

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 6

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 21, 1872

Vol 29

Poetry.

DAME NATURE.

Men say she is a priestess, stern and fair,
Perfect with beauty, and enshroued with calm;
Her rapt eyes lifted heavenward, unaware
Of discord in Creation's happy psalm.

I know her as a kindly, ancient dame,
She screens her mysteries with sound and sight;
Yet half reveals their meaning every where,
And hints it in the sunsets every night.

No go lilies, lofty in fidelity,
But lily, happy, friendly with all men;
Wise and loquacious, innocently free,
Telling of what shall be and what has been.

She has unnumbered secrets in her care;
She screens her mysteries with sound and sight;
Yet half reveals their meaning every where,
And hints it in the sunsets every night.

She is a tender mother in the spring;
She pets each little leaf and blade of grass;
She teaches brooks and rivers how to sing,
And loads the winds with blessings as they pass.

And not less tender when the weary year
Lies down and dies amid the withered leaves;
She hath no more the treasures held so dear,
Yet keeps her quiet patience, while she grieves.

Daily, in trustful, kind simplicity,
She shows to men her beauty's excellence,
Willing that every human soul should see
Upon her happy face God's evidence.

Alike to poor and rich, to dull and wise,
She gives her flowers, her sunshine, and her breeze;
In every nook she hides some fair surprise,
And leaves no spot unloved on lands or seas.

Would that we all, like her, in rare good will,
Made room for all things in our sympathy;
Content to labor patiently until
God's message, through our lives, is full and free.

—[Harper's Magazine for February.

Interesting Tale.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

BY LOUISE S. DORR.

You must go to see the 'Old Ladies' Home' said my friend, as we were putting on our bonnets to go out.

It was my first visit to P——, and sight-seeing was, of course, the one thing of importance under such circumstances. A street car took us within a few doors of the place. It was not a general visiting day, but my friend knew one of the inmates, and her inquiry for Mrs. Cady gained us prompt admittance. Up two flights of broad, easy stairs, following the direction given us by one of the matrons, across a long hall, and on to the corner room on the right, we proceeded. My friend knocked lightly at the door, and we heard a cheery "Come in" in reply.

I must confess that until now I had felt some reluctance to making this visit. Ordinarily I do not enjoy sight-seeing where men and women make a part of the spectacle. I have an impression that at hospitals and asylums "visiting days" must be days of trial to the inmates; that it cannot be at all pleasant for them to be put on exhibition, so to speak, for the inspection of all who may care for the show. Such being my feelings, it was with some reluctance, as I have said, that I passively fell in with friend's plan for this particular afternoon. But that cheery "Come in" seemed to place the call on the footing of a friendly visit, and I entered gladly. It was a pleasant room, high and airy, with two large windows, through one of which the rich afternoon sunshine was streaming. The apartment was nicely and even richly furnished. The carpet was thick and soft, and died in rich, warm tints. The sofa, rocking, and easy chairs were cushioned in crimson brocade. The bed was neatly made, and dressed in white. Everything about the room gave the impression of ease and comfort, so that I was charmed at once.

What a delightful place it is! I should like to live here myself, I said.

Yes, assented Mrs. Cady, who, with her peaceful face and cheerful manner, was by no means the least pleasant-looking object present, we are as happy here as queens. I didn't use to look forward to spending my old age so comfortably. It is of the Lord's mercy that the way was opened for my coming here.

Is it a story? Tell me about it please—that is, if you don't mind. I exclaimed.

It is only an old woman's story, and maybe it won't interest you much, but such as it is, you are

welcome to it, I am sure. I was an old woman—sixty and upwards—when my husband died. We have never been rich, but we'd get on comfortably with pinching a little here and a little there maybe, but never feeling it much until Solomon, he fell sick, and then it took all we had saved to carry him through his sickness. After he was gone, I had to take the burden of providing a living all on my own shoulders, which I'd seen the time that I could have done it easy, but now I was an old woman, and in grief, too, which made it all the harder. I had always done some sewing for the shops, and it was that I had to depend upon, though being a good deal broken down, and my eyesight failing, I couldn't get along with work now as I had once, and I fell to worrying a good deal about what was going to betide me when I was past working altogether. 'The Lord will provide,' I used to tell myself every now and then, and for a little while I would feel comforted, but as the old worryment kept coming back, hard as I tried not to be distrustful to the Lord's promises. I knew about the 'Home,' but it took a hundred dollars to be admitted here, and it might as well have been a hundred thousand for any chance I had of ever getting so much ahead. Still I kept thinking a good deal about it, and pretty often, when I carried my work home, I used to make it in my way to pass here, for the sake of looking up at the windows; all so pleasant and peaceful like, that I couldn't help feeling a drawing toward the place.

But all this time I was failing, and had pains in my head and shoulders, so that I couldn't do a great deal of sewing now; and what I did, when I carried it home, I could see it did not suit so well as formerly, which set me thinking more than ever of a time soon to come when I could get no work to do. Then I felt as if I must certainly begin to save something to take me to the 'Home.' First of all I left off getting my bit of meat for dinner, and after that, I gave up my butter with my bread, and last of all, I made up my mind to go without my tea, though that seemed the hardest thing I could have done, unless it had been to give up eating altogether. I was but a poor creature at the best, and without my tea it seemed as if I was poorer than ever, and less able to get along. With all my saving, somehow I couldn't get anything ahead, which it all went for rent and coal and things, and I working the best I could, and living on bread and potatoes and drinking water, which, though it's a good thing, because God made it, was never made to suit the stomach of old ladies, my dears. Still I tried hard to keep from complaining, and if in my weakness I did murmur a little sometimes, I would set myself to count up my forgotten mercies afterwards; and, truly, whatever the list of our miseries may be, if we really give our minds to set it with a column on the other side of the account, the balance is sure to be on the side of the blessings.

When Thanksgiving Day came around, I was no richer than at the beginning of the year, which was the time when I began trying to save money. Just for that day, though, it seemed as if I must give myself a bit of a treat. I felt such a longing for stuffed chicken that I could not deny myself that much indulgence, in memory of the bountiful Thanksgiving that I recalled in the past.

So I went to the market and picked out the smallest spring-chicken I could see. I was all of a tremble while it was being weighed, for fear it would come to more money than I could pay. It was a great relief when I found I could really buy it, and my heart sang for joy whilst I was carrying it home. I took great care with the stuffing, and minded the basting of my poor little fowl as if it had been a fat turkey for a grand dinner. It seemed the longest while in cooking, and I was impatient as a child that has never learned how to wait for things, though in my sixty years and upwards, I had practised enough upon that lesson to have got it by heart, as one might think.

The chicken was nicely done at last, and the fork I tried it with went clean through the meat, so I knew it would be soft and tender. I put the fowl on the table in old flowered platter that I had when I first went to house-keeping, but somehow I spilled a bit of the gravy on to the stove, which began to scorch, and make the room cloudy and unwholesome with smoke, and I had to open one of the windows to let out the bad air. It was in the basement of a poor tenement house that I lived and the window faced the street. Do you believe it, my dears, that while I was in the pantry cutting a slice of bread, meaning to sit down to dinner as soon as that was done, in jumped a dog at the window, and though I heard him, and ran out as fast as I could, he got off with my chicken before I could stop him. I felt fit to cry, and was so weak that I trembled all over, but I followed after the dog and saw him go down the street after a nicely-dressed young man, that called out as soon as he saw him:—

Dando! Why, Dando! That is what the young man said, laughing-like, and very pleasant spoken: Just give an account of yourself, sir. Whose Thanksgiving dinner have you been steal-

ing? Mercy upon us! what can they have given that chicken to make it grow so very small? It wouldn't feed more than a dozen as hungry as you and I will be when we get home, would it, Dando? But for all that, it must have been meant for somebody's dinner, because, you see, it is stuffed very toothomely, and roasted with great care, I should say. So Dando, you think, you must go back and pay for what you have taken, and promise never to do so any more, or you'll break your master's heart by your bad behavior. Do you hear, you rascal?

Though he was half-laughing all the time, he seemed sorry, too, and tried to make Dando take some money in his mouth, but the dog hung down his head and wouldn't do as he was bid.

Mind, sir, said the young man, still laughing in a pleasant sort of way. How do you know that some poor woman did not work hard for that Lippitian bird? For shame, Dando! Go back, as I bid you, and pay for what you have taken.

Then I thought it was time for me to speak, having been too dazed-like before. So I said: Don't mind about the chicken, sir. I have got the gravy left, and that will make a nice relish for the potatoes; so I shall make a very good dinner after all. Do you mean, my good woman, says the young man, as pleasant spoken as ever, that potatoes and gravy are all you have left for your Thanksgiving dinner?

Not all, sir. There's a bit of the loaf left yet, and it's a very nice gravy, so I shall do well enough without the chicken, and please don't scold Dando, who didn't mean to do anything out of the way.

It is kind of you to take his part, and he is very much ashamed of himself, I am sure. Will you show me where you live, my good woman? Dando may have to be put on trial for his misbehavior, and I want to know how it all happened.

Oh, yes! Come this way a little. It is in the basement there, where the window is open. The dog must have smelt the chicken, and I don't think he could help it, sir.

He must contrive to learn a lesson from it, however. Good-day, now! I hope you may enjoy your dinner in spite of Dando.

I hurried back, then, thinking the potatoes would be getting cold, and sat down to eat my dinner after I had shut the window. I did miss the chicken, that is true, but not so much as I thought, for thinking of the pleasant-spoken young man, pretty soon there came some one knocking at my door, and when I opened it, there was a colored man carrying a heavy basket, which was covered over with a white cloth.

He was the woman that had a chicken stolen? asks the man. And when I said, Yes, he showed the basket inside, and here's your dinner, mum, says he, and there's a load of coal a-cumming to cook it with. Then before I could think of a word to say, off he went again, grinning and looking as happy as if he'd had a fortune left him. It was all so unexpected that I did not know what to do with myself. So I sat down and cried a little.—Then I took off the cloth to see what was in the basket, and a sight to bless a hungry woman's eyes it was, you may be sure chickens—they hadn't anything given them to make them grow small—and mince pies, and plum cakes, and two paper parcels with tea and sugar in them, and a little scrap of paper, with Dando's compliments written on it. The load of coal came pretty soon afterwards, and I don't believe any body in all the city but that Thanksgiving Day more thankfully than I did.

Well, after that I used to see the pleasant-faced young man pass once in a while, and I got in the way of calling him—all to myself you know—my young gentleman, and some how, the sight of him seemed always to be company for me in my loneliness. Once or twice, when I happened to be at the window, he looked up, and bowed, and shook his fist at Dando, who was always with him, as if to remind me of what the dog had done, though there was no danger of my forgetting that, from thinking so much of what had come out of it.

The winter that followed was a pretty hard one for poor folks. Every thing, and especially coal and flour, were high, and there were good many days that I did not know where the next day's food was coming from. One such time in particular I remember I had to go out towards evening for something, and when walking down W—— Street, I met the young man. I was going right on, but he stopped and spoke to me as pleasant as he could be.

How do you do? says he. And I hope Dando don't trouble you by repeating his old tricks, does he?

And I said Oh, no, sir, thank you! And the best that I could do the tears would come into my eyes at the thought that Dando would have to hunt pretty sharp to find anything like food to steal in my poor room now.

I'm glad Dando is on his good behavior, says the young man, then, and I'm glad I happened to meet you, too, because I think you will be good enough to help me out of an unpleasant dilemma. I have just bought a mushroom chop and some other things to carry

home, and now a friend has invited me to go out of town with him, and I don't know what to do with the articles I bought. Would you do me the favor of taking them off my hands? I knew just as well as could be that that was a made-up story, which he thought of because he wouldn't seem to offer me charity, and I blessed him in my heart for his generous thoughtfulness. He ran off into a shop, then, and in a minute got he came, looking so pleased and bright and smiling, and gave a market basket into my hand, I tried to thank him but he wouldn't hear a word.

It is I that have to thank you for taking the things off my hands he insisted, and hurried away, but I should thank him in spite of all he said.

When I got home, I found two loaves of bread in the basket, a mutton chop, a slice of steak, a pound of tea, besides fruit—apples and figs, and oranges—such as I had not tasted for many a day. It seemed as if this supply had come to me like the manna with which God fed the Israelites in the wilderness, and after that I kept on more than ever calling the good young man my young gentleman, and finding companionship in my loneliness whenever I saw him pass.

When spring came, things didn't get any better with me, but rather worse. My sight was growing dimmer, and my fingers so trembly that I couldn't set the stitches so nice as they ought to have been, and I kept getting of laying up money, it was all I could do to get along, and the prospect of getting to the 'Home' was as far away as ever. It seemed some way, as it was my last of promise, and I—a poor, weak, old Israelite—working and trying to get a footing here, but without much hope of ever entering the wished-for rest.

One night it was later than usual when I took my work home, hurrying as fast as possible for fear the shop would be shut up, and I wanted the pay for my work very much; but I was too late, and had to go back as I went being downcast a little but trying to keep up my spirits with a verse I remembered—

"God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with His aid."

When I came opposite to the 'Home' which I had taken in my way, I stopped a minute to look up at the windows, and some one walked quickly by me, when on looking after him, I knew to be my young gentleman. A minute or so afterwards a rough-looking man, with the villain in his face as plain as day, followed him; and it came over me in a minute that he meant some mischief to the good young man. I kept on after the two, not knowing what else to do, my old bones aching, you may be sure with the tramp they led me, for they were quick walkers both of them. At last the good young man stopped at a street corner to speak to some one, and the other stopped to look into a shop window, but all the time keeping an eye on my young gentleman. I felt as if the time had come for me to give my warning, if it was ever to be given. So I walked up to the bad-looking man, and put out my hand, as if I was a beggar asking alms, and he cursed me, and I did flee to get out of the way, which I was only too glad to do, being in a hurry to reach my young gentleman, who was just turning away from the friend he was talking with. When I came up to him, I put out my hand just as I did to the other, but instead of asking alms, I said:—

Don't look around now, sir, but there's a man following you that I fear means to do you harm.

I think you and I are old friends, are we not? said the young man, in that pleasant voice I had minded before.

You are very good to say so, and it's a good friend you have been to me. I took on to be a beggar-woman so that the man behind there might not think strange of my speaking to you and I do hope, sir, you will have a care of your self.

Thank you, my good woman, for your friendly warning. I will certainly be on my guard, but just to keep up appearances, you know the beggar must have her penny.

I said I didn't want to take anything from him, but he put some money in my hand, and I went on my way down another street, by which I could reach home easy, though both to the sight of the young man, for I felt as much trouble by his danger as if he belonged to me in some way, instead of being so much a stranger that I did not even know his name. I couldn't sleep much that night for thinking of him, and the next morning, when I sat down to my sewing, I looked out of the window so often, hoping to see him pass, that my work did not get on at all.

By and by there comes a carriage with a gentleman, and lady, and a dog inside, and there was my young gentleman getting out of the carriage, and helping out the lady, and Dando frisking at his heels. The lady looked all the world, with her pleasant face and laughing blue eyes like the young man, and both of them looked as good and handsome as

possible. I was in such a tremble that I could hardly get to the door to let them in, but I did somehow, and the young woman put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me, as if she had known me all her life.

You dear darling old lady, who saved my brother's life, she said, crying and crying, and what could I do but cry for company, until the young man he says:—

Now, you silly woman, this isn't cheerful in the least. Laughing is better than crying, any day, isn't it, Dando? And Dando nodded his head, and looked as knowing as if he really thought it was.

I'm glad you got off safe, sir, I said. I have been worrying about you ever since last night.

That is because you have such a kind, motherly heart, says the young man; and if I hadn't been for your having such a heart, I fear I should have fared badly last night. Nelly and I couldn't go away without coming to tell you about it, and thank you for your friendliness. You see, I had drawn quite a large sum from the bank yesterday, and had it come to me last night. It was, in fact, all that Nelly and I have in the world. That villain, whom you saw following me, must have found out about the money somehow, though I'm sure I don't know how. After you had left me, I met a policeman smoking a cigar, and asked him to give me a light. While we both stopped for that I contrived to let him know that there was some one behind me—the man was no where in sight then, however—who might be worth looking after. Then I went on as if I suspected nothing, but all the time keeping on my guard against a sudden attack. At last a man in a light-colored coat sprang upon me, but I threw him off, and at the same moment the policeman pounced upon him, and the villain was carried off to the station house.

And so, you dear, it was you that saved Nelly's life, says Nelly, hugging me again.

Yes, I says her brother, Nelly and I owe you better thanks than can be put into words. Now we want to know how you are getting along. You can make believe that we are your little girl and boy, and tell us just as if we were.

Then, somehow, without meaning to be drawn into telling about it, they coaxed it all out of me. How poor I was, and how distrustful about being able to take care of my self in the years to come, and how much I wished to save my money enough to admit me to the 'Old Ladies' Home. The young man asked me then:—

Do you think you would be happy at the 'Home'?

And I says: Oh yes! Happier there than anywhere else.

And he says: Well, we will see what can be done. If Nelly and I were going to stay in P——, you should come and live with us, but we are going West to live. We should have started this morning, but for what happened last night.

Well, he said, if it all was that the good young man paid the money for my coming here, and furnished this room for me all as if it were a queen, instead of only a poor old woman. And there's never a Thanksgiving, nor a Christmas, nor a New Year but some token comes to me from my young gentleman and his dear sister. God bless them a deward them for it all!

To this prayer of the dear old lady my heart gave a silent amen. As she gave the story to me, I have given it to you. May its influence influence it have, be in the interest of charity and kindness of heart!

EDITOR vs. LAWYERS.—The "Nashua Telegraph" says: "So far as our observation goes newspaper men make the best platform and lawyers the worst. The explanation is easy. The former if trained at all, are trained to put things as an arrow goes to its mark. The latter do so much skimming the mark is often lost sight of entirely. A short, simple, and a dozen resolutions of six lines each are enough to express the creed of any man, should he live a thousand years."

That depends whether the Frenchman was right who said the use of language was to conceal thought.

Never chase a pie. Let it alone and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than anyone can hit me out of it.

Men are frequently like tea, the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

A little Danbury girl when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a broken choice apple, answered: Peppas, mamma, I say have been frost bitten, it was so cold last night. The mother retreated.

A gentleman was introduced to a young lady, recently and addressed her as follows: Where do you live when you are at home? When she replied, When I am at home I live there.



IT REMEDY FOR
CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, PAIN IN THE CHEST AND LUNGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT.

PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

SOLELY PREPARED BY
JAMES STOOPE, Proprietor.

Original issues in Poor Condition Best copy available