, but he felt that  
Jesus wanted that Sunday-school to go  
on. The next Sunday morning he  
again rose early, took his basket,  
walked four miles to the railroad, and  
with another load of coal made a fire  
in the school-house. Then this brave

Christian boy went home and said to  
his father:

'Father, I've done it again for the  
Sunday-school, and I've come to take  
my whipping.'

One would have thought that the  
Christian courage of this boy would  
have touched the father's heart. Per-  
haps it did, but, in spite of this, he  
gave the boy a whipping long to be  
remembered.

The next Sunday morning Harry  
heated the school house again after  
the same fashion, and again came to  
his father for the promised beating,  
and received it.

The third time this happened, the  
father broke down completely.

'My boy,' he said, 'I can't stand this  
any longer. I want to find out what  
it is that makes you so willing to  
stand a thrashing. I'll go to Sunday-  
school with you next Sunday morning,  
and you may get all the coal you want  
to heat the house, but you needn't go  
to the railroad after it. Just take it  
along from our pile.'

Do you think there was a happier  
boy in the country that morning than  
Harry, as he proudly led his father into  
the Sunday-school and seated him in  
the class taught by the missionary? I  
am sure you will be glad to know that  
Harry's father came into the 'shining  
way.'

The last time I heard from Harry  
his father had sent him away to school,  
and Harry wrote me that he hoped  
some time he might become a mission-  
ary himself, and be able to do some  
good to people who need a missionary  
as he did when that Sunday-school was  
started that did so much for him.—  
Kansas Congregational.

Jack Horner.

Jack Horner was a little monkey  
who lived on shipboard. He wore a  
sailor's jacket of scarlet flannel and a  
cap to match, and was very proud of  
his costume. He looked like a dwarfed  
old man, for he was brown and wrinkled,  
and his black eyes peeped out  
beneath shaggy eyebrows and crinkly  
gray hair.

Sometimes when the cook was out  
of sight he would jump on the flour  
barrel and powder his head like a  
miller. The cook scolded him, and  
shook his rolling pin at him. But in  
a twinkling Jack was up the mast  
There he would sit in safety, grin and  
chatter, and shake his head and paws,  
to mimic poor old Cato, while the  
sailors roared.

Jack went where he pleased about  
the ship, but his own corner was a  
large dry goods box turned on one  
side and well supplied with clean  
straw for his bed. This was left to  
his own care, and Jack was a tidy  
little creature. He had watched the  
steward about his work till he knew  
just what to do. Every morning he  
shook up the straw with his tiny fore-  
paws and made his bed to suit himself.  
He would stand off a little way and  
look at it, shake it again and pat it  
down. Then he would run for the  
broom and sweep out his cabin. He  
washed his face and hands in a basin  
as the sailors did, and dried them on  
a towel.

Jack Horner was very fond of  
smoked herring and hard boiled eggs.  
They were often given him for his  
breakfast. But he was not as honest  
as he was tidy, and would sometimes  
snatch a herring or an egg, if no one  
were near, and run off to his stateroom  
to eat it. One morning he burned his  
fingers with an egg and for a long  
time would not take one even when  
offered him.

Twice a week there was sago pud-  
dings with cinnamon on it for dinner,  
and Jack was always on hand for his  
share. He would take his saucer in  
one paw, his spoon in the other, and  
eat as the sailors did. Sometimes  
there were raisins in his pudding, and  
then Jack was pleased. He would  
pull one out with his finger and thumb,  
hold it up, and chatter about it in  
great glee.

At Christmas the sailors filled a  
stocking for him with nuts and lumps  
of sugar, and he had mince pie and plum  
pudding.—Illustrated Home Journal.

No that Means No

'No, do not ask me boys; I cannot  
do it.' 'But it is just a bit of sport  
and will not do any harm.'

'I am not so sure about that'; the  
mere consciousness of having commit-  
ted a wrong act is harm done.'

'Do not bother with him any longer,  
fellows,' said the leader of the band.  
'You must have learned by this time  
when Teddy says 'no,' he means 'no.''  
What a brave, manly boy is this  
whose 'no' means 'no'! Somewhere  
there is a happy mother who watches  
him go in and out with joy in her  
heart; she knows she can safely trust  
him; and that he possesses the power  
of his convicts na.

How many boys are there who real-

ize the importance of saying 'no' that  
means 'no'?

There are so many temptations in  
life, so many places it is well to avoid,  
that the boy who yields too readily to  
the demands of others finds himself  
often on dangerous ground.

There is a time, also, to say 'yes,' a  
time when a clear, honest, manly 'yes'  
carries with it a conviction peculiarly  
its own. When the thing is right,  
support it with all the power you pos-  
sess. Do not let it be any half-heart-  
ed measure; but stand by it steadfastly.  
Let it be clearly understood by  
those about you that when you say  
'no' you mean 'no,' and you will be  
respected far beyond the boy who waver-  
s and flutters and finally yields to the  
wrong.—Chris. Intelligencer.

'Jimmie, where did you get this  
five cents?'

'It's the money you gave me for the  
hen, mamma.'

'Then why did you keep it?'

'My teacher said I was a heathen.'

Dick's auntie had quite often  
brought him some tiny chocolate mice,  
which he liked very much, except for  
size. One day he sidled up to her  
coaxingly, and said: "Auntie, next  
time you buy chocolate mice, won't  
you buy rats?"

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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. That 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 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.

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.

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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?

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.
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  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