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The Mother's Hymn.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.
In the cloud-land of the west,
Sinks the royal sun to rest;
Day is done and shadows dim
O'er the glimmering landscape swim,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Chimes the mellow evening-bell,
Sounds of labor cease to swell;
Loving cattle, bleating sheep,
From the darkening pastures creep,
Sleep, darling, sleep!
As the dew of sleep descends,
Sire and mother o'er the head,
Softly rosy lips are pressed,
Soft with prayer thy dreams are blessed,
Rest, cherub, rest!
Scraps of the land of dreams
Waft thee o'er Elysian streams,
Far beyond the bending sky,
Where the heavenly pastures lie,
Sleep, angel, sleep!
When the day-dawn crimson bright,
When the green leaves dance in light,
When the early song-birds wake,
Their sweet music for thy sake,
Wake, baby, wake!
—Isaac McCallum.

THE HEAVY CROSS

Robert Hope and Samuel Hallins had lived neighbors for more than twelve years; and it is probable they would all ways have been on good terms, had not Samuel, who had served under Admiral Nelson, gained at Trafalgar a small pension, which he had paid for by the loss of one of his legs. This legless, and this pension more, were for Robert a continual source of jealousy; he accused fate for having left him his two feet, and complained bitterly that he had not been able, as he said, to sell his legs at the same price with Hallins. Every time he went to pay his rent, he repeated grumblingly that his neighbor was very fortunate; that he was in a condition to meet his bills, since the king gave him a good pension; while he, poor fellow, had had to work to make both ends of the year meet, without taking into account his creditors.

Robert at first contented himself with making these reflections inwardly, but by degrees his dissatisfaction was expressed aloud, and became his habit, and favorite theme of conversation.

One week that his rent had fallen behind-hand, and he was sadly advancing toward the house of Mr. Taylor, in order to make his excuses for the delay, he met Neighbor Hallins, who was as regular as clockwork in paying his rent, and had just been for that purpose.

Two very tight of Samuel produced on Robert the effect of a fit of sickness; so, when he bowed in reply to the salute of Hallins, his glance singularly resembled that of a bull shaking his horns at a dog.

Arrived at the house of the proprietor, Hope did not fail to be reprimanded. The example of his neighbor was cited, who always paid punctually, and to the last penny.

"Yes, yes," murmured Robert; "some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Hallins is very fortunate, and I am not surprised that he pays punctually with such a pension."

"Hallins has a pension, it is true," replied Mr. Taylor; "but his infirmity is a heavy cross, and if you were afflicted with it, I should pity you much more."

"Not so," said Hope. "If I had been so fortunate as to lose a leg like him, twenty years ago, it would have been a productive day for me. I would sell all of my limbs at the same price. Do you call his oak leg a heavy cross? I think his pension should render it light. The heaviest cross that I know of is to be obliged to labor incessantly."

Mr. Taylor was a man of joyous humor, but a close observer. He had for a long time noticed the envious disposition of Robert, and resolved to convince him that the lightest cross might become heavy to a discontented mind.

"I see," said he to Hope, "that you are disposed to do nothing. Well, I will exempt you from this obligation to labor, of which you complain so bitterly. If you think the cross of your neighbor, Samuel, so easy to bear, will you accept a lighter one, if I will engage to give you your rent?"

"That depends upon what kind of a cross it is," said Robert, anxiously, for he feared that the proposition would not be acceptable.

"This," said Mr. Taylor, taking a piece of chalk and tracing a white cross on Robert's jacket. "During the time that you wear this, I shall not demand a penny of your rent."

Hope thought, at first, that his landlord was jesting; but being assured that he spoke seriously, he exclaimed: "By St. George! you may say that you have seen my last money, for I am willing to wear this cross all my lifetime."

Robert immediately went out, congratulating himself on his good fortune, and laughing all along the road at the folly of Mr. Taylor, who had let him off so cheaply from paying his rent.

He had never been so joyous as at the moment of returning home, as he found nothing to complain of, and his dog came to sit down at his feet without his punishing him for his familiarity.

As he seated himself on his arrival, his wife did not at first notice the white cross which he had on his shoulder; but having passed behind her husband to wind up the clock, she suddenly exclaimed, in a shrill voice:

"Why, Robert, where have you been? You have on your back a cross a foot long. You have been to the tavern, and some drunkard among your friends has played you a trick to make you ridiculous. Get up and let me brush off this cross."

"Away!" exclaimed Hope, hastily; "my clothes do not need your brushing. Go knit your stockings, and let me alone."

"That shall not be!" exclaimed Mrs. Hope, in a voice more shrill. "I will not have my husband become the laughing-stock of the whole village, and if I tear your jacket to pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross."

And as she spoke thus, the wife attempted to brush Robert's shoulder; and the latter, who knew that resistance would be useless, walked off, shutting the door after him violently.

"What a fury!" muttered he, as he went away. "If she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good fortune; but she does not deserve to know it."

"Oh! oh! Robert," exclaimed old Fox, at the moment when Hope turned the corner of his house, "what is that white cross on your back?"

"Take care of your own clothes," insolently replied Hope, going his own way.

"Mr. Hope," said little Patty Stevens, the grocer's daughter, "stop one moment, if you please, that I may rub out that great white cross you have on your shoulder."

"Go and sell your herrings, lazy girl," replied Robert, "and do not concern yourself about the passers-by."

The little girl, silenced, hastened to re-enter her mother's shop.

At this moment Hope arrived at the house of the butcher, who was conversing on the threshold with his neighbor the blacksmith.

"You are just the man I wanted," said the latter, stopping Robert; and he began to speak to him on business; but hardly had he commenced, when old Peggy Turton arrived in her plaid gown and blue apron.

"Mercy! Mr. Hope, exclaimed she, taking up her apron, 'what is that on your back?'"

Robert turned to tell her to let him alone, but the blacksmith then perceived the mark made by Mr. Taylor.

"Heavens!" said he, laughing; "he might serve for a sign to the White Cross."

"I suppose," said the butcher, "that his wife has marked him thus for fear of losing him."

Hope felt that there was for him but one method of escaping at the same time from the apron of Peggy, and the jokes of the butcher and blacksmith, so he hastened to leave the spot, not without some abusive language to his neighbors; but the cross had begun to weigh heavily upon his shoulders than he had at first supposed.

The unfortunate Robert seemed destined this day to provoking encounters, for he had gone but a few steps when he found himself opposite the schoolhouse. School was just out, and the scholars were at this moment issuing from the door, ready for any fun that might present itself. Hope was terribly uneasy, and imagined he already heard cries behind him. His fears were soon realized; he had scarcely passed the schoolhouse door when a long shout was heard, and fifty scholars at least began to pursue him and point at him, throwing up their caps in the air.

"Look, look!" exclaimed one; "there is a sheep marked for the butcher."

"Don't you see," replied another, "it is a crusader just setting out for Palestine."

And the shouting and laughter recommenced more loudly.

Hope became pale with anger; he turned like a cross dog pursued by children, and perhaps would have cruelly revenged himself on his young persecutors, had not Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, suddenly appeared at the door of his house.

Robert advanced toward him, complaining of his pupils as being insolent. Mr. Johnson replied that he would not permit that kind of impertinence in the school, but that the white cross which he had on his back might make wiser people than boys laugh.

"What is this cross to you?" replied Robert, crossly. "Is not my back my own property?"

The schoolmaster smilingly assented, and Hope went on his way. But the cross was growing heavier and heavier. He began to think that it would not be so easy to pay his rent in this manner. So much railing had already been heaped upon him, what would it be if the cause were known? His landlord might as well have written on his back a receipt in full.

As he reflected thus, Robert arrived at the tavern. He was passing by when he perceived Mr. Taylor himself at a few paces distance, and on the other side his neighbor Hallins, dragging his wooden leg, and conversing with Harry Stokes, the carpenter. Harry Stokes was the wit of the village, and Hope would not have encountered him before Hallins for the world. He therefore took refuge in the tavern.

But the place was not long tenable. The drinkers did not fail to perceive the cross, and to rally Hope, who grew angry; the quarrel became violent, and the inn-keeper, fearing some serious result, turned Robert out of doors.

The latter had left home with the intention of examining some work which had been offered to him in a neighboring village, but his mind had been so disturbed by old Fox, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the schoolboys, that he resolved to return home, thinking that would be, after all, the peaceable place.

Have you ever seen in the month of September, a young partridge, the last of the brood, fluttering along through the fields, with a wounded wing? Such was Robert on his way to his home at the other end of the village. Now he walked rapidly lest he should be overtaken; now slowly lest he should meet some one; now in the road, now in the fields, gliding behind the bushes, climbing the walls, and shunning glances like a gypsy who has stolen a chicken from a farmer's poultry yard. At this moment the white cross was an insupportable weight.

At last he reached his dwelling, and this time hoped to find a little rest. But as soon as his wife perceived him she began to scold:

"Are you not ashamed to come back as you went? Five or six of our neighbors have asked me if you had lost your senses! Quick! let me rub out that cross!"

"Away, woman!" exclaimed Robert, exasperated.

"You shall not remain so, Hope; I will not have any one belonging to me so ridiculous. Take off that jacket! take it off this minute, I tell you!"

As she spoke thus, Mrs. Hope attempted to seize her husband's arm; but the latter rudely repulsed her. Mrs. Hope, who was not remarkable for patience, replied by a blow, and the result was a scuffle between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who ran to separate them.

Everybody blamed Robert, who, when he became calm, understanding that there was no hope of rest or peace for him otherwise, effaced the cross of his own accord.

The Monday following he carried his rent to the house of his landlord.

"Ah! ah! Robert," said Mr. Taylor, on perceiving him, "I thought you would soon repent your bargain. This is a good lesson for envious and impatient dispositions, who are incessantly complaining. Do not complain of being less fortunate than others, for you know not the sufferings of your neighbor. All crosses are heavy; the way to render them light is to bear them with patience, courage and good will."

With some scolding is chronic. Life is one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves unstrung, the spirit perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and the material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we are apt to bear in mind that the scolding never did anybody good, and withal grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it.

Inappropriate to anybody, scolding appears most hateful in parents and ministers. Set to be dispensers of kindness and love to those with whom they are more especially associated, it is horrible to see gall distilled instead of charity that blesses both parties. Scolding turns a household into a pandemonium, and a church into an inquisition. Bear in mind that kindness and gentle speech are a great deal easier to practice than their opposites. Why practice the worse thing when harder? Arrest yourself in the indulgence of this bad habit right here. Begin now, and put yourself under bonds to be good natured.—Zion's Herald.

Varied and Thrilling Adventures of the Champion of Posey County.

"Yes, sir; I'm the champion pie-eater of the United States. You've probably heard tell of me."

"Sit down, Mr. —"

"Guzler, sir. Crampton Guzler, sir, of Posey county. You see, Mr. Editor, I thought as how I'd step in and tell you some of my experience during the two years of my professional career. You can print it in your newspaper if you like. I don't keep."

He turned up the lapel of his coat and exhibited a badge.

"D'ye see that, stranger?"

"Yes," we ventured. "New style of button?"

"Button! Blazes, no! Why, that's my badge. That's my championship medal. These here fellows what walk so many miles in so many dissection hours are all frands. Everybody ought to be able to walk. That only requires legs and wind. But it takes a man of indomitable character to eat pie."

"How did you first get into the profession, Mr. Guzler?"

"I'll tell you, mister, how that was. One day I cum up hyar to the city and went into a bakery to get something to eat. I was all-fired hungry, and the first thing I seed was a tableful of fresh-baked pies. An idea struck me. I axed the baker what he'd take to let me eat as many of them pies as I wanted. He looked at me all over, and after taking my measure, he said I might have a cart black commission for fifty cents."

"I took him up and paid my half dollar rather rashly. I had no sooner done it than I regretted my rashness kinder, and I offered him a dime to let me off, and I'd pay for what I got. But he said a bargain was a bargain. Then I got mad and set to work, beginnin' with the specie called apple. I had absorbed eight pies, and was on the pint of quaring a pumpkin beauty, when I became aware that the baker was interested. When the third pumpkin pie had succumbed he tried to buy me off—said he'd give me back a quarter if I'd call it square. I told him I guessed not. Now that I had got my hand in, I reckoned I might just as well see how far I could go without bustin' a blood vessel."

"Then I tackled a new row and laid 'em in promiscuous-like. There were just forty-two pies of assorted variety on that table, and I swamped 'em all. If the pies hadn't given out, I might have found my capacity then and there. The baker was speechless. I axed him twice before he could answer if he knew of any tavern near-by where I could get a square meal. He said he didn't; but there was a pork-house out at the stockyards. As I went out of the door I heard him tell his boy to go and build the fire up in the oven again."

"Yes, sir, well, I hadn't got to the corner when the baker came running up, and said he, 'I've got an idea.' I thought he was going to say he had bought some more pie; but he only wanted to make a deposition. He said there was millions in it—that plan of his. I should travel and give free eatin' exhibitions. He would furnish the pies if I would perform, and we'd divide the profits. I agreed, and we drew up articles of partnership."

"Well?" we suggested, intensely interested, as he hesitated, with a rueful cast of countenance.

"It didn't work. The baker lost the pies, and drew out at the end of the week \$250 behind."

"People didn't appreciate your talent?" we suggested.

"Yes they did, though. That's what swamped us. It warn't the natural business that cost, but the angels. You see they insisted so much on me repeatin' an act that the pies piled up like thunder. May be you wouldn't believe it, but I've been called out afore the curtain as many as six times a night."

He stopped to reconnoitre for the effect of his statement. Feeling assured, he added:

"An' every time I had to eat another basket of pie."

"After the show broke, Mr. Guzler, what did you do?"

"Why, then I went into the champion business. That was two years ago come Decoration day. Since then I hev eat seventy-two matches, an' lost only two of 'em."

"Lost, did you?"

"Yes, sir. 'I'm ashamed to tell it, but I lost 'em. Twarn't fair, however—twarn't by fair means. First time I had to knock under was up in Vigo county. My competitor was a fellow who had no fine points of honor about him, an' him an' his backers set it up on me."

"How so?"

"Why, the rascal bribed the contractor who furnished the pies. Well, sir, d'ye believe it, the apples in his pies had been cooked and swelled afore they were baked. Some way or 'nother they succeeded in puttin' my apples into the crust just as they cum out of the bag. You kin guess the rest."

"Not exactly," we urged.

"Well, while I was corralin' the sixth pie, them blamed apples I had already overcome began to soak and swell into me. Then, mister, I had to cease farther operations, and tend to the contract I already had taken. Never had such a time in my life. I could jest feel them dried fruit swellin' up under my waist-band like bubbles from a pipe. They kept a-swellin' and a-swellin' till I thought I'd have to git out open."

"But you didn't?"

"No, I didn't. After they had inflated to their full capacity, I found I had breathin' room left, but that was about all. My heart was pushed away to one side, and had to thump and do duty off in one corner for half a day."

"Narrow escape," we suggested.

"Narrow escape! Well, I should say so. One more of them contracted pies would have blown my head right off my shoulders like a busted biler."

"And your second defeat?"

"Cum about in this wise: That was up in Grant county. My component didn't try no dried-apple dodge on me—not much. It wouldn't hev been healthy of he had. But it was my own fault. I had told my baker to hev the pies ready sure at the appointed hour when we were ready to start. Well, he 'em ready—too red-dy."

Guzler smiled at the pun, and then suddenly winced and sucked in a mouthful of cool air as he seemed to recollect something.

"Them pies had just come from the oven, and were so hot they would have melted stove. The hour was at hand, however, an' I must either eat 'em or lose the match. Well, sir, there never was nothin' I would not attempt, and I charged."

"Charged?"

"Yes, sir; I attempted to carry 'em by storm. It was jest awful. Talk about yer Chicago fire. Twarn't no comparison."

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Guzler picked up his hat and tried to fan away the recollection before he continued.

"I didn't get through the contract. They tell me it was an awful sight while it lasted. The smell that rolled out of my mouth was like burnt cracklings. The tears poured down my cheeks, fell on the pie, and were turned into steam till my face was scalded like a hog on the outside, an' I thought I couldn't see two inches before my eyes, I kept it up till I fainted."

"Fainted?"

"Wall, yes, I might as well own up. I fainted. But, stranger, if you had seen the inside of my mouth durin' the two months I was in the hospital, you wouldn't have wondered that I fainted. I tell you, mister, the doctor said as how the roof of my mouth got so hot that it cooked the lower globe of my brain. He wanted to open my head and amputate the cooked globe, but I said I hadn't any to spare, cooked or raw."

"Then you lost the match?"

"Lost the match! Well, I reckon I did; and I 'e'n a'most lost my dermed head in the bargain. I claimed foul on 't'other fellow, but the referee wouldn't low it. He said if I didn't know when it got too warm for me, he guessed I'd have to smoke."

Mr. Guzler appeared to have finished his reminiscence, for he untwisted his legs, poised his hat on his scorched cranium, stood up pretty much as a telescope is drawn out, and tendered us the following challenge for publication:

TO ALL WHO IT MAY CONCERN: I hear-by challenge enny man (or wumman) in the U. S. black white or yaller to pie with me. Sed Pie to be uv stand-ard materile uv equal sighs with knrasts and an inch uv insides. Steaks To Bee 5 hundred \$ up:

CRAMPTON GUZLER,
Posey Co. Ind.
P.S. Pie to be cold. P.P.S. Dried ap-ple pize hard.
O. G.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The plague spot in Russia is a district along either shore of the Volga from Astrakhan, at its mouth, to Tarsin, at the confluence of the Don and Volga, about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Caspian sea. It is only a small patch on the surface of Russia, and the rigid quarantine regulations adopted by the czar's government ought to check it. The difficulty encountered in the present instance lies mainly in the fact that the infected district is the very focus and channel of the vast trade between Russia and Asia, and is thronged by people of many different tribes and tongues, any one of whom may carry the plague to his home.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Spelling bees—B and b.

What's the use of scolding tears? Julius was a great crier, and he wasn't a sheriff, either.

Twenty-five families of Mennonites in Manitoba cultivate 10,400 acres.

When you want to close a controversy with a neighbor, shut your own mouth first.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversity.

A Miss Fiandrea, aged eighteen and weighing 516 pounds, died recently in a New York museum.

An agricultural journal says that "poultry cannot be made to pay." Then why not put it on the dead-head list?

Few and far between are the legs of the one-legged man who left the other down South fifteen years ago.—New York Mail.

The word "republican" over the doors of club-houses in Italy has been prohibited by the royal government since the fall of the Cavour cabinet.

Kind words are bright jewels. More precious than gold; Though used for a lifetime, They never grow old.

The six largest States are: Texas, with 274,356 square miles; California, 188,981; Nevada, 112,090; Colorado, 104,500; Oregon, 95,274; and Minnesota, 83,581.

When editors work themselves into a red heat writing about the "freedom of the press," they never mean for you to carry off the latest number of their paper without paying for it.—Columbus Argosy.

In a certain office they never speak of a butcher, but of "a gentleman engaged in the occupation of summarily depriving bovines of the vital spark in order to get them in readiness for human pabulum."

DEBILITY.
Laura sits watching the clouds overhead. "Where are they going, I wonder?" From the Tom, from the door of the shed, "I guess they are going to thunder."

"Where are they going?" Ethel inquires. "Watching the cows as they pass; Rudely shouts Bill, with a voice like a crier, 'I reckon they are going to grass!'"

A Colorado Mining Camp.
A correspondent at Leadville, Col., says the rush to this wonderful camp continues at a rate heretofore unknown in the history of Colorado mining towns.

All day long may be seen footmen, horsemen and loaded wagons coming up the main streets. When night arrives, and with it the numerous coaches from the valleys, a perfect mass of human beings are crisscrossed in the streets and begin the hunt for beds; a task in which all do not succeed. Many must be content with a shelter and a few blankets, while others crawl back into the coaches and remain there for the night. However, they usually find quarters the next day. There are but few who escape the mining fever. Merchants, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, laborers—all, rich or poor, are more or less interested in mining. The number of millionaires seen on the streets now, and who were scarcely able to buy bread a few weeks since, only serves to stimulate the less fortunate to greater exertions. Such is the extent of the precious deposits that most all have faith that they will reach it by going deep enough. Amusements of all kinds draw well. Four theaters are now in operation and have full houses nightly.

An Astonished Editor.
An exchange says: "We find upon our table one of the newest of pictures. It is beautiful in design, small, but showing great artistic skill in its make-up. The prevailing colors are green and black, the two blending so harmoniously that the effect is pleasing in the highest degree. We shall not, of course, presume to give an exact description of this picture, but some of the characters look so noble, so striking, that we cannot refrain from describing them. The head-center, or rather the hero of the picture, holds in his left hand a banner, in his right hand a sword; his hat is thrown on the ground, his head is thrown back, his left foot extended, and, taken altogether, his appearance is that of one challenging another to mortal combat, waiting for the other fellow to knock off the chip. His eyes are cast upward, resting on the word 'H.' Hello! what's this? Great snakes! if it isn't a five-dollar bill! We took it for some new kind of a chromo that had come in the mail. But we see how it is—either our devil has been robbing a bank or some delinquent subscriber has been conscience-stricken."