

No House for a Boy.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy;
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door—
In a House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order,
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
With a lily on his breast.

—Unidentified.

Conquering Difficulties.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, freckle-faced, awkward boy of eighteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of a humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that person appeared, the boy said, very modestly.

'I would like to attend your evening school, sir.'

'And what do you wish to study?' asked the teacher, roughly.

'I want to learn to read and write, sir,' answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, 'Very well, you can attend, but a bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters.' Then he closed the door in the lad's face.

If that 'bare-legged laddie' had said to the schoolmaster, 'I mean to become a great inventor, to be the friend of rich and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great ones of the earth,' it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor, ignorant lad, who did not know the alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he could. He kept pegging away. His ignorance was a misfortune, and not a fault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in a Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters. When he was five years old he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daytime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older he was set to picking stones from the coal, and after that to driving a horse which drew coal from the pit. He went half-fed and half-clothed; but for 'a that' he had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

For several years he was assistant fireman to his father; then he was made fireman himself. Subsequently, at the age of seventeen, he was posted to a pumping engine, a post superior to his father's.

But all this time, though ignorant of books, he had been studying his engine. Gradually he acquired so complete a knowledge of his machine that he was able to take it apart and make any ordinary repairs. The 'bare-legged laddie' was smarter than he seemed, and this fact the teacher was not long in finding out after he began to teach him.

At the end of two years, by attending evening school, he had learned all that the village schoolmaster could teach him. This brought his school life to an end, but he still kept on studying. He bought books on engineering and mechanics, and spent his leisure in learning what they taught and in experimenting. At last he began to think about making better engines than those around him.

Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of engineer at one of the great collieries of northern England, and he gradually applied his plans for an improved locomotive. He was not entirely successful at first, but he was not discouraged. He saw his mistakes and corrected them. Before he was thirty-five years old he had constructed several locomotive steam engines, and five years afterwards he had become known as a successful and energetic engineer, and was called upon

to build long and difficult lines of railway.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought that he was going crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him:

'Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose while it was running a cow should stray upon the track, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?'

'I should think it might be awkward indeed,' for the cow, he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson.—The Presbyterian.

Nunkie's Dog Story.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

'Halloo, Nunkie!'

Nunkie looked up from the piece of carpenter work that he was doing, and smiled at the boy who, entering the shop, had greeted him in this way.

Nunkie was Uncle John, but the boy in his babyhood had said Nunkie, and had kept on using the name ever since.

'Well, Charlie?'

'I saw Mr. Brown to-day.'

'What about him?'

'He had been drinking again.'

Nunkie sighed. Only the week before, Mr. Brown had promised that he would never touch another drop.

'Isn't he foolish to touch the stuff, when he knows it will make him drunk?'

Charlie went on. 'How can he?'

'I should think he would hate to be like that. I'd keep away from a saloon I would.'

Nunkie looked serious, then he said:

'Charlie, I once knew a dog that was wiser than many a person that I know to-day.'

'A real dog, Nunkie?'

'Yes; a real, live dog.'

'Then it isn't just a story?'

'No; it is all true. This dog lived out in the country, with a man who kept sheep, and one day he attacked and killed one of the sheep. He was caught doing it, and 'Now that he has begun it, he will go on killing more,' said his master; 'he must die.' So he put the dog into a bag with some heavy stones, sewed it up, and drove to a river. Into this river he threw the poor prisoner.

'Oh-h-h!' came pityingly from Charlie.

But Nunkie was smiling, and went on.

'When the man went home again, he found, to his astonishment, that the dog was ahead of him, calmly resting on the hearth.'

'Why—why?' exclaimed the boy, with wide-open eyes and excited manner, 'how could he be, when he had been thrown into the river?'

'That's what the man wondered; but there the dog was, surely enough, and he came to the conclusion that the bag must have been rotten, so that the heavy stones had burst it open.'

'What did the man do with him then?'

Charlie asked eagerly. 'I hope he let him live.'

'While he was wondering what to do with him,' Nunkie continued, 'he discovered that the dog had learned such a lesson that he would not be likely to touch the sheep again. No one could induce that dog to go anywhere near the sheep. He seemed to understand that it was the sheep that had gotten him into trouble, and he was determined to give them plenty of room. Do you not think that he was a very wise dog?'

'Yes, indeed; wiser than Mr. Brown.'

'Yes, or—'

Here Nunkie paused, waiting for Charlie to finish.

'Or,' repeated the boy, 'or anyone who keeps on using tobacco when he knows it is hurting him.'

'Or,' began Nunkie again, but Charlie could not think just then of any more, so his uncle said:

'I'll tell you. Or a boy who again and again lets anger get such control of him that he says and does many things that get him into trouble, and cause him to feel very sorry afterward.'

'Oh—h—h!'

This time the word came slowly and thoughtfully, and there was a different expression on Charlie's face. Somehow there was less of self-satisfaction

'We should all do well to take pattern after the dog in some ways, shouldn't we, lad?'

'Yes, I think so.' And Charlie meant it, too.—The Westminster.

Patty and Fido.

Grandfather was sitting in his big chair. Fido came up to him and grandfather patted him.

Patty came, too, but with an angry little face. 'I want you to whip Fido, grandfather,' she said. 'Here is your cane. Whip him hard.'

'Why do you want Fido whipped, dear?' asked grandfather.

'He's been digging a great hole in my garden. My garden's been so beautiful, you know, and now Fido's scratched and scratched, and spoiled my pansies.'

'Poor Fido,' said grandfather, stroking his head again; 'he doesn't know any better. Can't you forgive him, Patty?'

'Not till he's whipped for it,' said Patty, stoutly. 'That will teach him better.'

'Fido loves you, and I thought you loved him.'

'Well, so I do,' said Patty, slowly. 'He always wags his tail and jumps about when I come, and looks at me just as if he wanted to say, "I'm glad to see you."'

'A long time ago,' said grandfather, 'as much as three or four years, I think, there was a wee baby girl playing about here. Fido was very fond of her, and when she took hold of his hair and toddled at his side, he walked slowly, so that her little feet would not slip. She used to play with him as he lay asleep, and he never got angry when she pulled his ears or his tail.'

'One day she was down by the river with Aunt Amy. She took a swift little run, and before her aunt could catch her, she fell off the bank into the water. Aunt Amy screamed, but there was no one near to help. Then Fido came with a rush and jumped into the water. He took hold of the little one's dress and brought her ashore. If it hadn't been for him, the dear baby would have been drowned.'

'Oh, what a dear doggie!' said Patty.

'Who was the baby, grandfather?'

'It was a little girl we call Patty.'

Patty put her arms round Fido's shaggy neck. 'You shan't be whipped, Fido. Not if you should dig up all my garden.'

'No,' said grandfather, patting both curly heads. 'God has made Fido so that he knows enough to love us and help us when he can. Now, if you want him whipped, you must do it yourself, for I can never forget that he saved a life very precious to me.'

'Oh,' said Patty, putting away the cane, 'I wouldn't do it for the world, grandfather.'

'That is right,' said grandfather. 'After this, when he scratches up your posies, you must remember that he doesn't know when he is doing a naughty thing, as my Patty does, and that, if it had not been for Fido, grandfather would have no little curly-headed girl.'—Sydney Dayre, in Sunbeam.

A Poser in Arithmetic.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows:

'To Fuen-huen, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof.'

When the property was inventoried it was found to consist of nothing more or less than seventeen elephants and it puzzled these three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Suen-punk, for advice. Suen-punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen and said:

'Now, we will suppose your father left these eighteen elephants. Fuen-huen, take your half and depart.'

So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and went his way.

'Now, Nu-pin,' said the wise man, 'take your third and go.'

So Nu-pin took six elephants and traveled.

'Now, Ding-bat,' said the wise man, 'take your ninth and be gone.'

So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamoosed. Then Suen punk took his own elephant and drove him home again.

Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?—Selected.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland P. Q., writes: 'My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my home.'

The Big Brother.

The big brother is only a young man himself, and to the eyes of his father and mother, he does not present a very formidable appearance. But to the little fellow in knickerbockers who gazes at him with awe and profound admiration the big brother is a personage. Little Karl means one of these days to do everything that brother Tom does to be just as strong, as fine, as athletic. If Tom realized it there is no greater responsibility than this, to be the model for a younger soul, to have your speech, your habits, your manners all taken as patterns. I cannot think that the big brother would smoke cigarettes if he reflected that he was setting a bad example to Karl, or use doubtful expressions, or lose his temper if provoked; the thought of the adoring small boy would go far to making the young man always considerate and gentlemanly. And if he were just the sort of big brother one loves, he would let himself be bothered, and even incommoded by the little one's company, would take him off on excursions, and overlook his skating, and show him how to wrestle, and be interested in his lessons and his pets. More than anybody else the big brother educates the little one, and sets on him a stamp for the days to come.

A Lesson on Politeness.

Adrian is three years old, and a few days ago his father bought him a first cap. It is a real soldier cap.

'Now,' said his aunt, 'if Adrian is big enough to have a cap, he is big enough to know what to do with it.'

She took him on her lap, and explained very carefully what gentlemen do with their hats, and how they take them off when they say 'How do you do?' or 'Good-by,' to a lady, and she told him that he must never wear his cap in the house.

At the conclusion of the lesson Adrian went out on the porch to practice it. When Miss Nina passed, he took off his cap and said 'How do?'

'Why, how do you do, you little dear?' said Miss Nina, smiling.

When mamma came up the street, he took off his cap, and she kissed him, and called him her 'precious little man.'

I know some boys twice as big as Adrian, who have not yet learned that lesson of politeness. It is a little thing to be sure, but it is one of those little things that mark the gentlemanly boy. Does it not pay to learn all these trifles well?—Selected.

A Recipe for Making Sausage.

Here is a recipe for making sausage which is going the rounds: First cut the meat fine in a good cutter, one that chops the meat all alike without leaving lumps or strings. If the pork is very fat you can add three or four pounds of lean round steak to forty pounds meat, though it is considered better without this. To this amount of meat add one pound salt, three ounces ground black pepper, one quarter pint sage, and two heaping tablespoonfuls ginger. Mix all thoroughly together and pack in pans, or you can make the bags and fill them. Smooth down well and cover the top with hot lard. This is a very good recipe that has been used for years and has been very successful.

Some may think that the above is hardly the thing for a farmer's page, but we want to see the farmer well taken care of as well as his stock.—Weekly Witness.

Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret-hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments when we meet God alone.—Frederick William Robertson.

A pastor has accomplished a great deal when he has awakened a spirit of earnest inquiry among his people.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.—Ruskin.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Paralee's Pills according to directions under the head of "Dyspepsia or Indigestion." One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least.' These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a catartic is required.

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that the D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

The . . . Religious Intelligencer

Is the only Free Baptist paper in Canada. For forty-eight years it has been the organ of the denomination—the faithful advocate of its doctrines and interests. It has done invaluable service for our cause, and has the strongest claims on all our people.

It is the only paper through which full and accurate news of Free Baptist ministers and churches can be had, and in which the denomination's work, local and general, is properly set forth.

Every year the Conferences commend it to the people. The testimony of pastors is that it is a valuable helper in all their work.

No other paper can fill its place in a Free Baptist family.

And there never was a time when our people needed the INTELLIGENCER more than now.

The life of the INTELLIGENCER is so completely identified with the life of our denomination, and it is so important an arm of our work, that we cannot too strongly urge upon all our people the necessity of giving it hearty support—both for their own sake and for the sake of the cause it represents.

It is very important that the denominational paper should be a regular visitor to every Free Baptist home.

Besides the INTELLIGENCER's value as a denominational paper it is generally acknowledged that there is no better religious and family paper published in the Dominion.

The price is as low as the price of any religious paper of its size in these Provinces. It is worth to Free Baptists much more than it costs them.

Send your subscription for this year!

THE SOONER SENT THE BETTER

Send a new subscriber with your renewal.

\$2.50 will pay for both one year.

Pastors can help much by speaking to their people, soliciting renewals and new subscribers.

Let there be a rally all over the field in behalf of

THE INTELLIGENCER.