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### SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 23, 1880.

NO. 26.

One Day. Another day - one day; And that is all; A gift from heaven sent down; Men deem it small.

The great sun rose, to bring another day, Earth traveled far, and in no idle way, That man might have, of life, another day.
All worlds, all suns, all spheres, All seasons, months and years Bring tribute; as to kings Are brought rich offerings

The wealth of ages—story, precept, rhyme-Are gitts to thee, thou latest son of time. It comes for good-one day-For highest good; And for it man should pay

Real gratitude. Days do not last; and this day, crowned the Full soon will fade and softly sink to rest

In the rich chambers of the glowing west;
And all the wealth it brings Is yours and mine. Proud kings Would lay their crowns in dust, And let them idly rust,
If, when once past, the sacrifice would bring

One misspent day for one unhappy king. It bringeth food-one day-

It giveth eyes to see And willing hands And ears to hear, and friends, and loving

And sun and shade, and flocks and lowing And fruits and flowers, and song of man

It lights up all the hills, And deepest valleys fills With life and light and air. It sends good everwhere. And drops its waters on the thirsty land. It opens doors-one day-

Doors swinging wide As human lite can reach, Or human pride Can well desire. The realm of thought is the A mighty kingdom, stretching wide and far Beyond the light of moon, or sun, or star.

Not as a mystery; But something real, and fair As costly temples are, Built by great masters, with faith sublime That art, like thought, outlasts the touch

It giveth wings-one day Wings tor the soul To speed its flight away From pole to pole; To girdle earth, and still unwearied rise l'o greater heights, in clearer, fairer skies, Until are seen the gates of paradise. Most holy, holy day! Bow down, oh soul, and pray.

The spot where thou dost stand Is hallowed, and God's hand Alone can guide thee through a single day. Bow down oh soul, and for this guidan

-Ira E. Sherman, in Independent.

# "ROSES."

-"a dollar's worth of roses! I never heard of such nonsense in my life. What in the name of common sense do you want of roses, I'd like to know? Ain't there lots of wild ones down in you are.

fused beneath the lash of her father's sneering words. She was a slight, been her only friend; but Mr. Merritt pretty girl of eighteen, with bright brown eyes, hair smooth and glossy as a chestnut rind, and a complexion of he. "Here, you"—to Joel—"take your the purest pink and white.
"I—I thought I'd like a few flowers

in the door-yard," hesitated Mary, scarcely venturing to lift her eyes from Flowers!" sarcastically echoed her

father. "Wouldn't you like a set of father. "Wouldn't you like a set of diamonds, or a black-velvet gown? Or a carriage and four? If I'd known you was such a fine lady I'd have had the house newly furnished with red velvet cushions and a Brussels carpet. You must have a deal of money to spare, to go about ordering dollars' worths of

"It's my own money, father," cried poor Mary, fairly stung to desperation. "I earned it with my own hands, binding shoes at night, after the day's work was done."

"And you're mine, ain't you—and all that belongs to you?" said Josiah Merritt, grimly. "And if you're able to earn any extra money, it had ought to be handed over to me. Give me that letter with the dollar-bill in it?"

"Can't I have any roses, father?" said Mary, with a sinking heart.
"Not on this here farm," said Mr. Merritt. "All the spare money we can raise goes to payin' interest on the old mortgage and keeping up the buildings and farces. A dellar sin't much" and fences. A dollar ain't much,"
eying poor Mary's precious bill, "but
a dollar will help along. Now go back
to your milk-skimming, or your breadmaking, or whatever you're about.
And if you want any roses or posies go
out into the fields arter them."

He went out as he prock to be account to

He went out as he spoke, banging the kitchen-door after him, and Mary sat down and cried.

"We'll have to clear out, that is all!" said Merritt, sullenly. "You must get a situation or go into the factory, and I

yard; she had so longed for a few bright spots of color there. And she had worked so hard to earn the money that her father had just coolly confiscated. Josiah Merritt kept no servant, and she was the patient household drudge. So Mary washed and ironed, baked and cleaned, made cheese and butter, raised a whole colony of young turkeys, geese and chickens, and mended her father's

shirts and stockings between times. For poor Mrs. Merritt had been out of the world years before, and nothing remained of her but a tender memory in Mary's heart, and a arooked tombstone, half-buried in weeds and briars, in the village churchyard. Nor did she venture to plead that one of the confiscated roses had been "for mother's grave!"

"It's too bad," said Joel Harvey, who, from the back shed, where he had been sharpening his sickle, had heard the whole altercation. "Why didn't you let the poor girl have her roses, Mr. Merritt?"

"Because I don't believe in encouraging no such high-flown notions," retorted the farmer, stiffly.
"Yes, but—"

"It's my business, Joel Harvey, not yours," said Mr. Merritt. "And now, if that there scythe's ready, we'll go back to the ten-acre lot. Time is money, and we've wasted enough of it already this morning."

'Old savage!" muttered Joel, indignantly, to himself, as he followed his employer. "I'd just like to serve him out, that I would! Put him into a kettle of boiling silver, and fire it up greenbacks. Money, money, y! I believe he thinks the world with is made of money."

That evening, when he brought in the milking-pails, he slipped a little parcel into Mary's hand.

"It is a sucker from mother's big, white rose bush," said be. "Maybe you can make it grow; and I guess I can get you slips from Squire Abernethy's great, red 'Giant of Battles, that fairly makes your head ache with Mary's eyes brightened.

"How good you are, Joel!" said she.
'Father thinks—"

"I'know," interrupted the young nan, contracting his brows. thinks you have no right to a pleasure or a luxury in the world—that it's your only business to grind out money for

"There are times," said Mary, sadly, "when I think I can't stand it any longer. If I knew of any place where they wanted a girl to help with the housework, or—"

"You'd avail yourself of it, hey?" neered the hoarse voice of Farmer Merritt, behind her. A pretty serpent You'll just stay at home, Mary Merritt, and do your duty as you ought. As for you, Joel Harvey, clear out of this! Here's your wages for the month. There's hired men enough to be had, I guess, without having a fellow around who must remark the services of the services of the services of the services. who puts your own gal up to rebellious notions.

"Just as you please, Mr. Merritt," aid independent Joel. "I'm suited if said independent Joel. I've laid up a bit of money and I've an idea of investing it for myself. Good-bye, Mary!" Mary burst into tears. Joel had

money and begone!" And he flung it at him, as if he had

been a dog.

Joel stooped to pick up the dollars that went rolling about the kitchen

"Much obliged to you for your politeness, Mr. Merritt," said he. "Perhaps I may be able to return it

To which the irate farmer returned o answer.

Joel stood unhesitatingly at the garden gate a minute before he left the

"I should like to say just one word to Mary," he said to himself. "But per-haps I'd better not. Old Merritt is in such a white rage that he would visit it upon her if I were further to offend

and can trust me—just for a while."

A month afterward Josiah Merritt
strode indignantly into the room where Mary stood, pale and carewors, mixing up sponge for the morrow's bread.
"What's the matter, father?" she

"Matter enough!" roared Merritt. "Old Folke has sold that mortgage of mine, and the new man is going to foreclose right off! It's a little overdue, to

Mary asked, with a troubled countenance. "We'll have to clear out, that is all!"

She was so tired of the plantain-weeds ! shall have to take a place with Morri-"Who is the man, father?" tearfully

asked Mary.
"I don't know. I didn't ask. He's coming here to-morrow with Thompson, the lawyer, worse luck to him,"

"Mary," said he, "I never could ask you to marry me while I was homeless. But now, darling, I can ask you to stay on here in your own old home. I'll build out a bay window on the south end of the sitting-room, and put a new piazza along the front, and a pump in the rough work. And I'll try and show you, dearest, that a farmer's life need not necessarily be a life of drudgery!" "But," hesitated Mary, "father—" "He's welcome to a home here if he

chooses," said Joel, heartily. " And your sake, Mary!'

But Josiah Merritt declined to staynor was honest Joel very much grieved at his decision.

And Mary was quietly married to the "new man," and upon the wedding day a whole wagon load of rose bushes arrived-white, pink, yellow and vivid

"We'll plant 'em right out in the front yard, dear," said the bridegroom. "For I mean that from this time henceforward your life shall be all roses!"

### Hard Work in the London "Times," Office.

What impressed me strongly, says correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, was the large amount of hard work and unremitting attention be-stowed unceasingly on the Times by its proprietors and editors.

Here is an old paper, perhaps the best established in the world. Every man on it holding any responsible place is an expert in the business. The experience of some of them is hereditary. Every employee on the paper is of the highest grade of scholarship or business train-ing, but the managers and editors are rorking as hard and closely as if they give some facts:
All the editorial work is done at night

the editors not coming down at all in Mr. Chenery, the editor, sees the first

onper off the press every night.

Mr. McDonald, the managing pubisher, sees the whole edition off the press every night.

of Philadelphia. But the night is the

life of a morning paper.

The Times having no long railway its edition, 72,000 an hour, can afford to wait until a later moment before going to press than a paper of Philadelphia or New York. I may say here the editors of all kinds each have a room to them-selves, and work under all the advantages of seclusion and silence. These rooms, nearly every one of which I visited, are spacious, often sixteen by tially furnished; have high ceilings, are well ventilated and comfortably lighted. They have, in fact, something of the comfortable air of a university chamber.

A letter from Washington tells this marvelous story about a new motor, which must accepted with mental reservation: A new propelling or motor power is being introduced to the public here [Washington] that, if the half that is told of it be true, will supersede steam and all other propelling power yet known, as much as the electric light supersedes gas or the old oil lamp. him. And I guess she knows my heart or tallow candle. Your correspondent in company with ten or twelve other gentlemen, saw to-day a three-horsepower engine, with less than ten pounds of coal and half a gallon of water, run at 300 revolutions per minute. After one hour. This is now on daily exhibition here, and with it running an engine of three-horse-power and another of ten. The material used to generate be sure, but how is a man to raise six the propelling power is bisulphate of thousand dollars at thirty days' notice? I can't do it no more than if it were engine of sufficient capacity to work off sixty thousand!" 50,000 copies of a newspaper can be run
"But what are we to do, father?" by this new motive power, without a 50,000 copies of a newspaper can be run London. engineer, at an expense of less than \$1 per day.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

Dr. I. N. Brown, of Laurel, Ohio, claims that the distinct likeness of a little girl's face has been photographed by lightning upon a window pane in that town, and that the picture has Miss Clinton, being then a young-very Thompson, the lawyer, arrived in due been recognized by a score of persons time, and with him came—Joel Harvey.

been recognized by a score of persons of "The Cricket on the Hearth." Rogers, who occupied the house in which the window is, a year and a half that she determined to have a cricket at any cost. She hunted the fields for pictures on the same pane, but no one has yet recognized them; and there are a cricket, and it was a very long time pictures on three other panes in the after she did hear the first cricket that same window. Washing and rubbing she was able to find and capture one, the kitchen, and I'll hire a girl to do the glass does not remove the pictures.

year for the shipbuilding industry of Canada, the number of new wessels built and registered being 265, of 74,227 chooses," said Joet, hearts, in lons, against 30 vessels of the said like the long in 1878, while in 1874 there were constructed 496 vessels, of 190,756 tons. Canada, however, holds the proud position of the fourth maritime power of the world, nearly equaling Norway, which ranks third. In 1877 Canada ranked fifth among the maritime States, Italy having the fourth place, but last year that nation dropped back to the sixth place. Norway during the past two years has increased her tonnage 34,194 tons, while in the same time the tonnage of the dominion has been increased by 21;626 tons.

There is always famine in some quarter of the world, but the sufferings of the starving people of Mosul, Asiatic Turkey, are not paralleled by those which afflict any other people. The republic of the United States has been so fortunate as to gain for itself, throughout the world, a reputation for generosity coupled with prosperity. The archbishop of the Syrians has, accordingly, addressed to the American legation at Constantinople a remarkable letter describing some of the of the famine in the Mosul district. The appeal is directed to the people of the United States, and is indorsed by the American charge d'affairs at Conwere starting a new enterprise. Let me give some facts:

stantinople. It is a petition which merits the ready attention and generous response of a Christian people.

bling on the land, as they know that the rain will bring earthworms and larvæ to the surface. This, however, is merely a search for food, and is due press every night.

The paper goes to press at 3.30 A. M. but then the men know that from midnight to 3 A. M. is the quarter-deck in action of a morning paper, and they are on it. Mr. Walter's (the main proprietor) own house is adjoining, and unsinte the Times building; is substantially a part of it. The dwelling of Mr. Delane, the late editor, stood quite near the office, between Printing House square of the same instinct which teaches the swallow to fly high in fine weather and swallow to fly high in fine weather and so kim along the ground when foul is coming. They simply follow the flies and gnats which remain in the warm strata of the air. The different tribes of wading birds always migrate before rain, likewise, to hunt for food. Many birds foretell rain by warning cries and uneasy actions, and swine will carry to the same instinct which teaches the cows will gather in crowds, crickets house, frogs cry and change color to a routes to travel, as all England is dingier hue, dogs eat grass and rooks covered in a few hours, and running off soar like hawks.

Owing to the inability of the govern

nent to acquire a perfect title to the ground under the act of Congress, spe-cially passed in the Forty-fifth Congress, the erection of the monument which was authorized over the grave residence, near Charlottesville, Va., has been delayed, awaiting additional legislation. The State department has this week addressed a letter to the proper committee, submitting the de-fects which the attorney general of the United States has found in the title, and asking for such legislation as will remedy them and permit the United States to proceed with the erection of the monument. Monticello, by which been in litigation for a great many years, and has only been settled within the past few months by a legal sale to the principal helps. For a long time it was abandoned and the mansion remained wholly uninhabited; but it will be at last a matter of pride to the people of the entire country that the private vate efforts, and that the grave, so long desecrated of the author of the Delara tion of Independence, is to pass under the control of the government he was pre-eminent in forming and perpetuat-

On a recent Sunday Canon Farrar preached what is known as a "flower sermon," in Slough parish church, London. There were 1,000 children present. Each child brought a nosegay of flowers, and at the close of the ser vice these were deposited on the steps of the chancel, the offerings being in Forty million barrels are required tended for the children who are inmates

## A Young Lady's Crickets.

life in her studio at Broadway and Eighteenth street, is in love with crickets and cats. About ten years ago of "The Cricket on the Hearth." Miss Clinton was so affected by the story days and weeks before she even heard so deceptive is the voice and so shy are the movements of the cricket. Then it was a long time again before the young admirer of crickets learned enough about the wants and habits of those sprightly creatures to be able to carry them through the winter alive and bring up the young in the spring. She was very patient, though, and now what Miss Clinton doesn't know about crickets isn't worth knowing. She has large quantity of eggs, that are expected

to produce a good many more crickets, if no misfortune happens. Last evening Miss Clinton gave a sort of cricket soiree, having invited a number of persons in to hear the crickets "sing." The concert was given by ahout 100 stalwart crickets. The listeners, all but Miss Clinton, were ready to maks affidavit that all the crickets sang exactly alike and dreadfully out of tune But Miss Clintou was equally positive that each cricket had a voice that differed from all the other crickets; and she ought to know.

"Every time I go to the country," said the interesting young artist, "I spend most of the time cricketing, I'm glad I wasn't in the country yesterday and the day before, for I would surely have been sunstruck while looking for crickets. I have already been prostrated twice while cricketing. When I am riding through the country, whether it is in my own conveyance or in a stage, always have to stop if I hear a cricket. Sometimes I make the other passengers awfully angry by making the driver wait while I go off into a field to look for a cricket. They will say I am crazy, and that there is no cricket there at all. I always find him, and when I bring him back they say I was right, and then they all begin to like crickets from that time. I often tame them so that they will creep up my arm to the shoulder-I mean outside, you know. My cat likes the crickets almost as well as I do. I Brooklyn composed exclusively of resiculdn't go to sleep if I couldn't hear dents who have lived there fifty or more them singing."-New York Sun.

### Astonishing the Natives. Mr. Whymper won the admiration of

his Alafkan friends by the exhibition of cuse Times. lane, the late editor, stood quite near the office, between Printing House square and the Temple. He, too, always was on deck at night until the paper went down. Both of their dwellings are far about, hogs turned out in the woods social life and rest of London than would be Third and Chestnut streets from that will come grunting and squealing, colts the traveler placed the two handles of the apparatus in the hands of that potentate, which gave a shock, and sent him will sing louder, flies come into the house, frogs cry and change color to a nothing pleased the king of Unyoro so much as witnessing the effect of electricity on the members of his court and household, every one of whom was compelled to undergo the operation Kamrasi insisting upon the operator putting the battery to its utmost po wer and going into roars of laughter at the sight of his favorite minister rolling on his back in contortions, without the of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, his possibility of letting the torturing handles fall from his grasp.

The author of "Two Years in Fiji"

found a scarifier (a kind of cupping glass) of even greater service to himself. while yielding unbounded delight to the natives. "Nothing," he writes, "was considered more witty by those in the secret than to place this apparently harmless instrument on the back of some unsuspecting native and touch the spring. In an instant twelve lancets would plunge into the swarthy flesh. Then would follow a long-drawn cry, scarcely audible amidst the peals of laughter from the bystanders. As soon as the native recovered from the alarm consequent on the suddenness of this attack, he would ask to have the application repeated perhaps six or seven times. The reason of this was not very vident at first, but I found by-and-by that the operation was considered a wholesome one, and also that the regularity of the marks left on the skin was much admired. At a time of great scarifier, and by exacting a taro-roo from each person who wished to be operated on, succeeded in collecting mough supplies to complete the journey."-Chambers' Journal.

Reward of merit-The "next" pupil

## A Night Watch.

norning yet?" From side to side Miss Lucille Clinton, a handsome young artist, who leads a kind of hermit The sick girl tossed, hot-browed and heavyeyed,
And moaned with teverish breath when

"Is it not morning yet?" Oh, leaden hours, How slow they move! The night more

darkly lowers, Cold on the wan leaves strikes the sudden

"It is not morning yet." 'Is it not morning yet?" The clock tickson, The sands fall slow; not half the night is gone, Again I answer to the restless moan—

"It is not morning yet." Is it not morning yet?" With tender care I bathe her brow and smooth her damp fair

And try to soothe her with soft words o

prayer.
"It is not morning yet."

'Is it not morning yet?" If she could sleep, If those tired lids those burning eyes co

steep!
"It is not morning yet."

'Is it not morning yet?" "'Tis coming dear." And while I speak, the shadows press mo

And all the room grows colder with my tear. "It is not morning yet." "Is it not morning yet?" How faint and low The piteous accents! Do not tremble so, My heart, nor fail me, while I answer, "No-

'Is it not merning yet" I bow my head; God answers while the eastern sky glows red And smiles upon the still face on the bed— "Yes, it is morning now!"

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A dead language-Cold tongue. The square man is the best to have

A leading hotel in Dundee, Scotland, is furnished throughout with furniture made in Grand Rapids, Mich.

In Germany fruit trees are planted on the sides of public roads and are pruned and watched by the road makers. The island of Elba, Napoleon's first

exile home, has been devastated by an army of locusts from Africa. The money spent for tobacco in this country, according to the *Retailer*, exceeds in amount the expenditure for

years. The print in a newspaper that is paid

for looks a good deal clearer than in one that has run on credit for a year .- Syra-

In the Territory of Arizona, with a population of 50,000, there are only five Protestant ministers and four Protestant churches. The churches have a total seating capacity that does not exce

# Bill Arp on the Press.

Your paper is a great comfort to me. In every number I find something to put away in mind and memory; something that I did not know before, and which will be of advantage to me in time to come. If a man can read he can get a good education by taking one good paper; he can keep up with the world, and make himself an entertaining member of society; he can talk up a lit-tle on most any subject. Book learning is a very good thing, but I know a man who has a power of that, but he never reads the papers, and passes for a fool in his neighborhood.

Some papers are not much account as to appearance, but I never took one that didn't pay me, in some way, more than I paid for it. One time an old friend started a little paper away down in Southwestern Georgia, and sent it to me, and I subscribed just to encourage him, and so after a while it published a nini, and so after a white it published a notice that an administrator had an order to sell several lots of land at public outcry, and one of the lots was in my county. So I inquired about the lot, and wrote to my friend to attend the released up it to fifty dollars. sale and run it to fifty dollars.

He did so, and bid off the lot for me at thirty dollars, and I sold it in a month to the man it joined for a hundred, and so I made sixty-eight dollars scarcity, when the natives refused to clear by taking that paper. My father sell any food, I bethought myself of the told me that when hawas a young man, scarifier, and by exacting a targer of the saw a notice in a paper that a school he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a dis-tant county, and he went down there and got the situation, and a little girl was sent to him, and after a while she grew up mighty sweet and pretty, and he fell in love with her and married her. Now, if he hadn't took that paper, who spelled chimney correctly was told by his teacher to go up one—but didn't of me? Wouldn't I be some other feller,