

the guests departed each little girl carried a doll and a new dress for herself. The next day Miss Amos had a call from Mrs. Teeters.

"Well, I thought I'd stop and tell you that poor Mis' Ransom's dead."

"I felt sure that was what you had to tell me. Poor little Lovey. I think you said the father died before they came here?"

"Yes'm, he's dead, too."
"Who is to take care of the children?"

"Why, Mis' Ransom expected the children would be took to the Children's Home; I thought maybe you'd see the trustees about it."

"Yes," answered Miss Amos, absently; "yes, perhaps I will. I mean—well, Mrs Teeters, just have Lovey and Martin Luther come here for the present; we will not send them among strangers right away."

"That's real kind of you, Miss Amos. Annie can bring 'em up after the funeral."

"Now, Peter," said Miss Amos, as she took her accustomed seat before the sitting-room fire, "I know you'll think I'm foolish, but why can't those children just stay here? Well, I'm glad to see you put your head on one side in that fashion, because it shows you are willing to think about it."

Miss Amos thought about it, too, and the result was the children found a home in her house and in her heart.

NEWTON, January 1, 1893.

My Dear Charlotte.—It's no use asking me to sell the old house and come live with you. It can't be done, for I have a previous engagement. You see I've adopted two little children. Their father and mother are dead, and they don't seem to have any family tree on which to grow old relations, so these children are left absolutely alone in the world. What else could I do? Anyway, they love me, and I love them, and Peter loves them, too. I shouldn't have thought of taking them if Peter hadn't approved; Peter, the pug of all the Russias. I did think I was growing old, but now I feel young, all kind of stirred up. Why, this morning I actually twisted my back hair the other way from what I've done it for twenty years, and my poor old brain, that was tired out thinking the same thoughts over and over, has taken a fresh start in a new direction. Really, I feel a delightful enthusiasm taking hold of me. I didn't know the world could look this way. It's like Jonathan when he tasted the honey and his eyes were enlightened. Yes, I know they may have the whooping-cough and measles and things, but I reckon a woman of good and regular understanding, with the Lord to her back, can engineer them through. So, good-by, now, and be sure my work has found me out. Praise the Lord.

LUCRETIA AMOS.

P. S.—Their names are Lovey and Martin Luther Ransom. L. A.

Renewals for 1904 are now in order. Send yours please.

A lad, after he had been at a boarding school for a week without writing to his parents, penned the following letter: "Dear People: I am afraid I shall not be able to write often to you, because, you see, when anything is happening I haven't time to write, and when nothing is happening there's nothing to write about. So now, good-by, from your George."—*Liverpool Post.*

UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Since the first Christmas man has not been compelled to wrestle with the angel in order to secure a blessing.

No one is ever made poor by what he gives; it is only through what he refuses to receive.

To be sure, heaven has but one door, but that one door leads in.

The wise man who has lost his way should stop and ask of the wiser little child.

The flower of contentment does not require any particular soil, it blooms the twelve months through.

If we were to keep a record of all the good things the Lord gives us, we should be as busy as the recording-angel.

Love does not need to ask alms; he has only to look in his own heart to find riches.

It does not soil the white mantle of charity to keep it in constant use.

If there is one person in all the world who loves us sincerely, devotedly and unselfishly, then we should believe and trust in the rest of mankind for the sake of that one.

It was not necessary to look at the sun and blind one's eyes in order to appreciate the sunshine; neither is it necessary to analyze God's goodness in order to be grateful for his mercies.

If only hope goes with us hand in hand down the years, we need not look over our shoulders and regret Youth, who dropped out by the way, or even Joy—who stopped smiling, and grew into Peace.

If every year the stable of Bethlehem cradles a king, it should be remembered that the season is winter and our hearts must keep the King warm.—*S. S. Times.*

The INTELLIGENCER desires to continue going to all present subscribers. A renewal for 1904 will be welcome now.

SELF-DENIAL A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

Self-denial is a law of nature, as well as of grace. The plant yields its fragrant blossom, the tree its luscious fruit, the brute creation their fur, their wool or their life, for the comfort and sustenance of man. The mother denies herself needed rest for a sick child, the father forgoes comforts to educate his son, the son or daughter gives up books or pleasures to help aged parents or a widowed mother.

Christ our Lord, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." Though "being in the form of God, he thought it not robbery to be equal with God; yet he made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant," and laid down his life as a ransom for many.

For a Christian to practice self-denial for Christ's sake is but to follow in Christ's steps. This is only an evidence of a sincere love for Christ and a hearty interest in his kingdom. To refuse to practice self-denial is utter selfishness, which borders dangerously near a denial of Christ. Does some one say it is hard to do it?

Let him learn a lesson from the Scotch woman who lived on oatmeal porridge that she might give to missions. A friend gave her a sixpence to buy a chop. But she said: "I have been without chops for nine years; I can do without the chop." So she gave her sixpence to missions. The story was told by her friend at a dinner where many wealthy people were present. One lady

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spoke up and said: "I never went without a chop for Christ yet." She realized the need of unselfishness in her life, and as though to atone for a neglected duty she added: "I will give a thousand pounds for missions." Others followed her example. Dear reader, have you ever done without a chop—or any other thing—for Christ's sake? What kind of self-denial would you practice during your coming life for Christ's sake?—*The Evangelist.*

The Verdict of Public Opinion. Is with the best article every time. That's why Putnam's Corn Extractor has been in the lead for the last half century. It cures corns painlessly in twenty-four hours and never fails. Use only Putnam's for corns and warts. The man who lives according to the Bible rules will be temperate, frugal, prompt, energetic, "diligent in business." He will not speculate with other people's money, nor use his own in gambling and dissipation. He will be free from the "moral cracks" through which so many fortunes leak away. He will be courteous and considerate of those whom he employs, or will attend to his employer's interests as if they were his own.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

BOTH PASSED.—A commercial traveler who occupied the same car with a clergyman asked him if he had ever heard that in Paris as often as a priest was hanged a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied in his blandest manner, "Well, then, let us both be glad we are not in Paris."

Advertisement for GATES' Acadian Liniment, FISHERMEN LUMBERMEN ATHLETES, and D.W. Estabrook & Sons. Includes text like 'reaches the homes of the Maritime Provinces' and 'The cheapest House in town to buy Flour.'