

The Years Pass On.

"When I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do! I'll be great and good and noble and true; I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—No one shall ever be turned from my door; But I'm only a little girl now." And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time To think of heaven and things sublime; My time is now full of studies and play, But I really mean to begin some day: I'm only a little girl now." And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman, a gay maiden's id I'll try to do right, and not be afraid: I'll be a Christian and give up the joys Of the world with all its dazzling toys; But I'm only a young girl now." And so the years pass on.

"Ah me!" sighed a woman gray with years, Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears, I've kept putting off the time to be good, Instead of beginning to do as I should; But I'm an old woman now." And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right: To-day, whether skies be dark or bright, Make others happy by good deeds of love, Looking to Jesus for help from above; And then you'll be happy now." And so the years pass on.

Old Jim's Good Sense.

Herbert was riding home from the village with Farmer Smith. As they were jogging quietly along the pleasant country road, a man came driving up at a furious rate and passed them. He was beating his poor old horse unmercifully, and half-hoisting, while he swayed from side to side as though he might fall off his seat any moment.

Herbert had just been reading 'Black Beauty,' and the sight of an abused horse made him very indignant. 'What a shame,' he said, 'that men should be allowed to beat their horses like that?'

'Yes?' said Farmer Smith, 'the old horse is having a hard time; but it's my opinion the fellow on the seat is more to be pitied.'

'Is he drunk?' Herbert asked. 'I should say so!' the farmer replied; and what's worse, this isn't the first time, nor is it likely to be the last one.'

'I should think,' said Herbert, 'that after a man got drunk once, he would be so ashamed of himself that he'd never touch anything that could make him drunk again.'

'Well,' so should I, rejoined the farmer; 'and if he only had as much sense as our old Jim, he never would.'

'Who was Jim?' 'He was a horse that belonged to my father. He had been one of the finest horses in the country, and was handsome even in his old age—all but his tail; some cruel fellow, before my father bought him, and cut half of that off.'

'After he grew too stiff to drive, father used to let him run in the orchard. One fall we had a great crop of apples—so many that we didn't know what to do with them. We heaped up all the bins in the cellar; we sold a few; we gave away what we could, but every one else had plenty, too; we fed bushels of them to the pigs, and there were still heaps of them left on the ground under the trees.'

'Now Jim loved apples and he ate his fill of them every day. When the cold, frosty nights came on, the apples froze; but they thawed in the daytime, and if you have ever eaten an apple after it has frozen and then thawed, you know it is pretty fair eating—something like a baked apple. So Jim kept on enjoying his fruit. But there came a warm spell—and then what happened to the apples, do you suppose?'

'They rotted,' said Herbert. 'Not quite yet; you see they were like cooked apples. What happens to the apple-sauce when you let it stand instead of eating it?'

'It spoils,' said Herbert. 'Oh, I know now—it ferments; the sweet in it, turns into alcohol. We studied about that in school.'

'Exactly; and that's what took place in these apples. And there was just the least bit more alcohol in them each day. But poor old Jim was so fond of them he kept on eating—he may not have noticed the change in taste, it was so gradual—till one day we found him in a sorry plight!'

'He was braced against the trunk of a tree with his feet spread far apart, and seemed to be very sick. We children ran for father. He came with the two hired men. Father looked him over carefully. Finally he picked up one of the apples from the pile at Jim's feet—it was brown and dripping with juice—and smelled of it.'

'H'm!' he said, 'I verily believe the old fellow is drunk!'

'And sure enough he was. With the help of the three men he staggered to the barn, where they left him lying in his stall on a good bed of straw.'

'We didn't let him into the orchard again for several days. When we did

we watched to see what he would do. He walked slowly among the trees till he came to one of those apple piles. He put down his nose and smelled of them suspiciously, then lifted his head with a snort, gave that forlorn little tail of his an angry switch, and went charging off down to the farther end of the orchard. Not one of us ever saw him touch an apple again.—Happy Hours.

Tom's Awakening.

In one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily family prayers.

His father is a well known merchant, of definite and well-fixed religious ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family, guests, servants, and all, assemble in the drawing-room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the Bible, and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's Prayer; in that the whole family joins.

To the lively impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore; it interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayers arrived.

His father tried all sorts of punishments, rebukes—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt.

Finally, one morning just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said:

'My boy, you are now sixteen—old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home—and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers.'

The boy was taken by surprise, and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure:

'All right, Father.'

But his heart beat tumultuously. The next morning his father handed him the Bible, and told him he was to lead the family worship.

'But I can't make a prayer as you do,' whispered the son.

'You can repeat the Lord's Prayer,' said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he led them in the Lord's Prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to 'and forgive us our trespasses as we—' he burst into tears, and, jumping up rushed upstairs to his room, and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but he did not know what. He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him upstairs. He leaned over and patted his boy upon the head.

'What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you.'

'Father,' sobbed the boy, 'I couldn't lead in prayers. I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before.'

'You would better tell your teacher to-day, Tom.'

'I will, I promise you,' was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye and said:

'I don't see how anyone can pray aloud before people unless he can wash everything off the slate and know that it is clean.'

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder.

'My dear boy,' he said, 'you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one cannot go to his heavenly Father until 'this slate is clean,' as you say, but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean, and helps to make it clean, that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better.—Selected.

The Hedgehog.

'What kind of a hog is a hedgehog?' asked Fletcher. 'Its picture looks more like a possum than a hog to me.'

'The hedgehog,' replied his father, laying down his newspaper, 'is a queer little animal that is found in woods and gardens all over Europe. It is an insect eater, although it is said to devour mice and snakes also with the keenest relish.'

'Did you ever see one, father?' questioned Fletcher, who was fond of getting his information from eye-witnesses.

'Yes. They are often to be seen in zoological gardens, and I knew a little boy once who had a hedgehog for a pet.'

'A pet hedgehog?' laughed Fletcher. 'That would be worse than my pet coon that you all made so much fun of.'

'Yes, I think myself that one might find more attractive pets. But it certainly is curious, if not handsome. Look at its little dumpy body, its long, narrow snout, and its small, dull looking eyes. The creature is only about ten inches long, and is covered with long hairy 'spines,' and these spines are the funniest things about Mr. Hedgehog. Just as soon as he is touched, or when he thinks any danger is near, the little fellow draws himself up in a perfect ball, with the sharp elastic spines sticking out in every direction. It is a rare thing that any other animal can successfully attack this queer little ball, which is about as pleasant to handle as a 'prickly pear,' I fancy. No matter what part of it you touch, you are sure to get stuck.'

'You say it is an insect eater?' asked Fletcher, greatly interested.

'Yes, it eats insects, and many other things besides. It is fond of fruits and plants, and likes eggs so well that gentlemen who have what is called 'game preserves' can not tolerate a hedgehog, as they say it destroys their bird eggs.'

'I should like to turn it loose on those English sparrows that keep building their nests in our gutters,' put in Fletcher with spirit.

'I should not mind that myself,' said his father. 'Many people claim the hedgehog is guilty of seeking cows and hunting their udders, but nobody has ever been known to see this done, and men who have studied the habits of the little creature say that its mouth is too small for such a thing to be possible.'

The hedgehog is a hibernating animal, and goes into a complete state of collapse during the cold weather. Its pulse dies out and no sign of life appears, but it lies in its nest of dry leaves until the warm weather appears.

The little hedgehogs have 'spines' on them but they are soft and white nor do they get hard and dark centred until the spring after their birth. One rarely hears the voice of this peculiar animal, but when heard it is a sort of peculiar whine not at all pleasing or musical.—Children's Visitor.

The Brain's Five Servants.

Mr. Brain sits in his office in the head. He is a very busy man. He wears three coats all the time, in summer as well as in winter. He never has time to go outside even for a minute. But he knows all that is going on in the big world around him.

He has five good servants, who come to him every minute to tell him what people are doing outside. Their names are Touch, Taste, Smell, Sight, and Sound.

Master Touch is a very busy fellow. He has more to do than any of his friends. He stands at every door, to tell the Brain if the body is in danger.

Master Taste is next of kin to him. He lives in a neat little house that has a pretty ivory fence in front and red curtains at the sides. His house is called the mouth, and is fenced in by the teeth. Each day's meals are examined by Taste, to see if they are all right, and won't make the body sick.

Master Smell lives close by in a tiny house called 'the nose,' and keeps busy.

Sight looks out forward through two round windows that have white fringed curtains to drop over them when they are tired working. Everything that happens is seen by them and told to the Brain.

Hearing carries all sounds to the Brain, so that it is always on the lookout to keep the body out of danger.—Olive Platts.

Be Kind to Animals.

'When I was a boy and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said: 'There is something wrong here; let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at the harness, and then said: 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was: and but for that neighbor we would have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm because he laid down when he couldn't breathe.

'It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly. Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or

faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and can't tell you. Think before you strike any creature that can not speak.—The Presbyterian.

Rules of Politeness for Children

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.
2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters, and schoolmates as you are to strangers.
3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them, or they speak to you.
4. Do not bluntly contradict anyone.
5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.
6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum, or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar.
7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing, or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.
8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.—Pacific.

The most momentous truth of religion is that Christ is in the Christian.—Henry Drummond.

We need to plant churches where he masses are that the religion of Jesus Christ may be proclaimed as the salvation of the world. Salt in the warehouse in hog-heads is not as good as one pound applied.

A preacher with his hope gone on in twenty days make all the heads of all his congregation hang down like bulrushes.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parlee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effluvia from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The Horse—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, relieved by it.

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A PREMIUM.

This is the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year—its jubilee year.

We are 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. 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, all whose teachings and influences would benefit its readers.

New Features

We desire that its fiftieth year may be its best. And we are planning to make it 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 Women'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 editorials 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 depended on to introduce it to others.

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

Besides new subscribers, there are two other things the INTELLIGENCER needs:

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

2. Prompt advance payments. These things well attended to will be a most timely and gratifying way of celebrating the INTELLIGENCER's Jubilee.

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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 publisher, 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.

Rev. Jos. McLeod has been editor and manager since March 1867.

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