

The English Language.

A farmer was trying to plough
With a jackass hitched up to a cough,
When they kicked up a terrible rough,
Said the farmer: 'It's hard, I though
I could do near as well with a cough;
I will rest 'neath the shade of this bough;

'Such driving for me is too rough;
I've had of it nearly enough;
I'll give this old jackass a cough
And quit, for I'm quite in a bough,
And ploughing is almighty tough.

'With farming I'm glad to be through—
My wife, she is tired of it, tough;
We're wet with rain and the dough,
And ploughing has made me quite b'ough.

'I'll sell out and pocket the dough,
To the city I'll glad enough go,
I'll through down the shovel and bough,
In Wall Street my money I'll blough.

'My wife has contracted a cough,
'Tis time for us both to be bough!'
—New York Sun.

A Talk on Heroes.

Ever since Colonel Seyton showed
Ted how to salute properly, he was
'clean gone 'strated,' as old Sambo
said, on all subjects relating to war.
Even in Sunday school, Miss Neale
found him unresponsive to everything
less bloodthirsty than the slaughter of
the Philistines, or the taking of Ai;
and, upon introducing such a topic for
his especial interest, she found new
difficulties; he was inclined to monopolize
the talk and give severe criticisms
of ancient methods of warfare. For
instance, on the taking of Jericho, he
insisted that such marching about the
walls under the javelins of the garrison
was an exceedingly precarious
method; and he stood up excitedly to
give his own plan of assault, when a
low stir of laughter among the near
classes brought him down, silent and
flushed.

'Well,' said Miss Neale, with a twinkle
in her eyes that always warned the
boys of an awakening topic—'the re-
ville,' Ted always called it—'why not
have a war ourselves? Do you all
want to fight?'

They looked a bit doubtful over
such close ranging of the subject, and
young Joe got quite white.

'Now?' he asked anxiously; 'here?'
'Certainly; why put off a good thing?
Ted, whom would you like to kill?'

'Oh!' said Ted, much aggrieved, 'I
don't want to kill anybody right now.'

'Why not?'

'Because,' weakly, 'I don't.'

'When would you like to begin?'

Ted fidgeted and then gave a nervous
laugh.

'You make me feel creepy,' he said.

'Yes,' added Jack, with wide-open
eyes; 'you speak as if fighting for one's
country were—were murdering people.'

'No,' gravely; 'a brave man must
fight for his country if she needs him;
but she doesn't need you now, so you
have more time for another kind of
war.'

'Oh!' said Joe, with a long breath,
'you mean fighting faults.'

'Giant,' answered Miss Neale, with
a bright nod.

'Pshaw! you can't get to be a hero,'
muttered Ted, tilting his nose, 'and
have triumphal arches built for you
that sort of way.'

'No? What is a hero?'

'It's from Latin, heroes,' replied
Hugh, surnamed 'Still' for his quiet
ways; 'and the ancients thought a
hero became a god when he died.'

'It's a demigod, and the Greek has
it too,' added Jack, not willing to be
elipsed in learning.

'It's a great, brave man,' said little
Joe, as Miss Neale's eyes came to him.

'A man who can't be beat,' said Ted.

'Well,' said Miss Neale, smiling, 'we
will take that; it is a strong definition,
Ted; a man who cannot be beaten;
master of himself and any circumstance
that meets him.'

Ted looked rather taken aback by
this point of view, but he said nothing.

'Master of himself,' repeated Jack,
reflectively; 'that's where the fighting
would be.'

'Yes; there are giants all along that
line.'

'Which,' asked Hugh, with a pucker
over his nose, 'do you consider the
best of them, Miss Neale?'

'Selfishness?' she suggested.

'Is laziness one?' asked Tom, and
there was a laugh, for all the boys
knew how often Tom was late for
school.

'O, dear, yes!' and Miss Neale shook
her head; 'and envy, and conceit, and
so many more; fighting them
really does make heroes, Ted.'

'Yes, Miss Neale,' said Ted, meekly;
'mean—I—'

'Triumphal arches,' she suggested,
with her bright, keen look.

'Well,' coloring a bit, 'they're fine
have.'

'They are, indeed; and finer to
serve, I should like to build one for
the honor of some heroes who simply
died still once, at attention,' she said,
gliding at Ted.

'Tell us, the boys said.

'You'll find the story in Napier, how
at the sinking of the 'Birkenhead,'
four hundred men at the call of their
officers, Captains Wright and Girardot,
calmly and without a murmur accepted
death in a horrible form rather than
endanger the women and children who
could be saved in the boats. Captain
Wright gave the word for the men to
fall in on deck by companies, knowing
that the sea below them was full of
sharks, and that the ship could not
possibly float till the boats came back;
and the men fell in, knowing this also
and stood at attention without utter-
ing a word, till she keeled over and
went down with them.'

There was a little silence. The
superintendent was coming up the aisle
to him desk.

Long before, there was a death
nobler still,' said Miss Neale, softly,
'and triumphal arches are reaching
over all the world.'

'Churches!' murmured little Joe.
The superintendent's bell rang, and
the hymn he announced was that: ring-
ing, sweet old psalm:

'All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal ad-
dem.
And crown Him Lord of all.'

Miss Neale's boys did not look at
her or at each other as they stood up,
but their voices rang out with a res-
olute sort of emphasis, and Ted's was in
the lead.—Sabbath School Visitor.

How the Wrong-Doing was Blotted Out.

Tom was not a bad boy—indeed, his
teacher had classed him among the
pretty good boys. He had his faults,
but I am not going to tell them to you.
One day he got 'all twisted up,' as he
called it. Things went wrong, and he
disobeyed his teacher. I cannot tell
tales out of school, so you shall not
know just what he did, but it was
something very wrong.

The next morning, instead of a
pleasant smile and a cheery greeting,
Miss Hall, his teacher, saw only a
hurried glance and a troubled down-
ward look. After prayers Tom was
sent to a room by himself, that he
might think and decide what to do.

He was not to join in his class work
till he had decided. Tom thought: he
knew that he had done wrong. He
was sorry, for he loved his teacher,
and he had seldom been punished; but
Miss Hall felt that his offence could
not be overlooked. At the recess she
went in to see him, and said:

'Well, my boy, what shall we do?'

'I don't know, teacher,' he replied,
'I did very wrong, and I'm sorry.'

'I know you are sorry,' said the
teacher, 'and I dislike to punish you
but I do not see how I can help it; do
you?'

'No, ma'am. I know I ought to be
punished.'

'What shall it be, my boy?'

'Just what you say, teacher.'

'Are you willing in some way to tell
the boys what you have told me?'

'I am willing,' Tom answered eagerly.
'Will you write it on the board, or
say it?'

'I had rather write it teacher.' So
together Tom and his teacher went
back to the school room, and on the
blackboard, behind the teacher's table,
Tom wrote, and you may be sure the
room was very still when Tom was
writing. You could hear the clock
tick. Tom felt rather flustered by the
unusual silence, and could not remem-
ber to spell as well as usual. He
stopped at one word and looking up to
his teacher, said in low voice, 'How
do you spell sorry, Miss Hall—with
two r's or one? He will never forget
how to spell that word, I know.'

When he had finished writing, he
slipped back into the room, and let the
blackboard tell its own story, and they
read:

'I disobeyed my teacher yesterday;
I am sorry, and I will try to do as she
wishes in future.'

'THOMAS CARR.'

Then the teacher said, 'I know you
will all be generous enough to say
nothing of this to the one who has so
nobly confessed his wrong.' Then she
wrote Res—meaning Reserve—above
the words, and there they stood all
day. Tom saw them every time he
looked up and often when he didn't,
too, and he thought, 'O dear, if I had
not done wrong, if I could only take it
back and rub out those hateful words!'

The next morning Tom dreaded to
go to school, thinking of the hand-
writing on the board till the bell rang
and the teacher said, 'I have rubbed
out the words that were written here
yesterday. Will the scholars get their
Bibles and read what is in their place?'

In place of Tom's confession the
teacher had written 'Isaiah xliii. 25.'

Every Bible was quickly turned, and
the passage silently read, and many a
quick, intelligent glance turned to-
wards the desk. 'Please, teacher, let
us read it together,' said one.

So all read in subdued, tones these
beautiful words.

I, even I am He that bloteth out
thy transgressions for Mine own sake,
and will not remember thy sins.'—
Children's Messenger.

Uncle Joe's Corner.

'Haven't you wondered sometimes
what people meant when they said
they had to 'work like a dog? We do
not put dogs at any hard work in this
country. I think the saying must
have been borrowed from some coun-
try where they work dogs real hard, as
they do in Holland and Belgium.
There one sees everywhere funny little
carts to which dogs are harnessed. In
Belgium this is done in the same way
as you harness a horse to a wagon, but
in Holland these dogs are put between
the wheels and under the cart, and a
peculiar arrangement like an old-fash-
ioned bed-spring is fastened round the
back of their heads.'

In the country places in Belgium the
dogs of an make a l the butter, a sort
of tread-mill being fastened to an ordi-
nary churn, which they can turn with
their feet. I wish you could see them
at this work; you would think it a
very funny sight. After the butter is
made, they are harnessed to the little
carts and driven off to deliver the milk
to the customers. And hard work it is,
for the great copper cans that hold the
milk are real heavy, and you would
feel sorry for the poor dogs as they pull
their leads round the streets. The
rough harnesses wear off their hair,
and cause great sores on their tender
backs, and their feet are often lamed
by the toes catching in the tread-mill
churns, but for all that they wag their
tails and lick the hands of their masters
as fondly as do our own more fortunate
pets. They have to carry other things
as well as milk; everything almost that
a horse or donkey would do in other
countries dogs must do in Holland and
Belgium, even their owners being taken
out for a ride behind them sometimes.

But you would never guess what
other use has been made of dogs in
Belgium. In one city there, Ghent,
they are a part of the police force.
They have been trained so that they
have become very efficient. Dummy
figures are made up to look like thieves
and other bad people, and the dog is
taught to seek them out and to seize
and hold them without hurting them
much. The dogs are also taught to
swim and seize hold of persons in the
water, to save them from drowning; to
climb steel walls so as to get hold of
burglars; and they do all these things
so well that the plan of making them
policemen is to be used in other cities.

Don't you think the dogs in those
countries know what it is to work like
a dog? I do.—Uncle Joe, in the
American Weekly.

The Story of Taffy.

A littlerough terrier who was brought
to the Animal Rescue League was far
from being a beauty.

'He is so homely I can't find a home
for him,' the matron said to a visitor;
'but it seems a pity to chloroform him,
he's so affectionate.'

The visitor went out to look at him,
and found him a sorry-looking spectacle.

A life of unknown hardship on the
streets had not helped to develop what-
ever traces of beauty he may have
been born with. He was lean to boni-
ness; and his unkempt little coat was
rough and rusty; but his eyes were
like two jewels.

'He has beautiful eyes,' said the
visitor.

'Yes, he has,' said the matron, 'and
a lovely disposition. I wish we could
find a good home for him, but his body
seems to want him.'

Somebody did take him, however,
in spite of his homeliness.

'He is so funny and ugly that I can-
not help liking him,' she said; and
Taffy, as he was called, went to a beau-
tiful home in the country. A month of
good feeding, patient training, and,
above all, of loving kindness, developed
the poor little stray 'mongrel' into a
sturdy, alert little dog. His coat grew
glossy and sleek, and his beautiful
pleading eyes bright and saucy. Not
long ago his kind mistress showed him
to a friend, who asked her,—

'Where did you get your Ayrshire
terrier?'

'He is only a little mongrel I took
from the Animal Rescue League,' ex-
plained Taffy's mistress.

'For all that he is an Ayrshire terrier
and a very nice specimen, replied the
friend.

But I doubt if Taffy's mistress loves
him any better than when she believed
him to be merely a little mongrel.—E.
B. Barry, in the Beacon.

Happiness is composite; pain is
simple. It may take a hundred things
to make a man happy, but it never
needs more than one to make him
suffer.—F. Marion Crawford.

Stone By Stone.

Tom and Robert were walking
through the woods. They came to a
stream of water; both stopped, delib-
erating what was best to be done.

'I am going to leap it,' said Tom.
'I am going to work my way over,
stone by stone,' said the more prudent
Robert.

Tom leaped, and, missing his foot-
ing, fell into the stream, whilst Robert,
working his way carefully from one
stone to another, landed safe and dry
on the other side.

Boys, learn the lesson while yet
young; the shortest way often appears
the longest. Do not try to leap across
the stream of difficulties that separates
you from the shores of success.
Perseverance, diligence and determi-
nation are all stones cast across the
stream of life. A leap will bring you
down among them wounded and bruised.
But conquer them, stone by
stone and ultimately you will reach
the other shore—the coveted land of
success. Remember do not leap;
work your way across the stream,
stone by stone.

Home Hints.

The foot of a coarse cotton stocking
is superior to a sponge for bathing
purposes.

The average walking pace of a
healthy man or woman is said to be
75 steps a minute.

A drinking glass placed between
sheets in a bed will gather moisture if
there is damp.

The virtue of a poultice lies in its
heat, softness and moisture, therefore
it should be changed frequently.

Remember that when baking powder
or soda is used the cake must be baked
immediately, or it will be heavy.

Meat must always be cooked with
the fat downward.

Whipped cream is more easily dig-
ested than plain cream.

If the waste pipe is clogged with
grease pour down a pailful of boiling
water, in which you have dissolved a
cupful of soda. You may have to do
this two or three times before the im-
purities are removed.

Plum-pudding if made properly
and hung up in a cool dry place, will
keep for months, and be improved for
the keeping. They can be boiled
again from one to two hours, according
to size.

Scrambled Eggs.—Take two eggs,
pepper and salt, one ounce of butter,
one dessert-spoonful of milk; buttered
toast. Beat up the eggs with the
milk, season with pepper and salt;
melt the butter, pour in the eggs, and
keep them stirred till creamy and
about to set. Spread out on buttered
toast, garnish with crisp parsley, and
serve hot.

Cure for Flies.—As summer is
nearly here, the following will prove
useful to house-wives in general: Boil
three or four onions in a pint of water;
then with a gilding brush do over
your glasses and frames, and resc-
assured the flies will not alight on the
articles washed. This may be used
without apprehension, as it will not
do the least injury to the frames.

Some Way To Stop Nose-Bleed.

Have the child sit up straight, and
hold the nostrils tightly together.
Wrap a small piece of ice in a little
cotton wool, and gently rub the out-
side of the nose with it. If this does
not stop it, you may have the child
raise his arms above his head, and put
a lap of tissue paper under his upper
lip, holding it there firmly. Do not
allow the child to blow his nose for
some time after the bleeding has stop-
ped. If the attacks are frequent, con-
sult a good physician, as there may
be some disease of the blood or blood-
vessels which should be treated before
things have gone too far.—Ladies'
Home Journal.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind
that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has
nothing in common with the impure,
deteriorating glass of so-called medicinal
oils. It is eminently pure and really
efficacious—relieving pain and lame-
ness, stiffness of the joints and muscles,
and sores or hurts, besides being an
excellent specific for rheumatism,
coughs and bronchial complaints.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills
are constantly receiving letters similar
to the following, which explains itself.
Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont.,
writes: 'I never used any medicine
that can equal Parmelee's Pills for
Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Com-
plaints. The relief experienced after
using them was wonderful.' As a
safe family medicine Parmelee's Vege-
table Pills can be given in all cases re-
quiring a cathartic.

The essential lung-healing principle
of the pine tree has finally been suc-
cessfully separated and refined into a
perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all
dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.
Price 25 cents.

The Intelligencer's Jubilee

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. 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 per-
mitted 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 plan-
ning 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 de-
pendent on to introduce it to others.

We ask of all pastors and, also, of all others who believe in the IN-
TELLIGENCER, 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.

.. A Premium ..

Asking the friends of the INTELLIGENCER to make special efforts in
its behalf, we wish, besides the new features for 1902 outlined above, to
mark the semi-centennial year in another way.

We are therefore, offering 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.

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

The INTELLIGENCER offers to every subscriber a group picture of the
four men who have had to do with its management. The picture is
12x16, printed on fine paper, suitable for framing.

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The Premium picture is offered to all subscribers to the INTELLI-
GENCER. The conditions are as follows:

1. To every present paid-up subscriber who pays one year in
advance.
2. Where any arrears are due they must be paid, and also, a year's
advance subscription.
3. To every new subscriber paying one full year's subscription,

Now is the Time.

The present is a good time to 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 direct attention to the claims of the INTEL-
LIGENCER and arrange to canvass their people?

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

Three things the INTELLIGENCER needs,—

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

Let work on these lines go on in every congregation.

Let us make the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year a Jubilee year indeed