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## Poetry.

### CHARMS OF SOLITUDE.

BY HARRY BURTON.

Where the dark and shady willows,  
Lowly bending to the breeze,  
Seem like angry, swelling billows,  
On the troubled Western seas—

Where the birds in joyous chorus,  
Chant the praise of coming spring,  
And their voices soaring o'er us,  
Sensations fond and pleasing bring—

Where in bloom, the fragrant flowers,  
Scent the groves with odours sweet;  
Where to spend the fleeting hours,  
Youthful loves often meet—

Where the sunbeams falling lightly  
On the sparkling morning dew;  
Flood o'er fields and meadows brightly,  
Each reflecting every hue—

Where the lake in peaceful slumbers,  
Lies a calm and tranquil sheet;  
While the drowsing deer in numbers,  
Gain its banks with willing feet—

Where kind Nature ever seeming,  
More and more rejoiced and gay,  
Often sets her lovers dreaming,  
Many a weary hour away—

There I'll place my modest dwelling,  
Covered o'er with mossy screen;  
And with joy my bosom swelling,  
In solitude alone be seen.

There I'll pass my years remaining,  
Safe, secure from worldly crime;  
Intercourse with man disdaining,  
Nature shall engross my time.

There, when life has ceased its beating,  
In this poor and humble clay,  
Till the grand and awful meeting,  
In solitude my form shall lay.

### The Demon of the Cup.

I had been reading an oriental tale of the fanciful order. It was a story of the genii, and I had been deeply interested in it. I was very comfortably situated in my room, and on the table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler I had imbibed. It never occurred to me that these same sherry cobbler were dangerous companions for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them *per diem*—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine, and a dozen on the off days.

I turned the leaves of the magazine, but I could find no other story that looked inviting; so I threw it down, and sunk back in the rocking chair. Things had begun to look rather dim, and my own consciousness very indistinct, when my attention was attracted by a strange commotion in the glass from which I had partly consumed my cobbler.

Glanced at it, and presently a long wreath of smoke or vapor rose from the glass, and stretched itself over toward the further corner of the room, just exactly as the clouds had preceded the appearance of the genii in the story I had been reading.

The vapor slowly, and apparently with malice aforethought, began to assume a tangible shape, finally resolving itself into the form of a ugly looking demon as I ever read about. He was monstrous in size, would probably have been twenty feet in height, if the room had been lofty enough.

"Who are you?" I inquired, displeased with my visitor.

"I am the demon of the cup," he replied, in a voice which seemed to shake the whole house.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," I continued.

"Yes, you have. You are one of my best friends."

"I believe we never met before."

"A dozen times a day."

"Then you did not look as ugly as you do now, if you will excuse my boldness."

"No; I wear a pleasant face when I make the acquaintance of a young gentleman; but I thought it was about time we should be better acquainted. You don't know me yet. We will have a social time if you like."

"No, thank you; I cannot say that I am much pleased with your society."

"At any rate, I will introduce you to some of my friends," he continued, as he waved his hand over the cup.

Instantly another cloud of smoke proceeded from the cup, which presently assumed the form of a decrepit, ragged, filthy old man.

Of all that I had ever seen of wretchedness, squalor and misery, the figure before me was the most fitting representative, only the degree of wretchedness seemed a hundred fold intensified.

"Who are you?" I demanded, as the old man

moved towards me.

"My name is Poverty,"

"I should think it might be. What do you want here?"

"I just dropped in to be introduced to you, for you and I are likely to be friends."

"Indeed, old fellow, you are reckoning too fast. I keep only respectable company."

"Just now you do, but you will change your habits by-and-by."

"Don't be too familiar, if you please," I suggested, as the old chap drew a chair to my side and seated himself.

"We are bound to be friends, young man. Did you ever read Emerson's works?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, sir, I am a respectable man."

"You had better take yourself off or I shall be under the necessity of kicking you down stairs."

"I do not mind that, for I am used to it."

"Be civil to him," interposed the demon, "he is one of us and a good fellow in his way. He often brings men to their senses when nothing else will. But you have another friend, and again he waved his hand over the cup."

Again the vapor rose from the glass, and another form more hideous than either of the other appeared before me. I was alarmed at first by his savage expression and glaring eyes.

"Who are you?" I inquired, shrinking back from the loathsome monster.

"My name is Crime."

"Then you have been well named."

"I have worked for you to do."

"I am too much engaged to assist you," I replied.

"Come, come, don't be stiff about it. I suppose you are not quite ready to help me yet, but I can bite my time, for I have a mortgage on you which in due season you must pay up."

"How do you like my friends?" asked the demon.

"I don't like them."

"No."

"The old fellow is an inconvenient companion, and I don't like the morals of the other chap. His notions of mine and thine are too indefinite to suit my ideas."

"Indeed; you seemed so much inclined to make their acquaintance I supposed you were anxious to number them among your friends."

"I?" "Certainly, they belong in the cup; but there is more yet you must know."

As he spoke the smoke infernal curled up and resolved into the form of a woman. She was pale, haggard, and almost a skeleton.

She was clothed in rags, and was a perfect picture of wretchedness and despair. There was nothing really hideous in her aspect, except the marks of poverty and want, which she bore. She turned and fixed a glance of reproach upon me—a glance which thrilled to the soul. I pitied the poor wretch, and turned away.

I looked again, those features were familiar to me. I was shocked, horrified, as I recognized Lucy Sheldon in the dreadful figure before me.

"Lucy!" I exclaimed, with a start of terror.

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, in agony, as she threw herself on her knees before me, "pity me! Pity our poor children! They are hungry, they are perishing with cold. I am hungry, I am freezing, but I care nothing for myself. Pity them, save them!"

"My God, Lucy?"

"Drink no more, Robert. You have reduced me to the most abject misery. Drink no more, as you pity me, if you do not love me!"

"Oh, Lucy! Does she too belong to the cup?" I asked, appealing to the demon.

"She does; but for the present we keep her down in the mint and sugar. She will be one of us by-and-by," he replied, with a grin.

"Robert, Robert!" groaned Lucy, "promise me you will drink no more."

"As God is my judge, I will not," I cried, springing from my chair.

But there I stood in my chamber alone, and there on the table stood the glass from which my dreaming fancy had conjured up the Demon of the Cup and his friends.

I reflected for a time and threw the balance of the sherry cobbler in the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched crew (my readers all know that it is), I determined not to meddle with it again. And I have not.

ONE OF NATURE'S POETS.—It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a soft music, she fell in with a countrywoman, who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves!" "Oh," thought Miss Wordsworth, "at last I have come on one of Nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds!" Very rudely was the dream dissipated by an explanatory remark of the woman's: "Some like them in

pies, and some like them roasted; but for my part, I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions."

## THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

The Presbyterians of Canada have been holding a series of the most important meetings at Montreal, during the past few days, for the purpose of forming a Union of the Four sections of Presbyterians in the Dominion, into one Church. Clergymen of the denomination from all parts of British America are present. We copy the following interesting information on the rise and progress of the Church in the Dominion, from the "Canadian Presbyterian Year Book for 1875":—

The Huguenots were the first Presbyterians that entered Canada, then called *La Nouvelle France*. There remain to-day very few traces of their existence. The Presbyterianism that now exists is of Irish and Scotch origin. It entered British America from different directions, at different times, and in varied circumstances. There were, however, four chief centres, whence arose, like springs in our forest primaval, the Presbyterian streams that are now on the eve of uniting into one great river, to gladden and bless large portions of our Dominion.

I lack yet eleven years of being one century since the Rev. Messrs Smith, Cook and (in name, ministers of the Burger Synod, organized in Truro the first Presbytery of British North America. That very year, 1786, the Rev. James McGregor, sent out by Anti-Burgher Synod, arrived in Halifax, sat, it would seem, with the new Presbytery, and pushed on to his destination, Pictou, then consisting of one or two houses. After eight years of hard work, Mr. McGregor was joined by two ministers of his own communion, who, along with him, constituted in Robert Marshall's name, in 1794, the Associate Presbytery of Nova Scotia. For twenty years the two Presbyteries stood apart, at length in 1817 they met, on common ground, and after much consultation and prayer, formed a union (the first colonial union) of which there is any record) of all the Presbyteries of Nova Scotia, save one congregation. The divisions of Old Scotland, however, broke again the unity of New Scotland, for we find in 1844 again three Presbyterian churches in Nova Scotia. By the union of the Free Church of Nova Scotia and the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia in 1860, the three became two. These two, now at the eve of union, constitute all the Presbyterians of Nova Scotia, save four ministers of the Reformed Church.

Four years before the Burger brethren, David Smith and Daniel Cook landed in Halifax, and six years after the taking of Quebec, the Rev. George Henry, military chaplain at the time of the Conquest, organized in 1786, a Presbyterian congregation in the City of Quebec.

"That fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key," Having resigned his chaplaincy, he continued for 28 years to minister to the little congregation of Presbyterians that met for worship on the shoulder of Cape Diamond and under the shadow of the old Cathedral church of Canada—except last year into a Basilica. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Spark, entered on his official duties with all the formalities that circumstances would permit, for as yet there was no Presbytery in the land.

Seven years before Mr. Henry's death (1793) there arrived in Canada the Rev. J. Bethune, a native of the island of Skye. Soon after his ordination he had been appointed to the charge of a congregation of Scotch Highlanders in South Carolina. During the American War he was appointed chaplain to the 84th regiment. On the return of peace he accompanied those of his people who had joined the Royal Standard to Canada, and held his first Presbyterian service in Montreal on the 12th of March 1793. In the following year he took up his residence at Williamstown, Glengarry, where he lived for some years, the first and only minister of the Scotch Church in Upper Canada. He organized the congregation of Cornwall, Lancaster, Martintown, Williamstown and Charlottetown.

It is almost certain, though there are no written records of the fact, that Mr. Bethune, Mr. Spark of Quebec, who at first assisted and then succeeded Mr. Henry in that city, and Mr. Young of Montreal, constituted in 1793 the Presbytery of Montreal, just one year before the meeting already referred to in Robert Marshall's barn. This Presbytery perished "by unfortunate circumstances," leaving no written record, but out its ashes arose in 1803 another Presbytery of Montreal, consisting of two ministers, Rev. John Bethune, Glengarry, and Rev. Alexander Spark, Quebec, with

three elders, which held its first meeting on the 17th September of that year. In 1808 arrived the Rev. William Smith, and commenced labors in Brockville in 1811, carrying to-day the honorable distinction of having formed in 1817 the first Bible Society in Canada, in 1818 the first Missionary Society, and in 1820 the first Religious Tract Society.

Five years after formation of Presbytery in Montreal, Rev. R. McDowell came to Upper Canada from Albany, and he laboured with zeal and effect in that then sparsely settled country. In a very interesting paper, descriptive of his experience in Canada, which Mr. McDowell read by request before the Presbytery of Kingston in 1839, he says:—

"There are now ten ministers of the Church of Scotland, and seven other Presbyterian ministers within the 282 miles in which I labored 40 years ago. The extension of new settlements has uncovered the moral desolations. These are now so numerous in comparison with the number of ministers that some of them have Presbyterian preaching no oftener than once or twice a year."

New settlements have generally the disadvantage of a scattered population and the newness and badness of the roads which prevent them from going as far as they might otherwise do to hear the words of eternal life. Blessed be God who has inspired the hearts of a few approved shepherds who have removed to our moral wilderness to gather the scattered sheep into the fold of Jesus. But this band is too small to accomplish the necessary labor in collecting them, and death will soon end their labors. A larger supply we must have or religion will decline. God will be with those who come with apostolic disposition to do them good. I have found it so. When I came to this country the settlements were small and far apart. The inhabitants were poor, merchantize high priced, and farm produce low, and consequently they were greatly involved in debt, and could do but little to support the gospel. But God who multiplied the widow's oil and fed the prophet by ravens, has in ways more mysterious to me, abundantly supplied all my wants. His land is not short of anything. They who by faith put their trust in Him, shall not lack any good thing."

The Presbyterian church in the Dominion, while it passed through many vicissitudes, progressed rapidly, both in numbers and influence. The following is the basis on which the four churches have agreed to unite:—

### PREAMBLE TO BASIS.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Canada Presbyterian Church, the Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, holding the same doctrine, government, and discipline, believing that it would be for the glory of God, and the advancement of the cause of Christ that they should unite and thus form one Presbyterian Church in the Dominion, independent of all other Churches in its jurisdiction, and under authority to Christ alone, the head of His Church, agree to unite on the following Basis, to be subscribed by the moderators of the respective Churches on their behalf:

1. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, being the Word of God, are the only infallible rule of faith and manners.
2. The Westminster Confession of Faith shall form the subordinate standard of this Church; the Larger & Shorter Catechisms shall be adopted by the Church and appointed to be used for the instruction of the people;—it being distinctly understood that nothing contained in the aforesaid Confession or Catechisms, regarding the power and duty of the Civil Magistrate, shall be held to sanction any principles or views inconsistent with full liberty of conscience in matters of religion.
3. The government and worship of this Church shall be in accordance with the recognized principles and practice of Presbyterian Churches, as laid down generally in the "Form of the Presbyterian Church Government," and in "The Directory for the Public Worship of God."

Jones gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of \$30. Calling for it, after awhile, he enquired if it had been to be settled. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it for you." What charge for collecting? "Oh, said the lawyer laughing, I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; \$20 will be about right," handing over \$10. "Well," said Jones as he meditated upon the transaction, "it's darned lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything!"

A HEARTY APPETITE.—"Be careful what you eat," say our health advisers. This is all right enough, for the animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit and bread, are cooling, corrective, and what the palate most craves. Do not be afraid to go without meat for a month or so, and, if you like, live on a purely vegetable regimen. You will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and you will not suffer from protracted heat, as when dining on the regulation roast. Many persons regard a hearty desire for food as something undefined, indelicate, and to be constantly discouraged. But this is all nonsense. It is just as necessary for the man who works only with his brain, to eat beef and mutton, as for the man who labors solely with his hands. The stomach and the brain are twins; the former being the elder, and having prior right to care. Let that be well provided for, and it will sustain its brother. The people who strive to check a wholesome and natural appetite are the people who regard dinner merely as a feed, and not the centre of an agreeable social custom, and as the domestic event of the day. We are sorry for them, as they must regard eating as a prosaic duty, obligatory on them because they have a him in favor of living. We all know that we must eat to live; but by no means live to eat, simply because we enjoy what we eat. We are not gourmards because we relish chop, nor are we invalids because we want strawberries. A good appetite is a good thing, but not if it is to be worried by urging or neglect.

LAST WORDS.—Contrary to Pope's idea that "to the latest breath" one shall feel "the ruling passion strong in death," it is a remarkable fact that the last words of noted persons rarely ever indicate the characteristics which controlled their lives. Pope's own farewell words were "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue." Sir Walter Scott's last thoughts were for his family, who surrounded his bed, and to whom he said "God bless you all." As the final darkness gathered about him, Goethe, with his expiring breath, asked for "More light." Madame de Staël's last words are familiar to all, "I have loved God, my father, and liberty," equally well known are those of Madame Roland, addressed to a statue of Liberty, at her execution. "Oh! Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

The inconsistencies in our orthography are something fearful to contemplate. Tongue spells "tongue," and the man who first spelled it should have been tongue. A-c-h-e spells "ache," and that's all you can make out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells "eight," no matter how you deprecate the idea; and that a-c-o-l-d should spell "aile," and f-e-i-g-n "feign" is enough to make anybody smile, if the effort were not too painful. This is rather too rough "rough" on our spelling.

A compositor on a New York daily is setting up a French word inserted in a When the proof-reader sent out his proof the compositor remonstrated, saying he followed copy. The proof-reader informed the gentleman that it was not used in the French language, whereupon the compositor enquired of the learned artist "how he would spell wheelbarrow without a w." The roar of laughter from his fellow compositors can be imagined.

A Providence lady was recently overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing. "Why she is a perfect paragon of a young lady!" "I think you mean parallelogram, do you not?" suggested the waggish gentleman addressed. "I said parallelogram, M." exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.

SEEING THE FOLLY OF IT.—A youth asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and my father go to balls when you were young?" "Yes; but we have seen the folly of it," said the mother. "Well, mother, exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."

A San Antonio (Texas) newspaper says: "A gentleman who came several thousand miles to view the land, with the purpose of purchasing land, got a large-sized ant on him a few days ago, and, strange as he was, he took about and used as appropriate language as if he had lived here all his life and moved in the best society."