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 due. 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 waft me to that heavenly clime, By peaceful waters still.

#### The Lireside.

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

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

And all the neighbors wondered an orchard, with a long lease and low rental. But everything was illneglected.

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

It was the old, very old schoolstaff, and his long, white hair waved | market. 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, sympath- had?" izing neighbors who had just left him, that he was probably not long for this world and inclining to agree | fence one day in late autumn to with her. He made room for the

"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 look very sharply at it. I've tell you something you ought to spent all my time on the garden this know. There's a heavy purse of season, you see, but there's the gold buried on this place of yours." whole orchard yet. I shall begin Fritz, in astonishment. "You over that." must be mistaken, master. How

did you come to know it." "Never mind that. I know it." "Whereabouts?" asked Fritz,

dig it up." "No one can show it to you," said the master. "I only know that ate with the appetite of an honest it is somewhere within these four laborer; and the good gossips were boundary lines, and that whoever no longer obliged to distress themseeks it faithfully is sure to find it."

"How did it happen, then," said Fritz, "that my mother never found the winter ahead of him. it? She was always digging."

soul! She could not dig deep Fritz's gate, taking quiet note of the enough."

"But I am not strong, either," said Fritz, mournfully. "I never The neatly-trimmed vines over the could dig.'

master compassionately. "How between the borders of bright-colored could I torget that? Ah, well! flowers, remembering a whisper he be able to rejoice in thinking that at the mill was coming before long whoever comes after you here will to help Fritz keep house. He openfind it. A lucky fellow he will be! I shall have to tell him what it is Fritz looked up from his seat at a 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."

on, leaving Fritz full of thought have no time to look for gold. My over the wonderful thing he had garden and my orchard give me all Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case told him: He would have doubted the work I can do." the story had it come from any one else; but no one ever knew the old laid his forefinger on some of the schoolmaster to tell what was not gold pieces.

exactly true. he tossed on his bed that night, how my trees have been laden and wondering in what part of the gar-den, or orchard, the purse might lie, They have produced as never beand thinking it very hard and cruel fore." self could not be shown the spot at cheeks ruddy with the glow of

the less was he inclined to rejoice in hearty, genial enjoyment that Fritz the idea of some one else finding the | could not forbear laughing with him. gold. A stranger, indeed to step in there were others who knew of it. Perhaps already greedy eyes were turning in that direction, and won- thing of a perception of his true dering how soon he might die and meaning dawning upon him. 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 tault. 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 furnish-

His pains and aches gradually disappeared as his work went on, and he sometimes found himself almost forgesting the purse of gold in the interest he began to take in yellow ware, or strong, dark earthbetter. And they all shook their his garden. He was surprised that en jars will keep the fruit from the heads and sighed over him, wishing he had never before discovered the air, provided it is sealed with wax, they could know the real name of delight of watching the growth of putty, or bladder, soaked and left his trouble. At last his mother, beautiful things, forgetting that the to shrink on the mouth of the jars. worn out with hard work and anxi- secret lay mainly in the fact of his Cans with screw tops and rubber ety, died, thinking with her last own hands having planted and cared rings are apt to have slight defects, seemed ready to cast back to him a hundred-fold return for all he entrusted to it, and the sunshine, the dry, dark, cold place, very little so, too. She left a snug, tiny bit of soft wind and the gentle rains co- above freezing. A shelf in a fura cottage, a large garden-patch and operated lovingly with her. He nace warmed cellar or storeroom scarcely had time to turn from one finished section of his garden plat to place to preserve fruit. It may be kept, poorly cultivated, forlorn and attack vigorously another, before put up in the best manner and yet the tender green leaves seemed to spoil through keeping in the light, start out of the ground and smile up or where it is not cool. Glass cans at him with a:

"Ho, Fritz! All this in return mother and all the neighbors had from the little brown seeds you hid dark closet. Packed with plenty of

master who came up the little walk ed the neighbors raised their hands to the cottage door. His tottering and eyes at beholding Fritz carrying steps were supported by a stout his basket of green vegetables to

"What can have cured him?" they asked. "And what could have been the

real name of that terrible disease he "Found the purse?" asked the old school-master, leaning over the

speak to Fritz, who was busy banking up with his spade a fine crop of "Not yet, master," said Fritz.

"in truth, I've been too busy lately "A purse of gold!" exclaimed early next spring, and go carefully

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

"My health, master? Why, eagerly. "Show me, so that I can | bless you heart; I haven't had much time to think of that, either."

He slept as sound as a top, and selves as to what was to become of him, for he had a good provision for

At the end of the second summer "She was not strong enough, poor the old schoolmaster went in at evidences of care and pains bestowed upon every corner of the premises. door were laden with ripe fruit, and "That's true, poor lad!" said the he smiled to himself as he walked ed the door without knocking, and 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 After a little more chat, he went for your purse if they want it, for I

"Then what is all this?" He

"This is the price of my fine crop He thought and thought of it as of fruit. You must have noticed

that a poor, weak fellow like him- His eyes were bright, and his

once. He would be willing to dig health; his form was straight, and one hole, but to dig over the whole every limb round and strong. The master looked keenly at him and But the more he thought over it laughed-a laugh so full of thorough,

"Ah, friend Fritz," he at length and seize such a treasure hidden on said, "I promised you only one the place which had belonged to his purse, but if I had promised you a family for generations! Perhaps dozen, or, perhaps, a hundred, I should have been the nearer right."

Fritz stared at him with some-

"Then you were jesting with me," he cried. " No," said the old man; it was

very word truth." And Fritz took his honest old and 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, wellglazed stoneware, free from flaws, for them. The bounteous earth which prevent perfect sealing and cannot be depended on without wax.

Third, the jars must be kept in a opening from a kitchen, is not the should be wrapped in paper, buried in sand or sawdust, or kept in a chaff, oats, dry sand or sawdust, or And before many weeks had pass- 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 butter, one cup sour cream, one spoonone heaping ditto soda, dissolved in and bake quickly, adding soda-water after it goes in.

OATMEAL GRUEL. - One even cup of fine fresh oatmeal, one pint of cold You are a good boy, Fritz, and will had heard that the pretty little maid 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 Kolks' Column.

Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 221.—PI PUZZLE. (FROM M. COLWELL, NORTONDALE, YORK.)

Emco itltle rchindle ot sujse Ehsi yasgni wonomce otem Eh useredff orflal osemco toihs llca Nda rofm ryeve niseb tesrefe.

No. 222. - PALINDROME.

(FROM W. G. AND B. F. M'F., FAIRVILLE.) The primals read forwards a criminal And backwards that which causes great

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

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

Next in order is a girl's name ; Backwards or forwards 'tis the same. The comparative of a colour pro-

Backwards or forwards always the No. 222, -HALF SQUARE WORD.

(FROM HELEN R., ST. JOHN.) An animal. Long since. Before. Half of near.

No. 224.—BIBLE QUERIES. (FROM "YANKEE," WATERVILLE, ME. 1. Where is "ball" found?

A vowel.

No. 225, - DECAPITATIONS.

2. Where is " road " mentioned ?

(FROM W. S. LEWIN, BENTON.) I am an article of diet. Behead me and I am produced by the sun; behead again and I am to consume; again and am a preposition; again and I am a

No. 226.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. (FROM "POPPIE," 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

No. 202.—Prov. xxv. 19. No. 203.-1. Delilah. Naomi. Abigal. Michal.

Lydia. 7. Tamar. No. 204.—Sycamore. No. 205,-

nEw poSts mastlcate distrAction disentHralled MESSIAH.

CHAT.

"MAYFLOWER," Barrington, N. S. sends us full name and address. Thanks. The prize, "The Best Warfare," has been forwarded you by mail. Please acknowledge the receipt of

"Susie," Kings, has our thanks for kind interest taken in the COLUMN. Your solutions to 174, 175 and 179 are correct. Write again soon.

HELEN R., St. John, sends correct solutions to "The Mystery," No. 31. The error in No. 204 was not any fault of ours. The puzzle was hastily copied from the MS. sent us, and no notice was taken of the error. It was only a trifling matter. You will find the plant "Erica" (e-rye'-ka) in any good Botany or Encyclopedia. It is a house plant in this country. The name sugar, one cup molasses, one half cup | given is the botanical name, or Latin name. The popular or common name ful ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon, is Heath. It belongs to the Heath family of plants. Its corolla remains water; nearly four cups flour: mix, dry after blossoming. The stems are covered with very small and narrow last, and beating hard for two minutes leaves. See Gray's "How Plants Grow," or any other good work on plant study. Thank you for your pleasant words.

To BE SOLVED. - M. Colwell's Pi is good for little children. Devour it who can! W. G. and B. F. MacF., give us something new, but I have no doubt but some will solve it. Try Helen R.'s Half Square, but do not half solve it. Where are "Yankee's" Queries found? Who will tell? The Decapitations and Numerical Enigma are both excellent. Who will solve all the puzzles this issue? Try! Try hard!!

## OUR LETTER BOX.

HELEN R., St. John, says: "I do like this work. \* \* \* I wish the INTELLIGENCER came twice a week. We joyfully give up everything else when Tuesday evening brings it. Mother and sister take part in it. We love to see it a success,"

"Susie," Midland, Kings, says "As I am not very busy during the holidays, I thought I would try to solve some of your puzzles."

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