

O BE SOLD,  
in, if applied for immediately  
spaced by the 15th of April, the  
e will be let and possession given  
on 1st May next.  
THAT desirable situated House for  
business next to the Record Of-  
fice; has been newly shingled and is  
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and  
shed.  
A L S O—  
her Town Lots, in good situations for  
purposes. Apply to subscriber.  
of payment liberal.  
D. GREEN.

#### olution of Partnership.

E is hereby given, that the partnership  
ly subsisting between James Moran and  
Moran, of St. George, in the County of  
York, under the firm of James Moran & Son,  
day dissolved by mutual consent.  
bits owing to the said partnership are to  
be paid by the said James A. Moran, who is  
red by the said James A. Moran, who is  
red to settle all debts due to and owing  
aid firm.

JAMES MORAN.  
JAMES A. MORAN.  
George, September 16, 1865.

#### 3. Almanacks 1866.

LIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and  
register for 1866, can be obtained singly  
nts, or by the dozen for retail from  
J. LOCHARY & SON,  
ply of the old Farmers Almanac always  
ndrews Nov. 30, 1865.

#### 4. Rubber.

##### Rubbers

##### AT THE

##### Albion House.

JOHN S. MAGEE,  
Has received an assortment of  
lens, Ladies,  
Misses,  
Gent's,  
ubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balsoral Boots, a nice  
for the present season, which with a  
children and Ladies Boots,  
SKELETON SKIRTS,  
and the balance of stock of  
INTER DRY GOODS,  
ill sell CHEAP for Current Money  
can Bills taken at the usual discount.

#### 5. New Goods.

ST RECEIVED and now open for sale  
at the very lowest prices:  
Hats, Bonnets,  
Ribbons,  
HAWLS, MANTILLAS,  
D FANCY DRESS GOODS  
Grey and White Cottons,  
Stripes, and Regattas  
Silkies,  
and CORSET CLOTHS  
Crashes; Towel-  
ling & Table Li-  
nens, Shirt-fronts,  
Collars, and Fan-  
cy Neck Ties,  
Lars, Rubbers,  
Boots and Shoes.

ance of Summer Stock daily expected  
Steamer "Europa" and when received  
be sold at a very small advance on  
D. BRADLEY.

#### Ladies Seminary,

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

MS. KENDALL will receive a limited  
ber of young Ladies as boarders, in addition  
r daily pupils.  
e course of instruction comprises the  
English, French, and Italian  
Language,  
ing and Arithmetic, Geography, including  
use of the Globes; Astronomy, History,  
ie and Singing, pen and ornamental Needle  
k.  
e French, Italian, Music, and Persian class-  
es open. Ladies who desire to pursue any of  
e branches of study exclusively,  
e greatest attention is paid to the com-  
rals, manners, religious instruction, and per-  
sonalities of the pupils.

TERMS:  
Board and Tuition, including all the branches  
ept Italian, £50 per annum.  
DAY PUPILS.  
English, £5 0 0 per ann.  
Fitto, including French, 8 0 0  
Music, 8 0 0  
Fuel for season, 8 0 0

REFERENCES:  
Rev G. Percy, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,  
Wilkie, Esq., high school, Wm Andrews, M.A.,  
Professor McGill College, Montreal.  
Rev S. Bacon, S. Benson, M.D., Henry Cunard  
a, Chatham.  
Rev W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo D  
vet, Esq's, St. Andrews.

#### FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,  
and Worked Col-  
ver Garments for Boys & Girls  
Boys Jacks, Sacks, Pants,  
Waists, &c. &c.

Each pattern can be used with ease.  
JAS. McKINNEY.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

8 VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cyc.

[25 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1866.

No 13

## Poetry.

### MARY'S DREAM.

The morn had climbed the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the Eastern summit shed  
Its silver light from tower and tree.

Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
When soft and low a voice she heard,  
Saying, "Mary weep no more for me."

"Mary dear, cold is my clay;  
It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

Three stormy nights and dismal days  
We tossed upon the raging main;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our strivings were in vain.

At length great horror chilled my veins;  
My heart was filled with love for thee;  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death—  
So, Mary, weep no more for me."

Lead sang the lark, the vision fled;  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft and low a voice she heard,  
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

## Miscellany.

### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

#### A NAVAL STORY.

BY WALTER THORNBURN.

Only think of having to leave a ship of  
thirty-six guns in the care of such a born Pickle  
as that lad, Powis! I groaned the Captain, as  
he meditatively poured some brandy into his  
coffee-cup. By George, sir, I shan't have a  
moment's sleep till I set my foot once more on  
my own quarter-deck. That boy is the great-  
est monkey I ever shipped. By George, sir,  
if he hadn't come forward in such a manly way  
to-day to save Jekyll, I'd have broken him."

He certainly is a Pilgric, said the first-  
lieutenant; but I think when there was duty  
to do he'd do it. Duty soon makes a man of  
a boy, if anything will. I was just such an-  
other lad, till I was made captain of a French  
prize, and had to take her back into St. Hel-  
n. O, but there's a good in the boy, said the doc-  
tor. He's brave and generous; there's no vice in  
him, it's only mischief.

Only mischief! He's the greatest scape-  
grace I ever had on board.

Then let me stop on board, said the lieuten-  
ant. Allow me to look at the wording of the  
despatch; there must surely be some loop-  
hole.

The captain took up the despatch and read  
it under breath.

No, he said, here is this devil of a clause:  
You are requested to take all your officers  
with you, so as to preserve a dignity that may  
aid your negotiation. No we must all go—  
but I had ever done so, I might do so now.—  
Don't mind you bring some quinine. There's  
safe to be a fever for one or two of us. By  
George, sir, on an African station one ought  
to live on quinine if one wishes to live at all!

The lieutenant and doctor took their leave  
of the captain, who wished to study his maps  
and prepare for the journey.

As the doctor was pacing the deck, and had  
arrived just under the mainmast, he gave a  
look upward to see if the offender was there.  
Yet, there he was, swinging his legs, fifty feet  
up, happy as a bird. As the doctor was still  
straining his head to observe him, there fell  
upon his face a shower of little white paper  
pellets, which were called, and with mock-  
ing words, "To be taken night and morning."  
The doctor was very angry; he tossed his  
head.

That boy will come to a bad end. If I  
were the captain I'd keep him on the mast all  
night—a good dose of fever would tame him  
a bit; and, egad! I would not bring him  
round a day too soon.

But the doctor was angry. If Powis had  
really been ill he would have nursed him as  
tenderly as a woman.

Half an hour after the doctor had retired  
to his cabin for a nap, there was a gabbling  
of voices and a splash of oars round the bow.

There comes those spies of niggers, said  
Gasket, as he looked over the ship's side.  
Hang their yams, and cocoa-nuts, and bananas!  
All they want, I know, is news of us to signal  
to the slaves. If I was the captain I'd never  
let a nigger set a foot on the deck.

Up scrambled two stalwart negroes with  
nets on their backs, full of fruit. In a mo-  
ment a fair was established at the foot of the

mast. The negroes, eager for news and  
money, jabbering in broken English; the  
sailors, eager for fruit and vegetables, trying  
to learn the best way to the Gorbah coun-  
try.

In the middle of this discussion, down came  
a half-crown, wrapped in paper, at the foot of  
one of the negroes. It was marked, Four  
bananas—and a yam, twopenny; give the change  
to Jekyll.

It was a message from Powis. A tall ne-  
gro, thinking himself unobserved, slipped  
the bit of silver into his waist-band. In a  
moment, however, Jekyll had him by the wrist.

Avast there! he said; fair play's a jewel.  
Let me read what Powis says.

The negro refused to give up the money  
and assumed a vociferously injured air.

A scuffle commenced; in the middle of the  
scuffle appeared the first lieutenant.

Here, no trouble with these niggers, he said.  
If they choose to steal, over with them. Lads;  
bundle them out, fruit and all.

The thing was soon done. Jekyll and a  
sailor wrangled the half-crown from the ne-  
gro, the other sailors pushed the blacks down  
the ship's side, and tossed the ungodly fruit into  
the canoe after them. Jekyll secured the four  
bananas and a yam for his friend Powis, and  
threw the twopenny into the canoe of the en-  
raged blacks, who, shouting and threatening,  
paddled off to the shore.

Here's a pretty fig, said one of the men  
when Powis descended from the mast-head, to  
become in a few hours after, deputy-captain!  
it used to be the high that were brought low,  
but now it's the low who rise high.

An hour after, the look-out man came back  
from Elephant Hill and reported a piratical  
looking schooner as passing the next headland  
at noon. She had then stood out at sea, and  
was hull down at sunset.

Piratical schooner, he hung! was the cap-  
tain's reply. They take every little con-  
ter for a slave. Slavers don't run into the lion's  
den. Bonny River's the place to trap slaves.

Powis received his command as coolly as if  
he had been expecting a vessel for years past.  
He promised little; the captain thought that a  
good sign, and so it was; but still he did not  
conceal from the boy his alarm and distrust.

Powis, said he, be a good lad and take care  
of the ship, or by George, sir, I'll break you!  
When you want advice, ask the quarter-mas-  
ter; he's an old sailor, and knows all this coast  
as well as I know the Bill of Portland.

I'd give my head, said the Captain to tell  
Gasket he is in my mainstay if anything hap-  
pens, but when there is divided command  
there is no discipline.

The day after the captain and his retinue  
left the vessel, the negro boat came paddling  
round the Spit fire as usual, but this time in a  
hostile and mocking way. The rowers waved  
their paddles or held up fruit. The negro  
whom Jekyll had detected as a thief was es-  
pecially prominent and vociferous, and stand-  
ing up in his canoe, kept pointing at Powis  
and passing his hand across his throat, as if  
threatening him.

Let me give him a dose of sparrow shot,  
said Jekyll, that'll warn him.

No one must molest them, said Powis, grave-  
ly, and in quite an altered tone.

How grand we are, said Jekyll, under breath,  
to another misadventure. I thought it would  
be a lark when Powis was captain. I vote  
for going ashore. (These last words were  
said aloud.)

We are short-handed, said Powis; no one  
leaves the vessel except of duty, till the cap-  
tain's return. The negroes are not so friendly  
as they were. We mustn't get into a scuffle  
with the natives.

We used to call 'em niggers, said a pert lit-  
tle ship-boy, winking at Jekyll; and after all,  
Gasket, they say, is the real captain.

Powis made no reply to this impertinence,  
but paced the deck thoughtfully.

There were only fourteen men left in the  
ship besides Powis and the two midshipmen.  
There will be no work now much, said one  
of the sailors to the carpenter.

No; were all captains now, replied the car-  
penter, there was a dangerous notion pre-  
valent about the Spitfire that discipline was  
to be relaxed under Puckle Powis.

As eight bells were struck (four o'clock in  
the morning), the officer of the watch (Gasket)  
went usual to the scuttle, knocked three times  
to call the watch. All starboard in, ahoy  
eight bells. Do you hear the news there, you  
sleepers?

Instead of the usual sprightly answer, "Ay,  
ay!" a voice answered, "tarbooinies be—"  
(Give us half an hour more snooze; there's no  
captain aboard now.)

Another ten minutes elapsed; at the ex-  
piration of that time a stern, shrill boy's voice  
bellowed the sleepers. This time it was Powis's.  
Skulkers, ahoy! Do you hear the news,  
there, sleepers? and mind, if you do not turn  
out in five minutes, I report you to Captain  
Willoughby as mutineers. Quartermaster, go  
down, and take the name of the last man up.

This spirited reprimand was enough. In  
three minutes every man was on deck and at  
his duty.

An hour later, just at daybreak, Gasket  
suddenly came to Powis, as he was lying down  
for half-an-hour on the sofa in the captain's  
cabin and begged him to come on deck instan-  
tly. There was something odd in the old sail-  
or's manner. Powis was on deck in a mo-  
ment.

There it is, sir, said Gasket, pointing to the  
entrance of the bay; if that is not a real ship  
strike my name off the ship's books and sell  
me for a nigger.

Powis looked (he was all quiet alertness  
now, and grave as a statesman). There in  
the dull, curdling, grey daylight certainly was  
a long grey object stealing along close to the  
shore. Its sails were grey; its sides were  
blackish, colorless, and spectral. It certainly  
was ghastly enough. As they looked it sud-  
denly rounded the corner of the headland, and dis-  
appeared from view.

Powis did not say much; he only remarked  
That is no phantom ship. We must look after  
that; but you were right, after all, Gasket.

I ever saw such a change in a lad in twenty-  
four hours in all my life, was the quartermas-  
ter's reflection, as Powis retired to form his  
plans for foiling any scheme the crew of the  
phantom ship (as the sailors began to call it)  
might have formed.

The look-out on Elephant Hill the next  
afternoon, made no signal, they had not seen  
any vessel; but as they were getting into their  
boat to come off to the vessel at sunset, a smoke  
had risen from a place in the bush, not fifty  
feet from the look-out point. It was evident-  
ly a signal to some vessel waiting off the mouth  
of the bay.

The majority of the sailors were by this  
time deeply imbued with the belief that one  
vessel that had been seen was a spectre ship.  
They had collected in knots in the fore-castle  
and were discussing the legend of the Phantom  
Ship.

It's no canny, said a Scotch sailor to the rest  
his bodes no good to us men, when auld Nick-  
ie ben leaves his sooty hatless and takes to  
gatchin on the Africky coast.

Powis had just lit a lamp in the state cab-  
in, and was pouring over a chart of Elephant  
Bay, when in haste Jekyll, red with excite-  
ment, and his hair over his eyes, he carried  
a large musical box under his arm. It was  
chiming out after the prickly, nervous manner  
of its species, "Corn rigs are lony."

Look here, Powis, old Cyclops lent his musi-  
cal snuff-box on the table in his cabin. Come  
along, and let's have a cheerio and some grog  
together, and I'll wind it up, all fresh. But  
how serious you look! Do you feel ill?

Powis did not reply for a moment; when he  
did so, he spoke in a low firm voice, with  
every word articulated in a peculiarly keen  
manner.

Jekyll, he said, this is no time for skylark-  
ing. There is work for us to do that may lead  
us to promotion, or a hole in the head, by  
twenty-four hours. We must have no boy's  
tricks now. Go and tell Gasket I want him.

There was something not to be gained by  
Puckle Powis's manner; so Jekyll p.d. down the  
box, much as it it were red hot, and hurried  
on deck, returned in a moment with Gasket.

If you please, Mr. Powis, said Gasket,  
scrapping the floor with one foot, I think it  
would do you good not to leave the watch to-  
night. You'll be knocking yourself up; in-  
stead you will, sir. Take my advice, and  
keep to your hammock to-night. I can do all  
there is to do.

Gasket, said the boy Captain, firmly but  
not harshly, I am in command of this vessel,  
not you. The men shall take their orders  
from me, and from me alone. All we require  
is to do a good example to the men, and  
of your duty as a quartermaster.

As I hope to do, said the astonished sailor;  
as I hope to do, Mr. Powis; but knowing as  
young gentlemen is—

My age, Gasket is no concern to any one.  
You take your orders from me, and me only;  
mind, I'll have no inter-ference. You were  
not let behind as my nurse. Let a good look  
out be kept; put a third man on duty in the  
cross-trees, and never let him take his eyes  
off Elephant Hill. If the phantom ship is a  
slave, and male of real plank, and I not moon-  
shine and fog, we'll have a snap at her as sure  
as there is rum in Jamaica. She puts into  
some bight of land that we must find out, and  
I see lands her crew to-night to bring slaves  
from some baracoon we have not found out, I  
think we may get the landing-net under her  
quite easy.

What, with fourteen men? muttered Jekyll.  
Oh, he's mad! Why it's the rat chasing the  
terrier

But Powis had not heard him; he was  
again absorbed in his chart.

That night, by Powis's orders, all lights  
were put out in the ship at a very early hour.  
He wished to give the slaves if such the phan-  
tom vessel was, a notion that loose watch was  
kept on board the Spitfire.

The whole night with only now and then a  
short rest in the cabin, the boy-captain remem-  
bered himself in the cross-trees, as vigilant as a  
deer stalker. Gasket was by his side, equally  
intent on the harbor mouth.

All of a sudden Gasket felt his arm clutched,  
and he looked round.

For one moment a tongue of fire had risen  
from the apex of the look-out hill, the seaward  
side, and then disappeared.

It was momentary as the gleam of a shoot-  
ing star. Ten minutes afterwards the same  
ghostly vessel, seen by a moment's moonlight,  
to be around the headland, but this time its  
progress was inwardly and not outwardly.

It's an out and in wind; just what they  
want, whispered Gasket; they have swept  
too, for I can see them; now they are hidden  
again; if it was a clear night, they daren't  
risk it.

Take the night-glass, cried Powis; keep it  
turned on the third light from the headland;  
if they pass that we loose them, if they stop  
there we have them, for they go there to land  
their men, and we'll have a snap at their ves-  
sel in the r. abs-nce. Does she pass? Now,  
quick, be on the cloud in over the moon again.

She has not passed, cried Gasket; she has  
steered up some lagoon not down in the chart.  
She must know of the captain's being ashore,  
and trust to get her cargo in while we are tied  
up by the heels.

Get up your anchor quickly, said Powis,  
with the bearing of a young admiral, and  
steer straight for the second light. Is there  
any land-mark, Gasket?

Ay, ay, sir; a tuft of palm trees between  
two sand-hills.

(Concluded in our next.)

### MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

HEAD QUARTERS, FREDERICTON, 14th Mar.  
1866.

#### MEMORANDUM.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief  
has been pleased to make the following ap-  
pointments:—

Captain Thomas Anderson, late H. M. 78th  
Regt., to have the rank of Colonel in the Mil-  
itia of New Brunswick, whilst employed on  
particular service in the Western Military Dis-  
trict; 14th March, 1866.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief  
has been pleased to make the following ap-  
pointments:—

Major Cuthbert Willis to be Commandant  
at Saint Andrews.

#### MEMORANDUM.

Major Cuthbert Willis to have the rank of  
Lieutenant Colonel whilst acting at Saint  
Andrews.

By Command,  
G. J. MAUNSELL, Lt. Col.  
Adj. Gen. of Militia.

FREDERICTON, March 22.

The Bill authorizing the Caledonia Mining  
and Manufacturing Company to wind up their  
affairs, was agreed to.

Mr. Bai y introduced a Bill relating to the  
Water-races and the impounding of Cattle in  
certain parts of Queen's and Sunbury.

The Order of the Day was taken up at 11  
o'clock.

Mr. Frae spoke an hour in defence of the  
Government, and Mr. McClellan followed, but  
neither opened up new points—except in re-  
lation to the Governor's salary question.

The Attorney General replied that the Gov-  
ernment was paying His Excellency the  
amount which they blamed the late Govern-  
ment for paying; but the Exchequer was car-  
rying out the arrangement of their predeces-  
sors, which was that His Excellency drew the  
full amount claimed by him, returning to the  
Treasury sum in dispute.

McClellan finished his speech on Want of  
Confidence motion by asserting that feeling in  
favor of Confederation was growing, and that  
Government had shown signs of yielding to  
call of people.

Provincial Secretary followed, making on-  
slaught on Fisher and religious and secular  
press for abuse of Government and men who  
about such conduct, defended policy of Govern-  
ment in not appointing Auditor General, and  
spoke of an influence brought against them  
during the year. Will resume to-morrow.

A MOONLESS MONTH.—The month of  
February, 1866, will be marked in the astro-  
nomical calendar as the month which has no full  
moon! January had two full moons and  
March will have two; but February had none.  
Of course this peculiar conjuncture of periods,  
that makes the full moon show her face but a  
few hours before the month comes in, and  
again a few hours after the month goes out, it  
is a rare thing in Nature—but how rare, do  
you suppose, gentle reader? It has not oc-  
curred before in your lifetime or ours—nor  
since the time of Washington; not since the  
discovery of America by Columbus; no, nor  
since the fall of Adam, nor since the creation  
of the world, unless that be placed back my-  
riads of years. And it will not occur again  
according to the computation of astronomers,  
for two millions and a half of years.—[New  
York Evangelist.

The police of Philadelphia now arrests all  
persons found lounging at the street corners

and in front of churches on Sunday. About  
a hundred and fifty young men were taken in-  
to custody for this offence on Sunday last.

The demand for American petroleum in  
Europe far exceeds the supply, and two com-  
panies have been formed at Genoa and Turin  
to work the petroleum wells known to exist in  
Parma and Calabria, and which are said to  
have supplied the material to the old republic  
of Genoa in the Middle Ages, when it was  
used for lighting the towns. In Paris the price  
has risen gradually from 18 sous (or cents)  
the litre, or imperial quart, to 30 sous, and can  
now only be obtained with difficulty, even at the  
latest price.

"I Thought it was my Mother's Voice."  
A friend told me, not long ago, a beautiful  
story about kind words. A good lady, living  
in one of our large cities, was passing a dring-  
ing saloon as the keeper was thrusting a young  
man out into the street. He was very young  
and very pale, but his haggard face and wild  
eyes told that he was far gone in the road to  
ruin, as with an oath he brandished his clenched  
fists, threatening to be revengeed on the man  
who ill-used him. This poor young man was  
so excited and blinded with passion that he  
did not see the lady who stood very near to  
him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and  
spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him  
what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man start-  
ed as if a heavy blow had struck him, and  
turning quickly round, paler than before and  
trembling from head to foot, he surveyed the  
lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of re-  
lief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sound-  
ed so strangely like it! but her voice has been  
buried in death for many years.  
You had a mother, then, and she loved you?"

"With that sudden revulsion of feeling which  
often comes to people of fine nervous tempera-  
ment, the young man burst into tears, sobbing  
out, Oh, yes, I had an angel mother, and she  
loved her boy! But since she died the world  
has been against me, and I am lost!—lost to  
good society, lost to decency, and lost for-  
ever!"

No, not lost forever; God is merciful, and  
his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners,  
said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and  
the timely word swept the hidden chords of  
feeling which had long been untouched in the  
young man's hearth, thrilling it with magic  
power, and awakening a host of tender emotions,  
which had been buried very deep beneath the  
rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and  
when she passed on her way the youth follow-  
ed her. He marked the house where she en-  
tered, and wrote the name which was on the  
door-plate in his memorandum book. Then he  
walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest  
look on his white face, and a deeper, more ear-  
nest feeling in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had  
quite forgotten the incident we have related,  
when one day a stranger sent up his card, and  
desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went  
down to the parlor, where she found a noble  
looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferential-  
ly to meet her. Holding out his hand he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but  
I have come many miles to thank you for the  
great service you rendered me a few years  
ago," said he in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled and asked for an ex-  
planation, as she did not remember ever hav-  
ing seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man  
"that you have forgotten me; but though I  
only saw your face once, I am sure I should  
have recognized it anywhere. And your  
voice, too, it is so like my mother's!"

"These last words made the lady remember  
the young man she had kindly spoken to in  
front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and  
she mingled her tears with those that were fall-  
ing over the gentleman's cheeks.

After the first gust of emotion had subsided  
the gentleman sat down and told the lady how  
those few words had been instrumental in sav-  
ing him and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for-  
ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he,  
"and it always seemed that it was the voice  
of my mother, speaking to me from the tomb.  
I repented of my many transgressions, and re-  
solved to live as Jesus and my mother would  
be pleased to have me; and by the grace of  
God I have been enabled to resist temptation  
and keep my good resolution."

"I never do a deed there was such power in  
a few words before," exclaimed the lady, "and  
surely ever after this I shall take more pains to  
speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I  
meet in the walks of life.—[Sunny Faces.

Air is about eight hundred and sixteen times  
lighter than water.

The greatest height at which visible clouds  
ever exist does not exceed ten miles.