

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

Evangelium est optimum. - Cic.

[12s. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.]

No 7]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1859.

[V6126.]

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and scars:
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Sleeping all my soul with tears.

Elquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look which saith,
Save us! save us! we surround us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing, we are ready,
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that all heights reach.

Raise us, O your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station:
We the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you make us—
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong in time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See ye not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us;
Only let us know you need us,
And we will do our parts.

We are thousand—many thousands?
Every day our ranks increase:
Let us march beneath your banner,
We thy legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us, O try us! days slide onward,
They can never be ours again;
Save us, save us from undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin,
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing,
All my inmost soul stirred;
And my heart bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

A Selected Story.

THE TEMPTATION.

William Carter arose from a fitful and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and wind—such a night as December usually brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind had found its way through many a crack and crevice in his rustic cottage; but he might have slept if his mind had been at ease. His wife was a delicate woman; tall and exposure had brought on a lingering illness, and she lay all night moaning with pain, and shivering with cold. William arose, and having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the winds swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance the tops of the hills were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm; but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned away with a heavy step, and entered his dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale, suffering mother rose from her couch to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some, and the cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant home, for which he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode.

"Why can't we have some bread and butter?" said little James, a child six years old, pushing away the potato which was offered him. "We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time."

An expression of agony passed over the father's face. Bitter feelings were rushing through his heart—murmurings against Providence—repining at his lot—unbelief in God.

"I would bear everything but this," murmured he. "I can bear toil, humiliation and want myself; but I cannot see my children pine for bread and my wife shivering in this miserable hovel! If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands, and with my own arms avenging my cause."

Rat the storm was soon over. Softened by the tender, hopeful words of his afflicted wife, his bitterness of spirit passed away. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinful anger and murmurings. The spirit of other days returned—the divine triumphed over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of little children, casting all their cares on His mighty arm, and committing the future to His direction.

A storm was evidently coming on outside. Already the snow began to fall; but there was not wood enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor to get permission to cut a few trees, or at least to pick up the limbs that were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. Already a thin white drapery lay over the bosom of the earth, twisted into graceful knots and wrinkles. He stepped on something which moved beneath his foot—and, looking down, he saw a large pocket-book, half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of joy dashed through his heart. Seizing it, he turned his face from the roll to examine the contents. There was a row of bank notes, which he unrolled and counted. His first impulse was to secure the money and throw the pocket-book away. Was it not his own? He had found it; had not heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants—an answer to his prayers? How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife and for his little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want—whose merry smiles were changed to anxious looks of care. Thus he reasoned; but conscience whispered, beware! Suffer not the love of gold to make a plague spot on thy heart! The money is not thine; and this may have been permitted as a trial of thy faith!

But, perhaps, he thought, I cannot find the owner—then it will be mine; and with the hope that it might contain no evidence of the ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mostlly, however, he did not severely sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thine own would be no better. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner's name, fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant, with whom in days past, William had been acquainted. What a death-blow was this to his wild hopes! The vision of comforts, which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife, and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground, he stood for a moment gazing on it.

"Tempter! deceiver!" he exclaimed, "why am I thus mocked and tantalized?" And then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fierce conflict in his bosom. He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and the fallen snow all unheeded; but when he rose up, the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful and resigned.

That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket-book, unrolled the bank notes before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it half hidden beneath the snow.

"What shall you do with it?" she said.

"What shall I do with it?" was the reply.

"Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience."

"I knew it would be thus. When the dark temptation was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and approve the right. The storm is now over, and to-morrow I must carry this money to Mr. Carlton. It is about fifteen miles; I will start early, and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage."

The next morning long before sunrise, William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new fallen snow; and the wind was cold and piercing; but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Carlton. He ascended the marble steps and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and, in answer to his enquiry if Mr. Carlton was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortless home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad of a seat anywhere near the fire so he said to the servant—

"I have important business with Mr. Carlton; and, if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns."

The man eyed him from head to foot: and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him into the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had commenced. There was baking broiling and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of epicure. However the two hours passed away. Mr. Carlton at length came in, and William gave a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment; and he shrunk as he caught a full view of himself in a mirror, which extended almost from the ceiling to the floor.

"Have you business with me, sir?" said Mr. Carlton in an impatient tone.

"Yes, sir," said William, producing the pocket-book, and handing it to him, "I found this yesterday, and as it bears your name I have brought it to you."

"Ah! then you found my pocket-book. I am glad to see it again, which I never expected to do."

He carefully examined it.

"All right," he said, "and I am obliged to you for returning it, for it contains valuable papers;" then carefully placed it in his pocket.

William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation he was suffered to depart.

"I am sorry you did not give the poor man something, father," said a fair girl as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet.

"Did you notice how pale he looked, and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?"

"Did he? No I did not notice it. I would have given him something, if I had thought of it—but he is gone now."

"But, father you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear he is very poor."

"Yes I had some dealings with him years ago. Now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm."

"How far did he come this cold morning to bring you that pocket book?"

"He lives in B—; he must have come fifteen or twenty miles; I ought to have paid him well for it; and I will not fail to do so yet."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining room.

While the rich man was enjoying his pleasant repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and a weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now fifteen miles lay before him; he felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received.

Resolutely putting down, however, the evil thoughts which all this occasioned, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and pressed on his way. It was late when he arrived, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and throw himself upon his bed. His overtaxed system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium of violent fever. Then did his poor wife feel that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her; but her faith failed not. As she watched day after day by the sufferer's couch, bathing his burning brow and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say—"Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him." Oh, blessed sustaining power of faith and hope—faith not in man, but God—hope not of earth, but Heaven! Cling to thy faith, poor woman—make thy heart strong in confidence; for God will not forsake thee!—Even now he is preparing the reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay on a downy pillow? Were there no remorseless thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty?

It was the fifth day of William's sickness, and the physician said that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had then fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his head, and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half-shut eyes. The children, with sad faces and noiseless steps, crept around them.

There was a rap at the door; it was opened; a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise upon her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of her humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her; but that was no place to feel the paltry distinction of human society. In the presence of that Power before which the rich and poor, the mighty and

the weak, alike bow, men feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but, advancing to the bed, he gazed long and anxiously on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks; then turning away he threw himself into a chair, and wept with uncontrolled emotion.

This the reader may have guessed was Mr. Carlton. He came into the neighborhood and inquired for William Carter, and had been told of his sickness and its probable cause. The good woman where he stopped, had a warm heart and a voluble tongue; and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence in denouncing the ungrateful man who had suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles and to return without even a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor; when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said—

"Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again."

Before she had time to express her gratitude or surprise he was gone.

The next morning William was better—the crisis had passed—the fever was gone; but he lay weak and helpless as a babe; and but for the many comforts which that purse had procured, he might have died. He grew stronger day by day; and at the end of a week, he was sitting supported by pillows in a large arm chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed—

"There comes the stranger who gave you the purse!"

A minute more and he entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hand and said earnestly—

"Thank heaven you are yet alive—and will live! If you had died, I never could have forgiven myself! I have come to make you some atonement for the injustice of which I was guilty;" and he placed a folded paper in his hand. "There," he continued, "when you are able, read that. Do not thank me—it is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me; and it cost you dear."

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed to himself of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother a deep and holy joy, mingled with thankfulness and trust in God.

I need not tell of the happy reinstating in their former home, nor how in better days William Carter often gathered his grand children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trials and temptations, and them that they who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

Agricultural.

A Curious Question.

[From the Lower Canada Farmer's Journal.]

It is a singular illustration of the inexactness of agricultural knowledge, that the question how many seeds there are in the pound of our commonly cultivated field plants, should still remain to be answered. It is plain that the answer will not necessarily affect farm practice—for the quantity of seed which it is proper to sow per acre, is a matter to be determined by experience, not by argument apart from trial, and yet surely it is most desirable to compare the number of the seeds we ordinarily sow with that of the plants we raise. In ordinary practice, 1,200,000 seeds of wheat are sown on every 40,000 superficial feet, or what is more extraordinary, fifteen to eighteen million seeds of flax are scattered on the same extent, about three to every inch of land, it is surely well to let the farmer know it. He knows very well he does not raise so many plants as this—and struck, as he may be, by the enormous disproportion between the means he uses, and the result he gets, he will inquire into its causes.

The turnip seed employed per acre, numbers from 600,000 to 1,000,000, according to the kind and quantity adopted; this, if the rows are two feet apart, is two or three dozen seeds per foot of row, where a single plant alone is to be grown. No doubt nothing like so many generally come up, but then there is a great destruction by the hoe, which will explain much of the discrepancy in this case. What, however, becomes of the 18,000,000 seeds of flax which are commonly sown per acre? There is no destruction by the hoe in either instance here. A single ear of oats may contain 100 grains—a single plant will generally include half a dozen ears, but if 6,000,000 plants should yield as much as this implies, they would produce 100 loads of grain. Instead of 600 seeds a piece, they yield but half a dozen each to produce an ordinary crop of oats.—It is plain that five-sixths of the seed, or of the plants that they produce, are killed in

the cultivation of the crop; and the proportion is vastly greater than this in the case of other plants. What is the ordinary seedling of the clover crop? Eight pounds of red clover, four of white clover, and four of trefoil may be sown—that is at least 6,000,000 seeds per acre—a seed on every inch of land—but instead of 144, are there generally half a dozen plants on every square foot of the clover field?

There are about 25,000 seeds of sainfoin in a pound of 'rough' seed, as it is called, and it weighs some 20 lbs. per bushel; four bushels in an ordinary seeding, and they contain 2,000,000 seeds, or fifty per square foot of land. This is the number, too, of seeds in an ordinary seeding of vetches. It is manifest that in both these cases there is an enormous destruction either of young plants or seed; and these are the two great divisions under which the causes of this anomaly must be classed; faults of seed and sowing, and faults of cultivation. We are enabled, by the assistance of Messrs. Rendle, of Plymouth to lay before them the following answers to the question—how many seeds to the pound?

Name.	No. of Seeds.	No. of lbs. per lb.	No. of lbs. per bu.
Wheat.	10,000	100	48 to 50
Barley.	15,000	150	48 to 50
Oats.	20,000	200	38 to 42
Rye.	25,000	250	56 to 60
Canary Grass.	50,000	500	48 to 50
Buckwheat.	25,000	250	50 to 56
Turnip, (Rendle's Swede)	155,000	1550	50 to 56
" (Cornish Holland)	230,000	2300	50 to 56
" (Orange Jelly)	230,000	2300	50 to 56
Cabbage, (Scotch Drumhead)	128,000	1280	50 to 56
" (Drumhead Savoy)	117,000	1170	50 to 56
Clover, (Red)	249,000	2490	50 to 56
" (White)	684,400	6844	50 to 56
Rye grass, (Perennial)	314,000	3140	20 to 28
" (Italian)	272,000	2720	13 to 18
Sweet Vernal Grass.	232,000	2320	8

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA AT NEW YORK.

New York, Feb. 7.

Asia arrived this evening. Indications of peace not so favorable, and another panic on Paris Bourse. London Money Market unchanged. Consols 93½ to 95½.

It was rumoured that King of Naples was dead.

Breadstuffs at Liverpool very dull.

Flour nominal. Wheat and Corn declining. Provisions more active. Sugar and Coffee firm.

Value of Wit.

We take the following excellent passage from a review of "The Autocrat" in "The Century," the weekly paper recently established in New York:

A wit is a priceless man for a community; not a scandal-monger, a heel biter, a detractor, a cynic, whose own happiness in life being spoilt is bent upon making others miserable, but a genial, benevolent reformer, a wholesome and winning though caustic surveyor of events. "People breathe more freely when they know there is such a man in the ascendant; for wicked men will be afraid of him, weak men will strive to be stronger, and quacks will not have it all their own way. Society is continually in need of the exploits of that knight errant, the wit. Evils creep in unawares; some good, but very foolish man, perpetrates a good deal of nonsense which is tolerated and even admired by virtue of his goodness, and fixed as an institution before its inconvenience is fully suspected. Honest sentiments with errors sticking to them are gradually leaped up into a monstrous aggregate of prejudice. Some bloated and overfed truth weighs society down like a huge nightmare, till the wit comes along to tickle the sensorium and wake us up once more into daylight with a sensation of free honest living, or the old moralities of the world get dull and commonplace, worn, trite and battered, the effigies nearly off from them. The wit is a general refurbisher, re-casting the old coin and presenting it to us again current with the image of to-day."

A shrewd business man, who takes little interest in politics, is reported to have remarked that the proposition to buy Cuba seemed to him "like an offer to give money that we had not got, for a thing we didn't want, to a nation that wouldn't take it."

A NEW STEAMER—Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, have recently built a new steamer, of a model different from anything afloat. It is shaped like two sugar loaves, placed base to base, so as to make one body. The motive power is applied by means of an endless chain, to which is attached paddle floats, and this moves around the centre of the vessel. Stairs are riveted to the top of the machine, for passengers to air themselves on a pleasant day. The thing is built entirely of iron, and the trial trip has proved successful. Being pointed, it is claimed that she will pierce the big waves, thus saving the enormous waste of force, necessary for surmounting them.