

A Brave Little Girl

Just one more kiss for good-night, mamma
Just one more kiss for good-night
And then you may go to my dear papa,
And—yes—you may put out the light:
For I'll promise you truly I won't be afraid,
As I was last night; you'll see,
'Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little
maid,
As he told me I ought to be.

But the shadows won't seem so dark,
mamma,
If you'll kiss me a little bit more;
And you know I can listen and hear where
you are,
If you only won't shut the door.

For, if I can hear you talking, I think
It will make me so sleepy, may be
That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a wink
And forget to—oh! to cry like a baby.

You needn't be laughing, my mamma,
dear,
While you're hugging me up so tight;
You think I am trying to keep you here
You, and—I guess—the light.
Please kiss me good-night once more,
mamma;
I could surely my promise keep
If you'd only stay with me just as you are
And kiss me till—I go to sleep.
Harper's Round Table.

Sir Guy's Skating Party.

'Horrid old man!' cried Mollie
angrily. 'Nasty old miser!' gasped
May, almost sobbing. 'I only wish
we had known before we got our skates;
it would not have been quite so bad
then.'

'No; because then we would never
have asked mother to get us them.
But after we had persuaded her, and
she had gone and spent all the money
—oh, it is a shame!—the wretch!'

Mollie and May were sitting be-
tween them, apparently quite heedless
of the fact that the sharp east wind
was blowing round them, and that
the snow was beginning to fall.

'What is the matter?' asked a cheer-
ful voice behind them, and with a start
they both turned round.

It was a man who asked the ques-
tion: a tall, broad-shouldered, pleas-
ant looking man, with a voice that
won their confidence, and a face they
could not help liking.

'It's the pond,' said Mollie; 'we
went there to skate, and we find it be-
longed to a horrid man called 'Sir Guy'
somebody. He makes everybody who
goes on it pay, and we never knew,
but thought it was free. It is greedy
of him for I am sure he has heaps of
money.'

'But it is only sixpence each,' said
the man, 'that is not very much.'

'It is a good deal to us,' said Mollie,
'because we are poor. Father was a
clergyman, but he died a long time
ago and we have only a very little to
live on. Mother managed to get the
money to buy us the skates, but she
certainly can't do any more; besides,
we should not like to ask her for any
more; should we, May?'

'No—certainly not,' answered May
decidedly; 'we wouldn't be so selfish.
No, we shall just have to give it up
and make the best of it—at any rate
before mother else she will be so
troubled.'

'Oh, if that is all,' said the gentle-
man 'you can come to-morrow—it is
too late now—and bring this with you
—and he held out two shining six-
pences.

But the little girls shook their
heads.

'You are very kind,' said Mollie,
'but I am afraid we can't; mother
would not like it; though we are ever
so much obliged to you—aren't we,
May?'

'Ever so much,' answered May
earnestly.

'When, finding that the snow was
beginning to come really fast, they
jump to their feet, bade the gentleman
'Good-night,' and hurried home.

'Well, darlings, have you had a nice
afternoon's skating?' was their invalid
mother's greeting, as they raced into
the dining-room, each trying to reach
her first. Then matters had to be ex-
plained, and though the twins spoke
bravely, and tried hard to appear in-
different yet Mrs. Gordon understood
their feelings, and did her best to com-
fort them.

But at breakfast-time next morning
a surprise awaited the children. As
they were standing at the window
noticing what a lovely day it was, just
an ideal day for skating, the maid
came into the room with a letter in her
hand.

'The postman has just brought this
for you two young ladies,' she said.

With a cry of surprise, Mollie seized
it and tore it open, while May looked
over her shoulder. What they read
was this:

'Sir Guy Rutland would be very
pleased if Miss Mollie and Miss May
Gordon would come and skate on his
pond this morning, and also stay to
lunch, so as to be able to have some
more skating in the afternoon. Sir
Guy will take every care of them, and
see them safely home before dark.'

With a shout of delight the twins

rushed across to their mother, and
pushed the letter in her hands.

'Mother—mother, say we may go'
cried Mollie. 'Dear mother, do let us
go!'

'Yes, please do!' echoed May.

For a moment mother looked rather
doubtful, but when she saw the eager,
imploring faces of her little girls she
yielded, and gave the desired per-
mission.

About eleven o'clock that morning
Mollie and May, looking the picture of
neatness, and radiantly happy, set out
on their walk to the pond.

'I am sure it was the man who
talked to us,' said Mollie joyously, as
they went along. 'I believe he spoke
to Sir Guy about us, and asked him to
let us come.'

At last they reached the entrance to
the grounds in which the pond lay.
The man at the gate appeared to know
all about this, for while Mollie began
a shy explanation he cut her short.

'Yes—yes, miss, I know; Sir Guy
told me he had invited two young
ladies! Ah! here was the gentleman
they had met the day before.

'So you have come!' he said bright-
ly. 'I am so glad; for the ice is simply
perfect—it could not be better.'

'You're not Sir Guy?' almost shrieked
Mollie, while May stood staring at
him with widely opened blue eyes.

'I am so sorry,' said the young man
—but I am afraid I am. Do you
mind very much?'

The twins remembering all the
things they had said about him, looked
at him in dismay, till at last Mollie
stammered out a faltering apology, in
which May tried to join.

But Sir Guy only laughed.
'Oh, never mind about that,' he said
'come down to the pond instead, and
put on your skates; this is the way.'

'Very tired, very untidy, very happy
were the two little girls that evening,
as they bade Sir Guy 'Good-night' at
the door of their own home.

'No need to,' said Sir Guy laughing;
and then turned away.

Before he had gone very far, how-
ever he retraced his steps to have an-
other look at the children, and so over-
heard May speaking.

'Do you remember, Mollie,' she was
saying, 'that mother once said that the
best thing one could do for a person was
to pray for him? We can do that for
Sir Guy, can't we?'

'Rather!' said Mollie emphatically,
and then they ran into the house;
while Sir Guy wended his solitary way
home, cheered and comforted by what
he had heard.

Ned's New Resolutions.

'I tell you what it is, Alice,' said Ned
Brown to his sister, 'I am going to turn
over a new leaf to-night, and make
some new resolutions; and I'm going
to keep them, too.'

Alice looked up from her book with
an incredulous little laugh.

'How?' she said. 'As James gives
up his pipe every year? He says to
papa every New Year's morning:
'Faith an' Mr. Brown, I've given up
my poipe, fer good this time; I've
thrun it away.' Then when papa
catches him with the same old pipe a
few days later, he apoloizes: 'Faith,
Mr. Brown, I thrun it away aisy, for I
was afeard I'd made it agen!'

Alice was 14 and Ned 12. On the
added dignity of those two years' dif-
ference in their ages Alice assumed at
times a very toplofty air toward Ned,
which was very irritating. Ned made
no reply, but, with flushed cheek,
quietly proceeded to draw up his resolu-
tions. We looked over his shoulder.

This is what we read:
I am going to try to do as near right
as I can every day of my life.
I will always tell the truth.
I will never sneak out of anything
disagreeable that I ought to do.
I will study hard while I am in
school.
I will never read any trashy books.
I will play fair, and always take the
part of any little fellow that is being
stepped on.
I will try to be polite to everybody,
and cheerfully obey my parents and
teachers.
I will never forget that a boy must
love work to make a successful man.
I will love goodness better than
money, and try to follow the Golden
Rule.

Lastly, and all the time, I will try
to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ,
and ask God to help me.

EDWARD BROWN.

Dec. 31, 1900.

When he had placed the last period
he rose quietly, went around to Alice's
side of the table, and laid the sheet
before her.

'There, Alice Brown,' he cried, with
a new ring in his voice. 'That is
brand new, and I'll get somebody be-
sides myself to help me keep it!'

Alice read it through, then she
threw her arms impulsively around
Ned's neck, and said, with a sob in

her voice: 'You dear old Ned, I'll
never be mean to you again!'—Ep-
worth Herald.

Step-Savers.

To save things is to have things,
generally speaking. If you save
pennies and keep them in your bank,
you have them, and they are yours.
But all saving is not the saving of
pennies; there are other things to
save, and for other people, too, which
is a very fine thing.

There's little Dorrie Mitchell. She
is too young to do much. She cannot
earn money for her own clothes, nor
can she save much, for she has little
to save. Her mother is not rich, and
Dorrie must go without whatever is
not absolutely needful, anyhow, with-
out trying to save extras by doing it.
But this little girl has a way of help-
ing that counts for much, taking all
the days together. She saves steps
for her busy mother, and that means
saving time as well.

Dorrie runs on little errands, trots
about after her small brother, who
doesn't want to keep still in one place
two minutes, brings mother what she
wants from the pantry or cellar when
she is baking, and goes across the
street for milk. Mother calls her
'My little step-saver,' because the will-
ing young feet save so many steps that
otherwise the tired feet of the mother
would have to take each day. Since
Dorrie saves the steps, the time, and
the strength in this way, mother can
do more in other ways.

How fast the young feet can run, to
be sure. Isn't it well to make them
save steps for others who have many
weary ones to take, and who cannot
step so fast? If there are any children
who are not in the habit of helping as
Dorrie does, let them join the army of
step-savers at once. Now is the time,
so be quick about it.—Our Boys and
Girls.

English History Epitomized.

If you wish to run rapidly down the
scale of England's rulers, memorize
this bit of rhyme and you will never
make any mistake:

First William the Norman, then Wil-
liam his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then
Richard and John;
Next Henry the third, Edwards one
two and three,
Again after Richard three Henrys we
see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly
I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen
Mary and Bess.
Then Jamie the Scot, and Charles
whom they slew;
Again followed Cromwell, another
Charles too.
Then James called the Second ascended
the throne,
And William and Mary together came
on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth
William all pass'd,
God sent then Victoria, the youngest
and last.

Now that Queen Victoria is dead
and Edward VII. is king, let our
young readers change the last line and
make their own closing rhyme and
remember it with the rest.

Heroic Ants

One cold day my ants were almost
all in their nests. One only was out
hunting, and about six feet from home.
I took a dead blue-bottle fly, pinned it
on to a piece of cork, and put it down
just in front of her. She at once tried
to carry off the fly, but, to her sur-
prise, found it immovable. She tugged
tugged, first one way and then an-
other, for about twenty minutes, and
then went straight off to the nest.
During that time not a single ant had
come out. In fact, she was the only
ant of that nest out at the time. She
went straight in, but in a few seconds,
less than half a minute, came out again
with no less than twelve friends, who
trooped off with her, and eventually
tore up the dead fly, carrying it off in
triumph. Now the first ant took
nothing home with her. She must
have somehow made her friends un-
derstand that she had found some food,
and wanted them to come and help
secure it. In all such cases, however,
so far as my experience goes, the ants
brought their friends; and some of my
experiments indicated that they are
unable to send them.—Sir John Lub-
bock.

Home Hints

Eggless Cake.—One and one-half
cups brown sugar, one-half cup butter,
two and one-half cups flour, one tea-
spoon soda. Flavor with nutmeg or
cinnamon.

Coffee-Stained Linen.—Soak in cold
water to which has been added a little
borax; to remove tea or fruit stains,
do not put the cloth in cold water, but
pour boiling water through it until the
stains disappear.

Mexican Rarebit.—Put a piece of
butter the size of an egg into the
double boiler. When this is melted
add a can of tomatoes; let this be-
come thoroughly heated. Season to
taste with pepper and salt, and, if de-
sired, a large tablespoonful of Wor-
cestershire sauce and a little salt.
Just before serving slide in four un-
beaten eggs and beat the whole quick-
ly; then add two or three drops of
onion extract. This is a chafing dish
receipt, but it may also be made on
the stove.

To have roast beef brown on the
outside and juicy and rare within, it
should be put in a very hot oven at
first, then reducing the heat. The
great heat at first hardens and also
browns the surface, keeping in the
juices. The meat should be basted
frequently.

The world always listens to a man
with a will in him.—Success.

In God's measurement of men, great
souls are often found in obscure places,
while pigmies pose on pedestals which
stand in conspicuous places.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derange-
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of Parnelee's Pills. They not only
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all bilious matter, but they open the
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into the bowels, after which the cor-
rupted mass is thrown out by the
natural passage of the body. They are
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with the best results.

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you ridiculous unless you are prepared
for it.

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mation goes from bad to worse. Allen's
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goes to the root of the trouble and
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and lungs.

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phabet and who shall place limits to
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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 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.
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Will the pastors kindly direct attention to the claims of the INTEL-
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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.

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1. Payment of all subscriptions now due.
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