

Mother's Room

"I'm awful sorry for poor Jack Roe; he's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know. And he says his house is filled with gloom because it has got no 'mother's room.' I tell you what, it is fine enough. To talk of 'boudoirs' and such fancy stuff. But the room of rooms that seems best to me, is the room where I'd always rather be, is mother's room, where a fellow can rest and talk of the things his heart loves best."

What if I do get (it about And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout? It is mother's room, and if she don't mind to the hints of others I'm always blind. Maybe I lose my things—what then? In mother's room I find them again, And I never denied that I litter the floor With marbles and tops and many things more.

But I tell you for boys with a tired head It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed. Now, poor Jack Roe, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room, you see, Because it is the nicest place to go. When a fellow's spirits are getting low; And mother, she's always kind and sweet, And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet. And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow More brightly in mother's room, I know, Than anywhere else, and you'd never find gloom Or any old shadow in mother's room. —Harper's Young People.

Some Boys I've Seen.

One boy I have seen I would not recommend for any position whatever. He is bright and energetic, he has winning manners but he is dishonest. What does he do? He cheats in little, mean ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note on the corner of a newspaper, and mails it at news-papers; he holds his railroad trip ticket in such a way that when the conductor punches it the boy gets three rides where he should have but two, and then boasts of 'getting the better' of the railroad; he borrowed a pencil when he entered an office on trial, and the pencil went away in his pocket. He has no keen sense of honor, he has lost his self-respect, and, worse still, he does not know it.

"John," said a lady in the office where John was employed, "don't you live near the corner of Fifth Street and West Avenue?" Yes, he did. "Then, will you take this parcel around there on your way home?" John did not quite dare to say, "No," but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away. "There's no money in working overtime." He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better position, nor that his reply had lost him the chance.

"What he wants," two men were talking of a third, "is a truck that will come right up to the job and lead itself." Tom was that kind of a boy. He would do his work,—yes, but in a grudging sort of a way, and never in the way he was told to do it if he could possibly devise another. Unless constantly called to order, he would tip back his chair in his leisure moments put his feet on top of the table, and drum with his fingers. Tom lost his place after a very short trial, and so will every boy who takes no pains to do as he is told or to be courteous.

Then, there was Jimmie. Jimmie met me one freezing cold night when I was waiting on the street corner for my car. He pulled up his thin little jacket,—I could see a cotton waist under it, and stuck his hands into his pockets. "That's a brave little fellow," I said to myself. "Waiting for the cars?" he called. Then he danced toward me and held out a key. "See," he cried, "I unlock the cars with this," and his eyes shone. He saw that I understood his bit of fun, and I think he must have known that I like boys. Jimmie is a philosopher.

"Across the lake? Take you over for one cent. Just as cheap as the bridge." "No, thank you. I want to go down to the pavilion." "Take you down there for five cents." "All right! That's cheaper than walking," and I stepped into the boat, leaned back at mine ease on the cushioned seat, and watched the young oarsman. He couldn't have been more than twelve years old. He had a frank, clear face, and he managed the oars as if used to them.

The camera in my hand gave the clue for opening conversation, and I soon learned that he owned one, and could use it, too. But he had discovered that it costs a good deal to keep up a camera, and, being fond of music, had agreed to a proposal by his mother to change it for a mandolin. Of course he rode a wheel. "Can you swim?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Mother wouldn't let me go out with the boat if I couldn't." Our ride was all too short for the talk with the active young American who had an eye for business, who believed in his mother, and whose mother trusted him.

I saw a small boy stealing a ride on the back of a street-car. 'Not much harm in that?' 'Well, it is cheating, that's all.'

Coming from an office to which business occasionally calls me, I met a newsboy with the evening papers under his arm. Selecting one from the big bundle and folding it with care as he spoke, he said, 'Mail and Express?' in the confident tone of one who knew what the answer would be.

Smiling assent and taking out my purse I asked, 'How'd you know I wanted a Mail and Express?' 'Oh, you've bought it from me two or three times,' he replied, quickly. 'Well, you remember me better than I do you,' I said. 'It's worth while to remember your customers,' was his answer.

Richard's Birthday.

On one fine autumn day, Richard was keeping his twelfth birthday. He was the son of kind and pious parents, who had given him a large number of presents of different kinds, and who allowed him to-day to invite a party of friends.

They were playing together in the garden, in which Richard had a small garden of his own, with flowers and fruit trees in it. On the garden wall there were growing some young peach trees which were bearing fruit for the first time. The fruit was just beginning to ripen, and the red cheeks were showing through the delicate bloom which covered them. They looked so beautiful that the boys began to long for them.

But Richard said: 'My father has told me not to touch these peaches; for it is the first fruit which the trees have borne. I have all sorts of fruit in my garden. Let us all go away, or we might be tempted to pick them.'

Then the boys answered: 'Why should not we taste them. Your father will not see you; how is he to find out? If he asks you, you can say that you know nothing about it.'

'Fie!' replied Richard, 'that would be a lie, and my cheeks would turn red and soon betray me.'

Then the eldest said: 'Richard is right. Just listen, I know no other way. Richard, let us pick them; then you can say you did not do it.' So they broke off the fruit and shared it. As soon as it was getting dusk, the boys went home.

But Richard was afraid to meet his father, and at last, when his father came, he ran as quickly as he could into his own garden. But his father saw how the young trees had been stripped and he called Richard to him and said: 'Is this the way you keep your birthday? and are these the thanks I receive that you rob my trees?'

Richard replied: 'I have not touched the trees, father. Perhaps one of the boys did it.' That night Richard could not sleep; he felt miserable as he was lying in the dark; he could hear his heart beat; and whenever he was falling to sleep he was frightened by dreams. This was the worst night of his life.

Next morning Richard put together in a basket all the presents which he had ever received from his parents; and he brought them and put them down before his father and mother and said: 'Father, I don't deserve your kindness, so I have brought back these presents. Pray forgive me and take everything you have so kindly given me.'

Then the father folded his child in his arms, and kissed and wept over him. And his mother did the same. —From the German.

Nellie's Lesson.

'You may stand on the floor until the bell rings,' said Miss Cramer to the little new scholar, whose name was Nellie, and who had refused to do most everything the teacher had required of her.

Then, turning to the other pupils, she said, 'You will all be sorry for this little girl when I tell you that she has never been taught to obey.'

The small, mischievous figure stood twisting one hand about the thumb of the other and scowling until her black brows met. Suddenly she said, with a stamp of her tiny foot:

'I'll tip the table over!'

To which Miss Cramer quietly re-

plied, 'Well, tip the table over,' as if that were a trifling matter.

'I'll knock the stove down!' 'Very well, knock it down,' said Miss Cramer. But she wanted to laugh.

'I'll break all the windows!' 'Very well.'

There was silence for a few minutes. Then, 'I don't care; I killed a fly yesterday, anyhow!'

Here the whole school laughed, and Miss Cramer laughed with them, and, as it was noon, she dismissed them.

During the afternoon session Nellie behaved about as she pleased, roaming about the room and talking or singing, and when reproved, declared that she couldn't keep still; mamma said she couldn't.

Next morning Miss Cramer called the child to her; then, turning to the pupils, she said: 'You have all seen and heard a good deal of Nellie Stratton. Now all those who think that Nellie can sit down and keep still and behave like a lady may raise their hands.'

Now you may tell Nellie what name we have for a girl or boy who behaves as she has done.

'Baby!' shouted the forty voices, and Nellie's face grew crimson.

'Now,' continued the teacher, 'if Nellie thinks that Nellie Stratton can behave like a lady, she may raise her hand.'

A moment's hesitation, then up went the hand, and, turning to Miss Cramer, she said, 'You put up your hand.'

'Yes, indeed I will, for I am sure that Nellie can if she tries.' And so up went the teacher's hand, and Miss Nellie was quiet all the afternoon.

As time went on she sometimes forgot; but Miss Cramer had only to turn her around and say, 'Let me see if Nellie is growing backward into a baby instead of forward into a big girl,' and Nellie would straighten out her wriggles and promptly say, 'No, I isn't.'

When school closed for the holidays, and the children all flocked around the teacher to bid her good-bye, Nellie threw her arms about Miss Cramer's neck, saying, 'I love you; you're so good I'd like to eat you with a spoon.'

'Do you know that one reason why you love me is that you obey me?' asked Miss Cramer. 'We all obey some one, you know dear. We must be to be happy.'

'Who do you mind?' asked Nellie. 'God,' said her teacher, softly.—Child's Hour.

Bray's Enemy.

'Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you.' 'At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter.'

'He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy, and hasn't got time.' 'How big is he?' 'About as big as my fist, sir,' said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. 'Well, countryman,' he said, pleasantly, 'what can I do for you?'

The small boy—he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and he'd it behind him. 'I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed.'

'Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?' asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

'Nobody sent me,' answered the boy, stoutly; 'I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep free days. He's got to be killed.'

'Where did you get any sheep?' asked Mr. Joynes.

'My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em.'

'Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?'

'No, sir; I told you.'

'Ah, that is well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?'

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head he scornfully rejected it. 'That 'ud be paying me for a lie, he said, indignantly. 'I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world.'

When he said this, Mr. Joynes took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small dirty hand in his. 'Hurrah, herdsman!' said he. 'I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages, I shall offer you twice fifteen cents, and take you into my service. Meantime, Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good-morning, countryman.'—English Magazine.

Religion is first a good mind; and second a good life.

What a Boy Did

Jamie Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. He was a praying boy, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class. Well, examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions, but one by one we all dropped off, till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but instead of being cast down at losing the prize he seemed rather to be mightily glad! I couldn't understand it.

'Why, Jamie,' I said, 'you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could.'

Of course I could, he said, with a light laugh.

'Then why didn't you?' I asked.

He won't answer for a while, but I kept pressing him, till at last he turned round, with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

'Look here,' he said, 'how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?'—Sunday-School Advocate.

Home Hints

Throw away all ragged, dirty iron and pot-handle holders, and make new ones. The best kind has an outside cover of some dark cotton stuff, with an interling of thin leather, which may easily be had by saving the best parts of old boot tops.

If there are badly discolored spots on silver which nothing in the way of a silver polish will remove, try fine salt. By the way, an excellent home-made silver polish is made from powdered chalk mixed in a thick paste with water and a teaspoonful of ammonia.

After cleaning the pantry set a small jar of lime in some shelf-corner. It will keep the room dry and make pure air. Repeat the same process for the cellar, using lime in larger proportion.

Sometimes there are stains on the marble and in the basin of the bathroom washstand which resist soap preparations. Scrub with dry salt and a cloth wrung from hot water. Then wash well with kerosene and later with soap and water.

Rust on steel will generally yield to a paste made from fine emery powder and kerosene. Rub the spots with this, let it stand for several hours, then polish with oil.

Dark spots in the kitchen floor which hint of grease-spilling at a long past date will generally disappear with repeated applications of benzine. Do not apply it when there is any light around, and set doors and windows open to allow the fumes to evaporate.

Salt and vinegar will remove the worst case of verdigris on brass or copper. Wash after using with soap and water, and polish with whiting wet with alcohol.

Spirits of camphor will remove white spots made by wet or hot dishes on polished and varnished furniture.

The seeds of our own punishment are sown the same time we commit sin.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully 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.

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE after storm is the relief when an obstinate, pitiless cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balsam. No opium in it. The good effect lasts. Take a bottle home with you this day.

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: 'For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned.' Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Head-ache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: 'I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption.'

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 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.

.. Conditions ..

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