"BUT JESUS HELD HIS PEACE."

Amid his people stood the King:
False witnesses brought forth their lies,
The High Priest hurled his questioning
Against the calm of those sad eyes;
The surging council mob pressed near,
Where wrath and hate made swift increase
And brutal insult, gibe and sneer
Fell fast—but Jesus "held his peace."

And we—the follower of the King—
Thrust back the words we may not speak,
But swift beneath a udden sting
The fire leaps up to eye and cheek!
We clench our lips above the roll
Of passion-waves that will not cease,
And name it Christian self-control,
But he—our Master—"*held his peace.*"

It is too high for us, dear Lord;
We mark the pattern's line of gold
But dimly to our lives accord,
We have so little peace to hold.
Oh, give us thine, thou art of Love!
Thy inner rest from self and sense,
For "perfect peace" is from above,
And thou alone hast brought it thence.

The Fireside.

"TRUTH."

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"He told me all about the affair, and he said the version of it I have given you was the truth, whether it was believed or not," said Mr. Snow, the wealthy manufacturer to the guest with whom he was conversing.

"Truth dwells at the bottom of a well," replied the young man addressed, laughing heartily.

Four-year-old Marion Snow, sitting on her papa's knee, opened her blue eyes at this remark; and at once before her childish mind a picture presented itself of the dark, deep well, with its mossy curb, its dripping bucket, and its long, high sweep cleaving the summer air in the cool, shady, grassy yard of her grandfather's farm-house away up among the New Hampshire hills.

She treasured the picture, often pondering over it and wondering what "Truth" was like, and if she should ever succeed in getting a sight of her.

When, a few months later, an invitation to her Cousin Eliza's wedding came from the country homestead to the city mansion, Marion clapped her tiny hands in delight exclaiming:

"Oh, now I can look for Truth! What a pity it will be if she gets out of the well before we arrive there!"

It was late in the June evening preceding the wedding-day when the lumbering stage-coach set them down at the homestead. Marion was too sleepy to think of Truth that night, but the next morning she was early awake, and slipping out of bed and peering from the vine-shaded casement, she spied the old well, and, following a childish impulse, she resolved to ascertain at once whether Truth was concealed in its mysterious depths.

Her little bare feet carried her silently down the winding stairs, through the big parlor where the presents were displayed and everything was ready for the wedding, and out upon the back stoop.

"I am going to look for Truth," she called sweetly to her grandmother, who was busy in the diary, and like a bird she flitted in her long white nightgown across the yard, climbed upon the well-curb, leaned over, and seeing her own charming reflection in the crystal depths, she shouted joyfully:

"Oh, I see her, I see Truth! She is ever so far down. Will she not come up to the wedding?" and losing her balance, over she went into the well.

By a singular providence she went down feet first, and grasping a strong rope by which a pail of cream was suspended, she kept her head above water until she was drawn up to the arms of her agonized parents.

The accident so affrighted and excited the whole family that throughout the day nothing went on quite as it had been arranged.

In looking over the presents after the guests had departed, the bride missed a string of heavy gold beads, an heirloom in the family, that had been given her by a great aunt.

Marion, hearing the talk about them, piped up: "Oh, let me tell you where they are. I had them on when I fell into the well, and now Truth has them."

"That is impossible," they all said. "That is just a chimera of the dear child's overexcited brain." Some of the family were positive they saw the necklace after breakfast, but every one had been so wrought upon that they were not sure of anything.

They all united, however, in laughing at Marion's story, and Grandpa Snow said: "The well is very old and very deep. The water is deep and cold. It is not worth while for any one to risk his life to prove the accuracy of a baby's prattle."

The bride made up her mind that her Cousin Martha, who lived on the adjoining farm, had stolen the beads out of spite, for she had been heard to say that she had just as good a right to them as Eliza had.

Having abruptly arrived at that conclusion in her first chagrin at the loss of her necklace, she repeated her conviction to every one without charity or prudence, until poor, innocent Martha was branded as a thief by the whole community.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow and their child Marion soon after this event took up their abode in the then Far West, and Marion did not come East again until she was married and came on her wedding tour.

She had not been long in the square parlor of the old homestead before she said to Cousin Eliza, now a rosy matron:

"I want to go and look in the old well. I want to see 'Truth' again. I wonder if she wears the gold beads I carried her when I went down to make her a call, you know, on the morning of your wedding day. I shall never forget that experience. The time seemed interminable, after I lost my balance, before my bare feet struck the icy-cold water."

"Do you still believe that you had on my gold beads at that time?" asked Eliza, laughing heartily.

"To be sure I do, my dear cousin; I know I had them on. They lay on some pink cotton in a little box on the parlor table there in that corner. I put them on, and came here and stood on tiptoe to look in this very same gilt-framed mirror. I remember just how they looked over my white night-gown. Has the well never been cleaned since then?"

"No. It has not been considered safe to go down into. The well is only used to hang things in that we want to keep cool, and the beads are not there. Cousin Martha stole those beads. I have never had the least doubt upon the subject."

Visiting around among her relatives Marion found that her Cousin Martha, a sweet, gentle, Christian woman, had been all these years under social ostracism on account of the report circulated at the time that she stole her Cousin Eliza's necklace.

Marion's young husband was a minister of the gospel. "I mean to know the truth of this matter," he said, "and in this instance 'truth' certainly lies at the bottom of the well."

One day, Grandma Snow, who was still living, made a party for the young couple. After the guests were assembled, many of them being the same who were at Eliza's wedding, the young man introduced the story of the gold beads, and announced that the event of the afternoon was to be their recovery if they were in the well.

He called the men he had engaged to assist him, and putting on a pair of long fishing boots he descended into the mossy depths.

As each bucketful of sand and water was drawn up it was scanned by anxious eyes. After a while, when they had almost given up the quest, Marion cried:

"Oh, there is a shining gold speck. Eureka! It is one of the beads. We have found one of them." she shouted down the well to her young husband.

"There were twenty-five of them," said Eliza, and it was not long before she held them all in her hand. Marion was delighted, of course, and Eliza knew not whether she was the more gratified or chagrined.

She went for her Cousin Martha, who had not been invited to the party, asked forgiveness in the presence of the company for the wrong she had done her, and presented her the necklace. Upon that everybody cried and kissed Martha, and asked her forgiveness for believing such a foolish report.

"I knew I was neglected by everybody, left out in the cold, as it were," said Martha at last, "but I never knew why. I was never told of the unjust suspicion resting upon me, but as I lost my friends one by one, I drew nearer to God, so the years have not been as weary to me as you may suppose. I can not take the necklace. All this suspicion is a punishment for my unkind remark in saying I had just as good a right to it as Eliza."

"Marion shall have it as a wedding present from us both," said Eliza, and the beads having been restrung, they were fastened about the neck of the youthful bride. She has always worn them in memory and in praise of "Truth," she says.

Several summers ago I met her at the old homestead. The gold necklace sparkled and shone on her white, plump throat as, standing by the old well and looking down into its crystal depths, she told me this story.

BROTHER SMITH.

In a recent meeting of Christian workers, one of the number, filled with emotion, several times broke out in hearty "Amens." Some one asked the presiding officer to keep him quiet. Instantly the leader was on his feet, saying:

"I am requested to keep Brother Smith quiet. Before I make the attempt let me tell you that Brother Smith was a prisoner at Andersonville. News came to him in his starving condition that he was exchanged. He turned to a comrade whose private history he had learned and said:

"'You have wife and children; I have none. Take this exchange and go to your family. I can stand it a little longer.' And so he stayed and sent the other away. After a time another exchange came, and this same prisoner walked up to one who was almost delirious in the longing to see his dear ones, and said: 'Here, brother, take my place. I can wait a little longer.'

"And so he stayed and the other went home. A third offer of release came while he was bending over a sick comrade, to whom he had ministered for many weeks. The invalid looked up and said: 'You are going away. If you leave me I shall die. You are my only hope.' 'Well,' said the other, 'I won't leave you. You shall go in my place. I will stay. I can stand it a little longer.'

"And so this man stayed again. Now," said the leader, "does any one object to Brother Smith saying Amen?" And the whole audience broke out into hearty applause.

Mr. Smith came forward before the great assembly, and said, as he took another person by the hand: "This is Capt. Lovelace, of Marion, Ala., the very man who captured me and put me in prison. We were fighting on opposite sides then. He is now in the Christian army. We are on the same side at last. I want you to sing 'Best be the tie that binds.'" And so the two soldiers stood holding each other by the hand, while the hymn was sung.

It was the writer's privilege recently to hear this man telling his experiences of Andersonville. Not a word against the Southern people; indeed, he was careful to say that they, as a people, were brave, chivalrous, kind-hearted. He was careful to lay the blame only on those to whom it belonged.—*Boston Peace Advocate.*

HINTS FOR THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Arrange the desks and seats in some way, so that each pupil can find support for his back and rest for his feet. It need hardly be supposed that this is impossible.

"Tinker" the window-frames, so as to be able to lower the upper sash a few inches. Get calico curtains if there are no blinds; they will cost about ten cents each.

Cover all holes and ink-spots in the hall with white paper, neatly pasted on; but cover up no dirt that can be washed off. Let the floor be clean and the windows clear.

Tack engravings on the walls, the best you can find; wood cuts from newspapers are better than nothing. Inland boys like ships and steamers, and sea-scenes generally, while boys who live near the coast prefer hunting scenes, and rocks and woods. Maps of the country, the state, the county, the town, ward and block are desirable.

On the ceiling, draw neatly—in charcoal, if you can do no better—the solar system. Make the sun in red chalk, give the planets their relative size and orbits; let a bushy, red-tailed comet enliven the sketch. On the side walls, draw a long black line, five and-a-half yards long, to represent a rod. Divide the line into yards, one of the yards into feet, and one of the feet into inches. In various spaces otherwise unoccupied, draw distinctly, a square yard, a square foot, a cubic foot, and equilateral triangle, and other similar outlines. Let the walls be covered with instruction and amusement for the eye. At first, these figures will attract attention from studies, but in a few days the novelty will have worn off, and although they may attract, they will not distract.—*Selected.*

AN HONEST BOY.

In a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it correctly; at least I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it, than the little boy cried out, "Oh, I didn't say it so, Miss W——; I said 'e' instead of 'i'," and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

In all your enjoyments, whatever, be moderate. Set your heart in the love of God and the faith of Christ, and difficulties will disappear. The inner life in you will assimilate to the divine everywhere, and return its own blessed and consecrated influence to all your work and all your amusements.

OLD-TIME BEDS.

Two hundred years and more ago, the beds in England were bags filled with straw or leaves, but not upholstered or squared with modern neatness. The bag could be opened and the litter remade daily. There were few bedrooms in the houses of ancient England. The master and mistress of the Anglo-Saxon house had a chamber or shed build against the wall that enclosed the mansion and its dependencies, their daughters had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall, which was the only noticeable room in the house, on tables or benches. Woollen coverlids were provided for warmth; poles or hooks on which they could hang their clothes projected from the wall; perches were provided for their hawks. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 266.—ENIGMA.

(FROM "RANSACKER," KINGS.)

In cake, but not in pie;
In oats, but not in rye;
In ant, but not in cricket;
In ball, but not in wicket;
In tramp, but not in walk;
In yell, but not in talk.

The whole is the name of a well-known bird.

No. 267.—TRANSPOSITION.

(FROM "MINA," KINGS.)

Tieencap si a teuriv,
Ssssope ti fi ouy nac;
Ist modsel dounf ni omenw,
Essl tenof undof ni enm.

No. 268.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(FROM "CORNWALLIS," CANNING, N. S.)

1. Who slew 85 priests?
2. What king had his life prolonged 15 years in answer to prayer? What sign was given to him that he should recover from his sickness?

No. 269.—TWO EASY PUZZLES.

(FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)

1. DIAMOND.—A vowel; a conjunction; a consonant.
2. SQUARE WORD.—A small animal; what all do; a shrub.

No. 270.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(FROM "PUG NOSE," UPPER BRIGHTON.)

1. Where is "*razor*" mentioned?
2. Where is "*anvil*" found?

No. 271.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "MARIANNIE," KINGS.)

T—e —r—s— w—t—e—e—h,
—h— f—o—e— f—d—t—: —u—
t—e —o—d —f —u— G—d
—h—l— s—a—d —o—e—e—.

No. 272.—DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

(FROM L. A. KERR, STANLEY, YORK.)

Thrfr t hm tht knwth t d gd nd dth t nt, t hm t s sn.

No. 273.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM H. DAGGETT, GRAND HARBOUR.)

Nda bjcoa nste dna llaedc arcelh dan elha ot eth ifide ontu ihs lfcko.

No. 274.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

The father of Seth; a large reed; a list; a continent; great numbers; a king of Israel; a peninsula of Europe.

The *initials*, read downward, give the name of one of the sons of Terah; the *finals*, read upward, one of David's sons.

(*The Mystery solved in three weeks.*)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 37.)

No. 242.—"And the inhabitant shall not say I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isaiah xxxiii. 24.

No. 243.—1. Lot. 2. Herod. 3. Abel. 4. Peter. 5. Heber. 6. Levi. 7. Amos. 8. Babylon. 9. Matthan.

No. 244.—Ecclesiastes x. 19.

No. 245.—"Love your enemies."—Matt. v. 44.

No. 246.—Job xi. 2.

No. 247.—2 Kings xxii. 14; also, 2nd Chron. xxxiv. 22.

No. 248.—One day a young girl named *Lydia* went for a walk with her sister *Sarepta* and her brother *Dan* for some *iris*, which grew some distance from their home. When they started *forth*, they met a *man* dressed in a *tweed* suit and *morocco* shoes, looking for a *nice long branch* of *Virginia* creeper. They were in *hope* of soon meeting *Lewis* and *Albert* with some *fern* for them, which they did; and then thought a *race* would bring them quickly to a *little rock* where they could see a *wolf*, a *bear*, a *beaver*, a *deer*, and a *moose*, while there finding some *yellow*, *black*, and *red* wild flowers. And having ate some *sandwich* they said *farewell* and returned home, having spent a pleasant day.

(N. B.—The words italicised are the words supplied.)

CHAT.

HELEN R., St. John, has returned home again from her visit. Glad to earn that you "had a nice trip."

"MINA," Kings, sends us an excellent batch of puzzles. Thank you, "Mina." Come again soon, and always send your name.

PARKS' COTTON YARNS.

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

Nos. 5's to 10's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbeerd and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Warp to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.
WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.
All fast colors.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
uly12 St. John, N. B.

Edw. A. Everett,

104 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

BEGS TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO HIS LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

Wall Papers,

Purchased from the Leading Factories in

ENGLAND, CANADA, AND THE UNITED STATES.

ALSO TO HIS FINE LINE OF

Window Shades

Including a large assortment of

ROLLER BLINDS.

From the Cheapest up to the Best to be found in our Market.

HE WOULD ALSO REQUEST ALL THOSE DESIROUS OF PURCHASING

PAINTING MATERIAL,

TO GIVE HIM A CALL.

A good Stock of everything required by the PAINTER is constantly kept on hand, including—

PAINTS,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES,
GLASS,
PUTTY,
WHITING,
GLUE,
Etc., Etc.

Country Orders will receive Prompt Attention.

FARMS FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber will sell 32 Acres of Land in Douglas, three miles from Fredericton. A Dwelling House, two Barns and Shed are on the place; the water is convenient; it cuts 30 tons of hay, and has good pasture.

He will also sell 19 Acres of Land in Andover, V. Co., two and-a-half miles from the Village. Apply in person or by letter to

(REV.) JOHN HENDERSON,
DOUGLAS, YORK COUNTY.
June 30, '86.

Horton Collegiate Academy

—AND—

ACADIA SEMINARY,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Current Term began

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Address letters of enquiry to the Principal of the Academy.

J. F. TUFTS, M. A.,
aug11 2m

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

A PROMPT AND RELIABLE CURE

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO, ONT.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common **Blotch**, or **Eruption**, to the worst **Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin**, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. **Great Eating Ulcers** rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck,** and **Enlarged Glands.** Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's **Golden Medical Discovery,** and **good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution,** will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs,** is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his **"Consumption Cure,"** but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES
OF THE
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy borebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from **Indigestion, Dyspepsia,** and **Torpid Liver,** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** has no equal.

For **Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption,** and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. **Sold by Druggists.**

PRICE $1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SIZE OF PELLETS

ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption.

Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "Cold in the Head,"** and **Catarrhal Headache.** 50 cents.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

Nursing mothers, reduced by overtaxing of the nervous force or by the drain upon the system induced by prolonged nursing, should at once commence using Ridge's Food as a daily diet. It will give strength to the mother and improve the supply for the little one. Remember, Ridge's Food has been in use for thirty years in England and America, therefore is not an untried preparation. Two sizes. Retails at 35c. and $1.00.