HN S. MACEE
rous of calling the attention of the Pub,
arge and varied stock of Goods received
mers "United Kingdom," "Nawa" and
consisting in part of
H MERINOS,
COBURGS,
BLANKETS,
NS, in white & unbleached, very cheap.
ces, Sontags, Clouds, Garibaldis,
Stewart Hoods and Opera Mantles,
ON FLANNELS,
OSNABURGS
Red, white, blue & grey twilled Flannels,
Plain Flannels in all colors,
an confidently recommend our Flannels as
d will sell cheap.
ge and varied stock of
BOOTS and SHOES,
hrens, youths, Boys, Mens, Misses and
of warranted manufacture.
ld call special attention to his white Warps
re made from the very best Southern cot
warranted, sound, well made and good,
the St. John Warps, Parks' make, pre
or the Loom.
u want good value for your money, come to
LBION HOUSE.
JOHN S. MAGEE.

3,000 Gallons
ABERTINE OIL,
received from the manufactory at Saint
nd will be sold wholesale or retail at the
rates, by the Subscriber. Please enquire
irselves before purchasing elsewhere
JOHN BALSON,
Kennedy's Arcade, Water St.
Andrews, Aug. 29, 1866.

ugar & Molasses.
"Loyalist" from Barbadoes via St. John.
ds. } Choice
do } Barbadoes Sugar.
nds. do do Molasses.
e 27, 1866. J. W. SIMPER.

66. Almanacks 1866.
HILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and
Register for 1866, can be obtained singly
cents, or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON.
upply of the old Farmers Almanac always
nd.
Andrews Nov. 30, 1865.

ssolution of Partnership.
TICE is hereby given, that the partnership
lately subsisting between James Moran and
s A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
lotte, under the firm of James Moran & Son,
his day dissolved by mutual consent.
l debts owing to the said partnership are to
ceived by the said James A. Moran, who is
orized to settle all debts due to and owing
e said firm.
JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.
. George, September 16, 1865. 4i

ub. Rubber,
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House.
JOHN S. MAGEE,
Has received an assortment of
ildrens, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
Rubber Overshoes.
o.— Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice
icle for the present season, which with a lo
Childrens and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
WINTER DRY GOODS,
will sell CHEAP for Current Money
nerican Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very LOWEST PRICES:
Hats, Bonnets,
Feathers, and Ribbons.
SHAWLS, MANTILLAS,
AND FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
Shirting, Stripes, and Regettas
Pints,
Silicias, and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towelling & Table Linens, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fancy Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.
Balance of Summer Stock daily expected per Steamer "Europa" and when received will be sold at a very small advance on cost.
D. BRADLEY.

FOR SALE.
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Collars
Over Garments for Boys & Girls
Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
Each pattern can be used with ease.
June 23. JAS. McKINNEY.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

cl 34 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1867. No 3

Poetry.

The following sonnet breathes no less of the spirit of poetry, than of the more valuable essence of piety and pure devotion; with these it is richly imbued.

JEHOVAH THE PROVIDER.

Author of being! life-sustaining King!
Lo! want's dependent eye from thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores;
Give to her prayers the renovating spring,
And summer's heat all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which autumn from a thousand shores
Selecteth provident! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive seer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain,
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain;
Without thy blessing, all is blank and drear;
With it, the joys of Eden blooms again.

"The Lord will Provide."

When whispers unbelieving fear,
"We'll eat our last lean crust and die,"
Tis sweet to think that He is near
Who hears the ravens when they cry.

And sweet his promises must be
To parents sinking in the dust:
"Your helpless offspring leave with me,
And let your widows in me trust."

When Satan's chains did round us cling,
When all from God astray had gone,
When none a ransom for could bring,
None for his guilty soul atone,

Then, blessed be Jehovah's name,
He did himself a Lamb provide:
From heaven the spotless victim came,
Who suffered for us and who died.

Oh! let us then confide in heaven,
Repressing each desponding sigh;
He who his "only Son" hath given,
Will nothing that is good deny.

Miscellany.

Theory of the Wind.

Wind has been explained in the following manner:—Heated air has a tendency to rise, and cold air rushes in to supply its place.—Thus the heated air of the equitorial regions rises and gives place to a current sent from the polar regions, which is a process that serves to equalize the temperature of the World.—But the polar countries lying near to the axis of the sphere, the air from those regions has not received so much motion as that about the equator, or greatest distance from the axis; wherefore it arrives at the equator, where the motion of the earth is greater. If it had no motion before, an east wind would be the consequence, and the force of that wind would be as the difference between the motion of the earth where the air came from and that where it arrived; but then it has a motion, which rises: for it is rushing into a vacuum left by the air which rises: so that the wind will not be from the east, but north east; and the number of degrees north of the east from which it will blow will depend upon the comparative force from whence the air comes. As there must be a corresponding efflux from the equator higher up; according to this theory, the wind should every where be north-east or south-west, but it blows in very different directions at different times and places; and this probably depends on the variations in temperature at different times and places.—[Foster's Researches.

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.—Galileo placed at the ends of a leaden tube, two spectacle glasses, both of which were plain on one side, while one of them had its one side convex, and the other its second side concave; and having applied his eye to the concave glass, he saw objects pretty large and pretty near him. This little instrument, which magnified only three three times, he carried in triumph to Venice where it excited the most interest. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house to see the magical toy; and after nearly a month had been spent in gratifying this epidemical curiosity, Galileo was led to understand from Leonardo Deodoii, the Doge of Venice, that the senate would be highly gratified by obtaining possession of so extraordinary an instrument. Galileo instantly complied with the wishes of his patrons, who acknowledged the present by a mandate conferring upon him for life his professorship at Padua, and generously raising his salary from 520 to 1,000 florins.

Men spend their lives in trying to understand each other, and, at the close, are compelled to acknowledge that they cannot even understand themselves.

MY PLAIN LOVER.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing his offer of marriage after I had lured him on to a declaration. My last victim's name was James Frazer. He was a tall, awkward, homely, ungainly man, but his heart was true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Captain Elliot, who had been unremitting in his devotion to me. Mr. James Frazer warned me against Elliot, but I charged him with with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult.

A few days afterwards, Elliot and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a lifetime. Many awake from the bright, short dream to find themselves in a life long darkness, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not to be so miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in good circumstances but having very bad health. She was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature—hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they happen to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Captain Elliot—but fondly believed that, inasmuch as he was a Captain, he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea, and in India, and won medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, as he was certainly the handsomest, officer in it. I remember well the day we became engaged. He was on duty, but had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while we were walking into the garden he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mamma;" he hastened to her—returned in three minutes, and led me into her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given. My dear mother hated trouble, and she moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband presenting himself in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully, as I have said; and at the expiration of this there might have been seen a gay equestrian party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliot and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Captain Elliot was mounted on a handsome black horse that had been sent him from London. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward and silent James Frazer. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all, that I might not see him.

And so we rode on through the woods, and I listened, well pleased, to the low, animated words of the gallant Elliot, who wished himself a knight and me a fair ladye of the olden times, that he might go forth to do battle and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspirations of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this and believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test. A shot suddenly rang through the woods, and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of brown Bess.—With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to check her, and even as she flew, the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing waggon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes, that I might not behold the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last!—How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love, rose up before me! I thought of the pang that would rend Elliot's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead; and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even, as he had said, at the risk of life and limb. I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until days afterwards, I woke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliot again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly king. The last action of his life in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank, to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but it was hoped not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from mere rumor.

At last, it was known that I would never recover entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Captain Elliot suddenly departed from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much alloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had one, that in my altered circumstances our engagement must come to an end; but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor!) he wrote to say that, while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of the claim. Writing on the bottom of the letter, "Let it be as you wish." I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my brief dream of romance.

I heard ere this of Elliot's cowardly conduct on that day; but now I first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazer, his arm already broken by the jerk with which brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me, and the first to lift me from the water.—Many times daily he made inquiries concerning me: his had been the hand that sent me the rare flowers that had decked my room; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books that I read during the days of convalescence; and his, now, the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, my theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a provident compensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed to vanity by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

GHAIST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A TRUE STORY

Not long ago, writes Mr. S M Toll, I had occasion to go down to the little village of Innerleithen, Tweedside, for the purpose of having some salmon fishing, and during my stay lodged with a man of the name of Henderson formerly an old servant of Sir Walter's,—a man of the strictest principles, and thoroughly Scotch in every sense of the word. My chief relaxation, after a hard day's fishing and comfortable dinner-tea was in resorting to the kitchen fireside to have a crack and a smoke until bed time with Henderson and his guide wife. Many a tale has he told me of his good old master, but this one in particular struck me especially worthy of notice, not so much on account of its novelty as for the richquaintness, of its delivery in his own vernacular lowland Scotch. One evening we got amazingly chatty and confidential, and after spinning him a few yarns regarding southern (English) life and customs, he suddenly pulled me up, 'Weel, sir, I'll tell ye a story, an' it's never been published, no that I ken o', an ye may do it gin ye please (and, faith I am doing it). Man, I once saw Sir Walter's ghaist.' 'Weel let's hear the story. Henderson and I'll light another pipe.' 'Well in the first place, ye ken I used to attend upon Sir Walter just at his last illnes, and when he was able to go out, I brought the poney round to the ha' door when he wanted to toddle about an' smell the fresh air a wee. But as the time passed on things got waur, an' the day afore he deed he askit ane o' his attendants to bring him to his bedside a buck. Weel, ye ken, had jist got mad ways thro' a new wark, an the man that attended on him thocht his mind was ravin' on't and brocht him the nearest buck he lookit at him an' said, 'Tak it awa; bring me the buck there is only one buck.' There was no misunderstanding that—an' the buck was fetched. The next day I lost a guid master I kenpit to dress him an put him in his coffin—an' a brav dress it was, wi' grand ruffles down his breast. But, man, the funeral was a sight wi' about a mile long o' carriages farmer's in their gigs, and a' sorts; an' I was there to help to cary him out—puir man—which I did. Now the hale procession was jist ready to start when ane o' the head anes came up to me, an' says he, Henderson gang to the house, an' spier at Mr. So-and-so is ready as we are wait in'. Weel, off I gangs to the ha' door, and opens it. God save us! What dye ye think I saw, man? I saw Sir, Walter ghaist sittin' in the big ha' chair, wi' his head down restin' his forehead on his stick, an' dressed in the the very claes I put him in his coffin wi'.—Man, I lookit up for a wee, an there were two men in armor in the ha' and the visors o' their helmets were rivin' and the big stag's head, out ower the door, glowered at me, an' his rowed in his he. I kent na mair, for I jist tumbled heels ower creig out to the outside o' the door an' warted, but I got roun in time, and followed the procession. Mun I tell gey awsome a' the way. But that's no to the point. At the kirk yard I managed to get close to the grave, and the new fangled servitude (to me) gart me look about. There, at the head o' the grave was the English church priest reading the service the very man I had thought to be Sir Walter's ghaist. He was dressed in a white gown, an' as he sat in the chair in the ha' waiting to be tell't when all was ready, took the exact position that Sir Walter used to do, resting his head on his stick, when he wanted till I fetched the wee poney. An' now man, I can tell ye that if I hadna seen that priest, nae body could have convinced me to this day that I hadna seen Sir Walter's ghaist.'

ORGAN OR NO ORGAN.

There will be doubtless much sighing and lamenting in the North over the dereliction of Scotland's brethern in Manchester, when the sad news is conveyed by the United Mail (it must in fact have been conveyed ere this) that the Synod of English Presbyterians in Contonopolis have determined to leave the organ question to the taste of individual congregations. We can very well imagine that already Scotia's heart is heavy at the prospect held out. English Scotchmen are in danger of backsliding, if not into the faith abhorred of Knox, at least into Ranldism. Doubtless there is some excuse for them who have not the stern purity of their Northern brethern for a daily example and encouragement. Doubtless in wicked Manchester there are fewer safeguards for the true faith—the faith of Baldness and Ugliness in worship—than in godly Auchtermuchty or Drummadrochit.—Still we did not look for so woful a lapse as this on the part of the Manchester Synod, and we can face the regret of the brethern. The foe may rejoice; the Free Kirk will hold what ever promises to draw the Establishment of Scotland near to the Liturgy of Episcopalianism; the Cantishes and the Beggs will improve the occasion. But meanwhile the harrowing fact remains that the Manchester Synod of Free thinkers (in the literal not theological sense of the word) have decided that congregations have the right of settling according to their own judgement whether they may have organs or not. Like Mr. Weller's orthography, music is to be left to the "taste and fancy" of the worshipper.

The question, however, was not carried without some fierce contention, after manner of divines whose nature requires to be regulated like a lamb by a Moderator. The Rev. Mr. Taylor raised the storm by bringing forward the motion afterwards carried. The Rev. Dr. Russel objected, in the good old orthodox style more suited to last century than this, "ket fu' o' whistles." It was far better, argued that sturdy Minister, to preach the people into than to whistle them in. Evidently from the Doctor's line of argument, the chief aim of religion is to get the people into Church; and music like Sermons is only a means towards that end—one of the attractions of the exhibition. As an act of devotion neither is taken into account. Mr. Hiskin objected to the people being carried away by "sound." Perhaps Mr. Hiskin's sermons, if analysed, would be found to consist of the same objectionable element.—At all events he could hardly preach if accoustics were tabooed in Church. We should advise Mr. Hiskin to accept a Chaplaincy in a Deaf and Dumb asylum, where the fatal distraction from worship would certainly not exist. Mr. Parker deprecated organs but thought congregational singing might be more cultivated; and we agree with him, so far as Presbyterian congregations are concerned. The Rev. Mr. Towers maintained that music was in accordance with Scripture, and quoted "Praise him with the harp." But a sly member immediately added, "And the dance," evidently thinking this a quietus for Mr. Towers. But Towers was no to be put down. "Certainly," replied that practical divine "there's something in dancing; even that is better than sitting down and snoozing!" And then the Moderator acted up to his name by speaking mildly. He thought the absence of organs was a barrier to the progress of Presbyterianism among English people. He is indubitably right; it is almost as great a barrier as the absence of toleration. After the Moderator's remarks the voting was taken, and 36 of the Synod declared against 14 that the question should be left for indivual Churches to decide in their own instances.

We congratulate the English Presbyterians on their emancipation from bigotry. As before said, their liberality in this matter will indubitably call down the groans of their brethern in that land where even the praise of the Creator cannot be celebrated on a private pianoforte or harmonium on His day, without provoking the wrath of neighboring worshippers whose pianofortes are locked up; and where the wind and the birds and even the domestic kettle should (to be logical) be equally open to denunciation inasmuch as they carry on their whistling and singing on that day as much as usual. But in despite of what Scottish Puritans may think, English Liberals are to be felicitated. Even in its own strongholds baldness of worship is losing its supporters.—The Episcopal Church of Scotland, not withstanding the sneers of the Times at its Deserting character, grows stronger every year.—Even now it numbers the aristocracy and influence of Scotland in its fold. And the change is principally due to the congeniality of its form of worship with a refined taste; to the eloquence of its Liturgy; to the devotional character of its music; to the spirit it has always inculcated—namely, that people are neither to be "preached into Church," nor "whistled in," nor even thundered in, but to be drawn in by the feeling that the form of worship there is suited to subject and object—to Him who gave every art as every talent to be rendered back in praise, and to the sense which in a former time and an olden tongue taught that the Beautiful and the Good are one idea.—[Orchestra.

EDUCATIONAL.

The following notice, issued from the Chief Education Office in this Province, speaks for itself:—

EDUCATION OFFICE,
Fredericton, December, 1866.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that it is intended to hold a Public Competitive Examination for Prizes, to be open for a selected number of Pupils from each of the Schools in the County of Restigouche, in the Mechanics' Institute at Dalhousie, on Friday the 19th July 1867, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. The Competitors must not exceed six in number from any one School, and are to be chosen by the Teacher for their good conduct, regular attendance, and general proficiency, of all which particulars a correct daily record should be kept, beginning on Monday, 14th January, and closing on Friday, 21st June, 1867, when, or as soon after as possible, a list of the competitors must be made up and transmitted to this office, in the annexed form.—Candidates may be examined in all the following subjects, viz: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Written Arithmetic, Mental Arithmetic, English Grammer, Geography, History, Mathematics, Latin, Greek and French, but in no case in less than five; and in every subject (Reading of course excepted) the examination will be conducted in writing.

Two Prizes will be awarded to Competitors showing the proficiency in each of the eight branches first mentioned, and, in case of competition, one in each of the remaining ones.—The number of Prizes however to any one Competitor will be limited, at the discretion of the Examiners.

Three Prizes of value, to be the property of the Schools obtaining them, will also be open to Competition as follows:

One Prize to be awarded to a School taught by a First Class Teacher; Second do; Third do; whose Registers shall exhibit the most regular attendance during the current term, ending 1st April next; but the award will in no case be made unless the average attendance shall reach or exceed 55 per cent of the numbers enrolled.

Writing materials will be furnished gratis as well as comfortable accommodation and refreshments to Competitors from a distance.

The examination will be conducted by the President of the University, the Inspector of Schools for the District, and by the Subscriber,

JOHN BENNET,
Chief Sup't. Schools.

Who They Were.

They tell a good story on the early appearance of Dr. Bethune in a church then located on the outskirts of the city of Rochester. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large square or park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the green a sile-carpets appear like the continuation of the grassy lawn outside. At least so the matter appeared to a half-dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquency, and was quoting the lines,—

"Who are these arrayed in white?" &c.

A green, half grown country boy, who supposed the question so eloquently propounded required an answer, at once replied, in a bashful lisp: "Them—them there's geese!"—The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was aflight, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the audience.

So great is the power of sympathy, that if one person yawns in a room, nearly the whole room any will follow his example.

There is a gang of villians in New Orleans who kidnap little children on the streets and then obtain a reward by returning them.

Original issues in Poor Condition
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