

What a Boy Can Do.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence as sure
As speech—of more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim;
Let one given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme:
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?

—Crusader.

A Great Victory.

On the fence that was a queer position for a fleet-footed boy, a good bat, and a member of the Southwood Collegiate Institute's nine, when a match game was in progress. The trouble had begun with the Roger's slightly dictatorial air. The other boys thought that he assumed too much authority, and so they decided that 'the kicking point had come,' and acted accordingly.

The last straw had been his opposition to this match game. The Thornville nine was stronger than theirs, slightly tinged with professionalism and decidedly with rowdiness. Roger had opposed challenging it, and the charge of 'trying to boss' was followed by sneers of 'raid cat.' However, there had been no open rupture; he had practiced with his nine, though somewhat half-heartedly, until he heard the boys mutter that 'his room was better than his company.' Proud and independent, he stepped aside, offering to attend to some out-of-town business for his father, and let them choose Tom Clendenning in his place.

He was away until the all-important day and he had resolved not to go near the ball ground—but what boy could resist the temptation of at least watching a match game! After lingering awhile at the fence, Roger vaulted over and took position near the first base.

The game was close. Fortune had favored the Institute boys. Norris the rowdy but expert pitcher of the Thornville nine, had a lame arm, and a new man hampered his associates. At the last inning the Thornville nine was only one ahead, and on the latter half the Southwood boys had a chance to redeem themselves. So far they had failed to do it. Now their last man was at the bat. He, truly, was a host in himself. Roger knew—none better—with what vim Hugh Barnwell would swing the bat, how true he would drive the ball and dash forth for a home run.

But there on first base was Clendenning—good enough bat, but so clumsy, so slow-witted! If only he were on ahead, of Barnwell's way! A chance was coming. Clendenning did not see it, of course, but Roger did. Drayton, who should watch second base, was turning to exchange smiles and words with some girls, and if only Clendenning was wide enough awake to get to second base now, the game was one. They could depend on Hugh Barnwell. Roger was near enough to warn Clendenning. But should he? If the boys should win without him after his opposition, mightn't they feel that they could dispense with him altogether, especially if his substitute, Clendenning—and he was undoubtedly a fine bat—scored the needed point? No one would know whether he helped or hindered. But could he be disloyal to his own? Could he, as a Christian gentleman, yield to a mean, selfish jealousy?

Quick as thought the matter was settled. As Drayton bowed and smiled, Roger whispered:—
Quick, Clen! To second! Go it, old fellow! and Clendenning obeyed. Almost there, and yet—the ball was in Hoskin's hand.

'Slide under! slide under, Clen, I say!' yelled Roger.

Down went the lumbering length, and Clendenning's hand reached the base one little second before the ball touched his shoulder. A shout went up from Southwood boys and a chorus of groans from their opponents.

Then came Barnwell's bat and run in fine style, and the game was won, with a score of nine to eight.

'Thanks to that fellow in the seersucker coat!' growled one of the defeated; 'Clendenning would never have run but for him.'

'Why, Roger, so you helped us win! you were right!' cried his friends, in the generous elation of victory; 'we couldn't have tackled them with Norris on hand; and they are a rough lot,' as a second shout of anger smote the air. 'But 'twas a great victory.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Roger, and for him it was true in a double sense.—
Sunday School Visitor.

Small Things.

'One little leak may sink a great ship; one little spark may set a great fire. It never does to despise the day of small things.' I had a lesson on that when I was a little girl.

The boys scrambled up from the floor and come across to where their mother sat.

'Please tell us about it,' they begged.

'Well, it isn't much of a story, only it shows that one tiny piece of carelessness may do a great deal of mischief. My mother had left me to watch a kettle, and told me to take it off and set it on the hob as soon as it boiled. I watched it, and watched it, and it didn't seem to mean to boil at all. So I got a little box of beads and began to thread them. And just as I had got well under way, the kettle came to a boil. I did not want to leave my work and I let it boil. It boiled and boiled. The steam came out of the spout in clouds, and the lid began to rattle. 'Oh, well,' I thought, 'it won't do any harm. I'll take it off in a minute; a minute can't make any difference.' So I waited just a minute too long, for a jet of water flew out of the spout and struck poor 'spot,' our black and white cat, full on the back, as she lay in front of the fire. Up she sprang, wild with fright and pain, dashed up on the dresser, and knocked down a little blue pitcher which mother loved because it was real Wedgwood, and had been brought her from England by her sister who had since died. Spot was a very dignified, careful cat, and never knocked things down unless she was frightened half to death.

'I was as frightened as Spot by this time, and did not dare go near the kettle which seemed to be in a frightful temper, and really 'biling over with rage!' So I stood still and screamed just as hard as I possibly could, and my mother, hearing her child's voice in such terror, came running in, and fell over a pail and hurt herself!

'Well, well! We got everything straightened out at last; poor pussy's scalded back dressed with salve, and the hot water mopped up, and the big bruise on my mother's knee rubbed with vinegar, and my tears dried. 'But the beautiful Wedgwood pitcher was broken into six pieces, and not the best china-mender in the world could mend it. My mother put the pieces away in a little box, and sometimes, in after days, when I was wilful and would not take pains about doing small tasks faithfully, she would get the box and hold it up for me to look at. She did not have to say anything; I understood what she meant.'

'But, mother, have you always got to do the little things that don't matter as carefully as the big things that do?' asked Joe, wistfully.

His mother stroked his yellow curls with a touch.

'Joe, my little son,' she made answer, 'I have never in all my life found anything so little that it did not matter.'

'But it seems to matter ever so much more about the big ones!'

'That is where a great many of us make our mistake. We do not know which is the big thing and which is the little. It seems a bigger thing to be a general, riding at the head of the army on a fine horse, than to be a poor private keeping guard at a lonely post on a dark night; but if that private soldier goes to sleep and doesn't keep guard, the enemy may creep up unawares and wipe out the whole army, including the great general!'

The boys were silent for a few moments. Then Joe kissed his mother on the cheek.

'That's what the Bible means about the man who is faithful in little being faithful in much, I guess,' he said, softly.

And mother kissed him back, and said she thought it was.—Selected.

What a Button Did.

A TRUE STORY.

It was really a pretty button that lay unconsciously in the corner of mother's machine drawer, but it had rather an unusual history.

It was nearly as large as a silver quarter, made of cut steel to represent a buckle. It was set with turquoise and had corrugated edges. There were three bright steel prongs. It had belonged to mother when she was a girl, and we children loved to ask questions about how it had looked with the eleven others that had adorned the blue velvet jacket that was fashionable at that time.

But it suddenly lost all its charms, and we children hated the very sight of it.

There were five of us. Big sister was almost a young lady and was gentle and sweet, making us look up to her, and she always told the exact or 'beautiful' truth.

The rest of us were in the habit of

telling things a little crooked, and little sister could not possibly keep anything just right.

Everything had been tried that could be thought of, but she could not, or would not, tell the truth. Nothing seemed to reach her need.

Mother had been reading to us from an old school reader about the magic necklace that grew long or short and changed color when the wearer told a lie, and a sudden thought came to her. The beautiful button was to be a 'truth button.' It was put upon a string and the child that told a falsehood was to wear it, to remind him of his duty.

Of course little sister was first to fall.

She was going to the store to get some thread for mother, and wanted to stop at an insurance office kept by a friend and ask for a calendar, but her mother said, 'I do not like for you to do this. It is annoying, and not just the right thing to do. Run for the thread, and right back again.'

She was a very dejected looking little girl when she kissed her mother and left the house.

It was only three or four blocks, and did not take long.

She ran in with cur's all about her face, and looking so pretty and rosy; and, holding up to view a pretty calendar, said, 'As I passed by the office, Mr. Williams handed me this. I thanked him and ran on to you, mother. Isn't it pretty?' all the time talking so fast and all out of breath.

Mother quietly reached for the button, and tied it around her neck, saying, 'Just keep it there until it helps you tell me the exact truth.'

Nothing ever reached her as that button did. She thought every one knew why it was there. She ran and hid, and cried for a long time. A truly sorry little girl crept up to mother with 'Please take it off. I asked for the calendar. I will remember; just try me.'

It was a long time before she again forgot. She had to wear it many times, but the button cured her and all of us, for we each had our turn, and just think how a boy looked with a blue button buckle around his neck. No whip could have done what that button did.—Chris. Observer.

How Cowslip Saved Him.

In the highlands of Scotland it is a kindly custom to give names to the cows as well as other animals. A Scotch lad had three to care for, and they all three had names. The red cow was Cowslip, the dun was Bell, and the black was Meadow-Sweets.

The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called.

'One day,' the boy tells us, 'I was not with them, but had been given a holiday and gone up on the side of the hill. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing upon the rocks, and came tumbling down and snapped my ankle, so I could not move.'

'I was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there, hitching along among the bracken. I thought how night would come and nobody would know where I was. I could not move for the anguish in my foot. It was no use to call, for there was naught in sight save the crows, skirting against the sky. My heart was fit to break, for I was but a lad and mother looked to me for bread. I thought I would never see home again.'

'After awhile I spied a cow beneath, grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift and the hills. She was a good long way below, but I knew her. It was Cowslip!'

'I shouted as loud as I could, Cowslip! Cowslip!! When she heard her name, she left off grazing and listened. I called again and again. What did she do? She just came toiling up and up—till she reached me. Those hill cattle are rare climbers.'

'She made a great ado over me; licked me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and as pitiful as though I were her own. Then, like a Christian, she set up a moan and moaned—so long and so loud that they heard her in the vale below.'

'To hear a cow moaning like that they knew meant she was in trouble. So they came asearching and seeking. They could see her red and white body though they could not see me. So they found me, and it was Cowslip saved my life.'

Told All Their Friends.

The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals. One of those bit or nights such as a

cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and a little terrier, asking admission.

In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were made welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure; but how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening, this time accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters of which he seemed to have knowledge.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, the doubts were removed the third night, when my three rumps returned, their number still increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mere but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were at once amusing and pathetic.

With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate; but their irreproachable behavior and the many ingratiating ways had insured for them a welcome at our house as long as the cold wave lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more.—Boston Herald.

A noble nature can alone attract the noble and alone knows how to retain them.

Gentleness and kindness will make our homes a paradise upon earth.—Bartol.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumours, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pains and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parnelle's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

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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. 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 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 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.

.. 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 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.

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 INTELLIGENCER. 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 INTELLIGENCER and 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 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.