

**The Little Feller's Stockin'.**  
 it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight,  
 and the Christmas air is chill,  
 the frosty Christmas holly shines and  
 sparkles on the hill,  
 the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle, and  
 the Christmas laughter rings,  
 the last stray shoppers hurry, takin'  
 home the Christmas things;  
 up yonder in the attic there's a little  
 trundle bed  
 where there's Christmas dreams a dancin'  
 through a sleepy, curly head,  
 it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once  
 again for me and you,  
 the little feller's stockin' hangin' up  
 beside the flue.

...silk, that little stockin', and it isn't  
 much for show,  
 the darns are pretty plenty round  
 about the heel and toe,  
 its color's kind-r faded, and it's sorter  
 worn and old,  
 really is surprisin' what a lot of love  
 it'll hold;  
 a grip upon our heartstrings that is  
 mighty firm and strong;  
 and Santy, don't forget it, though it  
 isn't fine and new,  
 it's plain little worsted stockin' hangin'  
 up beside the flue.

...the crops may fall, and leave us with  
 our plans all gone to smash.  
 the mortgage may hang heavy, and  
 the bills use up the cash,  
 whenever comes the season, jest so  
 long's we've got a dime,  
 it'll be something, in that stockin'—  
 won't there, Mary?—every time.  
 if, in amongst our sunshine, there's a  
 shower or two of rain,  
 we'll face it bravely smilin', and  
 we'll try not to complain  
 as Christmas comes and finds us  
 here together, me and you,  
 the little feller's stockin' hangin' up  
 beside the flue.

**Jimmy's 'Club.'**  
 A TRUE STORY.

...gentleman sat in a plain office,  
 with his head over a perplexing  
 question. He was the agent of a bene-  
 volent society, organized to help the  
 poor of a great city. The trouble was

...Thanksgiving was at hand and he  
 had not money enough to do all that  
 was wished to do on the coming day.  
 Now, too, many families who lived  
 on the edge of the city, to whom Thanks-  
 giving gave little apparent reason for  
 their poverty.

...knew young men who did not  
 like to spend three dollars on a  
 rose. He knew young ladies  
 who thought nothing of wasting more  
 than five dollars a week on candy.

...hundreds of the extremely  
 good-looking to this man for one good  
 reason. At Thanksgiving time. For one  
 year in the year they hoped to have  
 a good dinner. How was he to give it?

...three or four dirty faces  
 peering through the window; a tinnil  
 followed. Five street boys and  
 somewhat tattered little girls  
 were in. The agent recognized  
 the members of a mission Sabbath  
 school. He said, pleasantly;

...all, children, what can I do for  
 you today?  
 "Givin'," answered the children,  
 "givin'."

...Jimmy, you tell," said one of  
 the girls, giving the tallest boy a shove.  
 He fumbled in his ragged pocket,  
 and slowly produced a large handful  
 of pennies and small change.

...are a Club," said Jimmy, with a  
 fair. "There's twenty of us  
 in the club."

...girls are in it too," interrupted  
 the boy who gave the shove.  
 "Come from Cummin's Alley,  
 where a club to help Thanksgiving."  
 "Here's—nine dollars and  
 fifty cents."

...agent stared at the large sum,  
 and at what cost of self-sacrifice  
 the givers could say.  
 "For them that can't git no dinner,"  
 said the little spokesman.

The dinners were bought. 'The  
 Club' distributed them. The children's  
 first plan was to put a cabbage in with  
 each dinner, the agent says. But  
 there were not cabbages enough to go  
 around. So they cut each cabbage into  
 quarters, and put one piece into each  
 bag.

That club of twenty poverty-stricken  
 children worked until nine o'clock at  
 night on the day before Thanksgiving,  
 distributing thirty-five dinners to  
 people "poorer than themselves."

This is a true story, and one that  
 should make our easy blood tingle with  
 something akin to shame.—Ex

**The Slight in the Job.**

'You are slighting that job, Ben,  
 remarked old Henry, the foreman,  
 standing beside Ben Perry's bench.

'Pooh! what are the odds? nobody  
 is going to see this; it will be covered  
 up all right,' responded the young  
 workman carelessly.

'Yes, it will be covered up; that is  
 true. But some time it is bound to be  
 taken apart; and the workman who  
 does it, if he knows his business, will  
 say, 'The man who did this job was  
 either a shirk or a poor workman.'

Ben laughed good-naturedly.  
 'Pshaw! what if he does? I will not  
 be there to hear his opinion, Henry.  
 You know there is nothing very par-  
 ticular about this, and I am in a great  
 hurry to get it out of the way.'

'But you will know it yourself, won't  
 you?' demanded the old man.

'Eh? what do mean?' and Ben  
 turned a puzzled glance upon him.

'Why, don't you like to know in  
 your heart that the work you do is all  
 right?'

'But what are the odds, when no-  
 body is going to see it? It will never  
 be found out who did it.'

'I tell you,' said old Henry, shaking  
 his head, 'a lie is sure to be found out.'

'Who has told a lie?' demanded Ben,  
 with some heat.

'You are telling one now, my boy,'  
 said the foreman calmly. 'A slight in  
 your work is a lie; that is what I have  
 always believed. Let me tell you, a  
 slight in a job will be surely dis-  
 covered.'

'This makes me think of a couple of  
 men I knew once, who were building  
 a piece of wall,' went on the old man.  
 'One of them, in setting a brick, found  
 it just a grain thicker on one side than  
 on the other. The other man said, 'It  
 will make your wall untrue, Henry.'—

'yes, I will admit I was the man he  
 spoke to.'

'Pooh! that makes no difference,'  
 said I. 'You are too particular.'

'It will make a difference, You  
 wait and see,' said he, 'Sooner or later  
 that lie will show itself.'

'And would you believe it,' pursued  
 the foreman, shaking his long finger at  
 Ben, 'he was right, I kept on laying  
 brick, and carrying the wall up higher  
 and higher, right up to quitting time  
 at night, and as far as I could see the  
 wall I built was just as good as his.'

'But when I came back in the morn-  
 ing, that laying brick had worked the  
 end of all lies. The wall, getting a  
 little slant from it, had got more and  
 more untrue as I carried it up, and  
 during the night the whole business  
 toppled over, and I lost my job. I  
 tell you, Ben a slight is a lie, and a lie  
 doesn't pay—'

But his listener was already undoing  
 the hasty work he had performed, and  
 later did it all over again, and with his  
 accustomed care.—Forward.

**A Little African Animal.**

'Wouldn't you think yours was a  
 long tongue if it was as long as your  
 whole body?' asks Olive Thorne  
 Miller, who knows so much about  
 animals of all kinds. 'Well, odd as it  
 seems, there is a little fellow that lives  
 in Africa, with just such a tongue, and  
 you cannot imagine how useful it is to  
 him. You see, he is a dignified, slow-  
 moving little creature, and he lives on  
 insects and such lively game. He  
 could never catch them, and might  
 starve to death, if it were not that he  
 can dart out, quick as a flash, a tongue  
 fully as long as his body. The end of  
 the droll weapon is sticky, and holds  
 fast any unfortunate insect that it  
 touches.'

The little animal of which I speak,  
 is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't  
 the only droll thing about him. His  
 eyes are very curious. To begin with,  
 they are very large and round, and  
 stick out like big heads on the side of  
 his head; and the funniest thing is  
 that he can turn them different ways,  
 so as to see all round him. He can  
 turn one up and the other down, or he  
 can turn one forward and the other  
 backward and thus see everywhere. It  
 must be a very small fly which can  
 escape these sharp eyes.'

We all know of his ability to change  
 his color; and another writer tells us  
 that the chameleon, when agitated or  
 in a hurry, sometimes breaks or casts  
 off his long tail. This seems to cau e

no physical pain, but the lizard is evi-  
 dently ashamed of his awkward appear-  
 ance afterwards, and hides himself in  
 corners. As he uses his tail as a sort  
 of spring by which to leap, the loss of  
 it makes a good deal of difference to  
 the little creature.

The chameleons make very gentle  
 and interesting pets. They will run  
 over one's hands, and watch eagerly  
 for one to catch flies for them. They  
 love sunshine and fresh air, and will  
 swallow in the latter occasionally in  
 great gulps, expanding a sort of pouch  
 under their neck by the process. Al-  
 though gentle when kindly treated,  
 they will show anger if teased, open-  
 ing their mouth in a ludicrous way,  
 and assuming what they evidently  
 think is a threatening attitude.—

**Work Away.**

Jim was a poor little newsboy. He  
 wanted to buy a cake for his little sis-  
 ter because it was her birthday. But  
 if he sold all his papers, he would not  
 have any money to spare; his mother  
 needed it, for she was poor.

'I wish I could raise three cents  
 extra,' he said to Will, his little com-  
 rade.

'Work away then,' sharply answered  
 Will, and he ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He  
 sold a great many of them; and when  
 he was tired, Will's words, 'work  
 away,' would come back to him, and  
 he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when  
 he went into a horse-car. All the  
 people in it had papers or shook their  
 heads at him except one young lady.

She looked at the little boy, and  
 bought a paper of him. It cost one  
 cent. She handed him a five-cent  
 piece. Jim was going to give her the  
 change, when she smiled at him and  
 said: 'The rest is for you.'

Then he ran to buy the little frosted  
 cake for his sister. Kitty gave him  
 some of it, and as they were eating it  
 he said: 'I wish that lady knew.'

And then he thought how glad he was  
 that he had 'worked away' instead of  
 giving up.—Child's Hour.

**How Do You Treat Your Sister.**

It is the easiest thing in the world  
 for a boy to be polite to some other  
 fellow's sister. Then why is it that  
 some of them find it so hard to remem-  
 ber to be equally courteous to their  
 sisters? Many a boy is rude to his  
 sister without really realizing it: in  
 other words, he forgets to be polite.

Then, again, he is afraid of being  
 dubbed a 'sissy,' if he should be caught  
 paying some attention to his sister. It  
 is a bad habit for anyone to get into  
 —that of saving one's polite ways for  
 outsiders.

If she asks you a question, don't an-  
 swer her in a rude or careless manner,  
 as if you thought she did not know  
 what she was talking about, and wasn't  
 worth listening to.

Don't tease her, and make fun of  
 her in any way to hurt her feelings.  
 You wouldn't do that to some other  
 girl.

You can just bank all you have on  
 the boy who is kind and thoughtful to  
 his own, for you may be sure he will  
 develop into the right sort of a man,  
 and is bound to win the respect and  
 admiration of every one.—

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 cents. All druggists.

A doctor can persuade a woman to  
 have almost anything amputated—ex-  
 cept her tongue.

**SORE FEET.**—Mrs. E. J. Neil, New  
 Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly  
 six months I was troubled with burn-  
 ing aches and pains in my feet to such  
 an extent that I could not sleep at  
 night, and as my feet were badly  
 swollen I could not wear my boots for  
 weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr.  
 Thomas's Electric Oil and resolved to  
 try it and to my astonishment I got  
 almost instant relief, and the one  
 bottle accomplished a perfect cure.

**Work Away.**

A physician always asks a sick man  
 what ails him, and then proceeds to  
 charge him \$2 for the information.

"D. & L." EMULSION OF COD LIVER  
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 and loss of appetite, is sure to give  
 the best results. It restores health  
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**The Intelligencer's Jubilee.**

**ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1902.**

**A PREMIUM.**

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**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 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 edi-  
 torials 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-  
 pended 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,  
 1897.

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 the 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.