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Poetry.

WINTER.

He comes! the tardy winter comes!
I hear his footsteps through the nights!
I hear his Vanguard from the heights
March through the pines with muffled drums.

His naked feet are on the mead;
The grass blades stiffen in his path;
No tear for child of earth he hath;
No pity for her tender sod!

The bare oaks shudder at his breath!
A moment by the stream he stays—
Its melody is mute! A glaze
Creeps o'er his dimples, as of death!

From fettered stream and blackened moor,
The city's walls he silent nears;
The mansions of the rich he fears
He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth,
The frost-rimed Graybeard's power defies;
He curses as he hurries by—
And strikes the beggar, dead, to earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares,
A hundred heartless hovels hold
Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold,
Watched by a hundred grim Despairs!

The forests grow by his command
Who saith, "He leudeth to the Lord
"Who giveth to the poor!" Your board
Is his! Ye stewards of the land!

Here is your mission! Ye who feed
Your lavish fires! Not afar,
But at your doors, your Heavens are!
God's poor—your creditors! Take heed!

The path is long to Pagan shores;
Their skies are sunny. God our all!
The winter's dead harvests fall
Around you! Deal your Master's stores.

Miscellany.

LITTLE PEARL.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

I was bitterly discontented that morning, and there is no denying it—discontented with my home, my husband, even with my baby. I remember the morning well, it was gray and cloudy, with a low, dragging mist, that chilled one to the bone and hung trees with weeping moisture. The black mud, about the door of my western home, was thick and deep; and the bare floor of our one room was badly stained and soiled by the countless feet of the rough-shod workmen. I had been cleaning up all the morning, but the more I did the more the worst matters seemed to grow; soap and sand only served to render the black foot-marks more visible; and when a sudden puff of wind whirled the smoke and ashes down the pipe of my cooking-stove, covering the books and tables I had just taken so much pains in dusting off. I threw myself in the rocking chair, and burst into a passion of despairing tears.

We brought the rocking chair with us, Ned and I, when we left our cottage, on the outskirts of the city, and journeyed westward. It was a pretty cottage; my eyes filled with tears even now at the thought of it, with its low, breezy windows, through which the odor of the roses floated the live long summer; and its clean, well-ordered rooms, adorned with all those charming, useless little toys, that go so far toward making a home pleasant and attractive. It was my first home after my marriage—and a woman always loves that home better than any other. We were very happy, Ned and I; cozy and comfortable as two robins in the heart of a summer apple-tree. Ned was a clerk, but with good salary, and some little additions flowing in now and then from other resources. And when our baby came, "Little Pearl," as we called her, our happiness was complete.

But after a while this new rapture began to cool; and as Little Pearl's blue eyes deepened and expanded, Ned began to cast about him in a sage fatherly manner.

"We must do the best we can for Little Pearl's sake, Ned."

That was the opening remark—a disclosure of his plans followed. He had caught the western fever. "Westward the star of empire makes its way," Ned quoted, with telling emphasis, adding, "we must follow, Ned, and build up a name and a home for Little Pearl!"

I assented, as I always did to Ned's plans; though, in my secret soul, I felt that the movement was a bad one. We—old or pretty cottage and furniture at a considerable sacrifice. Ned left his clerkship; and the November after Little Pearl's birth found us in our western home.

Ned had urged me to bring out our servants; but, in high-strung heroism, I determined to be maid-of-all-work myself. Ned would have to sacrifice his ease and comfort—I would not be behind him. It was comparatively light in the beginning, when only Ned and myself were to provide for; but after a while the hired men came; and baby required more attention every day. The fall rains set in, converting the spongy soil into black adhering mud. I worked late and early, but found it impossible to take care of my babe, and keep our rude home in order. I bore up as long as I could; but last my strength utterly failed, and, sitting down in the rocking chair, I sobbed like a silly child. I thought of my old home, with its pretty well-ordered apartments; of the hours of social enjoyment to which I had been accustomed; and then with a fresh gush of tears, I looked out at the low, trailing mist and around the small, untidy rooms, in which I was imprisoned. It was wrong in Ned to bring me to such a place, and against my will, too, I thought bitterly.

At that moment I heard the voice of the sick, hired man calling for water, and catching up the pitcher, I brushed away my tears, and ran up to the rude loft, where he lay. As I reached the bed, I saw by the sun that it was almost noon, and dinner was to cook for the hired men. Giving the invalid his water, I paused a moment to mix a draught of medicine, my thoughts full of the smoking stove, and distasteful duties that awaited me below, and just then, shrill and clear, came Little Pearl's cry. I threw down the dose I was mixing, exclaimed, almost angrily:

"It is no use, I can't get along, no matter how hard I strive. What shall I do now? Oh, dear! I do wish I had no baby!" My very finger-tips thrilled with terror the instant the unwomanly wish had passed my lips; and clearing the steps at two or three bounds, I rushed to the corner where her crib stood, eager to clasp her to my bosom, and pour out my remorse in tears and kisses. I snatched aside the curtain. The crib was there, so was the snowy pillow bearing the damp impress of her head; but Little Pearl was gone. For a moment I stood dumb and almost senseless, then a swift thought came to my relief.

"Ned has stolen her to frighten me," I cried, and, rushing out, I searched everywhere to find him; but in vain.

The mist was thickening into rain. I knew well enough that he was too careful of her to expose her in such a manner; yet I clung to the belief that he had taken her as I clung to my life. There were fresh foot-prints in the black mud about the door leading out toward the wood lot, where Ned and the men were at work. I followed them, my head uncovered, unmindful of the chill wind and driving rain, plunging ankle-deep into the yielding soil at every step. About half-way I saw something in the path before me. It was a little crimson stocking! My heart leaped for joy. Ned had stolen her, and she had kicked it from her foot on the way; it was cruel in him to frighten me so. I wondered if he had heard that silly wish of mine.

Half a mile from the house I met him, and the men coming home to dinner. He started forward the moment he caught sight of me.

"Oh, Ned! what's the matter? Is Little Pearl sick?"

One glance at his white, startled face, convinced me that my hope was vain; yet I cried out angrily, "You've got the child, Ned, you know you have—don't torture me any longer."

"Bell what do you mean?"

"She's gone—Little Pearl. You stole her, Ned, to frighten me!"

"No, no, my soul, Ned!"

"Then she's gone; God has granted me my wish. Oh! my baby! my baby!"

I was rushing past him, but he caught and held me fast, commanding me to tell all—and I did. And then his after-words thrilled my soul with horror.

"The Indians! the Indians, boys!" he cried, "they passed you, you know! They must have stolen her. Come!"

They followed him without a word—and so did I. Over the spongy parrie mud, the chill wind and driving rain beating in our faces, through dense, dripping woods, down to the shore of the river. But we were too late.

The last canoe was moored on the opposite shore. God had granted my wish. I had no baby!

Little Pearl could not be found, altho' our effort were ceaseless. Her crib remained in its corner, with the impress of her head on its pillow; but the little laughing face, that had looked up at us from the depths of the coverlet, was gone forever. I had ample time to perform all my household labor then. No little quivering cry to detain me when I was busy, no clinging hands holding mine, and keeping them idle. My wish was granted me! I had no baby!

The desolate, inconsolable sorrow of the days that followed, no tongue can portray, the loneliness of the days, standing "remains." But Ned and I worked for the rest of our lives; but, no matter how sore and weary our hearts may be. At the end of five years, Ned

looked round on the ripe fruition of his most sanguine hopes. He had built him up not only a home, but a name, in this new country. We had pleasant rooms, and luxurious furniture, and birds, and flowers, and all the attributes that go to make up a happy home. All did I say? Not all—we were childless. Little Pearl had never come back, and God, had given us no other child to fill her place but we desired no other, our grief for her loss being deeper and more sacred than any new love could ever have been.

Poor Ned, that unforgotten sorrow, together with his arduous duties, made him an old man before his time; the silver threads were thick on his temples, and the furrows on his forehead deeply cut; went back on a visit to our old home, the friends of his youth did not recognize him. His life had lost its impelling aim and motives.

One night in the great city, we were returning from the opera, when a voice startled us.

"Please, sir, to buy a loaf?"

It was mid-winter; the pavements were glazed with ice, and the countless stars overhead glittered in the cold blue sky like so many points of steel. I was dreaming of my home in the far West, and longing for the hour of my return to come. A strange feeling of tenderness bound to the spot where I lost my Little Pearl. I could not bear to be away from it because of a foolish fear that she might come back, and I not be there to welcome her.

The slender pleading voice broke in upon my reverie; and glancing out at the carriage window, I saw a small childish figure, with a tiny hand, blue and stiff with cold.

"Stop the carriage, Ned; I shan't close my eyes to night, if we pass that child."

My husband started from his half-dose and obeyed me.

"What do you want?" he asked kindly bending over and taking the child's hand in his.

"A penny, please, sir, to buy a loaf for granny; she's sick."

Ned took a silver piece from his pocket, but I caught his arm before he had dropped it into the little waiting hand. Something in the soft blue eyes, looking up so pleadingly in the winter starlight, thrilled my heart to its utmost core.

I yearned to clasp the little shivering form to my breast to stroke back the tangled, golden hair, from the pallid, wan pinched face.

"Take her up, Ned, I entreated, she'll freeze if we leave her. We can put her out never over she lives."

And good natured Ned, who never denied me a thing in his life, complied. Down dark and unfrequented streets, into one of the lowest haunts of vice and poverty, then she glided as a long flight of stairs into a cheerless attic. An old woman lay upon a heap of straw, her face wearing that cold grayish hue which is the unmistakable precursor of death.

"Have you come?" she questioned eagerly, as we entered, "give me the loaf!"

The child ran to her side; and began to stroke her gray hair.

A good lady and gentleman's come, she slipped softly.

"I'm glad you're here, she said, addressing Ned. I'm going, you see; and some one oughter look after her, pointing to the child. She's a good little thing; I've had her with me six years—come next winter. She ain't mine, though."

I got her from a squad of Indians when my old man run a fat boat down the Mississippi. They'd stole her from some one, and bring her to my cabin, and she was such a pretty little thing that the old man struck a trade for her. I all-kept her clothes, the ones she had, in case her friends might know her, if they ever turned up—but they didn't; and now I'm going, she'll be left to herself. Ye might look after her, madam couldn't ye?"

Where are the clothes she had on, asked Ned and I, eagerly, and in the same breath. She looked into my face inquiringly and then pointed to an old trunk. Ned broke it open. There they were in a faded heap, the dainty embroidered slip, the tiny pinnafore, and one crimson stocking. Its fellow lay in the bottom of my drawer in my far western home.

"Oh, Ned! I cried, she is Little Pearl. And so she was. We had found her at last our baby our darling."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. "A man is going to be buried," Oh, he replied, "I'll stay to see that for we carry them to be buried in our country."

A one of contention should be thrown away when there is no longer any in it. In all thy quarrels leave open the door of conciliation.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency.

The birds are the most successful agriculturists as their crops never fail. In Black Rock county, California, there is a petrified tree 700 feet in length. Billions are like vagrants. When up they have no visible means of support. There on a pig on a spit has the consolation of thinking that things may turn.

Charles strikes the right, but most trips the soul.

From the Saturday Review.

BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.

Among the legacies left by the late Ministry to their successors there is none which a statesman would be more rejoiced to receive than that which has fallen into the lap of the Earl of CARMARVON. It is not often that colonial affairs bring anything but petty vexation to those who have to administer them, but the opportunity of creating a nation out of the hitherto divided Provinces of British North America is one which may give to the Minister who completes the task a chance of a re-flected immortality such as the Colonial Office very seldom offers. We have no right to complain that the complicated arrangements involved in the scheme of confederation should not have been finally arranged immediately after the Quebec Conference. A number of difficulties remained to be surmounted after the delegates of the various Provinces had agreed upon a scheme. There were still doubts to be quieted in Lower Canada; and even after the conclusive verdict of the Canadian Parliament, the feeling of that country remained far from unanimous. The Maritime Provinces were still less ripe for the great change, and all of them were at first disposed to regret the project of union which the representatives at Quebec had approved.

That outlying islands, like Newfoundland and little Prince Edward Island, should hesitate about the plan merging their existence in a vast continental colony was neither surprising nor fatal to the scheme. It was quite practicable to bind the continental colonies in a close Confederation, leaving the insular Provinces to throw in their lot with them when their scruples were removed, as sooner or later they could not fail to be. But the resistance of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, while it lasted, was an absolute bar to the prosecution of the enterprise, and at first both these colonies assumed an attitude of decided opposition. To us in England it was difficult to understand why these small, though energetic, communities should object to a close material, commercial, and political union with their more important neighbours. Railway communication with the whole of Canada, free frontiers in place of restrictive tariffs, and joint action where separate measures of defence could only prove useless, appeared to more spectators quite conclusive in favor of the proposal, so far as the Maritime Provinces were concerned, and so in the end they have proved. In New Brunswick the adverse legislative majority has dwindled to a little opposition of eight against a consolidated Confederation party commanding more than thirty votes in the Provincial Parliament. In Nova Scotia, also, notwithstanding the most energetic agitation against the scheme, large majorities in both Houses have concurred in sending plenipotentiaries to England fully empowered to discuss and agree upon the terms of an imperial statute, to be based generally on the Quebec proposals, though of limited to their provisions in detail. But it was not to be expected, perhaps not to be desired, that this marked change of sentiment should at once silence all opposition, and indeed it would not be easy fully to appreciate the benefits which confederation promises to the Maritime Provinces hearing the feeble objections which are still urged by the disunited minority.

If England and Scotland had retained adverse interests and sentiments, the evils predicted by northern patriots as the necessary result of the legislative union between the two countries would very likely have been felt; but weak as Scotland is, compared with England, both with population and wealth, and even more so in the sphere of representation allotted to her, she has managed at the same time to retain her national predilections, and to govern England at least as much as England governs her. It will be the same in America and what ever may be the difficulties of working the scheme of Confederation, they do not lie in any risk of the small but important Maritime Provinces being swamped in the vortex of purely Canadian politics.

In Canada the difficulties suggested were of a more practical kind, and it was impossible not to recognise, in some of the thoughtful speeches of the Opposition, a matter for grave consideration in settling the details of so complicated a scheme. The mistake at first made by the Canadian opponents of the enterprise was in confounding difficulty with impossibility and it is said now that some of those who at first were prominent in the minority are now happily leading their aid to surmount the obstacles by which they were at first alarmed. In every way, rapidly maturing in the minds of those most interested in it during the forced inaction of the last year, and Lord CARMARVON will probably be able to take up the question at a point considerably more advanced than that at which Mr. CARDWELL left it. That he had every disposition to follow the policy of his predecessors cannot be doubted after his explicit declarations at the dinner given to the delegates from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but the British Minister, after all, can be more than a moderator in a discussion in which the representatives of the negotiating parties must take the initiative part.

A GOOD ONE.—During the first years of the war when change was scarce and some large firms were issuing currency of their own, a farmer went to a store in a neighboring town and bought some goods, and gave to the merchant a five dollar bill, of which he wanted seventy-five cents back. The merchant counted out the amount and handed it over to the farmer. He looked at it a moment and inquired, "What's this?" "It's my currency," said the merchant. "Wal, 'aint good for nothing' where I live," said the farmer. "Very well," replied the merchant, "keep it till you get a dollar's worth and bring it to my store and I will give you a dollar bill for it."

The farmer pocketed the change and departed. A few weeks after he went into the same store and bought goods to the amount of one dollar, and after paying over the identical seventy-five cents he took out a handful of pumpkin seeds and counted out twenty-five, of them, and passed them over to the merchant. "Why, what's this," says the merchant. "Wal," says the farmer, "this is my currency, and when you get a dollar's worth bring it to my place and I will give you a dollar bill for it." [Bellevue Falls.]

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A DEER.—One of the most daring encounters incident to hunting life—though fortunately resulting in nothing serious—that we have heard for a long time, occurred in the vicinity of Mud Creek, one day last week.

Mr. E. L. Nicholls, formerly of this place, started out one morning with his dog, through a piece of woods near his farm. Scarcely had he entered the forest, over a mile from his habitation, when suddenly upon sprang a large buck from his concealment, and confronting him face to face for an instant, made a fearful dash at him.

Mr. Nicholls, though having no weapon of defence, never once thought of retreating, but firmly grasped one of the animal's gigantic horns, while the dog took hold of his throat. For a while the struggle between the three was most fearful—one moment the man had the deer down, but the deer, possessed of that dexterity and unblameable peculiar to them, sprang to his feet again and again, using all his endeavors in twirling his antagonist around. Mr. Nicholls dare not lose his hold, and the only hope to save his life was by encouraging the dog, which meanwhile hung on to the buck's throat with canine tenacity.

To worry the buck to exhaustion, with the assistance of the dog, was the only means of conquering his adversary, and after a long and tiresome struggle was finally successful, when he went and got a club and knocked the animal in the head.

At the end of the combat, Mr. Nicholls' clothing was entirely torn from him, and he had nothing to cover the costume which nature furnished him. He returned home through by ways, and called lastly to his wife to furnish him with clothing, and then returning he brought his venison home, which, after being dressed, weighed over two hundred pounds.—[Eau Claire (Wis.) Free Press.]

The reason why people know not the duty on great occasions, is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions. The latest invention is a "palpitation bosom" for the ladies, which gently heaves by the touch of an "emotional spring" concealed under the left arm.

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