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Poetry.

For the Standard.

A Wish of Remembrance.

"Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

I will not trust my name to stone,
To make me loved, or make me known;
I ask what marble cannot give
Though men should call me dead—to live!
For I had better ne'er have been
Than die, of God forgotten or unseen.

From every lonely star of night,
From each eternal globe of light,
From every influence, every mood
That sanctifies my solitude,
I ask—but must receive from Thee,
O, God,—the gift of immortality!

Whether I look to Thee from Hell,
Or near Thy radiant presence dwell;
Whether the sea shall lull my rest,
Or earth shall fold me in her breast;
Where'er my place, whate'er my lot,
I ask Thee, God, forget thy creature not.

It cannot be; the Father's Son
Sees one as all, and all as one;
Beholds each atom he has made,
Knows where each grain of sand is laid;
Sees all,—and cannot fail to see;
How should He not, poor soul, remember thee?

The Father's bosom overflows,
The Father's eye can never close;
With love so perfect and so free,
And of such depth and scrutiny,
How should we wander from His care?
We are at home if He is everywhere.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Interesting Tale.

THE FLOWER ALCHEMIST.

"Daisy, Daisy," called the shrill treble voice that was henceforth to rule my daily life; "Daisy, jest come here and set to work. 'Taint no use to be a mopin' and grievin,' 'twon't bring your father back; and what on airth your mother gev you sech a name for I can't conceive; ter name a child arter a senseless flower o' the field that dies in a day! And what's worse, I'm afraid you'll take arter your namesake, and be like the flowers o' the field, that 'toil not, neither do they spin.'"

My name was a great source of trouble to my aunt; indeed, she had threatened once in my father's presence to call me "Dorothy Ann." But he had said, caressing my hair with that loving smile that made the bronzed sailor-face all sunlight:

Now, none of that, Priscilla. Daisy was the name her mother, now a saint in heaven, gave her, and Daisy she shall be ever and always until the new name is given her above.

But oh! that loving smile could shine upon my life no more. This was the news that had come yesterday: "The brig 'Good Cheer' wrecked off Cape Hatteras. All on board perished."

You see, my father was a sea-captain, and I lived with my father's sister, Aunt Priscilla. They were not a speck alike, however; she absorbed stuff from everything—the sweetness; she was ever chiding, he ever loving; so, while he lived, I watched from voyage to voyage for his coming, prayed for him, made childish trifles to please him; and when he tarried too long, I placed the lovely shells he brought me at my ear, and dreamed of the sea-wonders of which he told, and fancied that the rose-lipped shells assured me that he was coming over the waves to his child.

Oh! it was hard to think of him lying fathoms deep in the green water, smiling even there, I could not but believe. I might put the gleaming shells to my ear in vain, now; they would never whisper, "Coming back, coming back!" or sing, "The brig 'Good Cheer' homeward bound, with sails full set."

"Daisy, Daisy," again called the tart accents of Aunt Priscilla.

I rose to my feet and began forlornly to wipe away the tears with a corner of my braided child's apron, when a ring, sharp, decided, that must not be kept waiting, came at the door. In a moment my aunt brought in a gentleman, and said curtly:

"Your Uncle Horace, child."

It was my mother's only brother, often heard of, never seen till now. I looked a moment at the clear dark face, the broad forehead, the brown clustering hair touched with silver, then sprang into my uncle's arms.

"I cannot wait, madam," said he in a quick voice that had yet a ring in it like the sudden clash of silver. "Daisy belongs to me, now. Give the child her belongings, and we start at once."

Aunt Priscilla was not long. She put my things in a little trunk which she brought down herself, put on my out-door dress; then kissing me, said not unkindly, "The shells are in your trunk, child. I didn't forget them." Then added to my uncle crisply: "She is ready."

He took out his purse; pieces of heavy gold shone through the netting. "The child has been a care to you, here." And he would have filled my aunt's hand with gold.

But she, putting her hands behind her, said, "God forbid!" I knew then, what I, a shallow child, had not guessed before; that my sharp, sour aunt had sweet at the core. She had something of my father tucked safely away where it was hard to find. I walked up to her, then put my arms around her neck, and said: "I will always think of you, Aunt Priscilla, and look at your picture every Sunday." And so we parted good friends.

Uncle Horace lived in Baltimore, just on the verge of the city. I thought when his home was reached that it surely had come out of a fairy book; for there were gardens lying wide and wide beside a river, and conservatories full of flowers and plants more exquisite than words can tell.

My uncle told me then—for he said but little during the journey, only whenever he spoke I loved to listen to the silver clash of his voice—that his "trade," as he call'ed it, curving his mouth, was that of a florist."

What is a florist, uncle? asked I.

A man that makes flowers bloom and grow; then sells them for the most he can get.

I thought God made flowers bloom and grow? said I in a timid whisper.

My uncle raised his eyebrows for answer. Close, firm, eyebrows, growing in perfect crescents. And I knew when he raised them so, that only a very daring person would question further.

I had been at least a month with my Uncle Horace before I at all comprehended what he meant by his "trade." I saw people come and go; beautiful ladies, fine gentlemen, and others who bought flowers, without stint. All of them treated my uncle with the deference one gives to a superior, and he received them and attended to their wants with the gracious condescension a prince might show to his subjects.

One day a fine lady said to him with a simper, "I wish you would let me benefit by your art as well as your flowers, and give me the complexion you give your roses."

My uncle replied haughtily, "A chemist, madam, to whom nature is ever singing her secrets, does not stoop to cosmetics. My flowers are my fine ladies; I wait on them only."

So the lady, hanging her head, crest-fallen, filled her carriage with roses, and rode away.

Then I guessed that my uncle was no ordinary florist, and that he knew wonderful secrets; and that was why he had said he "made flowers bloom and grow."

I might have found out this before, for my uncle made no secret of it. Beside the hot-houses and nursery-gardens, there stood a laboratory filled with retorts, tanks that held strange liquids, and tall glasses, such as chemists use, filled with unknown, rainbow-hued essences—violet, rose, amber, solemn purples, vermilions, scarlets, clear azures. Sometimes this building at night was all a-flame with light, in which these essences gleamed like gems, and sparkled like wine; long rays flung out through the many windows, and crossed the moonlight, falling in white dazzling spears all over the wide gardens, until you wondered which was fairest, the tints of the rainbow flushing outward, or the moonlight that rippled like a silver sea over the gardens into the river.

Looking through any of the windows, you saw my Uncle Horace very pale, the brown arched eyebrows showing clear crescents above keen, fixed eyes, as he bent over his crucibles and retorts, or drew liquids from the crystal tanks, and distilled them sometimes, drop by drop.

Then I knew why the roses of my uncle's gardens grew in dense sprays of bloom, richer and more fragrant than over they grew before. Then I knew why all clambering vines threw their branches higher, and burst into such cloudy masses of rare-hued blossoms, that you thought they had drawn down sunsets to glow athwart their leaves. Then I knew why sweet flowers, for the dead to wear, grew more spiritually pale in my uncle's gardens than in another's, and why flowers indeed that bore no fragrance elsewhere, were here imbued with a breath of spice.

Uncle Horace, sitting pale amid his rainbow-tinted essences, and bending over crucible and retort, rending secrets from nature by the force of his keen gaze under the close clear eyebrows, did not work without a motive. The subtile juices distilled by the deep art of the chemist were drank by the flower roots, and impregnated them with mystical power to bloom and grow into new shapes of beauty unknown before.

One day my uncle, always somewhat austere, looked softer than usual; something of my mother's look seemed to gleam out from his face. I took courage, and slipping my hand in his, wandered along by his side as he made his daily inspection of the long ranges of green-houses wherein were set his choicest plants. We came presently to a bed wherein nodded flowers fit to bloom beside the gates of paradise.

My uncle, stooping, plucked one, and put it in my hand, saying, with one of the deep smiles that once in a while softened his mouth:

"Daisy, what do you think of this? Would a woman be proud to wear such a wonder in her hair?"

I looked closely. The flower seemed the semblance of a lily. Only within, the moonlight whiteness of the cup was inwrought with lustrous purple veins, that crudled the snowy calyx into fantastic arabesques, such as the fine finger of the frost traces in the winter-time. Looking, I was lost in wonder—amazed, could hardly speak; at length, I said softly:

"O Uncle Horace! when you look into this flower-cup, do you not think it seems a fairy dell of beauty? Even better than that—I should think a little angel might find rest in such a home. These blossoms seem holy enough to grow in heaven. They put all manner of beautiful thoughts in my mind; do they not into yours, Uncle Horace?"

"No."

Just that one word, but in such a strange voice, all the silver clash gone out of it; harsh and grating as the rasp of iron.

I looked up at him. His face was hard, his mouth set. But I went on with strange courage:

"Say, uncle, what do you find there in these in these lovely, lovely flower cups?"

"Money, child, money!" And my uncle gave a short, harsh laugh.

Child as I was I shivered. Terrible to look at such holy blossoms, and think of that hard, coarse tool which we use for our daily needs, but which high heaven declares is only for our use, and not for our end, though the whole world shout the contrary!

Then I went on, after thinking a moment: "Uncle Horace, what will you do with this money you prize so much?" The man lifted me up and laid my head upon his shoulder. Oh! he was smiling sweetly, but very proudly, like a prince that is powerful to will and do.

"Daisy, my most innocent blossom, my sweet, simple hearted field flower! my money shall change into all that is beautiful and rare and sought after. You shall have masters to make you wise. When the time comes I will wave my wand, and the flowers shall change into pearls and rubies, and gems; you shall shine in them, the sons of men shall follow after you. You shall be queen, beautiful, rich, beloved?"

I was a child—a fanciful, self absorbed child, if you will; but I sighed back like a woman. "Only 'beloved,' Uncle Horace; I ask no more than that; for my love is the best of all.

My uncle put me down then, raised his eyebrows, and looked at me, and then at some one who had just come in with a water pot in his hand, where with to sprinkle the flowers.

This some one was an assistant of my uncle's, and his name was Bernard. I liked him well, for he had been kind to me, and made me feel at home in my uncle's gardens with all their splendor, I should have found strange without this Bernard. Bernard was quite different from my uncle, and I liked to look at him still better; for I could not understand my uncle's face, it teased me like a problem; and indeed it would have been a hard problem for any child to read. Bernard had a clear, fine face with honest hazel eyes, that looked straight at you; and when you heard him laugh, you wanted to be friends with him right away.

My uncle looked as I have said, first at Bernard then at me, and said, in his most imperious voice:

Remember what I have to'd you, that you are to reign like a queen some day. Then added coldly to Bernard: I shall want you all day—come with me.

From that time I had but small leisure to roam through my uncle's domains. I had masters for almost everything under the sun. No flower of them all was so watched and tended, so trained and pruned as poor little I, who was only meant for a simple herb of the field! My uncle thought differently, however, and intended to make a fine lady of me in the end, so I had no choice but to submit.

But one sweet day of the seven I had to myself. My uncle worked that day also if it suited him, but oftener he chose to spend it with me. He took my hand and went with me to church; but whether he heard much of little I never knew, though when the choir began to sing he sometimes lost his absorbed look a moment, and would smile softly as if pleased. I knew by instinct that he liked all beautiful things, and that God had meant him to be good, but that something had warped a fine, high nature, and made it grow in a false direction.

My uncle made much of me on Sundays; made me dine with him, and fed me with dainties like a pet bird, out of his own hand, asking me questions as if to find out how much I was learning from the many masters with which he provided me.

But the best part of the day was that between sunset and dusk, when Bernard and myself could find some quiet green niche beside the river, where the gay orioles flashed in and out, and where we might talk of what pleased us best. And when we stopped, Bernard would take a well-worn Bible from his pocket, and read to me the sweet words that Jesus spake, of the city of God whose gates were of pearl: and it seemed to us both though we were young, and life was calling to us both with its myriad voices that the voice of God was better than them all.

One afternoon, Bernard read to me that chapter in the Acts of the Apostles concerning Simon sorcerer, who had thought to purchase of Peter the gift of the Holy Ghost, and to whom Peter had replied: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought the gift of God may be purchased with money."

As he read, my heart ached, and I said Stop, Bernard, I want to talk with you.

Well, said he with gentle, kindly gaze.

See here, Bernard, is not the wonderful art my uncle has, that enables him to make lovely flowers still more beautiful, is it not the gift of God?

Yes, returned he gravely, undoubtedly.

But all gifts of God are to be used for him.

I know, returned my companion thoughtfully. And it seems to me that the words I have read teach us that all gifts from God not used to serve him with, but bought and sold at market value for our own selfish needs, must also be accursed.

Bernard, I am going to tell my uncle about Simon the sorcerer.

Shall you dare, Daisy?

I think so. I ought to, for my uncle says that his money is for me, and that I shall reign like a queen some day.

Then you will be proud, and forget me Daisy, said Bernard with a look of pain.

Never! never! said I earnestly. We shall be friends always, and I will be not like a queen; only a simple little Daisy flower all the time.

And then I ran away to find my uncle. He was pacing the long piazza of his beautiful home, set in the midst of his wide gardens; and as I ran toward him, caught me by the hand, and looking down, said:

Well, my child?

Uncle, said I earnestly, is not the power you have to fill your garden with more beautiful flowers than any one else the gift of God?

I suppose so, child.

Will, then, must it not be used to serve him with? Can the gift of God be sold for money, or, if they are, should not that money be rendered back to him in his service?

I suppose none had ever spoken to my uncle so. Yet, strange to say, he was not angry.—Indeed, taking me in his arms, he folded me against his heart, saying:

God bless you, my dead sister's child? I will think of your words, Daisy, one of these days when I have more time.

I was glad my uncle took me on his arms so; I like to think of it better than any thing—you will see why when I have done.

The next day there came a tall, proud looking man to see Uncle Horace, and I, standing by heard him say:

I shall be married next week. And my bride that is to be will not wear orange blossoms; she thinks they are common place.—You will therefore get for me white roses. I wish them to be as fair as she.

My uncle smiling with some pride returned simply:

Your bride will not be ashamed to wear my roses. Snow shall not be so white.

And then the imperious stranger went away.

That night, led by some strange instinct, I wandered through the moonlit gardens, until I came to my uncles laboratory. It was all one with lights, that tossed hues of the rainbow out into the moonlight. And in the midst of all sat my Uncle Horace, very pale, distilling a clear, colorless liquid drop by drop into a crystal vessel.

Is that to make the whitest rose that ever grew for the gentleman's bride? thought I

I watched and waited breathlessly. Suddenly—none ever knew why—there was a crash and explosion; subtle gasses it may be, tired of obeying my uncle's behests, sought their liberty. No matter how—the fact is awful enough; when I ran in, my uncle lay dead! There were white roses for him instead of the bride!

How quiet his face was! He seemed at rest; perhaps it was so. God grant it; he had been so kind always to his little Daisy.

Bernard and I planted white roses above his grave, and trained them in the shape of a cross.

We live together, Bernard and I, and I am not a fine lady; only the wife of a simple gardener. I had said we should be friends always, and so it is.

We have no art, Bernard and I, to make the flowers any more beautiful than God gives them to us, but so we are best content. We send them to make fragrant the sick room, and to bloom about the altar and feet in God's house at happy Easter time. We love one another, Bernard and I; but we strive to remember that all things come from God, and must return to him; therefore we try to keep our love holy and pure, so that it shall belong to him, and by and by, if he so pleases, to us in heaven.

A Mother's Influence.

The following gem from Wendell Phillips' speeches should be read in every family:—

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning she said: Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's land, that you will never drink liquor.

And, said he, for he told the story, I gave the promise, and went the globe over, to Calcutta, and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles, I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to day I am innocent of the taste of liquor.

Was not sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half, for, still continued he, yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty years.

Do you know me?

No.

Well, said he, I was brought drunk in your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside, you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother: I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and I came to ask you to come and see me.

How far the little candle throws its beam. The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont. God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

SCOTCH STORIES.

From advance sheets of the "Memoir of Robert Chambers, with autobiographic reminiscences of William Chambers," soon to be published by Scribner & Co., we extract an interesting sketch of Scotch life in the early part of the century:

HOW TO GET AT SCOTCH HUMOR.

Sidney Smith once made some little inquiry about my own family efforts, and he laughed when I reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal—for that would have applied literally to my brother and myself. "Ah, labora, labora," he said sententiously, "how that word expresses the character of your country?"

'Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard,' I observed; 'but for all that we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbors. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humor."

"O, by all means," replied my visitor, "you are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the cork screw!"

OLD SCOTCH PROVERBS APPLIED.

There was much pleasant intercourse among families at a small cost. Scarcely any gave ceremonious dinners. Invitations to tea at six o'clock were common. After tea there were songs, with perhaps a round of Scottish proverbs—a class of sayings which, from their agreeable tartness, found scope for exercise in ordinary transactions, and were more especially useful in snubbing children, and keeping them in remembrance of their duty. The Peebles people were not behind their neighbors in the art of applying these maxims. As, for example if a fastidious youth presumed to complain that his porridge was not altogether to his mind, he would have for reply,—"Lay your wame to your wimin';" that is, "Suit your stomach to your earnings"—a staple observation in all such cases. Or, if one of unsettled habits got into a scrape, such as "slumping in the ice, and coming home half-drowned, instead of being commiserated, he would be coolly reminded that "An unhappy fish gets an unhappy bait." Or, if one hinted that he was hungry and would not be the worse of something to eat, he would, if the application was inopportune, be favored with the advice in dietetics: 'You'll be the better o' findin' the grunds o' your stomick." Or, if he, on the other hand, asked for a drink of water shortly after dinner, he would be to'd that "Mickle meat takes mickle weet;" by which wholesome rebuke he was instructed in the excellent virtue of moderation in eating. Or, if one, said he wanted as instance, he would get the proverb pitched at him: "Help yourse', and your friends will like you the better." Or, when a family of children quarrel among themselves and appeal to their mother for an edict of pacification, and she would console them with the remark, "You'll all agree better when ye gang in at different kirk doors." A capital thing were these proverbs and sayings

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