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Poetry.

The Shepherd's Call.

Little children, Jesus calls you,
Mid your work and mid your play;
Day by day his sweet voice calleth.
Listen, you will hear him say:

"Come to Me, My son, My daughter,
Give to Me thy youthful heart;
Come, for I alone can bless you,
And true happiness impart."

Jesus is our loving Shepherd,
And, when smothered in His fold,
He will keep you from all danger,
Shield you from the bitter cold.

Little lambs, your early childhood
He will fondly watch and tend;
And through little joys and sorrows
He will be your faithful friend.

He will love you, guard you, keep you,
He will be your constant Guide;
And not death itself shall harm you
While He standeth by your side.

Listen, then, for now He calls you;
Listen to His voice to-day.
Will you give your hearts to Jesus?
Sure, you will not say Him "Nay!"

Leon Meyer.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

When Leon Meyer came home from school,
his mother asked him in amazement, "What's
so late, instead of rushing in like a whirlwind,
as usual. He was a long time doing the chores,
and when he came in his eyes were red with
weeping."

"Are you ill, Leon?" asked his mother.
"You have scarcely tasted your supper."
"I don't feel very well," he replied.
"Been having another fight with Tom Boynton,
eh?" queried his father.

"No, sir," hesitatingly.
"What did I tell you, Leon, the last time you
had trouble with that boy?" scowling.
"You said if you heard of any more, that you
would give me a flogging."

"I always keep my word," significantly.
"Well, have you had any more trouble, eh?"
"Not much, sir."

Mr. Meyer frowned, saying, angrily:
"If you lie to me, Leon, you will wish you
had never been born."

"Mr. Meyer!" interposed his wife.
"I am managing this boy, Mrs. Meyer, and I
will not have any interference," he frowned.

"Let me tell, papa, please," cried Lily.
"Lily Meyer!" sternly.

"I'll tell you, papa," she pleaded, her
tiny hands clasped, and tears rolling down her
cheeks.

"I will punish you severely if you say an-
other word," stormed the father. "Things have
come to a pretty pass if I am to be harassed in
my own house, and by my own children. Mrs.
Meyer, put that child to bed," as Lily sobbed,
pitifully.

"Don't cry, Lily," whispered Leon, as his
sister made him good-night. "Perhaps papa
will let me tell him."

"You haven't kissed papa, Lily," prompted
her mother.

With a quick movement the child slipped
from the room. Mr. Meyer had lost his good
night's sleep.

"Now, sir," scowling fiercely at his glance
fell on the trembling boy. "Have you had
trouble with Tom Boynton, to-day?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"I want to hear. Yes or no?"

"Yes, sir," reluctantly.

"Take of your coat, sir. I'll learn you to
quarrel and fight. Did your teacher flog you
to-day?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Tom Boynton
flogged me, sir, so he flogged me."

"Aint you ashamed of yourself to get flogged
twice in one day? I'll not have a lying man
in my house, and you are a rich man's
son, and behave as well as you, I dare say."

And the lash came down with stinging force.

The cruel taunts aroused the boy's spirit,
and he raised his face, from which every vestige
of color had fled, a vivid fire glowing in his
soft blue eyes. Not a man escaped the pale
lips through the cruel ordeal.

"You may go now," said his father, at last,
something alarmed at the pale set face; "and
I'll hear such an account of you again, I'll
flog you half to death."

In a paroxysm of rage and grief, Leon hur-
ried to his chamber and flung himself on the
bed.

In a few moments the door swung softly
open and a tender loving voice exclaimed:
"My darling boy!" And her warm tears
fell on his face as she clasped him in her arms.

"O mother, mother, I wish I was dead!"
he cried bitterly.

"No, no, my son, you must not say that, it
is wicked," gently, yet firmly.

"I can't help it. Father is—so—so," he
sobbed.

"Can it be true that my boy was so dis-
satisfied that he was punished?" asked his mother,
reproachfully.

"No, no, mother, Tom Boynton lied to the
teacher, and he flogged me. You see," eagerly.

"The desk has been filled with rubbish for
several days, and yesterday Mr. Blake said he
would flog the one severely that did it, if it was
repeated. Well, when we got there this morn-
ing, there was the desk fuller than ever. Mr.
Blake was terribly angry, and he said he would
punish each pupil, if he could not find the
guilty one, any other way."

"Here's a knife," exclaimed Tom, who was
helping to clear the desk.

"Let me see it," said Mr. Blake.

"Tom handed it to him."

"Who owns this knife?" And O, how stern
his voice was, as he held it up.

"You can't imagine how astonished I was
when, when I saw Mr. Blake held the knife
I lost so long ago."

"Remember," softly.

With a grateful look Leon went on.

"It's mine, sir," said I.

"That was right, my darling."

"Yours!" in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir."

"How came your knife in my desk?"

"I don't know, sir. I lost it a long time ago."

"If you please, sir," spoke up that mean
Tom Boynton, "I saw him have it last night."

"Last night! Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Leon Meyer," exclaimed the teacher, with
awful sternness, "I say that I am greatly dis-
appointed in you. There was not one here but
what I would have suspected of such conduct,
as soon, or sooner, than you. You, in whom I
have placed such confidence, and whom I have
considered one of my best pupils, to fill my
desk with rubbish, and then deny it again, you
tell another falsehood about your knife, when
you are found out, I could not have believed
it of you. These are two grave offences, and
require severe punishment."

"I didn't fill your desk, and I certainly lost
my knife, sir," replied, as firmly as I could,
but the tears would come to my eyes when I
saw how sad he looked.

"If you confess, your punishment will be
lighter," was all he said.

"I have nothing to confess, sir, for I have
told the truth," I said in agony.

"Your obstinacy (for I can call it nothing
else) is extremely reprehensible. I am more
pained than I can say, but I must perform my
duty. Hold out your hand, Leon."

"Every blow seemed to strike here," putting
his hand on his heart. "I hardly felt them on
my hand."

"My poor boy!" murmured his mother, kiss-
ing the poor blistered hands; "it is better to
suffer wrong, than to do wrong. Don't grieve
so, it will come right sometime," as Leon still
sobbed drearily.

She little thought how soon her words would
be verified.

"I don't care for the punishment as I do for
the name of it. It is too bad, too bad! That
mean Tom Boynton's at the bottom of it, I
know. O, I hope he'll catch it!" clenching
his fists. "And I have been so proud of being
the most exemplary pupil in school. O dear!"

"Hush, hush, my son," gently; "you are giv-
ing place to the worst enemies one can have,
anger and revenge."

"I can't help it, mamma, Tom is so hateful
and mean, and is always doing something to
plague me. He taunted me all the way home
of being flogged, and hope I should be again.
And—and, mamma dear, I struck him."

"Leon!" gravely.

"Yes, I did, but I was sorry the next minute."

"I am very, very sorry that my boy should
forget so soon the good lessons he has received."

"I only forgot a minute, and afterwards, I
struck me two or three times afterwards, I
didn't strike him again."

"That was right. What first began the
trouble between you?"

"He has hated me ever since I won the
prize last spring."

A long pause.

"Leon, my love, have you thought that per-
haps you needed this lesson?"

"O, mamma, reproachfully.

"Just think a moment, dear. Haven't you
been proud of your easily acquired learning?

Have you not been inclined to look down on
ignorant people?"

"I am afraid I have sometimes, mamma," was
the thoughtful reply. "Isn't it wrong to be so
ignorant? I always thought it was."

"It is wrong and foolish, also, where it can
be prevented; but many are so from necessity,
and not from choice. Learning opens many
avenues of pleasure, enables the possessor
to command profitable employment; while ig-
norance is superstitious and degrading."

"How angry father was!" sighed the boy,
after a short pause. He wouldn't let me ex-
plain a word."

"Some one must have misrepresented the
affair to him," said Mrs. Meyer, a blush of
shame suffusing her face, as she thought of her
hasty-tempered husband.

"He might have let me tell him. O, dear!
I wish he was like Willie Ryde's father, then I
could please him sometimes."

"Do not think of it any more, but try to go
to sleep, dear. Good night."

"You've been oddling that disobedient son
of yours, all this time, I suppose," sneered Ryde,
as his wife entered the room.

"It took me a long time to soothe Lily, she
was so excited; was the quiet reply. "Since
then I have been talking with Leon."

"Things have come to a pretty pass, I think,
when a man can't correct a disobedient head-
strong boy without such a fuss," retorted Mr.
Meyer, angrily, as he paced the floor.

"You are mistaken, Francis," said his wife,
gently. "Leon has done no wrong, except—"

"O no, Leon can't do wrong," sneered
Mr. Meyer, savagely. "Of course it was
wrong for him to fight Tom Boynton, the
rascal!"

"Except to give a blow in return for bit-
ter taunts, quietly and firmly went on the
Lily. "A blow repented of directly."

A quick slam of the door announced Mr.
Meyer's departure.

You may think that this gentleman was
not very agreeable, but if you asked his
opinion, he would tell you you were much
mistaken, for he was usually very pleasant.
An opinion he had the pleasure of indulg-
ing alone.

Some weeks later, Leon came rushing
in from school, eyes and cheeks aglow, as he
exclaimed:

"The pond is frozen like a rock, and
there will be splendid skating to-morrow.
Most all the boys have new skates, and are
going in for a glorious time. Can't I
go too, father?"

Meyer scowled as he laid down his paper,
saying testily:

"No, you can't."

"Why not, sir? I'll be very careful."

"I said no, I believe, and when I say no,
I mean no; so not another word, angrily.
"You were gone last Saturday, and you'll
saw wood to-morrow, young man."

Leon swallowed very hard as he said, re-
spectfully, "I'll finish the wood in good
season, if you will let me go, sir."

"I'll flog you within an inch of your life,
sir, if you go, so go if you dare," was the
savage response.

Leon flushed with anger as he left the
room. His lowering brow at supper-time
brought a sharp reproof from his father,
who ordered him to bed.

The next day was clear and bright.
Leon worked away on the wood slowly,
and, I am sorry to say, sulkily. He was
no wise cheered as the boys went gayly by,
swinging their skates and calling for him
to join them.

"It's awful mean," exclaimed Willie Ryde;
"I shall have a bit of fun if you are not
there."

"I'm awful sorry, Willie, but I can't," re-
plied Leon, dolefully.

"It's a burning shame; then brightly.
"I tell you that it is, Leon, I'll help you
do the wood, and then you can go and
look on, if you can't skate."

And the little fellow went to work with
a will. Leon didn't relish the idea of look-
ing on, but gratefully for Willie's sym-
pathizing help, he worked briskly, and
was soon talking merrily.

"Ha, ha, if this aint nice, staying to home
sawing wood, instead of going down to the
pond. Look at my new skates. There
isn't such a splendid pair in town. Proudly,
"cause father got 'em in Boston. Tom
plumed himself greatly on his father be-
ing the richest man in town."

"They're no better than the pair Uncle
Walter sent me," said Leon.

Tom was angry directly, and calling
Leon all manner of names, finally walked
off in a towering passion. The wood was
soon finished, and Leon ran into the house
to ask his mother if he might go and see
the skaters. A ready consent was given
and two boys bounded like deer.

Two or three hours later there was a
quivering of the bell and a frightful
little boy gasped, as Mrs. Meyer opened
the door:

"O, if you please ma'am, they're a bring-
in 'im right home. And, with a wild
burst of tears, 'he's drowned, he's drown-
ed!'

With a sharp cry Mrs. Meyer caught at
the door for support, as she saw a pro-
cession coming up the street, bearing a sense-
less burden.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," said the
man who seemed the one in authority, as
he saw her deathly face; "he isn't dead,
but just fainted like a girl, when I pulled
him out of the water. Poor little fellow!"

tenderly laying the still form on the sofa.
"You've reason to be mighty proud of this
boy, Mrs. Meyer, I can tell you! It isn't
many that would have shown such pluck."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mrs.
Meyer, as she tried to revive her son.

"Why you see ma'am, that contrary critter,
Tom Boynton, would go where the ice was
thin, in spite of the boys' warning. Of
course he went in, and this plucky little
chap dived right in after him. Tom's
pretty heavy, and he was awful scared, so
he grabbed your boy round the neck, and
drew them both want to the bottom of the
pond. I heard the boys screaming like
all possessed, as I was going home across
lots, so I ran to see what was the matter.
For I knew something was up by the yell.

And matter enough it was, with two boys
drowning close to the shore. They'd
been down twice, they told me, and your
son was a hangin' on to a piece of ice with
one hand, and holding that ever-feller with
the other, when I got there. We got 'em
out mighty quick, ma'am, but this poor
little chap had hit his arm somehow, so
its broke, I guess. Well, here's the doc-
tor, so I'd go. I hope he'll get on well,
ma'am. Plucky, if he is little."

Leon's arm was dressed, he was given
an opiate, and put to bed.

Of course the news spread like wildfire.
Some said both boys were drowned while
skating; others said there was only one.

Mr. Meyer heard that Leon had broken
through the ice while skating, and white
with rage hurried home.

Mrs. Meyer had sat with Leon until he
had become quiet, and had just gone into
the kitchen to prepare a bowl of gruel
when her husband rang the bell.

"Where is Leon?" he demanded sternly
of the maid.

"Abel sir, in course, after being almost
drowned the day," she replied.

"Did him come to me," thundered the
irate father. "I'll learn him to disobey me."

"Indeed sir, the doctor gave him some
medicine and put him to bed, sir, and he
can't get up."

"Did you hear me? with a stamp of the
foot. Do as I bid you or leave."

The girl left the room muttering, "I'm
thankful ye are not my father, ye thafe o'
the world."

"Master Leon, ye poor darlin'! yer ag-
gry old father says ye have got to him—"
And, in shrill whisper, I guess he is going
to flog ye, for I see the devil in his eye."

Poor Leon, trembling with fear and pain
tried to rise, but fell back with a groan.

"I can't go, Katie; it's no use to try, he
said faintly.

"Then I'll help you, you young rascal!"
exclaimed a voice; and Mr. Meyer seized
him roughly by the shoulder. Get up I
say! dragging him from the bed.

With a cry that rang in his ears for
months, Leon faintly.

"Good gracious, Meyer! are you crazy?"
cried a voice; and turning the angry man
saw Mr. Boynton and the minister looking
at him.

"My son, your father has killed
you!" shrieked Mrs. Meyer, who had hur-
ried in from the kitchen.

Such confusion as there was! The doc-
tor was again summoned, the poor broken
arm newly bandaged, and the doctor wore
a grave face long before Leon recovered
from his deathlike swoon.

Mr. Meyer paced the room in an agony
of fear and remorse. Mr. Boynton's story
did not reassure him, either.

Fever not in, and for weeks Leon's life
was despaired of. At last he began to
gain. Mr. Boynton was a constant visitor
bringing fruits, wines, and books and pa-
pers, declaring he could never show his
admiration and gratitude to the preserver
of his son.

Tom, who was really kind hearted struck
with remorse, begged Leon's forgiveness,
and then went bravely and confessed to
the whole school that he had filled the
teacher's desk, and that Leon had suffered
undeservedly.

Mr. Blake, after commending him for
his confession, spoke about the too fre-
quent sin of false accusation, and warned
the school to beware of sowing the seeds
of future remorse and sorrow. He then
spoke in warm praise of Leon, who not on-
ly forgave unkindness, but risked his life
even for him who had injured him.

As soon as school closed Mr. Blake (who
heartily rejoiced that his favorite pupil
was innocent) hurried to Mr. Meyer's.

My dear boy, he exclaimed, as he took
Leon's thin wasted hands in a warm clasp
I have come to tell you that I now know
you were innocent of the charge for which
I punished you, and I ask your pardon for
not trusting your word.

Leon's lips quivered, and the tears were
in his eyes as he replied simply:

You could not help believing me guilty,
sir.

Mr. Blake shook his head.

I was too hasty. I quite long to have
my favorite pupil back again Mrs. Meyer,
turning to that lady.

You said it would all come right, dear
mamma, and it has, cried Leon, joyfully.
I am so happy.

Leon's convalescence passed very pleas-
antly, for the boys went often to see him,
and Willie Ryde kept him informed about
all that was going on at school, besides
playing various games, such as checkers,
and so forth, with him.

The painful thought that Mr. Meyer had
gone through had done him good; for the
slumbering love he had for his children,
had awakened to active life. He was great-
ly pained to see Leon grow silent and dis-
tressed whenever he entered the room, and
seem relieved when he left. Lily, too,
avoided him, no longer climbing his knee
and calling him her "dear good papa," he
saw with sorrow.

Leon, he said, gently, one day, as they
were alone, why is it that you are more
pleased to see Dr. Gray and Mr. Boynton,
than your father who loves you.

Leon looked up with heightened colour
but was silent.

Why is it my son? kindly.

I—I—stammered the boy.

My dear boy, have I lost your love by
my cruel hasty temper? Words cannot
express my sorrow for the past, and I ask
you to forgive me. His voice was husky
with emotion.

I cried Leon, excitedly. O father, I
didn't think you cared for my love. And
he threw himself into his father's outstret-
ched arms in a passion of tears.

From that moment Mr. Meyer was a
changed man. He became an earnest
Christian, and you cannot find a happier
family to-day than his.

I am so happy, mamma dearest, whis-
pered Leon, joyfully, as his mother kissed
him, good-night, for father does love me
after all. I am so glad I broke my arm,
and it's most well now, with a sigh of con-
tent—and I will be able to enjoy "a merry
Christmas" after all.

Beware young friends, of yielding to a
quick temper, for, beside the heinous sin,
you are likely to make the whole house-
hold unhappy.

Before sentence was pronounced on Cone,
the Tamworth, N. H., murderer, he was
allowed the customary privilege of stating
why he should not be sentenced. He
availed himself of the opportunity, and
occupied nearly a half hour in a rambling,
abusive attack on the witnesses. Finally
a jurymen arose and asked the Court that
the tired jurymen might be dismissed, as
they cared not to hear the rhapsody of the
prisoner. Cone was then obliged to desist,
whereupon he seized a large heavy ink-
stand and threw it at the County Solicitor
who dodged the missile in season to
escape severe injury. This unexpected
scene occasioned great excitement in the
court room. After reaching the State
Prison, Cone evidently felt his position
keenly, and after being placed in prison
uniform and locked up he threw himself
up in his cot in the cell and buried his
face in his hand, sobbing bitterly.

The places in New York city that once
knew the trap will soon know him no
long, as an order to arrest all the habitual
applicants for lodging at the police sta-
tion went into effect last week. All able
bodied paupers were refused admission,
and were informed that they must work.

The population of Peru is 2,720,735.
This is said to show a large decrease,
which is attributed to earthquakes, dis-
eases, civil war and banally, especially
the latter.

A speaker at a stump meeting out West,
declared that he knew no east, no west,
no north, no south. "Then," said a bye-
stander, "you ought to go to school and
learn geography."

"The time is not far distant when the
young ladies and gentlemen will get off
the intradictory remarks. "When I was
t the Centennial."