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JAS. S. CARNEGY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

LAST YEAR AND THIS.

The book is closed,—no longer mine,
Though I have marked it thro' and thro',
Scribbling my name, as children do;
And blots o'er all the page divine
From end to end bestrew.

I turn its pages softly o'er,
The story that I might have writ,
Illumined in gold and colours fit,
Alas! is done for evermore,—
I cannot alter it.

Another volume now is here,—
Its vacant pages lie before me;
A vague foreboding creeps o'er me,
It fills me with doubt and fear,
This hidden mystery.

The future history of my soul
Shows through the mist a crowd of days,
On which with efforts vain I gaze,
And dangers that conceal the goal
Their shadowy forms upraise.

It bows me down this painful thought:
Perforce continually I
Must fill up this great diary,
Just as I toiled, and wept, and wrought
Last year so fruitlessly.

Oh! that I might the task resign,
In which I miserably fail!
Art purser, suttler, might avail
In tracing out each finer line,
Each difficult detail.

No! for so on the trackless deep
The seaman writes while journeying on,
The Master gives to every one
A book to write, a log to keep,—
There is excuse for none.

But stay,—who gave this work to me?
Is he a taskmaster sovereign,
Whose dark unbending brows I fear,
Like one whom truant children flee,
When they perceive him near?

Remembrances, in rushing tide,
Reinlessly my fears o'erflow;
The echoes of a voice I know,
That bade me in his love confide,
Sound back to answer, "No!"

Yes! He will teach me how to write
This mystic book with letters fair;
And may his name illumined there,
On every page in golden light
As wisdom's crown appear.

WHAT A MOUTH OUGHT TO BE.—The month is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can neither hide ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, made mention of small mouths and lips, they meant small only as opposed to an excess to the other way, a fault very common in the South. The saying in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A pretty pursed-up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are of tetter found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones. Beauty should have neither, but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they re-

tain a certain breadth to the very verge and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Interesting Tale.

THE BROKEN PANE; Or, What Harriet did with her New Year's Gift.

CHAPTER I.

THE New Year's sun rose upon Rushburn, but, as it shone in at the many windows of the huge factories, it showed no busy work-movers moving to and fro therein. The passer-by could discern no smoke issuing from the tall chimneys, and the most attentive ear could not discern a sound like the whirr of machinery in those great cotton mills. Why this silence? Why these deserted factories? Ah! we all know why. It is not only the fathers and mothers who could answer these questions. The little children have all heard why.

It was on New Year's morning that a very poor woman stood outside the door of one of the humblest dwellings in Rushburn. She held a child in her arms, and addressed a neighbour, who was at the entrance of the adjoining house. "I don't know what I shall do, I'm sure I don't," she said. "I thought we were as badly off as we well could be, what with there being no work for so long, and the poor children having had measles and whooping-cough. But this is worse than all. It will be a dreary beginning of a New Year for us."

As the woman spoke she used her vacant hand in adjusting a rag which was stuck in a broken pane of glass.

"I'm very sorry, Jane, I wish I could do ought to better things for you, but I'm afraid I cannot. Too many of us are in the same fix. Still I there should be ought I could do, you know where to come."

"Thank you, Mary, and I wish you a happy New Year with all my heart."

"The same to you, Jane, and many of 'em," was the answer, but poor Jane Leeson shook her head, as though there were small chances of happiness for her. And indeed, as she said, the year had begun sorrowfully for her and her children. Mark Leeson, her husband, was a factory hand who had been long out of work, but having been provident when times were good, he had a sum of money in the savings' bank when the bad season came on him and so many others. This however, was now quite exhausted. Lately Mark and his family had been indebted to charitable aid, but within the last two or three days their hopes had revived. Mark had met with a little work, not of the kind to which he was accustomed, for it was to serve some bricklayers who were employed upon a building, but still he thought he could manage it, and his wages would bring in bread for a time. "It would be a good thing to begin the New Year in work," thus thought Mark Leeson. As the man went out that morning, he said, "Speak to the glazier to mend the window, Jane. We can pay for it on Saturday, and a broken window looks so ugly, beside letting in the cold."

"True enough, Mark," returned Jane, glad that the window was to be mended.

She had put on her bonnet to go to the glazier's, when, alas! poor Mark made his appearance, not walking as usual with firm footsteps, but almost carried between two other men. A mass of stone had fallen on and crushed his foot so badly, that there was little chance of his walking for some time to come.

This was a terrible blow! Where no work is done there can be no wages, and though there may be help, there will be no adequate supply for the many wants of a household.

Little children! You have never known what it is to dread that your daily bread will fail, can hardly form an idea of what poor Jane Leeson and her children felt at that sad moment when the husband and father was borne home, pale and crippled. And you know not what hundreds of thousands have to endure—people who are forced to be idle while longing for work.

"We've nothing beforehand, nothing," said poor Jane Leeson, bitterly weeping. And as she spoke, a spasm passed through poor Mark's frame, harder to bear than even his bodily pain, for he was a steady man and a kind husband, and it was dreadful to him to lie helpless while his dear ones wanted bread.

"We can get over a day or two," said he, and perhaps I may soon be able to do something, if a job can be had.

But the doctor said, "Pretty well if you can work in several weeks, Mark. You and your young must have help from the relief fund. You must make an application."

Not till we're driven to it, said Mark, with that sort of honest pride which has made starving folk suffer in silence. It is our misfortune, not our fault. We must pray and trust. God will not forget us.

I do pray, Mark, but it is hard to see all dark and yet believe a light is behind.

If it were easy to have faith, there would be no praise. Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. We don't know what good may come out of this trouble, returned Mark.

Jane knew that her husband was in pain, and she thought, "Well, if Mark bears up and trusts in all his suffering, I ought not to despond, as if the good God could not help us out of this trial; and I should try to comfort my poor husband instead of making him more unhappy."

With a prayerful heart, but silent lips, Jane went about doing her best for her husband's comfort, and when her children came in she did not sadden their young hearts by enlarging on their dismal prospects, but strove to cheer them by reminding them how God had lately restored their health. And she bade them pray to the same great physician, Christ Jesus, on behalf of their father.

So, in spite of the cloud hovering over the humble roof-tree on New Year's night, the little family found voice to thank God for the mercies of the past year. And perhaps the prayer "Give us this day our daily bread," had never been uttered with more perfect heartiness, or their dependence on God so fully acknowledged, as it was on that night by Mark Leeson, his wife, and children.

CHAPTER II.

On that same day a very different group assembled round the table of Mr. Musgrove, Mark Leeson's master. Mark and some members of his family had worked for years in Mr. Musgrove's factory, and would have still been employed there, but for the unfortunate cause which compelled the master to close his mills.

In the home of the wealthy manufacturer, though, was a unknown. There was the mother with her bright, comely-looking face, and there were the children—five in number, the same as Mark Leeson had. But no doubt, no fear so thought of the bare possibility of their wanting bread ever entered the minds of the little Musgroves. They were surrounded with comfort, they had ever known anything but plenty, and as they ran about the house, and from one member of the family to the other, exchanging New Year's greetings and exhibiting New Year's gifts, their happiness seemed to be already as complete as most people in this world enjoy. As they received the kindly greeting from some distant friend or wished each other a happy New Year, no threat-ned affliction, no dark cloud overhead, disturbed their childish plans for the future—Happiness and prosperity had hitherto been things of course with the children of the wealthy manufacturer. Not that the little Musgroves were unkind or selfish children; only, it had pleased God that their young lives had hitherto been wonderfully free from trouble and trial of every kind.

On this New Year's day the children had received many gifts. Their parents had bestowed presents upon each and all. Sundry distant friends had sent them tokens of kindly remembrances, and though last, not least, their Uncle Edward had come to spend the day with them, and presented each with a bright gold sovereign. Even into the chubby fist of "Baby Ned," his own tiny namesake and godson, this generous uncle had shut a coin of the same value, which mamma was, of course, obliged to take and "save for him," until he should be old enough to know its value.

"I do like New Year's days to come, Uncle Edward," said little Harriet Musgrove, a girl of ten years old.

"Why so, love? Is it because you have got through one more year of your short life?"

"Oh dear, no, uncle. Who could be glad of that I wonder?"

"A Christian might, dear. I mean one who could look back on well spent years and forward to the end of this life, as the beginning of life eternal."

"Yes, but Uncle Edward, I was not thinking in that way. I was only thinking how nice it is to have kind letters from our friends and good wishes and presents, and to see our relations, too."

"Whether they bring gold sovereigns with them or not, eh? little girl," returned Uncle Edward, smiling.

"Yes, Uncle Edward," answered Harriet, stoutly, and looking straight in his face; "I am always glad to see you."

"I believe you, dear child for I know you tell the truth. But you mean to say that though you are glad of the kindness which makes people offer you the gifts, you like the presents themselves, also?"

"Yes, I do, uncle. I like to have them."

"And what is better than even receiving gifts, I wonder?"

Harriet did not know what Uncle Edward meant, and so he told her what it said in the Bible, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The little girl was quiet for a time. She wondered whether Uncle Edward meant that it pleased him more to bestow a gift than it did her to receive it. Then, after a while, she began to talk again about a New Year's

party to which she had been invited, and of the enjoyment she hoped to have there.

"I hope you will have a pleasant day, dear Harriet; but the house of feasting is not always the best place for us. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," said the wise king Solomon, under the inspiration of God. And at this time, it is very easy to find the house of mourning—There are so many sad hearts in Rushburn.

Harriet knew that. But she hardly liked to put aside her bright anticipations at that moment, to look even in fancy into the poverty-stricken homes of the mill hands. No she said, "Surely, it isn't wrong to go and see our friends?"

"By no means, love, only we are told that we are more likely to be benefited by going to the house of mourning than to that of feasting. You know that in our moments of mirth and laughter we do not often think about God, but in time of trouble we go to him as the only one who can comfort us."

Uncle Edward was talking to his young niece when Mr. Musgrove came in to dinner. Harriet noticed that her father's face was graver than common, and she asked him if anything were the matter.

"I am sorry to say that one of my old hands has met with a sad accident, dear. Who is it, father? Any person I know?"

Mark Leeson. He got a job of work at a building; but, unfortunately, a mass of stone fell on his foot. His family will be very badly off, for though steady, and more provident than most his class, poor Mark's little savings must be quite exhausted by this time. However, I must see what can be done to help him until he is able to go out again. Of course he will get relief independent of what I can do, but Mark's is a special case and I must do something more for him than for others."

There were expressions of pity for Mark, his wife and children, from all the listeners, and then some other subject was talked of—

On the following day Mr. Musgrove was suddenly called from home. Uncle Edward and he left the house together, and the latter would not return for a full week. Two days after their departure was day fixed for the party on which Harriet had reckoned so much. As she and some of her companions were going to it they passed Mark Leeson's poor home. Harriet saw one of his children, and asked after Mark.

"His foot is very bad, miss, said the little boy. The doctor says he won't be able to walk for ever so long, and mother has been crying this afternoon."

The child's eyes were full of tears. The mother weeping was enough to make the young heart sad.

During all that evening, Harriet was quiet or thoughtful. Some of her young companions teased her about being so grave, but the truth was, Harriet's thoughts were occupied by Mark Leeson's accident, and she pictured to herself his weeping wife and sorrowful looking children. She knew that her father intended to do something for his workmen, but he had been called from home in haste, and in the meanwhile Mark and his family might wait. And, somehow, as Harriet put her hand into her pocket and felt there the little purse in which all her New Year's gifts were contained—Uncle Edward's sovereign amongst the rest—she thought of that text he had whispered in her ear seemed continually present, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Wouldn't it be a good and blessed thing to give comfort to the suffering man and sorrowful wife by means of this money, which she did not want? And would not a visit to the house of mourning—for such poor Mark's must be—give her more pleasure than even this very party, if she could come away feeling that she had done something to turn their mourning into rejoicing?

Harriet pondered on these things, and her mind was soon made up.

On the following morning Mark Leeson's wife rose with a sad heart, after an almost sleepless night. She was sad for her husband was so ill, and there was not in the household enough food for their daily meals. We must still trust, Mark had said, cheerfully, and again they had prayed together, "Give us this day our daily bread."

When Jane Leeson entered the outer room of the poor dwelling she noticed that the rug was no longer fixed in the broken pane.

Surely the wind has blown it in, thought she, as she went to replace it. As she was doing this she noticed a tiny packet on the sill. She opened it and behold! there was a bright gold sovereign. On the paper these words were written: A New Year's gift for Mark Leeson, from a friend who hopes his foot will soon be well.

With what a joyful heart did Jane go to her husband's bed side exclaiming, "O Mark! I said that no good could ever come in at a broken window, and see! I got it in at once."

"Ned! I say that as they had prayed, so did they now thank God together, and ask a blessing on the unknown benefactor whose generous hand had brought this seasonable supply."

When Mr. Musgrove came home he went to see Mark Leeson, and made arrangements

for his relief and comfort. I hope you have not torn badly off during my absence, said he. We should have been, but for one thing said Mark, and he told how the sovereign came in at the broken pane.

Mr. Musgrove looked at the bit of paper in which the sovereign had been wrapped, and a bright smile crossed his face. In those few brief words he recognized the handwriting of his little daughter—Harriet, and the thought of her self denial made his heart glad.

As to Harriet she rather wondered that no person wished to know what had become of her New Year's gift. But she was glad to keep silence on the subject, and never regretted that she bestowed it on Mark Leeson and his family. But it was when she heard her father say how the timely gift of a sovereign, slipped by some unseen hand through the broken window pane, had saved the poor people from want, that she thoroughly understood how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Dear child-readers, have you ought to spare, ought that you either do not need, or can do without? Are you willing to deny yourselves some indulgence for the sake of contributing your mite towards the relief of starving thousands? You have the chance of realizing Harriet's happy feelings if you follow her example, and of hearing Christ say to you at the last day, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me."

Do Climates Change.

Old people complain that the seasons are warmer, colder, or more rainy than when they were young. Their comments are justified, because most persons believe that no very marked changes have or ever will take place in a section of country where stability of nature is a settled fact—that is, it snows and freezes in winter, showers in April, and trees have leaves in the spring. Atmospheric alteration is certainly going on from age to age, more strongly evident in some parts of a country than others. Here are illustrations.

Two thousand years ago the climate of Italy was colder than now. The Loire and Rhone in ancient Gaul, used to freeze over annually. Juvenal says the Tiber froze so firmly in his day, the ice had to be cut to get at the water. Horace indicates the presence of ice and snow in the streets of Rome, and Ovid asserts the Black sea froze over every year. So extreme was the cold at that far off period in history, it stands chronicled by the ancients that in Gaul, Germany, Pannonia, Thrace, snow positively covered the ground so long as to prevent the cultivation of Olives, grapes and other fruits which are raised there at the present time in abundance. Ice or snow to any considerable amount would now be a phenomenon in Italy. However, if it takes two thousand years to work a climatic change we need not be troubled with any apprehension that this winter's clothes won't do for next year.

THE KING OF SIAM'S PRESENTS TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—A London paper states that His Majesty the King of Siam, who signs himself in a letter to Her Majesty as His Majesty's affectionate friend and brother, sent to England some time ago six boxes of presents for the acceptance of the Queen. The presents are as follows:—Box No. 1.—1. a water goblet made of pure gold; 2. a water stand made of pure gold; 3. a box made of pure gold, supposed to be the usual toilet box; 4. a spittoon made of pure gold. Box No. 2.—Two gold dresses and a gown. Box No. 3 and 4.—Four aprons, such as are borne by a part of the King's body guard, when they follow him. Box No. 5.—A large and small royal umbrella, white in color. Box No. 6.—A royal palanquin.

God never forgets any of his creatures. It don't matter how far a man wanders in sin and shame, he can never reach a point where the love of God will not surround him, and where omnipotence will not be exerted to save him. We may despise our weakness and condemn our wickedness, and refuse forgiveness for our errors, friends may desert in misfortune, and deny us in disgrace; our very parents or children may say, "We know not the man," but though we violate every law of God, and bury ourselves in the very hell, there is one without change or variableness, whose laws are infinite and perpetual, and whose very life flows down into everything that exists. This is the one consolation when all else fails.

NO RELATION.—John Davis, farmer in Walton, parish of Cardross, was remarkable for his ready turn of wit. One day, when returning home from Dumbarton with a pig which he had purchased there, he met Major Alexander, then residing at Auchincloss, who accosted him thus: "Well John, is this a cousin of yours you have got with you to-day?" To which John replied, "Dad no, sir, he's nae friend o' mine, but only an acquaintance, like yourself."

"You're doing a smashing business," said the gardener to the bailiotes.

"Pen-makers are a bad lot. They make people steel pens, and then say they do write."