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A Glimpse of Youth.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.
Maiden, I thank thee for thy face,
Thy sweet, shy glance of conscious eyes;
For, from thy beauty and thy grace,
My life has won a glad surprise.
I met thee on the crowded street—
A load of care on heart and brain—
And, for a moment, bright and fleet,
The vision made me young again.
And then I thought, as on I went,
How every age's conquest
The age that I am
The youth upon which I shut down;
Young manhood close over youth;
And ripe old age is but the crown
That keeps them both in changeless truth!
So, every little child I see,
With brow and spirit undimmed,
And simple faith and frolic glee,
Finds still in me another child.
Toward every brave and careless boy
Whose lusty shout or call I hear,
The boy within me springs with joy
And rings an echo to his cheer!
What was it, when thy face I saw,
That moved my heart to a fair breeze,
Responsive to the primal law
Of youth's entrancing harmonies?
Ah! little maid—no sweet and shy—
Building each day thy fair romance—
Thou didst not dream a youth passed by,
When I returned thee glance for glance!
For all my youth is still my own,
Bound in the volume of my age,
And breath from thee has only blown
The leaves back to the golden page.
—January Scribner's

THE TWO VALENTINES.

My sister and I have known poverty; not born nor bred to it, we were yet scarcely women grown, when we found ourselves alone in the world with poverty for our inheritance, and I, indeed, with nothing between me and starvation save Ellinor's courage, energy and patience. I am not going to write a record of our lives in those days; it would only be that of hundreds of others, as well born, as tenderly nurtured as ourselves—no, only a little incident that grew out of our poverty, and that was destined to bind those days by a curious link to the ones that were to come.
We had tried many methods by which to earn daily bread and clothes to cover us; (what one of the many women who have had to labor for the same but can recall the dreary catalogue? The work began in hope to end in disappointment, the supply ever exceeding the demand) and dark and bitter February found us endeavoring to keep the wolf from the door by the manufacture of the pretty, fanciful, foolish trifles which it is the fashion of the rich and happy to dispense on the day of St. Valentine.
Ellinor had a fine taste, and drew very prettily, and between us we had managed to please highly the kind-hearted shopkeeper who first offered to employ us in making valentines; but alas! the demand was exhausted sooner than our taste and invention, and when our last order was executed we had so much material remaining that we resolved to exercise our taste and skill to the uttermost in the manufacture of some real *chefs-d'œuvre*, a sight of which should gain us orders elsewhere, or at least command a sale for themselves.
How well I can recall, to this day, the making of those half-dozen valentines. We had really made money by our previous ventures in this line, and were young and hopeful enough to be easily elated by a little good fortune. We laughed and talked over our work; as if poverty had had us farewell forever, and once a gleam of pale sunshine breaking through the wintry grey sky, my little heart stirred nimbly in its cage and uttered a shrill twitter. Ellinor looked up to it with a wistful kind of smile on her face.
"Poor birdie," said she, "I dare say that little bit of sunshine is making it think of pairing time and a downy nest in some pretty green hedge. Poor little town-bred bird, such things are not for you!"
It was a bitterly cold morning, with frequent showers of sleet rain, when we both set forth, our valentines carefully packed in a box, to try and dispose of the delicate wares, in such shops as seemed likely to invest in them. We were hopeful as we entered the first, not utterly damped as we departed unsuccessful, and by the time we entered, I think, the sixth, despairing, but resolved not to give in while a chance remained.
It was a fashionable West-end shop, as I remember, and the warm mellow atmosphere, as we entered, penetrated our damp garments with a grateful sense of comfort. Two gentlemen stood at the handsome counter, inspecting the valentines that the smartly-dressed, smiling young lady behind it was exhibiting to them, the younger of the two with a curious kind of dissatis-

fied eagerness in his boyish face, the other with a good-natured assumption of interest in what his friend had at heart. I noticed all this while Ellinor was displaying our little wares to the other young lady, equally well dressed, but not quite so smiling, who came forward to us as we entered, and I was still looking, and our valentines still strewed the counter, while the young lady had departed to ask instructions as to buying, from the master of the shop, when the elder of the two gentlemen turned suddenly round and saw the contents of our box spread out.
"Hallo!" said he, "why here are a lot more. Tom, come, I think you will be hard to please, if some of these are not up to the mark,"—and he pulled them all towards him, before Ellinor or the young lady behind the counter could interfere if they wished.
"Why, these 'forget-me-nots' and silver Cupids are the most killing things we have seen yet; perfectly irresistible, by Jove! And this pretty wreath of holly berries that lifts up, and shows a tiny looking-glass underneath, there's a neat compliment for you! Perfections of every kind set forth in the verses, you know, 'Look in the glass and you behold them all.' Why, Tom, you couldn't hope to beat that!"
He ended with a laugh that matched his kind, frank face, and which, like that, seemed to draw one towards him as it were, and then glanced at Ellinor, who was coloring a little.
"Did you make these pretty things?" he said speaking very gently. "By George! what taste you must have; you must let me have this one of the holly berries. I have never seen anything so pretty."

He dropped his voice and looked again at Ellinor. I was the youngest, yet I saw the compliment, which she never dreamed of appreciating.
"The thing is for sale, sir," she said, simply, and putting it into his cover laid it on the counter before him. With his own face now, he took out a sovereign and handed it to her. We wanted money, yes, sorely, Heaven knows, and yet a sudden impulse which I could scarcely resist, made me almost dash forward and snatch the money from her hand. Not noticing that, or my face, into which a burning color had flown, Ellinor turned towards the young lady and asked her to oblige her with change in silver.
"No, indeed," the gentleman called out hastily, "there is no need of change. The valentine is worth more than that trifle—yes, indeed I insist!" and he would not hear anything to the contrary, though Ellinor impudently which I could not resist, made me almost dash forward and snatch the money from her hand. Not noticing that, or my face, into which a burning color had flown, Ellinor turned towards the young lady and asked her to oblige her with change in silver.
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We said no more, for I was a little ashamed of my involuntary outburst; and our liberal customer was never named again between us. Indeed we had other things to think of, for, taking cold on this very day, I shortly afterwards fell into a lingering fever, and my poor sister's powers were taxed to the utmost to keep us both from starving.
Some months before this, Ellinor had written to our sole relative in the world—an uncle in Australia; and about this time we had fallen into the habit of watching for the postman when he entered our street, in the faintest, forlorn hope that there might come an answer to it. On this morning, when Nell had given me my scanty breakfast, and made me as comfortable as the miserable circumstances permitted, she sat down near the window to take her own poor meal, and watch as usual for the postman. The watercolor woman, the boy with the rolls, the organ that always came at nine o'clock, all made their usual appearance and departed; but no postman caused the narrow little street to resound with his thunderous raps; and at last Ellinor rose.
"He must have passed before I sat down, I suppose," she said cheerfully; "never mind, Tibbie, darling, we still have the letter to hope for. What, Mrs. Smith! really a letter for us at last!" she called out, darting towards our landlady, who opened the door at the instant, with a letter held in her apron, to prevent its contact with her soapy finger and thumb. "Why, how could I have missed seeing the postman?"
"Lor, Miss! posty won't be here for ever so long yet; always is an hour late on this foolish Valentine's day, a-keeping people out of their lawful letters, all along of that tomfoolery as I call it. However, p'raps this letter, which didn't come by post, may be a valentine, and then you won't be obliged to me for calling it tomfoolery."

"Not come by post?" said Ellinor, in a very disappointed voice, as she took the letter and looked at the superscription and the seal, as people will do, to discover what they could come at so much more readily by opening the envelope.
"Open it, Nell dear," said I, with the fretfulness of fever and weakness and she came and sat down on the bed beside me as she did so. A thin bit of paper fluttered out of the envelope, and lay unheeded by us both, as Ellinor unfolded the enclosure and revealed a valentine—yes, a real valentine, glistening with frosted silver snowdrops and blue forget-me-nots.
"Oh, Nell! a real valentine!—and for you! Who could have sent it?"
"It must be a mistake," said Ellinor, turning to the superscription on the envelope. "But no; name and address in full, and perfectly correct."
"Who could have sent it?" repeated I.
"Who, indeed?" replied Ellinor, soberly. "What a pity that snow-drops and forget-me-nots are not good for eating. Stay! here is something else—roses now, I suppose."
And she took up the folded piece of paper that lay unheeded on the bed. In an instant the color flashed into her face, the tears into her patient eyes.
"Oh, Tibbie! my darling, my child! Five pounds!—a bank-note for five pounds!"
"Five pounds, Ellinor!—nonsense!"
"Yes; yes; a real note!—look!" she cried. "Oh, my darling, you will get well, now! you shall have all I have never been able to give you. Oh, may God bless the sender of such a precious valentine!"

The dawn of another day of St. Valentine—dark, raw and gloomy. Out of doors the scene was wretched enough. The trees, in the London square opposite, are dripping with dank moisture; and the London street is slippery with the same. Inside it is different. A cozy breakfast-room, luxuriantly appointed, the fire dancing brightly in the polished grate, and the whole atmosphere scented by the breath of the exotics, that comes floating in from the open conservatory adjacent. Two ladies are its occupants, one of whom is busy at the breakfast-table, while the other stands at a window, looking out.
"Why, Nell, one would think you expected a valentine."
My sister did not answer; and looking merrily towards her, I saw so vivid a color stealing into her fair, pale face, as made me instantly silent in wonder.
"What were you and Captain Mildmay talking about so long in the dark yesterday evening?" I asked presently.
"About valentines," answered Ellinor, quietly. "Yes, Tibbie, I was telling him of the time we earned our bread by making them."
"Oh, Nell!" I called out, agitated. But my sister's noble face rebuked my paltry pride into silence.
"It seemed to me only right," she went on.

"And did he—do you think he had ever recognized us for the poor girls he bought the valentines of that day?" I faltered.
"I don't know—if so, he did not confess it; but I think it very unlikely. It was natural we should recollect him; not unlikely that he should associate the idea of two forlorn-looking creatures with the niece of the rich Australian merchant, whom he saw living in luxury. No; I dare say he has long forgotten us as he first saw us; though I have always thought, Tibbie, in my own soul, that he sent that precious valentine that saved you, my darling, after the fever."
"Oh, Nell!—and you never told me before! Well, and what did he say?"
"Last night?—very little. I thought it only honest to tell him; it seemed to me right; but, perhaps, it has lost us a friend, Tibbie; I don't know."

Her voice shook a little, and she turned her face so that I could not see it. Just then the postman's knock made the house resound; and, as if the noise had galvanized her into motion, Ellinor darted out into the hall. I don't know what she expected, or what I did; but I followed her, and leant over her shoulder as she opened the box, with her little hands trembling, so that the letters as she lifted them fluttered in her grasp. There were several—I don't in the least remember what the others were, all my attention was concentrated on the one that Ellinor selected as if by instinct—a valentine, yes, her own wreath of holly berries, whose ruddy glow seemed somehow to be reflected in the color flushing my sister's happy face.

As I looked at it, I presumed that the token carried its message, in words not exactly patent to my understanding; and I know that, though Ellinor has been years married to Fred Mildmay, she still keeps her two valentines among her most sacred treasures. The silver snowdrops and the bright holly berries must be tarnished now; but to Ellinor they will always be fresh in the remembrance of the faithful love which has blessed her life and made it beautiful.
"Nell was my fate, you see," said Fred, as we all stood together in the happy freight on the evening of that day. "I don't know how to follow it up, when, behold! I was introduced to my fate one night, as the niece of the Australian millionaire. And so you didn't think I remembered you, Nell? Well, I'll own I was too flattered to be quite sure, till you spoke. As to the holly wreath, I always meant to keep it till I was in earnest, you know, and I told Ellinor so last night."

Plymouth Church Pews.

The recent annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church is described in a New York paper: The sale of Plymouth Church pews has been for many years an event of great interest in this part of the country, and the prices realized have often been enormously large. Since Mr. Beecher's troubles began the receipts have gradually decreased, partly because of the scandal, perhaps, but largely because of the hard times. The sale to-night was no exception. A decrease was expected, and it came. Mr. Beecher made a few remarks before the sale. The highest premium offered was \$505, by H. W. Sage. The highest premium last year was \$600, paid by H. B. Claffin, who only bid \$300 to-night. In 1875 Charles Dennis, who to-night bid \$500 for second choice, paid the highest premium, \$750. The amount of premiums offered to-night is \$24,171, which added to the pews rents aggregating \$12,758, makes a total of \$36,929, \$10,593 less than last year's total of \$47,522. In 1875 the premiums alone amounted to \$58,320, making the total of the revenues \$71,165. Mr. Claffin obtained third choice to-night for \$300. Nobody seemed to be surprised at the comparatively small amount obtained by the sale. "It's larger than I expected it to be this year," said one member, and Mr. Beecher said, after the sale, "If anybody's going to grumble, it's not I." Mr. Beecher, by the way, bought a pew himself for a premium of two dollars. It was the last pew, and nobody else bid for it. As the name of the buyer was announced a rumble of applause was heard in the sanctuary. The lowest premium paid was fifty cents. The following are the names of the purchasers of the principal pews, the premiums and the rental:

	Premium.	Rent.
Henry W. Sage	\$505	\$110
Charles Dennis	500	110
Horace B. Claffin	300	120
Harold C. King	280	110
J. D. Hutchinson	275	120
Moses I. Beach	250	100
S. V. White	250	90
R. Cornell White	250	90
O. A. Gager	250	100
Augustus B. Burt	225	100

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Receipts.
CORN BREAD.—Take two and half pints of corn meal, three eggs, well beaten, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one quart of sweet milk, mix thoroughly and then add one pint of wheat flour, in which one large tablespoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, with salt, have been mixed. Bake in pans, and if any thickness required.

FARMER'S FRUIT CAKE.—Soak two cups of dried apples over night in lukewarm water. In the morning drain the apples and chop them fine. Simmer them for two hours in two cups of molasses; when cool add a cup of brown sugar, half a tablespoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, half a grated nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Stir in a cup of butter, two beaten eggs, half a cup of sour milk and three cups of flour. Add a heaping teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of hot water, and last of all put in a cupful or more of stoned raisins dredged lightly with flour. Stir well and bake immediately in pans with buttered paper in the bottom of each. This cake can be made in larger quantity, and if well wrapped and put in a close box or jar will keep fresh and good for months.

POTATO SALAD.—This is an excellent recipe: Take eight large Irish potatoes when cold and slice them in a flat dish with one or two onions and a sprinkling of celery and salt; over each layer of potato and onion pour the following dressing: Beat two eggs with a tablespoonful of sweet oil, add a small teaspoonful of each of sugar, pepper, mustard and salt; when well mixed pour on two cupfuls of boiling vinegar; put back on the fire and stir till it is as thick as custard. Let it cool before putting it on the potatoes; sprinkle with cayenne on the top; make this in the dish in which it is to come to the table, and, if possible, twenty-four hours before it is used.

WELSH RARE-BIT.—Two table-spoons of grated or finely chopped cheese, one tea-spoon of sweet cream, one and a half table-spoons of grated cracker or very stale bread, three eggs lightly beaten; mix crumbs, eggs and cream in a pan, then stir in cheese. Add two "shakes" of red pepper, one and a half table-spoons of mustard add a little salt. Put a lump of butter, size of an egg, in the bake dish; set in the oven until melted. Turn in the ingredients and stir until all are dissolved. Let it brown on the top, and serve from the same dish for tea.

Roots for Cows.
Succulent food in the winter season (together with warm stables and good care) is one of the most necessary agencies in keeping up a good flow of milk; and in no way can this food be so successfully and economically furnished as by roots, fed raw—sliced or chopped. Meal or shorts made into a thin mush would furnish the moisture needed in connection with the dry forage of winter, and would no doubt give a richer milk—but it would be more costly, and not furnish so healthy a food as early cut hay fed in connection with roots. Moreover, it is evident that cows will continue their milking qualities for a series of years better with this food, than when fed with the more stimulating corn meal. Without doubt, some meal in connection with the roots should be of advantage, if the highest results were to be reached, as the laxative nature of the roots would counteract the heating tendency of the meal, while the meal would serve to keep the cow in good case.

Making Butter in Brazil.
There are four native modes of making butter in the Empire of Brazil. The first is by putting the milk in a common bowl and beating it with a spoon, as you would an egg. The second, by pouring the milk into a bottle and shaking it till the butter appears, when it is removed by breaking off the top of the bottle. The third, where the dairy is more extensive, is performed by filling a hide with milk, which is lustily shaken by an athletic native at each end until butter is produced. The fourth, which is considered to indicate vast progress over any of the preceding methods, consists in dragging the hide or leather vessel, filled with milk, on the ground after a galloping horse until it is supposed the butter is formed. The milk is never strained and the butter never mashed.

Burlington Hawkeye: We do not suppose that lecturers are, as a class particularly renowned for personal courage, but we have yet to meet one who would not rather see one of his and fences pull a revolver on him than watch. When a man in the audience pulls out a watch as big as a tin basin, then fixes a glare of stony, inexpressible amazement and outraged patience on the man who talks—brethren, you want to look around for a clean place in which to lie down and die.

Three Old Saws.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather:
You will not forget to mourn
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"
If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build homes in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to dim it?
Raise a hut, however slight:
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and mail invite
Some forlorn brother.
If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile, till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver:
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

Items of Interest.

Hen's slang.—"I'll lay for you."
Riches that have wings—Gold eagles.
How to make a Maltese cross?
Tread on her tail.
Young men should pattern after
pianos—be square, upright, grand.
The cost of the famine in Madras is officially stated at \$42,500,000, and in Bombay at \$10,000,000.

On the whole, it is believed that the Italian race is increasing, by contact with the whites, rather than diminishing.
Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one finds that she can do nothing with him.
The Japanese department of education is collecting all the journals and periodicals in Japan to send to the Paris Exhibition.

It requires from 8,000 to 10,000 artificial eyes to supply the annual demand in New York. Glass eyes for horses are also in great request.
Variety may be the spice of life, but advertising is the pepper and salt of a newspaper, and the bread and butter of the advertiser. The customer gets the cream.—*Breakfast Table.*

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend. "I have found it."
They have dreadfully severe judges in Brooklyn. One of them recently sent a man to jail for six months for getting fat. He was getting it out of a butter store, when a policeman arrested him.

Insects, says Prof. J. Plateau, are often attracted from a distance by artificial flowers; but never alight on them. They must, therefore, be thinking, he is guided by some other sense beside that of sight.
If there's a type of character
That indicates or shows
Our follies, faults and weaknesses,
It is our precious nose.
Whether Roman, pug or Grecian,
Whether large or whether small,
It is infinitely better
Than to have none at all.

The New York candy factory disaster is attributed by the *Scientific American* to the explosion of a very finely powdered substance that had become diffused in the air of the candy factory. Among the substances that will, under certain conditions, explode with terrific force, the writer mentions cork. "This material," he says, "which burns in bulk with a very slow combustion, becomes highly explosive when reduced to an impalpable powder, and in this state is distributed in an atmosphere."
A gentleman relates, after leaving the paper of which he was the editor, and returning on a visit, he wrote a leader for the new editor, and he really thought it good—better than he had written for months. Next day he met an old acquaintance with a paper in his hand. "Ah," said he, "this paper is but a miserable thing now—nothing like what it was when you had it!"—and pointing to the article he had written, he continued, "Look, for instance, at that thing! Why didn't that fool let you write the article?"

The late king of Italy was a good judge of men. His father, Carlo Aliseo, was suspicious of Garibaldi, and would only give him a subordinate position in the army; but as soon as Victor Emmanuel was crowned he sought out Garibaldi and made him general, with large powers—a step that he never had regret. He knew also that, in choosing Cavour, he would have frequently yielded his own opinions to that distinguished statesman and that he would have a cabinet of his own choice. Trevelyan and Garibaldi is due a large share of the honor of accomplishing the unification of Italy.