

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it
not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, nor with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield;
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there in that battle field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But O! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

—Joquin Miller.

At least every free Baptist family in the
Maritime Provinces should have the IN-
TELLIGENCER. There never was a better
time than now to get it.

Cigarette Smoking.

Why do boys smoke cigarettes? Not because they like to smoke, for the fondness for tobacco in any shape is an acquired taste. They must begin by overcoming a downright dislike for the weed—and what motive can they have for undergoing positive misery in order to learn to like some things that will in time ruin their nerves, stop their growth, injure their minds, and blind them with the chains that any bad habit twines around those that indulge in it? The motive usually is the same as that which induces boys to take the "first glass"—a desire to appear what they call "manly." It will be a glorious day for our boys when they can see how much more manly it is to have a clean mouth, a clear head, and strong nerves; to be able to say No to temptations; to have right principles and moral courage to live up to those principles.

Cigarette smoking is worse, if any thing, than cigar smoking, and for the same reasons that a toy pistol is worse than a revolver. Cigarettes, like toy pistols, are small and cheap. For this reason small boys, who would have no wish to buy cigars or revolvers, buy cigarettes and smoke them. Their work is slower but scarcely less deadly than that of the toy pistol. Because cigarettes are small and cheap, those who smoke them use great numbers of them, absorbing more nicotine than a moderate cigar smoker would. And, besides this, the cigarette is often made of other things mixed with the tobacco that are even more injurious.

It is estimated that last year there were consumed in this country 2,400,000,000 cigarettes, not including 50,000,000 that were imported. These are awful figures, especially when we remember that the smokers of cigarettes are largely, if not principally, young men and boys who have not attained their growth, and who can never mature with the full amount of health and strength which would be theirs if they did not put this insidious little (?) enemy between their teeth, "to steal away," not only brains, but will power, health, nerves, and strength.

It is not worth while, boys. You never will get enough pleasure out of cigarette smoking to pay you for what it will make you suffer, and if you never begin you will never have the longing for it which those have who have contracted the habit.

Ten years ago I knew two boys who were at school together. They were great friends, and stood equally well, not only in their studies, but socially and in the gymnasium. They were both on the foot ball team, and were strong, athletic looking boys. One of them, whom we will call Harry, had promised his mother, he would never smoke. George knew his parents did not wish him to smoke, but was bound by no promise, and under the influence of smoking "cubebis for catarrh" began using cigarettes.

The boys both graduated in course of time and with nearly equal honor. I had not seen either of them for eight years, but chancing to meet Harry (now a skillful physician in a city near New York) at a lecture the other night, we had a long talk about mutual friends, in the course of which he asked:

"Have you heard anything of George lately?"
Finding I had not, he told me a long story—much to long to repeat here—but having been called to attend George professionally, he found him at the hotel, having been taken ill while traveling, was suffering with heart trouble, pale, thin, irritable, and weak. Tormented with sleepless nights, he would get up and smoke cigarettes "to while away the time." It was the first time Harry had seen him since graduation, and he said:

"I should not have known him if I had met him on the street. A slight hereditary tendency to heart trouble and cigarette smoking have brought him where he is now. He seems to be so bound by the habit that he can't

give it up, and yet to do so is his only hope of living. You may be sure I shall leave no stone unturned in trying to help the poor fellow, for I know if it had not been for my promise to my mother I might be where he is to day. I wanted to smoke when he did; thought it was manly and all that, as boys do, you know. Sometimes I was almost tempted to smoke, any way, but my promise held me; and since I've been practicing, I have seen thousands of cases that have made me thank God for the promise that prevented my forming a habit which causes more sickness and misery than most people would believe."

You may think this case is an extreme one, and I know it is. But cigarette smoking always does harm, and may be as injurious to you as it was to George. You never can tell, and, I repeat, it isn't worth while to run the risk.—Advocate.

Send your renewal as early as you can. And with it send one or more new names if possible.

"A Ship."

Yesterday, Sabbath, our minister talked to the children. His subject from the Bible was just these words—a ship. The children lived upon the sea-shore, and were acquainted with boats and ships of every description from harbor dories to ocean steamers. The minister's home was not upon the coast, hence he was quite sure they knew more about his subject than himself, that is, ships that sailed the sea to distant lands or nearer ports.

But presently he made an application to the voyage of life. Will was captain now, with Thought first officer and Imagination second in command. At the helm sits Captain Will steering—by what compass, can you tell? The compass Conscience, and the chart that guides this compass, which the captain must consult often if he will lay his course aright, is the Bible. The water upon which the ship is sailing, the Ocean of Time; and the port to gain at last, Heaven.

With fair wind and smooth sea, how pleasantly the ship moves along, like a big bird with mighty wings of white! And thus glides the human ship. By and by a storm arises, a terrible storm.

Torn and shattered, sails and masts gone, rudder perhaps broken, the ship makes harbor at last, guided by the friendly light-house which sends hope and cheer across the waves. The children knew all about this. Many a time storms had driven ships to their port sailless and sparsless, saved only by the warning light from a ledge of rocks.

Yes, the children knew, for they dwelt by the sea. One little boy could scarcely keep his seat, he was so anxious to relate several instances but the minister was talking again of that other ship, of storms that are sure to beat upon it.

There is that terrible whirlwind temptation, that engulfs and submerges, with naught but circling bubbles to show where the ship went down. But however strong this gale, however torn and rent the sails, the ship would not have foundered if Captain Will had followed his chart, and steered by his compass; they would have shown him the light-house—the merciful love of God.

But where was the captain when the storm arose, and the first officer, grave Thought?—Ah! they were in chains. Yes, chains; for as sometimes happens on shipboard, the crew had mutinied—had risen as one man bound captain and mate, lured Imagination to their cause, and taken the ship in control. With Will and Thought captive by evil passions, what wonder the compass was neglected, and the ship stranded on the rocks, seeing never a glimmer from the mighty lighthouse, and losing harbor at last?

"Ah, children," said the minister, "you understand my meaning, I know. If Will and his first officer, Thought, do not brace up strong against the first symptoms of rebellion on the part of the crew, no man can tell the end."

"The terrible gale, temptation, may blow fierce and dreadful at any moment, and the captain must be in full control that chart and compass be obeyed. Many little sins in your daily lives are breezes from that threatening hurricane."

"This morning, when Ned Brown said, 'Take this cigarette; all the fellows smoke,' you had half a mind to do so. And when Susie Bell whispered something unpleasant, the angry passions rose. These are breezes from the hurricane."

"Now, the captain, Will, must be firm at his post; Thought, steady and determined; chart and compass, consulted often; and the crew of bad passions, envy, jealousy, dissensions, quarrels, backbitings, and a host of others will retire in submission, sullen and disappointed, leaving room for better men."

"The storm may come, but your

ship will outride the gale. The light will shine clear and steadfast, and at last, it may be after sailing many years, if the chart has been closely studied and followed, the compass obeyed, the port of heaven will be gained."—L. Eugenia Eldridge, in *Christian at Work*.

What to Teach the Boys.

Teach them how to earn money.
Teach them to be strictly truthful.
Teach them to be polite in their manners.

Teach them economy in all their affairs.
Teach them history and political economy.

Teach them arithmetic in all its branches.

Teach them to avoid tobacco and strong drink.

Teach them to ride, drive, jump, run and swim.

Teach them careful and correct business habits.

Teach them how to get the most for their money.

Teach them, by example, how to do things well.

Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language.

Teach them habits of cleanliness and good order.

Teach them the care of horses, wagons and tools.

Teach them to be manly, self-reliant and aggressive.

Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.

Five Ways to Stopper Cure a Cold.

1. Bathe the feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.

2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.

3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours.

4. Inhale ammonia or menthol.

5. Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Summer colds are the worst of all colds oftentimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten-grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning.

Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a buck saw.—*Medical News*.

How to be a "Nobody."

"It is easy to be a nobody, and the Watchman tells how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novel of the day. Thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourselves playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be a first class nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons, just ready to graduate and be nobodies."—*Scientific American*.

Just For Fun.

There are over 7,000,000 pores in the human body, and yet we are surprised that some men are sponges.

Young Man.—Will you give assent to my marriage to your daughter, sir?
Old Man (firmly)—No, sir, not a cent.

Woman (to tramp)—"Don't you ever take a bath?" Tramp (sadly)—"I ain't got money enough, ma'm, to buy a bathing suit."

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, sir?" thundered a fiery Scottish laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the canny Scott, "I'm no' lang here, an' I dinna ken yet."

To help circulate a good religious paper is missionary work. Give the INTELLIGENCER the benefit of an effort in this direction.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.
CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.
The Mystery Solved.
(No. 44.)

[This being the voting contest we have not yet an opportunity of stating the result. Up to this writing, Nov. 12th, we have not yet received one voter. The line for the contest to close is drawing nigh; therefore, dear friends, let us hear from you immediately.—Ed. Y. F. C.]

The Mystery Solved.
No. 282.—ANAGRAM.—(One Word.)
O, WONDER!

—Ed. Y. F. C.

No. 283.—HIDDEN SCRIPTURE PROPER NAMES.

1. Why are you so gay?
2. Do you like water melons?

L. R. Steeves.

St. John.

No. 284.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

I.
1. A vowel. 2. To recede. 3. A Scripture proper name. 4. An insect. 5. A consonant.

II.
A consonant; a beverage; The Supreme Being; the Goddess of mischief; a vowel.

L. R. Steeves.

St. John.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystic Fountain.

We are in receipt of *The Good Templar of Canada*, (published at Toronto, Ont., at 50c. per annum), with the "Puzzle Corner" marked. This feature of the paper is ably conducted by B. V. Chisholm, Highland Village, N. S., and is warmly supported. The kind friend has our thanks. We hope a greater interest will be manifested in the "Young Folk's Column."

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Who was J. J. Audubon from whom the Audubon Society, founded by *Forest and Stream* for the protection of birds, takes its name?—NATURALIST.

John James Audubon was a native of the State of Louisiana, of French descent, and a most distinguished naturalist. He was born in 1780 and died in 1851. His principal works are "Birds of America" and the "Quadrupeds of America," the former work occupying the author 14 years.

O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn. writes: I was suffering the most excruciating pains from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil afforded almost instant relief, and two bottles effected a permanent cure.

1888

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D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
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MESSRS. C. GATES' SON & CO.:—

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KENNETH MCGILNARY.

The above statement was sworn to as correct in every particular, by the above named Kenneth McGilvary, before me, at Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881.
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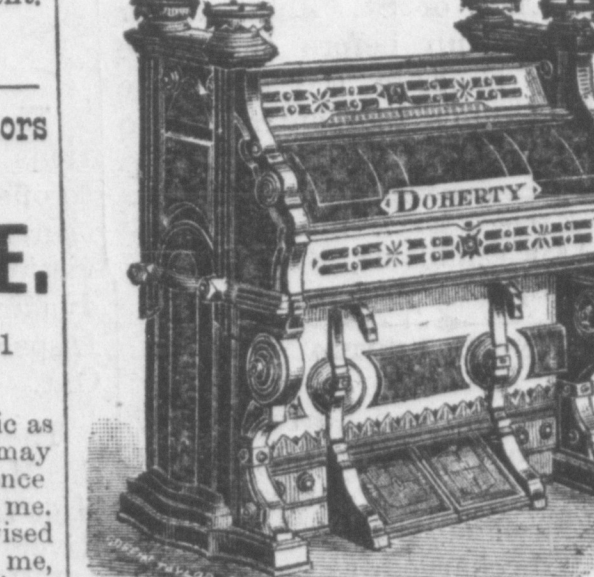
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