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JAS. S. CARNEY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

TAKE COURAGE.

The topped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The spriest might may find release from pain;
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns; and chance change by course;
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay,
Thus with succeeding terms, God tempereth all.

That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
In few things all, in all things none are crossed;
Some things all need, and none have all their wish.

Unmingled joys here to no man befall
Who least have some; who most, hath never all.
A Rare Case of Conscience.

[From the Concord Patriot]
One of those rare cases where conscience
compels the restitution of stolen property, of-
ten in story, but seldom occurring in real life,
transpired in our city. The facts in brief are
as follows:

Mr. James Moore, hardware dealer, noticed
a man loitering about in his store a day ago,
whose peculiar manner and occasional wistful
glances plainly denoted his desire to relieve
his mind of some burden. He remained some
time in the store, but finally took his depart-
ure without stating his business.

In the afternoon he again made his appear-
ance with a companion. They seated them-
selves near the store, and after a short time,
the companion said his friend had something
to say to Mr. Moore, who thereupon invited
the man into his counting room. After a little
hesitation he announced his errand which, he
said, was a desire to refund to Mr. Moore the
value of articles stolen from his store.

He said, that, for a number of years past, he
had, at different times, purloined articles of
hardware from the store, and that lately the
crimes had weighed heavily upon his con-
science; that he had been unable to eat or
sleep in consequence, and that he wanted to
make all the reparation in his power.

He then took from his pocketbook a \$5
bill, which he handed to Mr. Moore, asking
if it was enough. Mr. Moore replied that he
knew nothing of the matter, or the amount
taken, and asked if it was not too much. After
some little deliberation the man took another
\$5 note from his pocket and said he thought
that was none too much, and would not more
than cover the value of the things he had stol-
en.

During the forenoon of the same day he
visited the store of Ward, Humphrey &
Dodge, and taking Mr. Humphrey aside, he
said he had stolen from his store, at a previous
time, a number of shovels, which he took from
his pocket and gave him. They were in a
new, bright condition, evidently never having
been used, and he said they had not. He
related the story of his thieving operations to
Mr. Humphrey, and said that he had been
a sort of a mania with him; that he had been
in the employ of a man in the town where he
lived for fifty years, and that no suspicion
of his propensities was entertained by his
friends. He talked very freely about himself,
asserting that he had suffered severe pangs of
conscience through remorse, and was determin-

ed in future to remain strictly honest. He
urged Mr. Humphrey to accept \$10, which
he tendered him, but the money was refused.

After leaving the store he went down to
D. L. Guernsey's bookstore, and calling him
to one side presented an old copy of the New
Hampshire Register, which, he said, he had
stolen from him some time ago, and wished to
pay for. He burst into tears as he made the
confession, and said that he had frequently
indulged his peculating disposition there, and
desired to make ample restitution. He also
related the story of his companions to Mr.
Guernsey, and said that he had been convert-
ed to religion. He paid down five or six
dollars, which he thought would cover the
value of goods abstracted.

The above were all the visits the man
made in this city; and those with whom he
conferred, and to whom he made restitution,
were satisfied that his repentance was sincere.
His character is represented by those who have
known him for years to be good; and it must
have been a genuine work of conscience which
made him confess that he secretly deserved an
opposite reputation. We have the man's
name and location, but deem it improper to
publish them, as it would be wrong to
engraft a stigma on the reputation of one who
has, as above described, acted so honorably
and exhibited proof of true repentance for past
misdeeds.

Interesting Case.

RITCHIE'S SECRET.

BY FRANCIS H. BADEN.

You are hard on him, Edward. If—
If—yes, if I did not endeavor to put some re-
straint on him, he would end his course either in
the state prison or worse. He had not a de-
fendant constantly in you, my course would be
less difficult, said Edward Bryant, glancing
about him, at the pale, gentle looking woman beside
him.

Oh, Edward! how can you talk so? I do not
try to defend him only when I think you are un-
just. If you would only be not quite so harsh,
and sometimes say an encouraging word. Draw
him closer to you. Let him talk to you as he does
to me.

Rebecca, do stop this nonsense. You may have
time to listen to the boy's idle talk, and to talk
back, as women generally do. But my mind is
on matters of more importance. If you will not
interfere, I can govern him. And I am determined
that I will stop his going out every evening, or—
well, he shall not return here if he does.

Oh, Edward, indeed he does not go into any
wicked company. He assures me he does not.
And you believe him?
Yes, I do.

Well, I know he meets boys he would not dare
bring here. And I have heard they spend
their evenings playing cards; and I doubt not
drinking too.

Edward, Richard does not deny he has been
with those boys. But since the time you told him
about it, and I pleaded so with him, he has never
been there. He constantly assures me of this, and
I have confidence in his words.

Rebecca, I am not so foolish as to believe he is
in a place where any good can be obtained. Why
should he conceal it? I shall tell him to-night, if
he is absent from home ever again after nine
o'clock, I will not let him in—that I am deter-
mined upon, said Edward Bryant.

The poor mother knew it was of no avail to ut-
ter any word of remonstrance.
She busied herself about her house, finding ex-
tra work to keep her from moments of idleness,
lest she should spend time in thinking and worry-
ing over the burden so hard to bear.

School was out; she heard the boys coming
along the pavement; soon after, Richard's foot-
steps. She knew the quick, light tread. The door
opened; a bright, laughing face peeped in, the
merry eyes glancing quick around the room, thro'
the open door into the next, and then he came
in. I'm glad you are home early. I want to talk to
you before father comes, said his mother.

And I want to talk to you too, mamma. What
do you want to tell me?
Richard, my dear, father thinks very hard of
your going out every evening after tea, and some-
times staying quite late. You will not do so any
more, will you? that is, not for awhile. Perhaps
father will feel differently, and let you go some-
times. And another thing, you should ask his
permission.

Mother, if I did, you know he would snap out,
No, sir! and then when I went, which I should
have to, I should be disobeying him. And so, you
see, that would make it worse, Richard answered,
his face losing its brightness, growing defiant and
dark.

When your father says 'No,' you must not dis-
obey. Richard, promise me you will not go out to-
night?

Don't ask me that, mother. I've promised to go.
I came home to ask you to have supper early, so I
could get off. Mother, indeed I am in no harm—
Richard, your father said to-day, if you were out
again after nine o'clock, he would not let you come
in. Oh, my boy, save me from such a blow as
that! Promise, my darling?

Don't worry, mother. I must go, but I'll be back
very early; trust me. I'm old enough to be treat-
ed differently by father. Just think, other boys
of fifteen are not kept like I am. Father don't
love me; and if it was not for you, I'd go away
for good.

Hush! Your father does love you. It is because
he is so anxious that you may do well, that he is
perhaps a little strict. And now you know how much
his mind is troubled over money matters. That
makes him cross. You know he is trying to raise
the mortgage from this house. Winter approach-
ing, with so many extra expenses, makes it very
hard. Don't think anything else than that your
father loves you. Try to be brave, and do right,
Richard.

A coming step arrested whatever more she
would have said. A few moments after, Edward
Bryant entered.

Richard took up a book and pretended to read.
But his mother saw that the leaves were motionless.
Turning. Fearing his father might notice it also,
she set him on an errand, going out herself soon
after to give some order for supper.

This meal was eaten in silence. Having finish-
ed eating, Richard got up, put back his chair, and
was taking down his hat, when his father said, in a
stern, cold voice:

Your mother, I suppose, has informed you of my
determination. Remember, sir, you will not be ad-
mitted after nine o'clock.

Richard looked at his mother and passed out.
Trust me, his eyes said.

He came back early—before eight—that night
and the next; indeed for many nights, and some-
times he did not go out at all.

The mother's heart had almost ceased its trem-
bling, when Richard came to her one evening, and
whispered:

Don't be frightened if I am a little later to-
night. I'll make the time, but may be, only by the
last minute.

Oh, be sure not a moment later. But why?
You have been so good lately, pleaded the anxious
mother.

I'll tell you soon. Don't worry, he whispered,
and was gone.

How swiftly the moments flow after half past
eight! She was about saying, "Surely that clock
is fast," when the thought that by thus speaking
she might remind Edward of what possibly he
might not be thinking of, checked her.

Five minutes of nine. Her heart was sinking,
when—oh, joy!—stepping steps came down the
pavement, and he! home in time.

Several nights passed in the same dreadful way;
and then nine o'clock came, and a quarter ticked
rapidly by. Then, to her waiting, terrified heart,
the moments became longer, the next quarter
more than doubling the other, it seemed, and so
on until ten was just striking, when she heard him
coming. Terrified, excited, she sprang up to admit
him, when her husband put forth his hand, drew
her down, and said:

You must not. I will speak to him.
In vain she pleaded, beseeched and prayed. And
to the boy's entreaty, "Let me in, father, and I
will explain all about it," he was deaf.

"It is needless to recount her tearful words, as
she tried to touch the iron heart, by drawing his
mind back to the days of Richard's infancy, when
he was so innocent and full of love: 'Loving
father better than ever, mother,' she said; 'of their
plans in those days for his future; of temptations
so difficult for youths to resist; and how she shivered,
and spoke of the cold night, and his having no
clothing to protect him—all, all in vain.

No fear of his suffering; let him return to his
friends, where he has been all the evening, was
the only answer he made her.

Pressing her lips close to the door, she cried:
My boy, I can only pray for you. Oh, Richard,
think of mother, praying for you, and keep from
evil.

Don't worry, I'll fix it all right, she heard him
whisper. And then he moved away. His steps
grew fainter; and when she heard them no more,
she went with trembling feet up to her room, and
sank on the floor. In the anguish of the moment
she cried:

"Oh, God, why are children given to those who
thus trifle with so sacred a trust!"

She knew Richard would be too proud to ask a
shelter of any friend, under the circumstances.
Where would he go? "Oh, God, shield him from
evil!" She prayed on and on, oft repeating this
cry.

Richard had no definite plan for the night.
He started and walked away, not knowing
where. Temptation lurks everywhere. He
had just turned the corner when a voice called
out:

Dick!

Turning, he saw one of his former compan-
ions, a youth three or four years older than
Richard, and one of those his father had spoken
of.

Cold, hungry and tired—worse still, his
young heart filled with indignation—Richard
was reckless, or he would never have answer-
ed the youth's inquiry:

What's up? with, Father has locked me
out, and I don't much care where I fetch up.
Oh, you'll get used to it in time. Come on;
take a night with me.

A shout of welcome greeted their entrance
into a place comfortable enough to induce
Richard to tarry; plenty to eat, and too much
to drink.

Come on! Take a bit, Dick, and then we'll
have some fun. Haven't forgot how to shuffle
cards, old boy, hey?

What is the matter with him? He is ill,
cried some one; and his companion, turning,
caught him as he was falling from his seat.

It's this hot room; it is as hot as—Let
us get him into the air.

The hot room and the fumes of liquor had
been too much for Richard, in his exhausted
state. They placed him on a cushion out in
the passage.

I'll be all right in a little while, he said.
The cool air revived him. His brain clear-
ed. He was strong and right.

Richard, mother is praying for you, seemed
whispered again in his ear.

He got up quickly, and went out again into
the street.

The poor miserable mother rested on no
pillow that night. Sitting beside the win-
dow, she strained her ear to every sound.
Near day she fell asleep for a few moments.

Edward Bryant had slept but in the either
He was not perfectly well satisfied with his
night's work. Going into the kitchen, he
unlocked the door, turned the knob, and was
about pulling it open, when it flew back, and
Richard fell in.

I think the stern nature of his father was
softened as he saw the boy rise up, shiver,
and sink into the nearest seat.

Not waiting for the servant, Edward Bryant
stepped to kindle the fire. As soon as it was
burning well, he said:

You had better come near the fire, in a kind
tone.

Richard obeyed mechanically, again sinking
weary into the chair.

The mother's knock ear must have caught
the sound from below, for in a very few mo-
ments she was beside her boy.

Putting her arms round him she found his
clothes quite wet. Looking out, she saw it
raining during the night.

Hurrying away, she returned with dry
clothes, and assisted him in putting them on.

Every movement of Richard's told that he
was suffering, yet he had no complaint.

He eat very little if any breakfast, but
drank a cup of hot coffee; after which he
seemed much better, and started to school.

His father was just stepping out of the
door, a half hour after, when a carriage
drove up. The driver, a friend, jumped out,
saying:

I found Richard on his way to school, and
have brought him back to you. He is really
ill. You had better get him to bed, and send
for your physician.

Yes, Richard was ill. Days passed, and the
encouraging smile from the good doctor's
face. He shook his head gravely in answer
to the parents' oft repeated inquiry, "Will he
live?"

Oh, the anguish that filled the father's
heart! If Richard was spared, how differently
would he act toward him in the future, he
thought. If he could only call back that dead
face!

But though he was with the weight of sorrow and remorse, Edward Bry-
ant had yet to drink of a more bitter cup.

The day they hovered around their boy's
bed, watching the sleep, the awakening from
which would be life or death, a visitor came.
The miserable father went down to meet a
friend of Richard's, as he announced himself—

In answer to his inquiry, Mr. Bryant told
the little hope he had.

Well, well, poor boy, the gentleman said:
I have been keeping a secret for him. But
perhaps he may never be able to tell it him-
self, and you ought to know before—Here he
hesitated. Well, I am sorry he could not
have the pleasure himself. Here, sir, is
Richard's money—seventy-five dollars. He
has been working with me for months past, at
night. I suppose you know he is a pretty
good hand at printing?

Richard's father could only shake his head
and groan.

Yes, he has been with my boys, learning for
a year past. But you see, he wanted to give
you a pleasant surprise, and a lift with the
winter's expenses, he said; and so here it is.
I was afraid he was going to be sick that last
night. You have a boy to be proud of. He
is the true steel. God grant he may be spar-
ed you.

Should he die, I have killed him! groaned
forth the miserable man.

And in his anguish he told of all his unjust
suspicions, and his cruel treatment that terri-
ble night.

I am sorry, friend Bryant, to add one drop
to your cup of bitterness; but I can't help
saying you've been on the wrong path with
that boy. And if he had been with you
believed, driving a boy from home, and shut-
ting the door against him, is not the way to
keep him from evil. Poor boy! Good boy!

And I have killed him! groaned the father.
Every day of his life thanks God he was spared
that dreadful blow. Richard never had cause
after to doubt his father's love, or the father
to doubt his father's worthiness; there is perfect
confidence between them. And the mother's
heart has ceased its trembling, knowing the
father's love is united as truly with hers as
when, in Richard's infancy, they watched togeth-
er beside his cradle.

BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women
thinks their own beauty or their own ugliness.
Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man
"who was uglier than he had any business to be,"
and, if he could but read it, every human being
carries his life in his face, and is good looking or
the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On
our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion
are eternally at work. Beauty is not the
monopoly of blooming young men and of white
and pink maidens. There is a slow growing beau-
ty, which only comes to perfection in old age.
Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness
improves the longer it exists. Sweeter smiles
have been seen from a lip of seventy than upon a
lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of you h
and the beauty of holiness—a beauty much upon a
seldom met, and more frequently found in the
arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around
his knees, than in the ball room or promenade.
Husband and wife who have fought the world side
by side, who have made common stock of joy and
sorrow, and aged together, are not infrequently
found curiously alike in personal appearance, and
in tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach,
exposed to the same tidal influences, are each
other's exact self.

A LADY'S OPINION.—The meaneat and most
contemptible of mankind may yet find some femi-
nine advocate, and male coquettes have had it,
seems, at least one defender. The poet Campbell
says that he once heard a lady distinguished for
beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence
from the charge of having been culpable in pay-
ing attentions to ladies without intending to follow
them up by an offer of his hand. A gentleman
replied that Sir Thomas was highly blameable.
"No," replied the lady, who was said to have been
herself the temporary object of the great painter's
attentions—"no, not exactly; not so much to
blame," said the lady, musingly. "What?" ex-
claimed the gentleman. "You astonish me. Not
to blame for such conduct?" "No, not so much,"
was still the lady's musing response. "Can you
really, madame," said the gentleman, "ad-
vocate such behaviour as desertion?" "Why, sir,"
interrupted the lady, "to confess the truth, I am
firmly of the opinion that the majority of women
would rather be coquetted and jilted than not be
coquetted at all."

Great Men and Little Things.

Sir Philip Francis once waited upon Burke
by appointment, to read over to him some
papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquen-
cies. He called on Mr. Burke in a great hurry;
to the house of a friend with whom he was en-
gaged to dine. He found him in the garden,
holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful
animal is this!" said Mr. Burke; "observe its
structure, its legs, its wings, its eyes."
"I have you," said Sir Philip, "close your
time in admiring such an animal, when you
have so many objects of real moment to attend to."
"Yet I cannot," said Mr. Burke, "ac-
cording to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes,
measured the proportion which its size bore to
the space it passed over in its skip. I think
the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its
length; let me see." "My dear friend," said
Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us
walk in, and let me read my papers to you."
It to the house they walked; Sir Philip began
to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen.
At length Sir Philip having misplaced a paper,
a pause ensued. I think, said Mr. Burke,
that paterfamilias are now agreed that locusts,
not cicadas, is the Latin word for grasshopper.
What is your opinion, Sir Philip? My opin-
ion, said Sir Philip, picking up his papers,
and preparing to move off, is, that till the
grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle
to talk to you of the affairs of India.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—It would be more oblig-
ing to say plainly, we cannot do what is de-
sired, than to mislead people with false words,
which often put them upon false measures.

Do not let sheep spoil their wool with chaff
or burs.