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The Flower in the Snow.

Fair garden of the summer-time,
Where is thy glory now?
The red rose, like a crimson bird,
Has flown from off the bough.
The frost's white foot has trodden down
Thy lilac, and rain-soaked and brown,
Gay pink and royal purple-feather
And dancing bluebells lie together.
On the dead leaves fast falls the sleet,
But, fearless of the cold,
One flower looks up, that never wore
So bright a smile for me before—
A lingering marigold.
O little wail! a snowflake a pine
Uproot thy orange crest,
For the sweet thought thou bringest me
I'll wear thee on my breast.
For life's stern winter, cold and gray,
Comes to my shrinking heart to-day:
Love's matches bloom in black with frost,
Hope's primrose has its sweetness lost,
And, in the storm-wind hoarse and chilly,
Sways what was Pleasure's golden lily;
Yet it were vain to vain to sigh
O'er beauty in the dust;
Torn fair, when sunny days depart,
Thou blossom of the saddened heart,
The flower of patient trust.

A DREAM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

When I was twelve years of age I was invited by Mrs. Hall, my godmother, to pay her a visit before going to a boarding-school, where I was to remain for a few years. My mother had died when I was very young, and my father thought it better for me to be at a nice school, where I would be among girls of my own age, than in a house with his only sister and herself. Mrs. Hall was very fond of me; she had no children of her own, and, had my father consented, she and Mr. Hall would have taken me to live with them entirely.

It was a lovely day in June when I arrived at my godmother's, and she was delighted to see me. The house was beautifully situated on high ground, surrounded by grand old trees, and on one side was a flower garden.

One morning godmother said to me: "Come up stairs with me, Lillian, and I will show you some Indian jewelry that my uncle left me lately." She opened the drawer of an inlaid sandal-wood cabinet and took out a small case, in which were a pair of earrings, a brooch and necklace of most beautiful diamonds. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful before. "My dear Lillian," said she, "I intend to give you these on your sixteenth birthday. I see, however, there is a stone loose in one of the earrings, so I will take it into town to-day and have it repaired." She folded it up carefully and put it in her purse; the case with the other diamonds she put in one of the drawers of her dressing-room.

After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Hall took me with them to the town, which was about four miles distant. The earring was left at the jeweler's, and as we were to spend the day at a friend's house we arranged to call for it on our way back. But you will say, what has all this to do with your dream. Well, wait a little and you will see.

We spent a pleasant day, called for the earring on our way, and arrived home about half-past nine o'clock. As I was taking off my bonnet, godmother came into the room. "Lillian," said she, "I cannot find the case of diamonds anywhere. Did I not leave it in the drawer in my dressing-room before I went out? I went to put in the other earring now, and it was not there. Who can have taken it?"

"You certainly left it in the dressing-room drawer," I said. "Could any of the servants have taken it, do you think?"

"I am sure they would not," she answered. "I have had them with me for years, and never missed anything before."

"Are there any strangers about that could have come in through the window?"

"No, Lillian; there are no strangers about the place except the gardener, and he seems a most respectable man. I got a very high character of him from his last place; in fact, we were told he was a most trustworthy person."

Next day there was a wonderful commotion about the missing jewel-case. The police were sent for, and every place was searched over and over again, but to no purpose. One thing, however, puzzled us; on the window-sill was a foot-mark, and near the dressing-table a little bit of earth, as if of a shoe or boot, which led us to think that the thief must have come in through the window. But how did he get up to it? It was a good height from the ground, and the creeping plants were not in the least broken, as would have been the case had any one climbed up by them. A ladder must have been employed, and it was little to the credit of the police that this fact had not been properly considered. As the matter stood it was a

mystery, and seemed likely to remain so, and only one earring was left of the valuable set.

In a few days I left for school, where I remained for four years. I spent every vacation between my home and my godmother's. We often spoke of the stolen diamonds, but nothing had ever been heard of them, though a reward of £50 had been offered by Mr. Hall for any information that would lead to the detection of the thief. On my sixteenth birthday my godmother gave me a beautiful watch and chain and the diamond earring, which she had got arranged as a necklace.

"I am so sorry, Lillian," said she, "that I have not the rest of those diamonds to give you, but if ever they are found, they shall be yours, my dear."

I must now pass over six years, which went by quietly and happily, nothing very important taking place until the last year, during which time I had been married. My husband was a barrister. We lived in the north of England. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Benson, and Mary, one of her daughters, lived some miles away from us, near the sea coast. It was a very lonely place, a long way from the little fishing town, or rather village, of Burnley. I confess I often felt very nervous about Mrs. Benson and her daughter living alone (her husband being dead many years). Except three women-servants in the house and the coachman and his family, who lived in the lodge, there was no one nearer than Burnley, four miles off. Besides, it was known that there was a large quantity of plate in the house; and the little seaside village was often the resort of smugglers and other wild and lawless characters. One day, while thinking of them, I felt so uneasy that I said to my husband: "I hope, Henry, that there is nothing wrong with your mother; she has been in my mind all day."

"Oh," said he, "why should you feel so anxious about her to-day? I saw her last Tuesday; and if she were ill, Mary would be sure to let us know. It is only one of your 'fancies,' little wife."

Still I did not feel easy, for more than once before my so-called "fancy" had proved to be a "reality"; so I determined that in a few days I would go and see Mrs. Benson. All that evening I could not get her out of my thoughts, and it was a long time before I went to sleep. I think it must have been three o'clock in the morning that I woke in a state of terror. I had dreamed that I saw Mrs. Benson standing in the window of her bedroom, beckoning me to come to her, and pointing to a female figure who was stealing along under the shade of the trees in the avenue, for the moon was shining brightly.

I started up, thinking I heard her calling me. And here is the most extraordinary part of it—though I was not quite awake, I heard as I thought, a voice saying to me: "Go to Mrs. Benson, Martha is deceiving her; tell her to send her away at once."

Three times these words seemed to be repeated in my ear. I can't describe exactly what the voice was like; it was not loud, but quite distinct; and I felt as if I listened that it was a warning, and that I must obey it. I woke my husband and told him my dream and the words I had heard. He tried to calm my mind and evidently thought me foolish to be so frightened by only a stupid dream. I said I would drive over the first thing after breakfast and see if anything was wrong with Mary or her mother. The only thing that puzzled me was that Martha should be mentioned as deceiving Mrs. Benson. She acted as housekeeper and lady's maid to her and was believed to be most trustworthy in every way. She had been four years with her and was much respected. She was a silent, reserved kind of person, about thirty-five years of age. One thing I had often remarked about her was, that when speaking to any one she never looked straight at them; but I thought it might be from a kind of shyness more than anything else.

As soon as breakfast was over I set off, telling my husband I would very likely not return until next day; and, if possible, he was to come for me. He could drive over early and spend the day; and we would return home together in the evening, if all was well with his mother.

When I arrived I found Mrs. Benson and Mary looking as well as ever, and everything seemingly just as usual. Martha was sitting at work in her little room, which opened off Mrs. Benson's dressing-room. I could not help looking at her more closely than I would have done at another time, and I thought I saw a look of displeasure cross her face at seeing me. Mary and her mother were, of course, delighted to see me, and asked why Henry did not come too. So I told them I would stay till the next day, if they would have me, and Henry would come for me then.

They were quite pleased at the arrangement; for it was not very often that my husband could spend a whole day with them.

As the day passed on and nothing out of the way happened, I began to think I had frightened myself needlessly, and that my dream or vision might have been the result of an over-anxious mind. And then Martha, what about her? Altogether I was perplexed. I did not know what to think; but I still felt a certain unquiet uneasiness. I offered up a silent prayer to be directed to do right, and determined to wait patiently and do nothing for a while. I almost hoped I might hear the voice again, giving me definite instructions how to act. Lunch passed and dinner also; and the evening being very warm, for it was the middle of July, we sat at the open window enjoying the cooling breeze that set in from the sea.

As they were early people, shortly after ten o'clock we said "good night," and went up to our bedrooms. My room looked on the avenue, some parts of which were in deep shade, while in other parts the moonlight shone brightly through breaks in the trees. I did not feel in the least sleepy; and putting out my candle I sat by the window, looking at the lovely view; for I could see the coast quite plainly, and the distant sea glittered like silver in the moonlight. I did not think how long I had been sitting there, until I heard the hall clock strike twelve. Just then I heard, as I thought, a footstep outside of my door, which evidently stopped there, and then in a few seconds passed on. I did not mind, thinking it might be one of the servants, who had been up later than usual, and was now going quietly to bed. I began to undress, not lighting the candle again, as I had lighted enough from the moon. As I came towards the window to close it, I saw, exactly as in my dream, a female figure—evidently keeping in the shade of the trees—going down the avenue. I determined to follow and see who it was, for I now felt the warning voice was not set me for nothing, and I seemed to get courage, girl though I was, to fathom the mystery.

I hastily dressed, threw a shawl over my head, and going noiselessly down stairs, opened the glass door in the drawing-room window, and left it so that I could come in again. I kept in the shade of the trees as much as possible, and quickly followed the path I had seen the woman take. Presently I heard voices; one was a man's, the other a woman's. But who was she? I came close, and got behind a large group of thick shrubs. I could now see and hear them quite well; they were standing in the light; I was in deep shade. Just then the woman turned her head towards me. It was Martha! What did she want there at that hour? And who was this man? I was puzzled. Where had I seen that face before? For that I had seen it before I was certain; but where, and when, I could not remember. He was speaking in a low voice, and I did not hear very distinctly what he said, but the last few words were: "And why do not-night? Delays are always dangerous, especially now, as they are beginning to suspect me."

"Because Mrs. Benson's daughter-in-law is here, and she is sleeping in the room over the plate closet, and would be sure to hear the least noise. Wait until to-morrow night; she will be gone then. But, indeed, John, I don't like this business at all. I think we'd better give it up. No luck will come of it, I am sure."

"Look here, Martha," said the man. "I have a chance of getting safe off now. I have it all settled, if you will only help me to get this old woman's plate. With that and a few little trinkets I happened to pick up a few years ago, you and I may set up in business over in America. The other fellows will help me. Meet me here to-morrow night, to let me know that all is safe for us. See here. I have brought you a valuable present. Keep it until the plate is secure with me; for you must stay here until all blows over; then make some excuse for leaving, and come over and join me in New York. If you want money, sell these diamonds in Liverpool; they are worth no end of money."

I could see quite well that he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. She held it up to look at it; and there, glistering in bright moonlight, saw—my godmother's diamond earring—the one that had been stolen over nine years ago, with the other jewels, from her room.

Here, then, at last was the mystery solved; everything made clear, and all through my dream! Presently the light fell on the man's face again, and I instantly recognized my godmother's very respectable gardener. A decent man he was supposed to be, but a thief all the time, and one who hid his evil deeds under a cloak of religion. And who was

this woman he seemed to have such power over? Evidently his wife; for I gathered that from his conversation with her. I waited where I was until they were both gone—Martha back to the house and her husband to the village; then, as quietly as I could, I returned to the house and reached my room. Falling on my knees I gave thanks to God for making me the means of finding out such a wicked plot, and perhaps saving the lives of more than one under the roof, for it is more than likely that had those desperate men been disturbed in their midnight plunder, they would not have hesitated at any deed which would enable them to carry out their wicked plans.

I slept little that night, and next morning tried to appear calm and composed, though I was frightened and really ill. I was longing for my husband to come that I might tell him all, and consult with him as to best to be done, to prevent robbery and perhaps bloodshed. At last, to my great relief, I saw him coming. I ran to the gate to meet him, and told him what I had seen and heard the night before. "Now," I said, "will you ever laugh at my 'fancies' again?" "No, my dear little wife," said he; "I never will."

We then arranged that we should tell his mother and sister everything; and he was to go to the nearest police station and arrange with the chief officer to have a number of men ready in the wood near the house at twelve o'clock that night; that after dinner we were to say "good-bye" to Mrs. Benson, and drive home; but would return and join the police in the wood, and wait there until we saw Martha leave the house to meet her husband. We were then to go in and wait until the thieves came in, and when they were to be surrounded and taken prisoners. My husband wanted me to remain at our own house; but I would not do so, as I said I would only be imagining all sorts of dreadful things; besides, I knew his mother and Mary would like to have me with them.

It all turned out as well as could be. The night was very fine; and just at twelve o'clock Martha stole down to the place where I had seen her the night before; then we all, about a dozen policemen and ourselves, went into the house. The men were stationed out of sight in different rooms, waiting for the robbers' entrance. Henry came up to Mrs. Benson's room, where all of us women were, including the two servants. With breathless anxiety we watched and waited. From where I stood I could see the way they would come.

It was about two o'clock when I saw Martha coming up the walk and four men with her. "Look!" I said, "there they are." They went around to the back door, and we heard them stealing along the passage in the direction of the plate-closet. Then a sudden rush—a scream from the wretched Martha—imprecations loud and bitter—a shot!—another scream!

"My God grant no lives will be lost!" we prayed.

Poor Mary nearly fainted. At last we heard the officer call Henry to come down. The four men were well secured and taken to the police station. Martha was taken there, too. She confessed she had let them in for the purpose of stealing the silver. One of the robbers was slightly wounded in the arm, but no one else was hurt. Very thankful was I when I found next day that none were the worse for having gone through such a terrible scene.

The house where Martha's husband lodged was searched, and the case of diamonds and many other valuable articles found there. This immensely respectable gardener had been a disorganizer of his employer, he had contracted habits of tipping with low associates at the neighboring village, and became so completely demoralized as at length to assume the degraded character of a burglar. Now came the retribution which attends on wrong-doing. The thieves were all tried at the next Assizes, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

It is now many years since all this happened; but I can never forget what I went through those two dreadful nights; though I remember with thankfulness, that through my dream and the warning voice I heard, I was the means of averting a great wrong, and perhaps murder. I do not impute anything supernatural to my dream. It may have merely been the result of tension of feelings, supported by some coincidences. At all events, the results were such as I have described.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Two kegs of gunpowder were found concealed in the basement of an Arkansas court house recently, leading to suspicion of a desire to remove the county seat.

Thrilling Incident.

A thrilling accident occurred on the south side yesterday, says a recent number of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch, an accident which will never be forgotten by at least one man, though no one was killed nor anybody seriously injured. About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the coupling of a coal car on the Castle Shannon company's plane which supplies the Clinton iron works with coal, gave way just as the car started from the top. The plane is about 500 feet long and stands at an angle of about forty-five degrees; so the reader can easily imagine that by the time the bottom was reached the velocity was something like that of a cannon-ball. The car kept the track all the way down, and when it struck the dump the people in the houses around thought Jove was hurling his thunderbolts; the coal being distributed over nearly an acre of ground. A wheel bounded off and went spinning past the rolling mill, coming to rest below the mill factory, on the river bank. One big lump of coal went bowling through a window of a shoemaker's shop, and the son of Crispin, in his fright, came near going through the other. The only damage done here was the destruction of the window. Officer M. Cochran, who was walking along Carson street, thought he saw a lump coming for his head, and dodged just far enough to be caught on the hip by another one. The latter struck him on the pistol-pocket, causing one of the charges in the weapon to be discharged. The ball was a large one, and in its passage out almost tore the seat of Cochran's pantaloons away, and relieved him of a part of his coat-tail. He was so flurried that he did not know the pistol had been discharged until he took it out of his pocket. It was some time before the people in the section were able to comprehend that they were not annihilated.

A Piece of Sponge.

When first obtained from the sea, the sponge of commerce is a vastly different thing from those in our shops. It is comparatively heavy, and presents a filthy, dirty, slimy appearance, with an odor of shell-fish. Few holes are visible, most seemingly being blocked up with the glutinous substance. Then the process of what technically is called "taking the milk out" is proceeded with, prior to sun drying; for if soft matter be left in putrefaction results. The process adopted by some of our merchants is secret, and the precise means in use among the fishers is not clearly understood, except by the initiated. At all events, a squeeze and a wrench, or stamping under foot, extract a milky or semi-transparent, sticky, gelatinous substance. The sand and grit in the new dried sponge are foreign residue, either partially introduced to add weight and increase the money value of the article as sold by weight. The slimy substance or fleshy material above mentioned is the soft part of the living animal, or congeries of animals, for such they prove to be. This jelly, so delicate that it runs off like milk from the fibrous skeleton when death has occurred, or occasionally dries like glue on the fibres, everywhere lines the fibrous substance, and forms a surrounding film. In appearance and composition, it is much the same as the white of an egg. For long its nature was held to be problematical, even among the master-minds of zoologists, and all experiments and opinions elicited nothing more than its being a torpid mass of doubtful vitality. But, after the labors of a host of scientific investigators, its animality and many other, strange particulars are now proved beyond a doubt.

How Russians Bathe.

We in the United States use the Russian vapor bath as a medicinal agent only. But in the life of the Russian peasant it plays a most important part. No orthodox peasant will enter a church until he has cleansed himself physically by means of the bath. After laboring among pollutions for six and a half days in the week, he devotes Saturday afternoon to the vapor bath, and carefully avoids thereafter all pollution until he has performed his devotions at the morning service on Sunday. Some of the peasants take their vapor bath in the household oven, in which the bread is baked. Others resort to the public bath owned by the village. Strange to say, notwithstanding their scrupulous care in this particular, some of their habits are absolutely filthy. While bathing, the degree of heat which they endure would kill a person not accustomed to it from childhood. And in winter they often rush out of the bath and roll themselves in the snow. Such rapid transitions from extreme heat to extreme cold illustrates a common Russian proverb, which says that what is health to the Russian is death to the German. As the old proverb hath it, "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Items of Interest.

Virginia has thirty-nine living ex-members of Congress.

"I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims, it would be as much as my life is worth." "Oh, sir, that's nothing."

An astute Freshman reasons as follows: "Things equal to the same things are equal to each other. An idiot is a human being. A man is a human being; ergo, a man is an idiot."

Late statistics indicate that the consumption of alcohol in France has increased within forty years fifty per cent., while the population has somewhat diminished, and that the use of light wines is giving way to stronger beverages.

John B. Gough states that in thirty-five years he has delivered seven thousand six hundred speeches, but never faced an audience yet without wishing to go the other way. He never approaches an audience without feeling a shaking of the knees and a dryness of the lips.

The total amount of opium imported into the United States for 1877 was 2,599,924,383 grains. Deducting one-fifth for medical uses, there remain for opium eaters 6,125,383 grains daily. If thirty grains are taken as a daily dose, there are in the United States over 200,000 men who eat opium.

It has been thought probable that in most countries sheep were bred more for ransom than for food. At first, locks of wool would be torn away by the hand, and spun by women from a distaff, even king's daughters not disdaining such work, particularly in England, before the Norman conquest. The word spinner, still used in legal documents, comes from this common occupation.

The queen's maids of honor are all granddaughters of peers who are not below the rank of earl, that being a sine qua non of eligibility for the position. They receive \$2,000 a year, and if they marry the queen presents them with \$5,000. Each is on duty about two months in the year. Since the Prince Consort's death they have had a dreadfully dull time of it. Many of these ladies have remained on until past fifty.

The following joke is recorded of the bishop of Manchester: He was recently present at a young ladies' school, and a class in Latin were up for examination, pouring forth a list of Latin words with the English translation. They came to the word "vicissim," and, this being one of the schools that have adopted the new pronunciation, they said promptly, "We-kiss-in," "we-kiss-in," by turns. "Oh, do you?" said the bishop. "Then I don't wonder at your adopting the new pronunciation."

A few days ago two ladies were crossing Loss creek, Ala., on horseback, one of whom carried a baby. When toward the middle of the stream the mother became dizzy and dropped the infant into the water. Both ladies screamed for assistance, but, none coming, they rose off to the nearest house and got some new oil. The baby was found floating a mile below the crossing, with its face upward, fast asleep. It was well wrapped up, and the clothes had kept it from sinking.

Trustworthy statistics regarding the recent famine in India show that out of 1,668,000 inhabitants in the district of Bellary, 14,000 died of starvation in March alone, 1877. In that of Cuddalore, out of 1,800,000, there died in February, 11,442; in Kurnool, out of 959,640, those that starved in January numbered 6,233. Out of 29,000,000 in Madras there died in February 105,175, and by the end of June over 500,000. Bombay lost over 165,000 in the first three months of the year, and it was anticipated that before relief came a total of 2,000,000 would die.

KNITTING.

"With a blooming maiden sitting,
While she idly pines her knitting,
Pleased—I gazed upon her beauty,
While I fill my happy day."

"Paying out" the seamy double,
Richly paid for pleasant trouble
Just to watch her nimble fingers
And her ruby lips where lingers
Many a beauty in her smiling,
All my loving soul beguiling,
Just to feel the wondrous thrilling,
Of my heart with rapture filling.

While beside the maiden sitting,
"Paying out" while she is knitting,
I am thinking—how our knitting
Is an illustration fitting
Of the real life we're living;
Of the merces God is giving
In the active world around him.
When to women—man has bound him,
Then—are love and labor making
All the joys our souls are taking,
His to labor are supplying,
"Paying out" life's thread, and trying
Ever to undo its tangling;
His—to give life's thread and hold it;
Hers—in love to gently mould it
Into forms of use and beauty,
Thus they link their love and duty.