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Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring comes! I hear her music,
Low murmuring from the hills,
And gushing down along the vales,
In myriad-blended sighs.

Her light steps touch the mountains,
And roam amid the vales;
Her breath unseals the fountains,
And soothes the boisterous gales.

Her glance beams thro' the curtains
Of many a reptile's nest,
And lures to life the sleepers,
Like morn on mortal's rest.

Her soft hand weaves the network
With matchless taste and skill,
Which, for earth's emerald mantle,
The summer weft shall fill.

Her fingers wander over
The great harp's trembling strings,
Till Nature's full orchestra
In tuneful cadence sings.

And is it thus from sterile,
Frost-fettered wintry earth,
Such charming sounds and scenery
At Spring's approach take birth?

O, what shall be the transport,
When ransomed hosts shall sing,
Earth's stormy winter over,
Hail Heaven's eternal spring.

[Yarmouth Herald.]

Interesting Tale.

A TALE OF STORMY WATER.

BY MRS. ROTHWELL.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I guess you did all you could," but 'twas I killed him! You didn't know he went out without his mother's blessing! You didn't know you had a Jonah among you to bring down the storm! But you see it didn't hurt you any; the wrath was on me and on him. Five boats and thirty men went out yesterday and all came home safe to-day but the one who took his mother's curse!"

While every one stood spell-bound at her strange words, she turned as if to leave the shore, and met Maggie Urquhart face to face. She had heard every word, and her lips and cheeks from which every vestige of color had fled told her horror. Mrs. Hurst started as if stung.

"You here, you brazen girl! Do you dare to come to mock the mother who has ridged of her son? But for your baby face he would never have forsaken me. Only to make money for you he would never have gone where he has lost his life. You cry 'as Maggie counsel and broke into sobbing; 'you grieve for him! Ay! you have lost your rich match, and maybe you won't find another so ready to marry the poor cobbler's daughter. Yes; sob and moan, it looks pretty. You can cry, I have no tears; but my heart is burning. Cry in your sorrow, baby grief; but go, before I strike you down!"

"Shame, shame, Mrs. Hurst!" said old Michael Graham, as Reuben Wilson came to the side of the weeping girl and drew the shaking figure within his protecting arm. "Is that the way to treat your lost son's chosen wife? Is it before he is cold you trample on the helpless girl he would have defended with his heart's best blood? Shame! Let your own sorrow make you feel for her's, and make up to her whatever you may have to reproach yourself with for him."

Mrs. Hurst made no answer to this appeal; but left the beach with a firm step and lofty head. Maggie remained, submitting to the rain but well-attended consolation of the women, and the awkward comfort of the men; but she clung to Reuben.

"Oh, Reuben, take me home! Oh, Reuben, it is very hard; I loved him so!"

"We all loved him, Maggie dear; but he's better off."

"But, Reuben, I prayed that God would bless him and keep him safe."

"And can God answer prayer only one way, Maggie? Hasn't he blessed him forever now and kept him safe from any more harm? Where is his best off, Maggie—in heaven or here? And which do you think loves him best—his Saviour or you?"

Maggie was silenced, but not convinced. She wept bitterly, though quietly, all the way home—not much comforted by Reuben's pious consolations, and her last murmured sobbing words as, exhausted with innocent sorrow, she sank to sleep were, "Ah, I thought my blessing would have brought him back to me!"

CHAPTER III.

Reuben was right. It was jealousy that lay at the root of Mrs. Hurst's hatred of the poor girl her son had chosen. She could not bear that any other should claim part in him—she could not bear that he should rank another equal with if not superior to her, and even in the midst of her grief for his loss mingled a bitter feeling that any other should have the right to mourn as well as she. She could not prevent Maggie's sorrow—she could not deprive her of the sympathy and kindness bestowed upon her—she could not hinder her from sharing the compassion of all who regretted their common loss; but she would, if possible have shut her out from all.

Very heavily and drearily passed the day. To Mrs. Hurst, in her hard anger and stony grief, each hour brought in a heavy load, borne in un-submissive silence, and scarcely laid down at night when sleep in turn brought its own terrors. Maggie Urquhart, innocent at heart, felt grief without remorse, but a grief that seemed to have crushed all light out of the world. And she had yet more to bear. To the burden of her own sorrow was added the hearing of the lamentations of her helpless, fretful mother over the loss of the fair prospect that had lain before her. Mother and daughter were entirely dependent for bread on the toil of the latter, and Maggie had toiled without complaint. Dan had done much to help his chosen and Maggie, though proud with others, had never scrupled to accept his aid. She was willing to take up her heavy burden again and to bear it to the end; but it was hard, while her heart was freshly bleeding, to think, or to be told, of the worldly loss—hard, while she thought as Dan cut off in his youth, to listen to speculations as to what would become of them now Dan's helping hand was gone.

The next day was Christmas Eve; but the day brought none of its accustomed gladness. A cold darkness hung over land and sea, the wind blew chilly and shrill, stray snow flakes fluttered thro' the sharp air, and a black frost had bound the earth in iron. Cheerless and the face of nature was the mood of the place. The recent calamity had thrown a gloom over Stormy Water that robbed the festive season of all its joys. Those families who were united and happy could not forget those whose circle was broken and sad.

Mrs. Hurst and her remaining children sat at the evening meal. It had used, when Dan was among them, to be a merry evening—often a gathering of friends and neighbors, sometimes a dance, always mirth and good cheer. It was far other than now. With Dan was gone all the gaiety, all the Christmas mirth—all were thinking of the lost son and brother whose place would know him no more. The mother, who never wept, was gloomy, the brother silent, and the sister could scarcely speak for tears.

The meal over, Mrs. Hurst looked at her eldest remaining son. Obedient to the look he brought the Bible and prepared to read.

"Where shall I read, mother?"

"Where you please. Where the book lies open."

"And He opened his mouth and taught them, saying: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Mrs. Hurst put up her hand.

"Stop! she said; read that again."

The boy obeyed. She held out her hand for the book, read the words to herself, and bowed her head upon the page. Had she never heard or read those words before? How was it that this meaning had never before penetrated her heart or brain? Poor in spirit! Was that her character? Or was it because it was so far removed from it that she knew so little of the heaven or a quiet heart and peaceful mind?

She could hear and read no more. Leaving her children to complete their devotions alone, she sought her own chamber, and there in darkness and solitude probed her own heart. What did she find there? Pride, self-will, hardness, hate and wrath. Was this a temper for a professing Christian?—Was this a fitting frame of mind for the day on which we celebrate the birth of him who brought peace and good will to men? Her heart was softened, the scales fell from her eyes.

In grater humility than she had ever known, she bowed her knees that night, and after a solemn vow to pursue an altered course, fell into a softer slumber than had lately blessed her eyes.

She slept late into the daylight. Her children, had the morning meal in readiness, and wondered at her softened face as she gave each her Christmas greeting. The young man dared to whisper, Mother, if Dan was here that though the tears rushed to her eyes, she kissed the child.

Dan is better off dear. He keeps his Christmas with the King.

After breakfast she wrapt herself in her shawl, preparing for the service of which the bell gave notice. But she must first read again those wonderful words of comfort and strength. Nor only those; from verse to verse her eye passed, her mind catching the meaning as it had never done before, until her heart stopped, and her sight grew dizzy, as she saw these words:—

"Therefore if thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Hath ought against thee. There were the words, plain and clear, and just as clear was the significance they bore for her. She did not even try to disguise it to herself; she must be reconciled, must ask for reconciliation before she dared to lay upon the altar her Christmas gift, a new and humble heart.

That heart throbbed fast and thick, and her whole frame trembled, as, having sent her children on before, she approached Maggie Urquhart's door. She knocked, but waiting for no invitation, entered hastily, confronting Maggie, who, her face whitening at the sight of her unexpected visitor, rose from a low seat by her mother's bed.

But Mrs. Hurst made no pause; she took the girl's hands in hers, and bent searching look on the pale, timid face.

Maggie Urquhart, I have done you wrong; can you forgive me? I, Dan's mother, ask it in the name of him that's dead and gone."

Then Maggie broke out into a sobbing. Forgive me Mrs. Hurst? I have no need to forgive you, only let me grieve for Dan."

And the two women mingled their tears.

The reconciliation was very sweet; why had it not taken place before? Mrs. Hurst felt a marvellous peace in the knowledge that she had humbled her pride, and even her grief was lightened; while Maggie felt at most a thrill of happiness. Her part was simple; it was so much easier to forgive than to ask to be forgiven.

Mrs. Hurst joined not in the prayer meeting that day. Lingered with her lost son's love she kept no count of the time, and when she left her, hastened home. The children were not yet come back, and having replenished the fire she sat down by it to await their return.

The soothing warmth, and her own exhaustion lulled her into rest, and she slept with her head resting on the Bible on the table at her side.

For how long she did not know; but a gentle hand and a warm kiss roused her senses to reality. Was it a glimpse from heaven, the face that looked into hers? Was it come back from the dead, or was it nothing but a dream? No! Her far too substantial for a dream, far too warm and bright for one escaped from the cold sea. Dan stood before her, and it was earthly light and joy that beamed in his happy eyes. She never knew how she welcomed him, but she did know that to hold his hand in hers and look into his face was happiness enough to recompense her hours of pain.

And the full cup, over which when she chipped softly, "What does Maggie say?" And he wondered, answered, "I have not seen her mother; I mean first to you."

To me! You thought of me first, my son? Ay, mother. First of you.

Does any one need to be told where Maggie Urquhart spent the remainder of that Christmas Day, or of the joy that filled every heart, the boisterous welcomes, the shouts of gladness, the happy tears?

But where were you, Dan? Weren't you knocked overboard after all?

I was! I died, Sis. Knocked overboard and nearly done for. The block stunned me, and I remember nothing until I found myself on board a ship that had carried me so far getting the coast that I have been all this while getting back. However, I'm just in time.

Yes, Dan, just in time to make us all happy said Sis.

Maggie uttered nothing, but her face said most of all.

In the evening as the fire blazed brightly, and the children laughed and sang, if Dan and Maggie stole from the group to the shadow of the window, who shall blame them? Thinking only of each other, both started, when a hand was laid on Maggie's shoulder and an arm encircled Dan's neck.

Dan, she has forgiven me; can you?

Mother, hush. She'll never go without your blessing again?

Forgive me, my son. But oh, Dan, my curse did not harm you after all.

No mother, said Dan, when he understood what she meant. I had a protection against it. Let us remember, mother, what we have learned. I offered up my obedience; but I did not come back, did you not give up your own will, and seek her hand, and put it so, mother, never forget, that the God who knows better than we do was dear to the cause, but heeded and remembered the blessing.

"I'll tell you of a vision in Scotland," said a woman in an interior court; and then, with characteristic caution, he added, "but I'll not say more."

Why is a pig like a miser? Because he is no good unless he is dead.

Why is a woman like an echo? Because she will have the last word.

A Modern Jack Sheppard.

A burglar named or called, Jack Sheppard was captured in New York and placed in a Police Headquarter's cell on Tuesday last, but escaped in a most strange manner. The papers say that "Sheppard's" history is a most extraordinary one. Fifteen years ago, when he was a boy 12 years old, he was arrested and committed to the Tombs for petty larceny, in company with six equally juvenile criminals. They were confined in the old station house, which fronted on Franklin street. Some workmen employed during the day in the building had left a crow bar leaning against the stove in the cell corridor. "Sheppard" pulled a broom handle through the cell door and managed to draw the crow bar within his reach. He forced the lock off the door, and emerging into the corridor pried open the bars of a window opening on the street, and he and his companions lowering themselves by means of blankets escaped.

He was re-captured in New Jersey, but escaped from there, and was again arrested and taken to the Tombs for grand larceny, for which he was convicted and sent to State prison, where he served a short term. From various prisons in New Jersey he escaped no less than four times—Boston gaol could not hold him, St. Louis police-men were not smart enough to cope against his ability in baking gaol, and the United States officials outwitted by the price of burglars. During the war he enlisted in an artillery regiment, deserted, and robbed a citizen. Arrested and called on to plead in the Court of General Sessions, he said he was a deserter, and was identified by one of the General Dix's provost marshals and taken away.

"Sheppard" that night escaped from the provost marshal. After robbing the bonded warehouse in Vestry street and getting away with \$40,000 worth of silks, owned by H. B. Claffin & Co. he went West. Arrested in Cincinnati two months ago, he escaped from the custody of the Chief of Police Ruff, of that city, by a clever ruse, and so gained the liberty which by his daring escape on Tuesday night, he now enjoys.

CHANGE OF CLOTHING.—It would be a great deal better to wear the entire winter suits through March, and even to the middle of April; and even then, until the first week in May, to make no change in the outer clothing, or any in the inner garments, except to the less heavy woolsen next the skin; for it is only for the three hours embracing one o'clock in the afternoon that winter clothing is at all oppressive; while the very warmth of noonday makes the raw dampness of the morning especially felt. All changes to lighter or cooler garments should be made at dressing in the morning and if in any case the changes leaves the body chilly, or if, soon after it is made, the weather changes to be much colder by all means promptly, without half an hour's delay, resume the full winter dress. The old, the young, the invalid, in short, all persons of feeble constitutions, of heed these suggestions; inattention to which gives rise to the very frequent announcements in the morning papers, in the early spring: "Died suddenly, yesterday, of pneumonia,"—often, the very friend whom we had met in the street, or at church, within a week, apparently as well and as hearty as ever before.—Journal of Health.

"IF YOU PLEASE."—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the duke replied, "yes, if you please."

These were his last words. How kind and courteous are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! Want a rule tone of command do they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order us. That is ill bred, and shows to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you believe that "if you please," will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget three little words—"If you please."

SINGULAR WHISKY PHENOMENA. It appears that Mr. Pittfield had been troubled with a fearful cold, which has settled on his lungs, and his friends held a consultation and decided to give the gallant sergeant an old fashioned sweat. He was wrapped in a blanket and placed upon a cane seat chair, and about a pint of whiskey put under the chair and a match touched to the whiskey.

It is evident that too much mischief had been placed in the fact that Madison whiskey was never before known to burn; but, singular as it may seem, this particular whiskey did burn, and Mr. Pittfield with his well-known astuteness discovered the fact as soon as anybody. Without stopping to argue with his friends as to the singular phenomenon, Mr.

Pittfield arose as one man, and with his hand on his heart, thanked the audience for the warm and genial manner in which he had been received, kicked the chair over and jumped up.

He jumped well, but it is said that if the ceiling had been higher, he would have increased his jump at least eight feet. On his return to the earth his elocutionary powers were brought into requisition, and he made a speech that for burning sarcasm and blistering pathos has never had its equal in the annals of legislative experience.

Dr. Wolcott was telegraphed for from Milwaukee, and came by a special train, but gave it as his opinion that amputation would be necessary. The party with whom Pittfield boarded, the telegraph informs us, has raised the price of Sam's board three dollars a week; because it is necessary to set the table for him on the mantle piece.

HOW MANY WORDS WE USE.—The latest editions of Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries contain between one and two hundred thousand words. But, fortunately, nine-tenths of these are seldom used. It is remarkable how small a selection satisfies the wants of the best writers and speakers. An English paper says:—"An educated Englishman, who has been at the public school, and at the university, who reads like a Bible, his Shakespeare and the 'Times,' seldom use more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Close reasoners and thinkers, who avoid general expressions and wait for the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to the command of 10,000. Shakespeare produced all his plays with 15,000 words, Milton's works are built up with 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.

ANCIENT MUSIC.—Modern people have little or no idea of the character of ancient music or musical instruments. Even the most artistic of them were rude and unskilled. The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn, with three or four holes in it; their harp or lyre had only three strings, and was very small, being held by one hand; the Jewish trumpet that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only men's horns; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron stick or needle; their sackbut was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery. They had no written music, and scarcely a vowel in their language; and yet, according to Josephus, had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest of agonies!

SOME IRONICAL STATISTICS.—Five years ago Illinois did not produce a ton of pig metal. Last year she made 60,000 tons.

Last year Missouri mined 263,800 tons of iron ore, and Michigan 910,934 tons.

Nearly one third of the pig metal produced in the United States is made from Michigan ore.

Illinois, as a coal producing State, is second only to Pennsylvania.

About 3,500 tons of "black ore" are mined in Cay County, Indiana, every day; part of which is sent to St. Louis.

One mill in Wisconsin places that State fifth on the list of coal producing States. It made 25,774 tons last year.

Michigan made nearly 100,000 tons of pig metal last year, against 900 tons in 1854.

The Missouri ore companies are preparing to put 500,000 tons of ore in the market this year.

The manufacture of rails in this country has doubled in the last six years.—[Miner's Journal.]

HAM TOAST.—Chop some lean ham, put in a pan with a little pepper, a lump of butter and two eggs beaten; when heated through spread it on buttered toast and serve hot.

TO KEEP HAMS IN SUMMER.—Cut in slices and trim off the rind and outside; fry it about half as much as you would for the table. Pack it tightly in jars; pour over it the fat that has been fried out of it, close the jar tight, set it in a cool place, and when used give it a second frying before serving up.

CHICKEN CAKE.—Two cups flour, one of sugar, one of sweet milk, five table-spoons butter, two eggs, one tea-spoonful cream tartar, one half of soda.

WHEN is a schoolboy like a poster? When he gets ticked, and not in the corner, to make him stick to his letters.

"TAKE CARE OF THE PEN."—Dr. Smith says it is the expense he has to look out for.

It is a curious fact that, though England had produced a number of poets, Ireland has produced Moore.