

Kiss and Make It Well.

I sit at my window and sew and dream,
While my little boy at play
Pegs his thoughts from him and seam
As he frolics the livelong day;
But time and again he comes to me
With a sorrowful tale to tell,
And mother must look at the scratch or
bump,
Then kiss it and make it well.

So I kiss his head, and his knee and his
arm,
And the dear little grimy hand;
And who can fathom the magic charm,
And who can understand?
For I even kiss when he bites his tongue,
And love works its mystic spell,
For there's never a cut, nor a scratch nor a
bump,
But mother can kiss it well.

'Tis a foolish whim, do you say? Ah, yes!
But the foolish things of earth
Have taught the wise since a little child
In Bethlehem had his birth.
And we know that many an older heart—
We know but we do not tell—
Will never be free from its bitter smart
Till kisses have made it well.
—May Ellis in Woman's Home Companion.

What Ralph Saw.

Ralph had been sick a whole month,
and now that he was able to sit up
again he liked to have his chair by the
window, where he could look out and
watch the men who were at work upon
a new house which was being built
next door.

He was so glad that the men were
at work there just at this time, for the
days sometimes seemed very long to
him, and he liked to see the house
growing before his eyes. Nothing else
entertained him for so long at a time.

But one day the funniest thing hap-
pened at the new house. A strange
workman appeared upon the scene, but
this workman hindered more than he
helped.

Ralph was at his accustomed place
at the window and was watching a car-
penter who was measuring pieces of
lumber for a certain part of the build-
ing. Ralph saw him take out his
measure and mark the length with a
pencil. He then laid the pencil down
beside him while he sawed the board.
Pretty soon he looked around to get
his pencil, and it was gone. He looked
about a few minutes; then he took an-
other pencil from his pocket. He
marked another board with this, and
laid it down as before, and when he
wanted it again, it, too, was gone.

The man now began to look vexed,
and he searched all about, probably
expecting to find some mischievous
boy around, Ralph thought. But find-
ing no boy and no pencils, he borrowed
another pencil of one of the workmen,
and this time, when he got through
using it, he put it in his pocket. So
he managed in this way to keep the
one he had borrowed.

Presently he seemed to have meas-
ured all the boards he needed, and
then he began nailing them in place.
He took a handful of nails from the
pocket of the big apron that he wore
and laid them down within easy reach.
He used a few of them, and when he
reached around for more there were no
more there. Then he stood straight
up, took off his cap and scratched his
head.

Ralph had been watching all this
time, and had seen where all the mis-
sing articles went, and now at the man's
perplexity he laughed aloud. Mamma
who was in the next room, heard the
silly laugh, and it did her good. She
determined to go in as soon as she
finished the dusting and see what was
amusing Ralph so much.

After the loss of his nails, the work-
man seemed to think something was
wrong. He looked all about, ques-
tioned some of the other carpenters,
and finally went to work once more.
At this time he took the nails from
his pocket only as he needed them,
and once in a while he would look
around as if watching for somebody.
But as nobody appeared, he at last
seemed quite to forget his mysterious
nails, and to work on in his usual
manner.

It was a warm day, and as the sun
was higher he began to feel very warm.
Ralph could see how heated he looked,
and finally he took out a large red
handkerchief and wiped his forehead.
He seemed a very absent-minded
set of workman, for now he laid his
handkerchief down beside him while
again turned to his work.

'Mamma, come quick, quick!' Ralph
called, and mamma hurried to his
side.
He pointed to the window. 'Now,
look at that man's handkerchief,' he
said. 'Don't take your eyes off from it.'
Mamma wondered what Ralph meant,
she did as she said, and pretty
soon, when the man had gone to work
quite turned his back to his hand-
kerchief, down swooped a big black
cat, picked up the handkerchief, and
ran off with it.

Then how Ralph did laugh and clap
his hands! 'It's just too funny,'

mamma!' he said. And then he ex-
plained to her how the cat had been
playing jokes on the carpenter all the
morning. Mamma laughed, too, and
then she said, 'I think Ralph, that we
will have to arrest Mr. Cat. Shall
we tell the man who his tormentor is?'
'Yes,' said Ralph; 'only do please
wait till he finds his handkerchief gone.'

So they waited, and presently the
man turned to take up his handker-
chief, for he had grown very warm
again. His look of blank astonish-
ment when he found it gone was too
much for both Ralph and mamma, and
they laughed till the tears stood in
their eyes.

Then mamma went out on the front
step and cried to call to the man,
but he was shouting and gesticulating
to the other workmen in such a frantic
way that she had to go over to the
building before she could make him
hear her.

Ralph watched from the window.
He saw the man turn at last and listen
to what his mamma had to say, and he
saw them both go around to the farther
end of a pile of lumber, where there
was a space between two boards, and
there, safely stowed away, were the
pencils, the nails, and the handker-
chief, as they expected.

Then Ralph saw mamma point up
into the branches of a tree which stood
near, and from which, as she did so,
there came a cry of 'Caw! caw! caw!'
The other workmen shouted with
laughter. At first the subject of Mr.
Crow's practical joke was inclined to
be angry, but at last his better nature
conquered and he laughed with the rest.

As he went back to work Ralph
saw him take the handkerchief and tie
it under his chin, and mamma explained
when she came in that he said he
would have to tie his cap on or the
bird would be flying off with that next.

But Jim Crow seemed satisfied with
his morning's work, and after his trick
was discovered he flew off home, and
the poor workman was left in peace.

As Ralph was much better the next
day, mamma said she believed that his
laughing so hard over Jim Crow's
pranks had done him more good than
medicine.—Ex.

Tillie's Knitting-Work Lessons.

When my grandma was young little
girls were taught to do many useful
things. Little girls thought it no hard-
ship to wash and dry the dishes, and
spread up the beds after a stronger
hand had shaken the great feather
mattresses; and all the doll-clothes of
those days must have been well made,
because the 'little mothers' were given
every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting
or knitting as soon as they were
old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, grandma's
mother called her three little daughters
to her and said: 'I am going to teach
you to knit. I will give a reward for
the first pair of socks; and how proud
papa will be to wear them!'

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida and
little Tillie each a great ball of yarn
and a set of shining knitting-needles.
She patiently spent a great deal of time
in showing them how to 'set up a sock'
on three needles and how to hold it,
and how to use the fourth needle to
really 'knit.'

The maid, Dina, was to show them
how to shape the heel and toe, and
'narrow' and 'bind off,' as she herself
was to be away for some weeks.

So every day, very soon, each little
girl took her ball and needles, and
went away to her own favorite nook;
and for some time a very lively race
went on for the prize.

Then Alida began to weary, even
before one sock was completed; and
Lucinda's sock grew very slowly,
though the knitting always showed
even and smooth.

But how little Tillie did work! Her
small fingers fairly flew. Her little
white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of
yarn, and wondered why Tillie did not
have a word to say to them. Every
day she took her little stool out into
the grape arbor and diligently knitted
away, though the shouts of the chil-
dren paddling in the brook came to
her ears, the loudest among them the
voices of her two sisters.

'I will finish first,' she said. 'I will
win the prize! I know I can!'

After a very long time to Tillie, and
a surprisingly short time to the sisters,
Tillie announced—it was on the day
after mamma's return home—that her
socks were finished; and then Alida
wished she had not been having such
a good time and had more to show than
just one-half of a sock, not very tidy-
looking. Lucinda had finished one
sock, and it was very pretty and
evenly knitted; but she, too, was
ashamed that little Tillie had outdone
her.

Tillie laid the pair of socks on
mamma's lap with a triumphant little
smile.
The three little girls hovered near
while mamma slipped one of the socks
over her hand.

But what do you think?

There were about a hundred little
holes where Tillie had dropped a stitch
every now and then! Alas! and the
other sock was quite as bad.

Mamma smiled as she said: 'These
socks will have to be darned before
they can be worn.'

Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda
put her arms around poor little Tillie,
whose tears were falling softly over
the careless work.

'Never mind, Tillie,' she said, 'you
will get the prize, for you did knit the
first pair!'

'Well, grandma's mamma grandma
was Tillie—gave them each a prize for
learning to knit—a little work-box,
with needles, scissors, thread and tiny
thimble.

'Tillie has learned something else,
too, I think,' said mamma, as she
stooped to kiss the tear-stained and
sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie
her work-box, a pretty blue one, and
said in a whisper: 'Make haste slowly!'
Grandma says it has been over fifty
years since she won that prize, and she
has forgotten how to knit; but the
lesson she learned along with her
knitting she will never forget.—Little
Folks.

What Color Tells in Horses.

Whether or not a horse's color is an
indication of his breeding and powers
of endurance is a much disputed ques-
tion. The color theory doubtless
originated among the Arabs, for cen-
turies famous as horsemen. Its ex-
ponents say that it is the result of con-
stant observation and long study, but
many competent horsemen deride it as
a superstition.

Be this as it may, the chestnut is
the Arab idea of perfection. In this
connection it is significant that the
majority of successful race horses have
been chestnut in color. Chestnuts
also seem to have carried off the great-
est number of honors in the show ring.
The Arabs, like the dictionary, make
but little distinction between the chest-
nut and the bay, and consider the
latter color about as desirable as the
former. The dictionary defines bay as
a shade of chestnut.

Horses of a rich seal brown are good
to look upon, but among the Arabs
rarely fetch a large price, as they are
considered lacking in hardihood, prone
to sickness, with little or no endur-
ance. Roan horses are by many re-
garded as very hardy, but all horsemen
do not concur in this opinion, and, as
the race-horse trainers express it, the
roan color indicates a cold cross some-
where in the breeding.

The black horse is, in the American
mind, suggestive of the funeral, which
possibly accounts for some of the prej-
udice against it. A black horse is a
nightmare to his groom, for his coat
shows the slightest speck of dust or
dirt, and a little gust of wind often
spoils hours of hard grooming. When
a black horse has been exposed to the
sun and weather for some days, his
coat fades to a rusty, washed-out color.

White horses always suggest the
circus. Their coats are even more
difficult to keep clean than a black
horse's, and are very seldom in a pre-
sented condition. It is most disagree-
able to drive behind a gray horse or
white during shedding time. Then
one's clothing is sure to be covered
with clinging hairs, that are very
noticeable.

Piebald and skewbald horses attract
too much attention to the rider or
driver to be considered quite the thing,
and, like the white horse, remind one
of the saw-dust ring. A mixed coat is
a pretty strong indication of low
breeding.

There is an ancient tale of a band of
Arabs being pursued by their enemies,
which sums up their theory about a
horse's color. Among the fleeing band
was a man with unusually keen eyes
sight, and from time to time he would
describe to his leader the horses ridden
by the enemy.

'What manner of horses do they
ride?'
'Black horses.'

'Then there is no need of haste.'

At the noon halt the leader again
asked, 'What manner of horses do they
ride now?'

'Bay horses.'

'Then we must ride harder.'

A few hours later the leader asked,
'Are they horsed again?'

'They ride chestnuts.'

'Then we ride for our lives.'—Re-
formed Church Messenger.

Stingy Jimmy.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you
ever knew. He couldn't bear to give
away a penny, nor a bite of an apple
or a crumb of candy. He couldn't
bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his
skates. All his friends were very
sorry he was so stingy, and talked to
him about it; but he couldn't see any
reason why he should give away what
he wanted himself.

'If I didn't want it,' he said, 'perhaps
I would give it away; but why should
I give it away when I want it myself?'

'Because it is nice to be generous,'
said his mother, 'and think about the
happiness of other people. It makes
you feel happier and better yourself.
If you give your hoop to little Johnnie,
who never had one in his life, you will
feel a thousand times better watching
his enjoyment of it than if you had
kept it yourself.'

'Well,' said Jimmy, 'I'll try it.'
The hoop was sent off. 'How soon
shall I feel better?' he asked, by and
by. 'I don't feel as well as I did when
I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall
feel better?'

'Certainly,' answered his mother,
'but if you should keep on giving
something away you would feel better
all the sooner.'

Then he gave away his kite and
thought he did not feel quite as well
as before. He gave away his sapphire
that he meant to spend for a ratty. Then
he said:

'I don't like this giving away things,
it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel
any better. I like being stingy better.'

Just then Johnny ran up the street
bowling the whoop, looking proud as
a prince, and asking all the boys to
take a turn. Jimmy began to smile
as he watched him, and said:

You might give Johnny my old over-
coat; he's littler than I am, and he
doesn't seem to have one. I think—
I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel
so much better. I'm glad I gave
Johnny my hoop. I'll give away
something else. And Jimmy has been
feeling better ever since.—Selected.

What the Spider Told.

'I was spinning a web on a rose
vine,' said the spider, 'and the little
girl was sewing patchwork on the door-
step. Her thread knotted, and her
needle broke, and her eyes were full
of tears. 'I can't do it,' she cried; 'I
can't! I can't!'

'Then the mother came and told her
to look at me. Every time I spun a
nice thread, and tried to fasten it to a
branch, the wind blew and tore it
away. This happened several times,
but at last I made one that did not
break, and fastened it, and spun other
threads to join it. Then the mother
smiled.'

'What a patient spider!' she said.
'The little girl smiled too, and took
up her work. And when the sun went
down there was a beautiful web in the
rose vine, and a square of beautiful
patchwork on the doorstep.'—Baby-
land.

Wonderful Fireworks.

In Nagasaki, Japan, there is a fire-
work-maker who manufactures pyro-
technic birds of great size that, when
exploded, sail in a life-like manner
through the air and perform many
movements exactly like those of living
birds. The secret of making these
wonderful things has been in posses-
sion of the eldest child of the family
of each generation for more than 400
years.

Where and How Pansies Grow Best.

Give them, if possible, a place where
they will be sheltered from the hot
afternoon sun. Cut off the old flowers
as they fade, and keep the ground
mellow and free from weeds. They
will bloom until the hot days of mid-
summer. Then their flowers will be
small, and there will not be many of
them. It is a good plan to cut the old
plants back at that time, and allow
them to renew themselves for autumn.
—My Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio,
writes: 'I have been afflicted for
some time with Kidney and Liver
Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills
the best medicine for those diseases.
These Pills do not cause pain or griping,
and should be used when a cathar-
tic is required. They are Gelatine
Coated, and rolled in the Flour of
Licorice to preserve their purity, and
give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.'

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Stein-
bach, Zurich, writes: 'I have used
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in my family
for a number of years, and I can safely
say that it cannot be beat for the cure
of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My
little boy has had attacks of croup,
several times, and one dose of Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil was sufficient for
a perfect cure. I take great pleasure
in recommending it as a family medi-
cine, and I would not be without a
bottle in my home.'

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.

The Intelligencer's Jubile

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 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 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. Jos. 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.

.. Conditions ..

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