

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

1850 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 22, 1867.

No 21

Poetry.

SHALL WE KNOW OUR LOVED ONES THERE?

BY M. PATTERSON.

In that glorious spirit land,
Where all is pure and bright;
And the hosts rejoicing stand,
Before the throne of light;
Where the crystal river flows,
And the tree of life blooms fair;
Where never enters death—
Shall we know our loved ones there?

When we reach the distant shore,
And behold the shining band,
Who with Christ for evermore,
Dwell in yonder blissful land,
Chanting loud his glorious song,
Whilst conquering palms they bear—
Must that bright angelic throng,
Shall we know our loved ones there?

Yes, weary, mourning, sad ones,
From earthly friends are riven,
Ye shall join the loved and just ones,
In their glorious home in heaven.
Then drop not, faint not by the way;
For from freed from earthly care;
In the light of everlasting day,
We shall know our loved ones there.

Miscellany.

FOR FATHER'S HONOR.

So much gone! I might have known how it would be! said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression upon his face.

What's gone? asked his wife.

My money is gone, answered Mr. Sterling.

What money?

That money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger.

Why do you say that?

He's dead, replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

Dead! The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back, except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?

Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans! sighed Mrs. Sterling. What will they do?

As well without as with him, was the only feeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over-persuaded to loan the sick, elderly man, in order that he might go South during the winter. He's been more of a burden than a support these two years.

Oh, Harry! how can you speak so? remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart-broken.

Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed, coldly replied Mr. Sterling. He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars I wouldn't.

But he checked for shame, not for any better feeling the almost brutal words his heart rent up to his tongue.

Not many yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front nearly laid out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery.

A lane, covered the lattice-work porch, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere, not lavished but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C—.

Now the hand of death was upon it.

Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans! Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When her mercenary husband was signing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless, with her two little ones weeping over her in childish terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. I am stronger, he said; my appetite is better. I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home. Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs, and no medical skill was sufficient for the cure. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two of three months before, his body was laid up in his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor made the heart strong—Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily;

she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. She has no mental stamina, they said; she cannot stand alone.

But they were not taken. As we had just said, love and honor made her heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death, he received a note from the widow.

My husband, she said, was able to go South, in the hope of regaining his health, through your kindness. If he had lived, the money loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me.

All very fine, muttered Mr. Sterling with a slightly curling lip. I've heard of such things before—they sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has! But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband.

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, not a little to his pleasure, he discovered about three months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, frail, fragile little woman brought him the sum of two hundred dollars.

He did not see the note with its dear, familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable compunction, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear, lost one's memory.

Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew, said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which his first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark; and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

I think her a very nice little girl, replied the mother.

So she is, returned the child; but then she is so queer.

What do you mean by queer?

Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to-day—I almost laughed out when I heard it. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten-cent pieces, he said, "Here's a dime for each of you girls, to buy sugar plums." Lillie and I screamed out, and were starting away for the candy shop in an instant; but Katie stood still, with her share of the money in her hand.

Come along, I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. Ain't you going to buy candy with it? I asked. Then she shook her head gravely, and put the dime in her pocket, saying, "I don't think she meant me to hear the world." "It's for father's honor," and leaving us she went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange.

Her mother is very poor, you know, replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

She must be, said Flora, for Katie has worn the same frock to school every day for almost three months.

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable about the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark—"It's for father's honor," the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more.

The pale, thin face made a strong impression on him. It troubled him to take the money from her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, as it welled out from the transparent skin, as it welled out from the transparent skin.

He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his line to remark: Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger, but cupidly whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

No, dear, it's for father's honor, I can not spend it.

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck upon his ears.

An apple went out but a penny, Katie, and I want one so badly, answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

Come away, Maggie, said the other, drawing her sister back from the window. Don't look at them any more—don't think about them. But I can't help thinking about them, sister. Katie pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every trait of his own children was supplied. He thought of the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent. But the apple was denied because the penny must be saved to make

good the dear father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of the pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

Here little ones, he called, as the two went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at the invitation.

Come in and I'll get you some apples, he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

Come, repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and a visit from the pale young widow. It was all she had been able to save, she said, but she made no excuse and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touched thereof was pleasant to his fingers for he loved money. But the vision of the sober children's faces before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over-giving toil and the denial of herself and little ones the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands, to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of a little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him, he never would take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. The people would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self denial, and that of her children, in order to keep pure his honor, and they would ask naturally—who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket book and selected from one of the compartments the note on which, Mrs. Granger had now made three payments, for some moments held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures the sum \$300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial to keep pure his honor, so well, to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in his mind, with her share of the money in her hand, not see the writing and signatures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little face, and with the vision of this came to his ears the sentence—

"No, dear, it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Grangers note, the word "cancelled," and then handed it to the widow.

What does this mean? she asked looking bewildered.

It means, said Mr. Sterling, that I hold no obligations against your husband.

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note—

I thank you for your generous kindness—and he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless.

That you have already done, answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions new to him; it is as white as snow.

Then he thrust upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

No, Mr. Sterling, the widow said. I should be as I will! was the response.

I would rather touch fire than your money. Every cent would burn upon my conscience like living coals!

Keep this last payment, urged the widow; I shall feel better.

No, madam! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, he assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he left with you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part.

What? asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

To minister to the wants of your children, whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving of their meat to cancel an obligation which death has paid! And you made me a party in the wrong to them.

Alas, madam! Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much—if we could all see right in the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved!

I honor your true hearted self devotion, but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time.

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around

his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a door of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

The Confession of a Printer's Errand Boy.

What I've got a week?

Overheard while standing up out of the rain the other day under a gateway in Fleet Street.

So—yer got a place, then, Jim; aye—where is it?

Oh! at Work'emhard's, the printers, in the Strand, here; was Jim's reply.

Six shillings and my overtime.

And how much is that?

Tuppence a hour after 8 o'clock going out with proofs, and nothing a hour indoors from 8 till 10, 'cause it goes off the early closing movement o' Saturdays.

Oh! going out with proofs. What's that, Jim?

Why, taking round the things in print to the swells wot writes 'em, as yer goes home o' nights; and sometimes wait harnessers. Our warehouseman, yer sees, is supposed to study four

convenience, as he chills it! Walker, says I; 'cause look here. I live at Spittlefields; and I got the proofs for a swell who lives at Islington, 'cause it's in my way home. But then, yer see, where there's no harnessers, we chop about and sort 'em to please ourselves, as we happen to go that way home. But where there's harnessers we sticks to 'em.

Stick to what, Jim?

Why, the harnessers, to be sure!

What for?

Because, yer see, where there's harnessers there's generally perquisites?

What's them, Jim?

Why, sometimes werry little, Bill; 'cause look here! There's a swell parson who writes such fizing tales for our magazine, but who don't put his name in print, but only his initials!

His initials, Jim?

His initials, I tell yer!

Never saw one, Jim!

Why then, his first and last letters, to be sure; and calls it Hanyonimus—what a big name evey one are, Bill!

Well, yer see, that's cause I work at a factory, Jim. But about these harnessers and perquisites, as yer calls 'em.

Well, as I said afore sometimes they're little, and sometimes they're nothin' at all, Bill. The swell parson, as I was tellin' yer on, who little thinks I reads all he writes, and gives a copy to my young gal, who says it is really beautiful—well, this swell keeps me a stepping out the double shuttle on the door mat, often for two mortal hours in the cold passage and never stands a bit or a sup.

Lor, Jim! yer don't say so!

Honor bright! The other Saturday night, it was past eleven o'clock afore I got my harnesser from him, and he always brings it out himself. So as I heard him coming I made up to his feelings, for it was one of them precious cold nights, Jim; so I crouched down all of a heap on the mat, and begun blowing my fingers to warm 'em, and went into shivers like a dancing nigger.

What's the matter, boy? says he.

Werry cold, sir, says I.

Are you going back to the printer's to-night, my lad?

No, sir. I never works o' Sundays, 'cause I goes to Sunday School. I thought I had him there in sanctified style.

Oh! you go to Sunday School, do you?

Well, I'm glad to hear that. Here's your harnesser—but wait a minute; as you are a Sunday School scholar, I'll make you a little present! and he bolted back into his room again.

Thought the Sunday School dodge would lick him, says I to myself, as I looked up my hands like mad, to make my finger ends tingle and slipped into the toe and heel brakedown movement at the thought of the present—

When all of sudden out came the parson again.

Here, my lad; when you've done with this you can give it to your fellow Sunday scholars! And what d'ye think it was the parson gave me, Bill.

Can't tell, Jim—p'raps a tannier!

A track, Bill, s'help me! As I live a track!

A track! What d'ye mean, Jim?

Why one o' them little fawken a-dozen sheets about the black kids in foreign parts. A track, and no mistake! And what d'ye think I did with it, Bill?

Tell us!

Why, I tore it up into bits, and stuffed it into his letter box and bolted. That's what I did with it.

Vell he was a shabby cove, and no mistake. Just like that sort o' people, Bill, sometimes they'll pat yer on yer head, and stroke yer hair down with their smooth hands so as it'll not brusing for a week, and after asking yer age and all the curious things about yer father and yer mother, and yer sisters and brothers, and godfathers and yer godmothers, and all them sort o' folks, and will end it by giving

yer a him-book or a track, as this swell parson did. But never mind so much as a tannier or even a three penny bit. One day a bishop gave me a lozange, because I had a bad cough!

Well, you do get amouse a rum lot, Jim.

Yes, and you'd say so if yer knew every thing. Sometime I have got to go to some of our poplar lawthers. Ah! them's the swells to do the thing right for yer. There's one on'em who lives up in High Park; I always have that round because once I lived in Oxford Market, and so my name was looked for that beat, though our warehouseman never thinks fit to alter it because I moved now to Islington. But that's no matter; and never grumbles, because it's always for good shindoll of something nice, in the kitchen with the servants—such stunning gals, Bill! They always like me to come because I can sing a song to 'em, and having as much as I can put away, yer gives a bagfull to take home to mother, which is very acceptable just now, 'cause father's out o' work; and she often says when are yer goin' to the poplar lawthers agin?—

But strike me come, Bill, if there ain't 4 o'clock, and I've got to be in Bloomsbury Square with this 'ere proof to a swell who's goin' off into the country by the train, and I was to be sure and be there by a quarter of 4. I'm off like steam, here goes, Bill, so good bye!

Good bye, Jim, and I say! bawled out Bill, as Jim flew up Fleet street like an express runaway engine, send us a track when yer get one; and tell us next time yer goin' to the poplar lawthers!

And, whilst the last new comic, Bill once more wended on his loitering way.—[By the Editor of the Press News.

A WIFUL LIE.—When Ciber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home a female domestic denied him. Ciber took no notice of this at the time, but when in a few days afterwards Booth paid him a visit in return—he called out from the first door that he was "not at home." How can that be (answered Booth), do I not hear your voice?—

To be sure you do (replied Ciber), but what then? I believed your 'servant maid', and it is hard indeed, if you won't believe 'me'.

—H. M. S. Royal Albert, flag ship of Vice Admiral Sir George Rodney Murray, K. C. B., left Spithead on the 24th April, for Halifax.

—A man was found lying on the street in Charlottetown one morning last week speechless. On examination it was discovered that his spine was broken. It is supposed that he was attempting to break into Dr. Hobbs's house, and while so engaged fell down and injured himself.

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