

## "PEACE, BE STILL."

BY MRS. A. M. TOMLINSON.

When softly, at the close of day,  
Descends the fading light;  
And Time, with noiseless fingers, draws  
The curtain of the night:  
When shadows dark, and troubles brood,  
Alike o'er heart and hill,  
Comes like a soothing balm the words,  
Thy whispered, "Peace, be still."

More tender than the lullabies  
Of songs my childhood knew;  
They fall upon my heart as falls  
The soft, refreshing dew.  
The face that bends above me here,  
With love divine doth fill;  
Thy voice in pitying tones I hear,  
"Peace, peace, my child, be still."

And like a weary bird at night  
Comes homeward to its nest,  
With drooping wings, I longing seek  
The shelter of thy breast;  
The music of thy voice sublime  
Doth all my spirit thrill,  
And wait me to that heavenly clime,  
By peaceful waters still.

## The Fireside.

## HOW FRITZ FOUND THE PURSE OF GOLD.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

Something was the matter with Fritz. No one knew exactly what to call his disorder, but every one knew it was serious. His eyes were dull and heavy, his face was pale, and his head ached almost all the time. His shoulders were bent, his muscles weak and flabby, he had no appetite and did not sleep well. His mother petted him and coaxed him to eat, and watched him for fear he should do any work, for work had never agreed with poor Fritz. And the neighbors sent in every kind of herb tea they could think of, and he drank it every drop, but was no better. And they all shook their heads and sighed over him, wishing they could know the real name of his trouble. At last his mother, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died, thinking with her last breath:

"Ah me! What will become of my poor Fritz!"

And all the neighbors wondered so, too. She left a snug, tiny bit of a cottage, a large garden-plot and an orchard, with a long lease and low rental. But everything was ill-kept, poorly cultivated, forlorn and neglected.

"Good evening to you, Fritz," said a voice, as Fritz sat by himself, wondering the same thing which his mother and all the neighbors had wondered.

It was the old, very old school-master who came up the little walk to the cottage door. His tottering steps were supported by a stout staff, and his long, white hair waved about his kindly face and fell to his shoulders.

Fritz was sitting on a bench outside the door, thinking over the suggestion of one of the good, sympathizing neighbors who had just left him, that he was probably not long for this world and inclining to agree with her. He made room for the old man.

"I taught you to read, Fritz," he said, "and your father and his father before him. I'm an old, old man, you see! And I've come to tell you something you ought to know. There's a heavy purse of gold buried on this place of yours."

"A purse of gold?" exclaimed Fritz, in astonishment. "You must be mistaken, master. How did you come to know it?"

"Never mind that. I know it." "Whereabouts?" asked Fritz, eagerly. "Show me, so that I can dig it up."

"No one can show it to you," said the master. "I only know that it is somewhere within these four boundary lines, and that whoever seeks it faithfully is sure to find it."

"How did it happen, then?" said Fritz, "that my mother never found it?"

"She was not strong enough, poor soul! She could not dig deep enough."

"But I am not strong, either," said Fritz, mournfully. "I never could dig."

"That's true, poor lad!" said the master compassionately. "How could I forget that? Ah, well! You are a good boy, Fritz, and will be able to rejoice in thinking that whoever comes after you here will find it. A lucky fellow he will be! I shall have to tell him what it is, hardly worth while to tell you, that there is a kind of a charm about it. No one will find it who leaves any slack work behind him. The garden must be well cared for and well planted as he goes, and if a single tree of the orchard is injured, the charm will fail."

After a little more chat, he went on, leaving Fritz full of thought over the wonderful thing he had told him. He would have doubted the story had it come from any one else; but no one ever knew the old schoolmaster to tell what was not exactly true.

He thought and thought of it as he tossed on his bed that night, wondering in what part of the garden, or orchard, the purse might lie, and thinking it very hard and cruel that a poor, weak fellow like himself could not be shown the spot at

once. He would be willing to dig one hole, but to dig over the whole place!

But the more he thought over it the less was he inclined to rejoice in the idea of some one else finding the gold. A stranger, indeed to step in and seize such a treasure hidden on the place which had belonged to his family for generations! Perhaps there were others who knew of it. Perhaps already greedy eyes were turning in that direction, and wondering how soon he might die and be out of the way.

Full of indignation at the thought, he sprang up the next morning with the first peep of day, mended an old spade and began to dig. In the very farthest corner of the garden he began digging deep and carefully pulverizing every inch of soil. The cool, moist earth looked so inviting as he went on, that it seemed no hardship to carry out the old man's caution by stopping to plant in the neatly prepared beds the seeds his mother had stored. His limbs ached, his hands were blistered and his back lame as he stopped work to think of something to eat.

"If this kills me," he said to himself, "it will be the master's fault. My mother always told him I was not fit for work."

But he was amazed at finding how good his brown bread and water tasted, and made up his mind it was the first loaf of really good bread that rascally baker had ever furnished him.

His pains and aches gradually disappeared as his work went on, and he sometimes found himself almost forgetting the purse of gold in the interest he began to take in his garden. He was surprised that he had never before discovered the delight of watching the growth of beautiful things, forgetting that the secret lay mainly in the fact of his own hands having planted and cared for them. The bounteous earth seemed ready to cast back to him a hundred-fold return for all he entrusted to it, and the sunshine, the soft wind and the gentle rains co-operated lovingly with her. He scarcely had time to turn from one finished section of his garden plot to attack vigorously another, before the tender green leaves seemed to start out of the ground and smile up at him with a:

"Ho, Fritz! All this in return from the little brown seeds you hid here!"

And before many weeks had passed the neighbors raised their hands and eyes at beholding Fritz carrying his basket of green vegetables to market.

"What can have cured him?" they asked.

"And what could have been the real name of that terrible disease he had?"

"Found the purse?" asked the old school-master, leaning over the fence one day in late autumn to speak to Fritz, who was busy banking up with his spade a fine crop of cabbages.

"Not yet, master," said Fritz. "In truth, I've been too busy lately to look very sharply at it. I've spent all my time on the garden this season, you see, but there's the whole orchard yet. I shall begin early next spring, and go carefully over that."

"You'll find it," said the old man very positively. "How is your health?"

"My health, master? Why, bless you heart! I haven't had much time to think of that, either."

He slept as sound as a top, and ate with the appetite of an honest laborer; and the good gossips were no longer obliged to distress themselves as to what was to become of him, for he had a good provision for the winter ahead of him.

At the end of the second summer the old schoolmaster went in at Fritz's gate, taking quiet note of the evidences of care and pains bestowed upon every corner of the premises. The neatly-trimmed vines over the door were laden with ripe fruit, and he smiled to himself as he walked between the borders of bright-colored flowers, remembering a whisper he had heard that the pretty little maid at the mill was coming before long to help Fritz keep house. He opened the door without knocking, and Fritz looked up from his seat at a table, upon which he was counting some money, to welcome him.

"You have found it at last, then?" asked the visitor.

"Found what, master?"

"The purse of gold."

"Ah, I remember. No, master, I haven't. Somebody else must look for your purse if they want it, for I have no time to look for gold. My garden and my orchard give me all the work I can do."

"Then what is all this?" He laid his forefinger on some of the gold pieces.

"This is the price of my fine crop of fruit. You must have noticed how my trees have been laden and borne almost down to the ground. They have produced as never before."

His eyes were bright, and his cheeks ruddy with the glow of

health; his form was straight, and every limb round and strong. The master looked keenly at him and laughed—a laugh so full of thorough, hearty, genial enjoyment that Fritz could not forbear laughing with him.

"Ah, friend Fritz," he at length said, "I promised you only one purse, but if I had promised you a dozen, or perhaps, a hundred, I should have been the nearer right."

Fritz stared at him with something of a perception of his true meaning dawning upon him.

"Then you were jesting with me," he cried.

"No," said the old man; it was every word truth."

And Fritz took his honest old hand in a tight clasp.

"Surely, master, if it was a jest, it was the best jest ever played."

And to this day the neighbors never learned the real name of the disorder which came so near being fatal to Fritz in his younger days.

## CARE OF PRESERVED FRUIT.

Keeping fruit or any provision depends on three things. It must be sound to begin. A speck of decay or acid change will develop ferment in a kettle of fruit. Second, the jars or cans must be air-tight. The object of steaming the fruit is to expel the air and arrest the change in the fruit, which would naturally proceed to ferment. Air penetrates in finer ways than we can discern, and needs much less than the crevice of a hair or a pin's point to enter and spoil the contents. Glass that is free from cracks or air-bubbles, well-glazed stoneware, free from flaws, yellow ware, or strong, dark earthen jars will keep the fruit from the air, provided it is sealed with wax, putty, or bladder, soaked and left to shrink on the mouth of the jars. Cans with screw tops and rubber rings are apt to have slight defects, which prevent perfect sealing and cannot be depended on without wax.

Third, the jars must be kept in a dry, dark, cold place, very little above freezing. A shelf in a furnace warmed cellar or storeroom opening from a kitchen, is not the place to preserve fruit. It may be put up in the best manner and yet spoil through keeping in the light, or where it is not cool. Glass cans should be wrapped in paper, buried in sand or sawdust, or kept in a dark closet. Packed with plenty of chaff, oats, dry sand or sawdust, or dry, sifted ashes, most preserves will stand freezing weather without injury, but each can needs at least six inches of non-conducting material about it on all sides for protection. A pit on one side of the cellar dug below the reach of frost, and lined with boards, with straw or ashes between them and its walls, will keep preserves from heat or freezing. A pit dug in the cellar, four feet below the level of its floor, well drained and lined as above, will prove the best place for keeping small quantities of preserves, enough for a single family.—*Vick's Magazine.*

## HOME HINTS.

A cheap paint for barns, it is said, may be composed of twelve pounds melted pitch, one quart linseed oil and two pounds yellow ochre mixed thoroughly.

CHICKEN JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—To a quart of cold water, put half a raw chicken cut up fine; let it stand an hour, then boil it slowly till it is reduced to half the quantity; season with salt and pepper if allowed by the doctor. Strain it through a colander first, then through a cloth into a mold.

EGGLESS GINGERBREAD.—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, one half cup butter, one cup sour cream, one spoonful ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one heaping ditto soda, dissolved in water; nearly four cups flour; mix, and bake quickly, adding soda-water last, and beating hard for two minutes after it goes in.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—One even cup of fine fresh oatmeal, one pint of cold water, one pint of milk, one even teaspoonful of salt; wet the oatmeal with the water, and set over the fire in a farina kettle, stirring often and as it stiffens, beating in a cupful of milk; stir steadily five minutes after it reaches the boil, adding gradually the rest of the milk. Cook in all half an hour, dating from the scalding point. Turn out and eat with sugar and cream.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery.

No. 221.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM M. COLWELL, NORTONDALE, YORK.)

Emco little rhinoceros at ajsae  
Ehai yagani wonomoe otem  
Eh useredf orlial osenno toha lla  
Nda rofin ryve niseb tesere.

## No. 222.—PALINDROME.

(FROM W. G. AND B. F. M.F., FAIRVILLE.)

The primals read forwards a criminal disclose;  
And backwards that which causes great woes.

1. First, we will introduce a dame;  
Backwards or forwards 'tis the same.  
2. Next for "in use" the Latin name;  
Backwards or forwards 'tis the same.  
3. The meaning of allude proclaim:  
Backwards or forwards just the same.

4. To the primals read forwards this is the name:  
Spelt backwards or forwards 'tis the same.

5. Next in order is a girl's name;  
Backwards or forwards 'tis the same.

6. The comparative of a colour proclaim;  
Backwards or forwards always the same.

## No. 223.—HALF SQUARE WORD.

(FROM HELEN R., ST. JOHN.)

\* \* \* \* \* An animal.  
\* \* \* \* \* Long since.  
\* \* \* \* \* Before.  
\* \* \* \* \* Half of near.  
\* \* \* \* \* A vowel.

## No. 224.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(FROM "YANKEE," WATERVILLE, ME.)

1. Where is "ball" found?

2. Where is "road" mentioned?

## No. 225.—DECAPITATIONS.

(FROM W. S. LEWIN, BENTON.)

I am an article of diet. Behold me and I am produced by the sun; behold again and I am to consume; again and I am a preposition; again and I am a liquid.

## No. 226.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM "POPPY," WOODSTOCK.)

My 2, 3, 4 is a liquor.

My 1, 8, 9 is part of the verb to be.

My 6, 7, 9 is not at home.

My 5, 1, 9 is a domestic animal.

My whole was a famous battle.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 31.)

No. 199.—Genesis xl. 1.

No. 200.—Isaiah xxiii. 5.

No. 201.—Trees. [Some kinds only.]

—Ed.]

No. 202.—Prov. xxv. 19.

No. 203.—1. Delilah.

2. Dorcas.

3. Naomi.

4. Abigail.

5. Michal.

6. Lydia.

7. Tamar.

8. Milcah.

No. 204.—Sycamore.

No. 205.—M

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