

## The Magic Letter.

There was a little maiden once,  
In fairy days gone by,  
Whose every thought and every word  
Always began with "I."  
"I think," "I know," "I wish," "I say,"  
"I like," "I want," "I will":  
From morn to night, from day to day,  
"I" was her burden still.

Her schoolmates would not play with her,  
Her parents tried in vain  
To teach her better, and one day  
Poor "I" cried out in pain.  
"Help me, O fairies!" he besought,  
"I'm worn to just a thread.  
Save me from this dreadful child,  
Or I shall soon be dead!"

The fairies heard, and heeded, too,  
They caught poor "I" away,  
And nursed him into health again  
Through many an anxious day;  
And in his place they deftly slipped  
A broader, stronger letter  
The more she uses that," they said,  
"With roguish smiles, 'the b t t r'!"

The little maiden wept and sulked  
At first, and would not speak,  
She grew tired of being dumb;  
And so, within a week,  
Used the substitute; and lo!  
Her playmates crowded round,  
Her parents smiled, and all were pleased  
To hear this novel sound.

She grew to use it more and more;  
And liked it more and more;  
It came to fill a larger place  
Than "I" had done before;  
And each year found the little maid  
More kind and sweet and true.  
That was the magic letter's name?  
Why, can't you guess? 'Twas "U."  
—Indian Epworth Herald.

## From Coal Range to the Wool-sack.

Help! help! O, somebody come  
To get my head out!"  
The cry came from a lad who lay flat  
On his stomach on the sidewalk with  
his head fast within an iron railing be-  
neath some steps. Curious to see what  
in the hole thus guarded, he had  
pressed his head between the rails,  
and now, when he wanted to get it  
out, he found that he was as fast as  
a nail in the stanchions. It was a  
plight for a lad of ten, but  
thanks to an old beggar woman, he got  
out of his dilemma at the cost of  
losing his cheeks.

Master Jackie, as he was called, was  
son of a coal-dealer of Newcastle,  
England. His father was not very  
rich, but though the rich liked to  
show themselves by the fire of old  
times' coals, they did not deem one  
engaged in such a snuffy business a  
gentleman. The father cared little for  
his boys, and especially  
Jackie, who had a great fondness for  
city girls, did not like being barred  
from the "upper crust" society of the  
city because their father's face was  
sometimes grimy.

Lord Campbell, who has written a  
story of Jackie's life, says that the  
boy was born with the fine faculty of  
lighting on his legs, but once,  
way, this faculty failed him, and he  
was on a pudding instead. During  
his time on school days the lads of  
the school made hobbyhorses of the  
stones in St. John's churchyard.  
This disrespect for the dead shocked  
old schoolmaster, and he for-  
bade it.

One day, as the boys, contrary to  
orders, were on their hobbies, the  
master was raised, "The master is coming!"  
There was a scuffle. In the race  
the plumped into a servant carry-  
ing a big soft pudding to the bake-  
house. Down went the pudding, and  
into it floundered Jackie, to the  
soiling of his coat. He lost his  
place in the race also, and for punish-  
ment he was condemned to go hatless  
three months, barring Sundays.

Jack had a good memory, and by the  
time he got his lessons quickly and  
well in his classes. So fast did  
he go on that before he was fifteen he  
had the great university of Eng-  
land at Oxford, and at the close of the  
year bore away the coveted chancel-  
lor's prize for the best English com-  
position. He had not yet decided  
what he would do in life, and was not  
fit for any great place when, in  
the fall in love with Bessie Surtees,  
a pretty girl as there was in New-  
castle. She was the daughter of a rich  
merchant, and her parents would not  
consent to her marriage with a coal-  
dealer's son. A young lord was also in  
love with Bessie, and his bride old  
father Surtees vowed his daughter  
should be Bessie's loved Jack, and  
he told him of her father's vow  
and that there was but one thing  
to run away and be married. They  
were very foolish, for Jack had  
no money to support a wife; he was  
earning his own living. Jack's  
father forgave him and took the young  
man into his own home, but for a  
time proud Banker Surtees would  
have nothing to do with either of the  
two folk.

It was not often that runaway matches  
went well, but this one did. Bessie  
worthy of the love and labor of the

best man living. Jack knew it, and  
he settled down determined that she  
would have as fine a home as she had  
given up for him. Jack begged his  
father for help to become a lawyer.  
The coal dealer was wise. He knew  
Jack had a good head, so to London  
the bridegroom went, and if ever a  
young man labored diligently to put  
the wisdom of law books into his head  
it was Jack Scott. In 1776 Jack be-  
came a lawyer. It is no easy task for  
a young lawyer to pick up business  
enough to keep house on, and Bessie  
and Jack might have starved had not  
the old coal-man fed them, but in his  
fifth year at the bar Jack had a case  
that made him famous. When he  
tried it in the lower courts he was de-  
feated the decision against him being  
given by one of England's greatest  
lawyers, Sir Thomas Sewell. But  
Jack would not give up; he ap-  
pealed to the Lord Chancellor, and  
before that mighty man he dared to  
stand up to plead his case, though  
several of England's great lawyers  
were on the other side. It was an un-  
heard-of thing for such a young man to  
plead before the Chancellor, but Jack  
did it and won, and for a century the  
idea that this twenty-nine-year-old  
lawyer had of the application of the  
law in such cases as they were then  
trying has governed all the decisions of  
the English courts.

Young man you've buttered your  
bread for life," said an old lawyer to  
him, as they walked out of court that  
day, and, indeed, he had. There was  
no end to the business that came to  
him after that, and taking an interest  
in politics he soon found himself reck-  
oned as one of the real leaders of Eng-  
land. The three great prizes English  
lawyers keep before the eyes of their  
ambition are the posts of Solicitor-  
General, Attorney-General, and Lord  
Chancellor. Usually a man passes  
from one of these posts upward to the  
other, so that the greatest strife always  
comes over the office of Solicitor-  
General. In 1788, when John Scott  
was but thirty-seven, and had been a  
lawyer but twelve years, he was named  
as Solicitor-General of England and  
knighthood. Five years later Sir John  
became Attorney General, and then,  
in 1801, he mounted to the top round  
of the lawyer's ladder, and took his  
seat on the woolsack, as the cushioned  
seat of the Lord Chancellor in the  
House of Lords is called. He was  
fifty years old when he first commanded  
the House of Lords to come to order,  
and he presided over that great body  
for nearly twenty-seven years.

When he was seventy-six he retired  
from active service, no longer plain  
John Scott, but Lord Eldon. For  
eleven years he enjoyed life among his  
books, dying not long after Queen  
Victoria came to the throne, an old  
man, full of years and honors.

How did this coal boy become so  
great? By hard work. He was known  
to have dug away steadily for twenty  
hours a day for a month on a single  
case, mastering every point, sparing  
no pains to prove himself a great law-  
yer, then, when he came into court,  
he won. He was no genius. He was  
a toiler. He was a knight of the mid-  
night oil, and by intelligent labor long  
continued, he made himself fit any post  
in the gift of his King or people.—  
Selected.

## The First Coat of Paint.

Mother was painting the woodwork  
of the dining room. Robert had been  
watching her for some time, and  
thought it was very easy and pleasant  
work.

"I would like to try painting a little  
while. May I?"

"Why yes. There must always be a  
first time."

Robert took the brush. How clumsy  
his fingers seemed, after all! But he  
went bravely on, mother watching in  
the meantime. Now and then she  
gave him words of encouragement and  
instruction, so that he went on quite  
bravely, and mother went away for a  
little while.

When she came back she saw that  
Robert was lighting his work in places.  
The paint was not smooth, and streaks  
plainly appeared.

"Robert," she said, "remember that  
the streaks will show plainly when the  
paint is dry."

"But you are going to put on two  
coats, aren't you?" he asked, somewhat  
sharply. "If you do, the last time  
over will cover all the streaks."

"But we must put on the first coat  
just as well as if there were to be no  
second coat. It is just as important  
as to do the work well the last time."

Since that time Robert has grown to  
be a man, but he has not forgotten his  
mother's words. He has noticed that  
many do work just as he started to do  
it that day when painting in the din-  
ing room; but whenever he has been  
tempted to do so, the words of his  
mother have come back to him: "Do  
your work just as if there were to be  
no second coat."

"Have you thoroughly mastered all  
the rules of this lesson?" asked a teacher  
of her class in mathematics one day.

Most of the class thought they had  
done their work well. One boy thought  
fully said:

"I can't say that I have the second  
rule, Miss Dee. But I thought I could  
master it when the review came."

"It isn't safe to slip over work in that  
way," "George," was the quiet reply.

"You are not sure that you will have  
the time when review comes. Do you  
not think it would be better to master  
each lesson as we go along and let the  
review take care of itself?"

George flushed, but he saw the point,  
and was not caught that way again.

"I will plow that little strip when I  
come around again," a young man said  
to himself while working in the field.  
The plow struck a stone and slipped  
over a piece of green turf without turn-  
ing it under.

But the next time around he was  
busily thinking of the particular fur-  
row he was ploughing, and the balk  
escaped his eye for the day.

But all summer long there was a  
green place in the corn field. The  
planter slipped over it; the cultivator  
could not dig it up; no corn grew upon  
it. The little spot of ground went to  
waste.

"If I had pulled the plow back and  
turned that patch of turf over I would  
have been wise." So thought the young  
man when it was too late.

The best time to do good, honest  
work, is the present moment. We are  
sure of this hour, but nothing further.

## Reasons for Lean Christians.

They own Bibles but feast on news-  
papers.

They sing about peace, but do not  
surrender to get it.

They pray that the kingdom of  
heaven may come, but block the way  
by worldly living.

They listen to sermons on unselfish-  
ness, but pamper themselves in food  
and dress.

They wear crosses, but shrink from  
bearing them.

They praise Christ with their lips,  
but declare the things he did to be  
wholly impracticable now.

**SKEPTICISM.**—This is unhappily an  
age of skepticism, but there is one  
point upon which persons acquainted  
with the subject agree, namely, that  
Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is a medicine  
which can be relied upon to cure a  
cough, remove pain, heal sores of  
various kinds, and benefit any inflamed  
portion of the body to which it is  
applied.

No matter if you are hidden in an  
obscure post, never content yourself  
with doing your second best, however  
unimportant the occasion.—Gen. Phil.  
Sheridan.

**A Dinner Pill.**—Many persons suffer  
excruciating agony after partaking of  
a hearty dinner. The food partaken  
of is like a ball of lead upon the  
stomach, and instead of being a healthy  
nutriment it becomes a poison to the  
system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable  
Pills are wonderful correctives of such  
troubles. They correct acidity, open  
secretions and convert the food part-  
aken of into healthy nutriment. They  
are just the medicine to take if troubled  
with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

When the Lord changes our petitions  
in His answers, it is always for the  
better. He regards (according to the  
well-known word of St. Augustine) our  
well better than our will.—R.  
Leighton.

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soothes, it heals, it cures quickly and  
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the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-  
Killer.

Pray do not measure all men by  
yourself. Do not imagine you are the  
universal standard.—John Wesley.

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Croup, Coughs, Colds, Hayward's Yel-  
low Oil will be found an excellent  
remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

## The Manx Tailless Cat.

There are no moles, badgers, foxes,  
or snakes in the Isle of Man. It is  
said that St. Patrick banished the  
moles and snakes when he sent all the  
venomous creatures out of Ireland.  
The badgers and foxes used to be  
plentiful in Foxdale, and the small  
island called the Calf was once famous  
for red deer. All have gone long ago.  
There is nothing peculiar to the island  
in the quadruped line, except the tail-  
less cat. Some say that it is the genu-  
ine native cat of the Isle of Man, others  
that a foreign vessel was wrecked on  
its coast, from which escaped the first  
that was ever seen on shore; but at  
what period this happened, no one  
pretends to say.

The pure Manx cat is a little differ-

ent in appearance to the common  
house-cat—even if it could boast of a  
tail. Its head is small, and its hind  
legs long in comparison with the fore  
ones. When about to fight, it springs  
from the ground and strikes with its  
fore and hind legs at the same time.  
A rabbit does the same. The common  
cat, however, strikes with its fore-  
paws, standing on its hind legs. It  
has greater ease in going up hill than  
down, because of its short fore legs.  
As a mouser it is considered the best  
of all cats.

The value of a cat, in days long  
ago, was fixed by law. "The price of  
a kitten before it could see was a  
penny. After it could see, but before  
it caught a mouse, fourpence—which  
was a very large sum in the tenth  
century. The cat must also be per-  
fect in hearing, sight and smell, and  
have good claws. If any one stole or  
killed the cat that guarded the royal  
granary, he had to give in exchange a  
sheep, its fleece, and a lamb!"

Visitors to the island carry away  
this cat as a curiosity, so there are  
not so many to be seen now as in years  
gone by.—Christian Callister, in Early  
Days (Eng.).

Everything comes to the man who  
waits on himself.

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## The Intelligencer's Jubilee.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1902.

## A PREMIUM.

The INTELLIGENCER is nearing the end of another year of its life.  
The next year will be its fiftieth—its jubilee year.  
It was not begun as a mere business enterprise, nor has it been con-  
tinued as such.

The founder of the INTELLIGENCER in its first issue said, "OUR OB-  
JECT IS TO BE GOOD."

It has been continued in the same spirit and for the same purpose.  
On the eve of its Jubilee year, its editor is 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.

During its nearly half-century of life the INTELLIGENCER has had its  
full share of struggles. All religious papers, as all religious enterprises,  
have difficulties—and some that are not religious have them, too.

But all the time the INTELLIGENCER has held to its purpose—to pro-  
mote the Kingdom of Christ, and has moved along without halting step.

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, whose  
teachings and influences would better its readers.

## New Features.

We desire that its fiftieth year may be its best. And we are plan-  
ning to make it, so far as possible, more attractive and more useful.

We are expecting through the year contributions from a number of  
ministers and others who 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; ideas edi-  
torial 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 de-  
pendent on to introduce it to others.

We ask of all pastors and, also, of all others who be-  
lieve in the INTELLIGENCER, and the cause for which it stands, to make  
now an earnest and systematic canvass for new subscribers.

Besides new subscribers, there are two other things the INTELLI-  
GENCER needs:

1. Payment of all arrears. A considerable amount is due. All of  
it is needed and needed now. Those who are in arrears will be doing  
the paper a kindness by remitting at once.

2. Prompt advance payments for 1902.

These two things well attended to will be a most timely and gratify-  
ing 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 in a  
previous issue to mark the semi-centennial year in another way.

We have, therefore, arranged to offer 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 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.

The present Editor.

The INTELLIGENCER offers to every subscriber a group picture of  
these four men.

## Conditions.

1. The premium picture will be given to every present subscriber  
who pays to the end of 1902—the INTELLIGENCER'S Jubilee year. This,  
of course, requires the payment of arrears when any are due.

2. Every new subscriber paying a year's subscription in advance  
will receive the picture.

## Now is the Time.

The present is a good time to begin 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 arrange to canvass their people?"

We have to depend largely, indeed almost exclusively, on the  
ministers to present our claims of the denominational paper, and to press  
the canvass for subscribers. They will be doing the paper the cause  
they and we stand for a good service if they will give this matter  
attention now.

Three things the INTELLIGENCER needs,—

1. Payment of all subscriptions now due.  
2. Renewals for 1902.  
3. New subscribers from every congregation in the denomination  
in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Let work on these lines begin at once.

Help us make the INTELLIGENCER'S fiftieth year a Jubilee year  
indeed.