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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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Waiting.

Serene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays; For what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my barque astray, Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw The brook that springs in yonder heights; So flows the good with equal law, Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret nodding in the wind Is ready plighted to the bee; And, maiden, why that look unkind? For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky, The tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high; Can keep my own away from me.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Memories of my ministry! How they crowd up before me—jostling each other—starting into vivid clearness—each striving and struggling for the foremost place, then melting dreamily in the dim distance to give place to even more startling recollections from the tomb of thought. Life has passed before me like a strange moving panorama; by a simple turn of thought the motion of the moving ribbon upon which the whole has been imprinted has been reversed, and countless faces pass before me like a living dream. Some of these faces are beaming with brightness and joy, others are tear-wet and wan, others angry and convulsed with passion, and others dark and baleful with the stain of sin. Then scenes, bright as the sun and the smile of God could make them, float past me, peaceful and innocent as the frisking of lambs on the green hillside, only to be followed by deep blackness and lurid storms, where not a gleam of light flashes across the eternal heavens but speaks of the wrath and power of the Almighty. Whispered stories of weal and woe, poured in hurried breathings into my ear by poor, fluttering things long since done with the weary fighting of this world, seem even now to quiver through the air close to my side; and happy brides, blushing beautiful, sweep past, only to reappear as careworn, perhaps weeping mothers, or mayhap poor struggling waifs of the storm; poor men become rich and forget God, and rich sink into wretchedness and want, and fall back from the scene with an impious curse coming trembling from their lips.

But let me push back those crowding memories—back, back!—throw down the pen and close my eyes to think calmly of the beginning of it all. Thirty-five years ago! I can hardly believe it. I look across my dear old study, through the frosted panes, past the ivied wall separating the Manse from the churchyard, and down to the brown river flowing through wintry banks so steadily towards the sea, and ask myself incredulously, can it be true? am I actually old?—as near eternity as that gliding stream is to the great ocean? I had never hoped to be the master of Hazel Dell. Indeed, but for my gentle father's expressed wish I would never have thought of the ministry as my mission for life in this world. I was too bold, impetuous, and strong—fairly brimming over with animal spirits and the glory and pride humours of the bodily strength. People called me pimple to the jelly strength. I had come into the world Baird's Balsam of Ho. I knew it; felt it; relieves Chronic Coughs.

and I fought. I would swim miles in the river or the roughest sea, laughing at fatigue, and merry as the boisterous salmon tumbling hastily out of my way; and I would go out in the frail cobbles and smacks of the fishers down by the sea on the stormiest nights and enjoy the wild dash of the waters across my hot face with a huge delight that would have been turned to torture had I been sipping tea or turning over music leaves, as became a minister's son. Then I would climb the hills and mountain reaches sweeping up from Hazel Dell to their rockiest summit, cheer the loneliness of some far off shepherd, and perhaps hang with him in grave concern over some stray sheep, lost or hurt among rock or bramble, and needing my strong hand to set the broken limbs; and then I would run a race against Farmer Frame's milk-cart, winning by three yards by the tumbling out of one of the barrels of milk—exciting the grief of my kind father, which I could only soothe and dispel by seating myself at the piano and softly playing "Home, Sweet Home" in a wayward and echoing fashion of my own which he had learned to love. This simple tune was my makepeace, and I practiced nothing else. And when my father would come from his study worn out and utterly exhausted, nothing gave greater delight than to make him comfortable in the easy-chair, and then bring him round by soft variations on this sweet melody; for with all my wayward pranks I loved my father, and would have fought for him to the last drop of my blood. Yet, though the very strict frowned on me, I had few enemies; and when the miller's child fell from the wooden bridge along there, and I swam with the stream for some distance after the floating dress and brought the wet tot out little the worse, there were some who never came near the kirk from one year's end to the other who stoutly defended me and said there was good in me after all. In the same way, when by accident and the help of a Watchful Providence I helped a boat's crew to make Hazelton Bay in a storm, and land safely into their wives' and sisters' arms, some of the rough fishers actually swore that they would knock down the first whom they heard speak against me. It was the same with the Sabbath school children—when they had a tea meeting or a picnic they used to smile out broadly whenever I rose to speak to them. I do not think what I said to them was very orthodox, but they liked it and said it was "so funny." The "funny things," I am sure, were neither very new nor wonderful, but then the bairns had not been so long in the world as I, and swallowed them greedily, and thought them highly original.

Then came a terrible and overwhelming crash—the death of my father! Even now a blinding mist rushes to my eyes—my old writing chair seems to sway unsteadily beneath me, and my fingers are clenched deeply into my face as I cower and shiver at the memory of that awful time. I had accepted a post as town missionary ten miles off, and was beginning to love the work when the dreadful tidings came that I was fatherless and my mother a widow! The rest is but a dark haze of tears and speechless grief. It seemed as if the firm rock had been suddenly wrenched out from below my feet, leaving me to battle alone with a sea of troubles. I had come into the world to fight, and now I had it to do!

After the funeral there was a call for candidates to fill my saintly father's place. Still I did not hope for the appointment—shrank from it, indeed, conscious of my utter unworthiness to teach where my father had "allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way." Yet nearly half of the congregation proposed me, while the rest held aloof, said I was too young, only twenty-five, and wished to choose a popular and experienced preacher from the city. In the meantime I was invited, kindly and feelingly among several others, to occupy the pulpit for one Sabbath; and trembling and fearful I sat down to write what I might almost call my first sermon. What the text was, or one word or idea that the sermon contained I cannot remember; but at the time I believed it to be correct in diction, rigid in theology, and sound to the core. Whether my

estimate of the thing was a correct one or no matters not, as the sermon was never to be preached nor even to see the light; and the simple incident that brought this about I will now try to recall.

Two days before the dreaded Sabbath—how vividly the scene rises before me! The hills were white with the first snows of the young year, the robin was hopping fearlessly on the window-sill of the dining-room at which I sat looking out on the main road, which swept past the Manse from the hills above to the great city, beyond, and all the sweet hazels which fringe the dell, and in brighter days lend fragrance to the breeze, were to the tiniest twig sharply cut in white against the bleak hill and sky.

I was alone—alone with my cares, my despair, and my grief. The early dusk was creeping down apace, but I loved to dream through that mystical hour, without light or companion but my own melancholy musings. While I thus gazed into vacancy I became conscious of the approach, through the dim trees skirting the bend of the road, of a trailing, limping figure. The figure was that of a man, miserably deficient in clothing, worn to a shadow with sickness, and young—so young!—he seemed but a lad in years. There were traces of a seaman's gait and dress about him, and, heaven pity him! his feet were bare to the snow and the stones.

In front of the Manse gate this poor wretch halted, leaning on the stick which helped him along and gazing wistfully at the dark windows and partly lowered blinds, apparently uncertain whether to halt or stagger on to the scattered village below. At last he came within the gate, propped his stick against the bars, and leaning wearily back on the stone pillar, produced a flute from his pocket and began to play. Sainted father in heaven! what a rebuke to me was in those first sweet notes, swelling out so soft and velvety on the clear air! The tune was "Home, Sweet Home," played first simple and clear as the cuckoo's notes, and then gushing forth through a brilliant *rouleau* of notes, rising and rising, like a message from heaven, till with a blinding rush the tears came to my eyes, I sank on my knees, leant my head on the hard sash, and gave myself up to uncontrolled and passionate grief. While kneeling thus, lost to all but the thrilling music and myself, my mother glided softly into the room, raised me in her arms, and mingled her tears with my own, though trying with choking accents to rebuke as sinful the grief that was almost bursting her own heart. It seemed as if I had never felt how far away and yet how near my father was until that simple roll of notes waivered out on the frosty air. When at last I regained sufficient firmness to use my voice and eyes I looked out in surprise to find that the music had ceased. The poor wanderer with shaking hand was trying to replace the flute in his bosom, and as he did so, dim though the light was becoming, I could see his teeth chattering as if with a sudden ague, and then—strange bond of sympathy!—his blue, cold knuckles were raised to his eyes to wipe away a tear. Weakly he staggered from the gate—slower and slower became his steps, and so blindly did he go that I feared he would fall full against the opposite wall.

"Look, look! Mother, the poor fellow is ill," I exclaimed, throwing up the window to spring out on the lawn; and just as I did so with a few faint staggers the poor waif sank on the ground, and lay still and motionless on the soft snow. I was out and by his side in a moment or two, and easily raised the cold form in my arms and bore it into the house. His lips were blue, and his face so stony and white that at first I feared he was dead, but after chafing his hands and pouring a little brandy between his lips his eyes slowly opened, and I ventured to carry him nearer the dining-room fire, where resting on the rug and supported in my arms he was able at last to gasp out—

"Bless you—bless you!—but—but—I—am—not a beggar!"

"No, no, poor fellow, we can see that," I said, soothingly, "you did not beg, you only played, and with a power and sweetness of execution I have never heard excelled. But tell me, why did you play that tune—'Home, Sweet Home'?"

"Because it seems as if my flute will linger over nothing else," he sighed, looking into the red fire with brimming eyes, "because I have a home—far across the Atlantic—on the banks of the glorious Lake Ontario, where a kind father, a loving mother, and the sweetest and best of sisters all wait in impatience to clasp the wanderer to their hearts."

"You have been unfortunate?" I softly remarked, after assisting him to the easy-chair, vacant since my father's death, and wheeling him round to the hot tea I had

ordered. "Unfortunate!—that is scarcely the word for it," he replied, with deep self-reproach, "I have been ungrateful, sinful, rebellious—and I am bearing the just punishment."

"I can see, however, that you have not sunk past one manly principle—that of independence," I remarked, encouragingly.

My words were perhaps uttered carelessly, and more to relieve him from the strain of talking than from any intimate knowledge of his character; but they struck a chord in his breast which instantly responded to the touch. Seizing my hand he kissed it gratefully and impulsively, murmuring in choked accents—

"Sir, you have understood me and read me aright. No; the true American draws in independence from his mother's breast, and though he may lose all that life can give, he never gives up that! Headstrong though I have been, I have never forgotten that I have a father to grieve, a mother to pain. Ah, sir! my home has been my star of hope, twinkling and glistening through the darkest sky or the fiercest storm. I see it before me now—my father by the blazing log fire, my gentle mother moving quietly about her work and dreaming of me her erring son, and my sister reading aloud some story of shipwreck and happy return. They are thinking of me now—wishing I was with them, and wondering why I wander so long in a strange land. If I appeared before them, these rays would never be seen—they would see only me—and what a rush, what a gladness—what a weeping and joy there would be! I appear a beggar to you, weary and worn and sinking at every step, but to them I would be a king. You too, may know that I am true at the heart to them, and that, though I appear a shipwrecked wanderer, it is my misfortune, not my crime."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All the Same in English.

One of our fashionable clergymen received quite a shock to his esthetic senses the other evening. He was informed that he was wanted in his study, where he found a young man and woman waiting to see him.

"Good evening," he said, courteously: "What can I do for you?"

"You tell, Jeminy," said the man, nudging the girl.

"No, you tell, Sim," she giggled back.

"We've come to get hitched," said the man bashfully.

"W-h-a-t?" ejaculated the surprised clergyman. "I really don't understand you, my friend."

"As the man sat dumb the girl ventured timidly: "He means, sir, that we want to get spliced."

"I'm as much in the dark as ever," said the now bewildered minister; will you kindly explain?"

The man scratched his head. "We thought, Jeminy an' me, we'd get tied."

Still the minister did not comprehend and Jemima took her turn. "We've come to be jined."

"Ah, I understand—excuse me," said the minister, on whom the light of knowledge had just dawned, "you wish to be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. Stand up."

And in five minutes they were hitched, spliced, tied and "jined" according to the laws of church and state.—Ex.

Not the Answer Expected.

At a Sunday School service, a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart little urchins the necessity of Christian profession in order to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind he said:

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my home. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I can get no water. Can any one tell me why I don't get any water?"

He expected the children to say that it was because he had not made any connection with the main one in the street. The boys looked perplexed.

"Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking at the many wondering faces bowed down with the weight of the problem.

"I know squeaked a little five-year-old. 'You don't pay up!'"

Rain and No Clouds.

We have it on the authority of Sir J. C. Ross that in the South Atlantic it rained on one occasion for over an hour when the sky was entirely free from clouds. In the Mauritius and other parts of the southern hemisphere that is not a rare occurrence; but in Europe it is, and the greatest known length of its duration was ten minutes at Constantinople.

Rats Had Gnawed His Body.

New York Herald: In his den in the wretched little rookery, No. 47 Hamilton street, Old Dennis Buckley, who was called a miser by the boys in the neighborhood, was found dead yesterday. It is supposed that he died of starvation, a not uncommon thing in Hamilton street, where the very rats are more voracious and ill nourished than those elsewhere. These animals had gnawed the body of the old man.

One of his feet was eaten away and only the bones remained, and the rats had burrowed into the body at various points.

Buckley was sixty-five years old. His wife Mary became insane a few years ago and was sent to Blackwell's Island. They had what Hamilton street considers a fortune, about \$700, and it stood in his wife's name in the bank, because Dennis could not write. When his wife was taken away the Commissioners of Charity and Correction interested themselves in the old man. A lawyer living in Varick street paid the rent of his wretched room in the rookery, which was \$5 a month.

The old man worked at shovelling coal. His health had been poor and he could do little work, and suffered. Nevertheless kept his room barred and bolted and declined the overtures of his neighbors, denouncing them as thieves and robbers. A little window opening from his room on a hallway was kept closed, and to prevent thieves from getting in there were several stout iron bars.

At night Buckley would howl out in Gaelic that there were thieves around him and call in the same language for his wife. He was last seen alive on Friday morning, and that night there were none of the usual shouts from his den. The neighbors had reason yesterday to suspect that all was not right there and a policeman was sent for, who broke down the door and found the body, and the rickety old bed had fallen down and toppled over on it. The room looked as though it had not been cleaned out for years, and there was nothing eatable about the place. Buckley seems to have had a mania for collecting odd bits of kindling wood and he had a closet full of it.

An Essay On Man.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill. He rises up today and flourishes like a ragweed, and tomorrow or the next day, the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursues him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$375.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him, and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleteth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth excitement. He starteth down cellar with an oleander and goeth backward, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he cometh home from the lodge the watch-dog treeth him, and sitteth near him until rosy morn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare and the bay gelding with the blaze on his face wineth.

He marryeth a red-headed heires with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parent ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest, and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

A Hanging Basket.

Select a large, sound earrot and cut off the crown about four inches down. Scoop out the inside until it forms a cup, leaving the side about half an inch thick, and the bottom an inch thick or more.

Make three or four holes in the rim of the cup and draw a string through them to hang it up by. Hang it in a window and keep constantly full of water.

In a short time the yellow-green leaves start out of the crown and grow rapidly upward toward the light. As they grow they deepen in color, and soon the carrot itself is hidden by a feathery, beautiful mass of rich, dark green leaves.

To the question. Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked. Which is your favorite blood purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest and most economical.

A Little Gardener.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

He was hard at work in the garden, Though the day was very hot, Busy planting and watering something With his little sprinkling pot.

But he came in warm and breathless, As the clocks were striking noon, And startled me with the query, "Will my cookies be up soon?"

Then, before I had time to ask him What his funny question meant, He went on and told me the labor On which his thoughts were bent.

"I broke some cookies in pieces And picked up the little seeds, And I planted them in my garden When I'd pulled up all the weeds,

I watered them very often— Perhaps they are a little too wet— For though I've watched every minute Not one has come up yet!

I put on the dirt very lightly So they'd hurry and come through, And the very first cookie that blossoms, I'm going to pick for you.

I've got a few seeds left over, Here in this little cup, Mamma don't you think to-morrow A few cookies will be up?"

Such an earnest little gardener It was hard to tell, indeed, That the world has never tasted Cookies raised from caraway seed.

Victoria's First Moment of Sovereignty.

William IV expired about midnight at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other high functionaries of the kingdom were in attendance, as soon as the king had breathed his last, the archbishop quitted Windsor and made his way to Kensington palace, the residence of the Princess Victoria, where he arrived before daylight, and announced himself, requesting an immediate interview with the princess. She hastily attired herself and met the venerable prelate in the ante room. He informed her of the demise of the crown, and did homage to her as sovereign of the nation. She was at eighteen, queen of the only realm in fact or history on which the sun never sets. She was deeply agitated. The first words she uttered were these—"I ask your prayers in my behalf." They knelt down together and the young sovereign inaugurated her reign like a young king of Israel, by asking from on High "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered or counted for the multitude.

Invention of Cast Iron.

It is related that about the year 1700, one Abraham Darby, the proprietor of a brass foundry in Bristol, experimented in trying to substitute cast iron for brass, but without success, until the following incident occurred. A Welsh shepherd boy, named John Thomas, to prevent being impressed as a soldier, requested his master to recommend him as an apprentice to a relative, who was one of the partners of Abraham Darby, and he was accordingly sent into the brass-works. As he was looking on while the workman were trying to cast iron, he said to Darby he thought he saw how he had missed it, and begged to try a method of his own. He and Mr. Darby remained alone in the shop that night, and before morning they had cast an iron pot. For more than one hundred years after that night, the process of producing iron castings in a mould of fine sand with two wooden frames and air holes was practiced and kept secret at that factory with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

Whack up as You Go.

One good step at the opening of this new year would be for more customers to pay cash for what they get. The cash trade is the simplest, healthiest, and most satisfactory all around. It was Horace Greely who summed up the credit business by saying, "It must ever be to the unthinking majority a temptation and over facility for general improvidence and trading." How would it be if everybody resolved to act on the principle to "pay as you go" in this year of grace? It does not seem just right that the few who pay cash should have to make up losses of those who are given credit and don't pay at all.—Ex

Running With Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travelers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveler are found to tell the tale. In our country thousands are engaged in a life-and-death race against the wolf Consumption. The best weapons with which to fight the foe, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors have failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is one of them), it is unequalled as a remedy.