



California Vinegar
Vegetable preparation,
the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
region, the medicinal pro-
perties extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
is, "What is the cause
of success of VINEGAR BIT-
TERS is, that they remove
the acid, and the patient recov-
ers. They are the great blood
giving principle, a perfect
regulator of the system.
The history of the world has
unquestionably proved the
efficacy of VINEGAR BIT-
TERS of every disease man is
re a gentle Purgative, as
Liver and Visceral Organs,
enjoy good health, let
a Bitters as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants

DONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston, New York.
Ruggles and Dealers.

an take these Bitters
sections, and remain long
their bones are not de-
al poison or other means
rusted beyond repair.

UNUSUALS proclaim VINEGAR
wonderful invigorant the
e sinking system.

nitent, and Intermitt-
ich are so prevalent in the
cat rivers throughout the
pecially those of the dis-
souri, Illinois, Tennessee,
ansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,
to, James, and many others,
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d dryness, are invariably
extensive derangements of
liver, and other abdominal
r treatment, a purgative,
rful influence upon these
is essentially necessary.
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n's VINEGAR BITTERS, as
y remove the dark-colored
in which the bowels are
and thus the liver, and
generally restora-
functional of the digestive

r Indigestion, Headache,
suffers, Coughs, Tightness
giness, Sour Eructations of
d Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
diation of the Heart, Inflam-
mation, Pain in the region of
a hundred other painful
he offerings of Dyspepsia,
prove a better guarantee
of lengthened enjoyment.

King's Evil, White Swol-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
an Inflammation, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
s of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
se, as in all other constitu-
Walker's VINEGAR BITTERS
in great curative powers in
ate and intractable cases.

amatory and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Remittent
nt Fevers, Diseases of the
liver, and Bladder, these
equal. Such Diseases are
ted Blood.

Diseases.—Persons en-
its and Minerals, such as
setters, Gold-beaters, and
advance in life, are subje-
to the Bowels. To guard
for a dose of WALKER'S VIN-
occasionally.

Diseases, Eruptions, Tetor,
otches, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
rhuquies, Ringworms, Scalds,
Erysipelas, Itch, Scours,
of the Skin, Humors and
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In all cases of jaunty, red
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le Vitiated Blood when-
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a you find it obstructed and
e veins; cleanse it when it is
ings will tell you when. Keep
and the health of the system

DONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston, New York.
Ruggles and Dealers.

OUR PRINTING DONE
FICE.

The St. Andrews Standard.

Published by A. W. Smith.

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THE SIMPLE CHURCH.

I've been to Quaker meeting, wife, and I shall go again.
It was so quiet and so neat, so simple and so plain;
The angels seemed to gather there, from off the other shore,
And fold their wings in quietness, as though they'd been before.

There was no high priced organ there, no costly singing choir,
To help you raise your thoughts to God, and holiness inspire;
But sitting still in silence, we seemed to feel and know

The still, small voice that entered in and told the way to go.

The walls were free from paintings and costly works of art,
That in our modern churches seems to play so large a part;
For it seems they each endeavor to please the eye of man,
And lose all thoughts of plainness in every church they plan.

The windows had no colored glass, to shed a gloom around,
But God's pure sunlight entered, unrestrained and all unbound,
And centered in a little spot, so bright, it seemed to me
A glimpse of brightness somewhat like our future home will be.

There was no learned minister, who read as from a book,
And showed that he had practiced his every word and look;
But a sermon full of wisdom was preached by an old friend,
That took right hold of all our thoughts, and held them to the end.

He used no long, high-sounding words, and had a sing-song way.
In drawing out his sentences, in what he had to say;
But told the truth, and told it so that every one who heard
Seemed to feel the prompting Spirit, more than just the spoken word.

There was no pulpit decked with flowers of beauty rich and rare,
And made from costly foreign woods, almost beyond compare;
But plain and simple as the truths that we had that day heard,
The common painted gallery did much to help the word.

There was no bustle, noise or stir as each one took his seat,
But silence settled over all, not solemn, but so sweet,
As each one in his quiet way implored for strength to know

The right and wrong in everything, and asked the way to go.

It seemed, when I was there, wife, so peaceful and so still,
That I was in God's presence, and there to do His will;
The simple, peaceful quiet did more to move my heart
Than any worship yet had done, with all its show and art.

I'm going there again, wife, and you will like it, too,
I know what it has done for me—'twill do the same for you;
And you, when once you've entered through the plain but open door,
Will wonder why you've never tried the simple church before. I. D. Valentine.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fire burns cheerful on the hearth,
The great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney,
up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I drew my chair nearer to it with a shiver.

"What a night!" I say.

"Is it still snowing?" asked my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you."

"Heaven help any poor creature on the road to-night!" says she.

"Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being benighted in the moon in a snow-storm."

"Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now."

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highlands is her's. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally I decide that in future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing, and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife and also inform her that it is past eleven. As she lights her candle at a side table I hear a whining and scratching at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says she. "Would you let him in, dear?"

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let in the poor animal. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him he wouldn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he uns back a few steps, looking around to see if I am following; and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out.

"Laddie won't come in," I call out to my wife. "On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snow ball with him."

She throws a shawl round her and comes to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

"Laddie, Laddie!" she calls, "come in, sir." He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

"I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say. "A night in the snow won't hurt him," and I prepare to close the door.

"You will do nothing of the kind!" she replies with an anxious look. "But you will rouse the servants at once and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it."

I laugh. "Really, Jessie, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow or not?"

"Because he has found them and come back to us for help. Look at him now."

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavoring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. "Why won't you believe me?" he seems to ask.

"Come," she continues; "you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow-creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us."

What is a poor hen-pocked man to do? I grumble and resist and yield; as I have often grumbled and resisted and yielded before, and as I doubtless shall do again.

"Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead," Jessie says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with brandy and get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants.

They are all English, with the exception of Donald, the gardener, and I can see they are scoffingly skeptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's night.

"Donna trouble yourself," I hear old Donald say. "The mistress is right enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snow this night."

"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say as we start. "We may be out half the night on this wild-goose chase."

"Follow Laddie closely," is the only answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on the moor, the

moon struggles for a moment through the driving, and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us. "It's hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay," says John, the coachman, confidently, "to think as we should find anybody on such a night as this! Why in some places the snow is more than a couple of feet thick, and it goes again!" reason to think that a dumb animal would have the sense to come home and fetch help.

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," says old Donald. "I dinna ken what your English dogs can do; but a collie, though it has na been pleasing to Providence to give the creature the gift of speech, can do many mair things than them that wad deride it."

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow by which we are guessing at our path. I begin to wish I had staid at home, when suddenly I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shoveled away the snow? A dark object. It is a bundle of rags! Is it—or alas! was it a human being? We rouse it carefully and tenderly, wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought provided us. "Bring the lantern," I say huskily; and John holds it over the prostrate form of, not as we might have expected, some stunted shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor, shriveled, wrinkled old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor helpless burden over the snow.

"I'm afraid your mistress will be in bed," I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

As we reach the avenue gate I despatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's-throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me. "Well?" she asks eagerly.

"We have found a poor old woman," I say; "but I do not know whether she is alive or dead."

My wife throws her arms around me and gives me a great hug.

"You will find dry things and a jug of hot toddy in your dressing-room, dear," she says; and that is all the revenge she takes on me for my skepticism. The poor old woman is carried up stairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction; and before the doctor arrives she has shown some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr. Bruce shakes his head when he sees her. "Poor old soul," he says; "how came she out on the moor on such a fearful night? I doubt she has received a shock, which at her age she will not easily get over."

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water down her throat; and presently a faint color flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and then lays her back among the soft pillows. "I think she will rally now," says Dr. Bruce, and as her breathing becomes more audible and regular. Nourishment and warmth will do the rest; but she has received a shock from which I fear, she will never recover; and so saying he takes his leave.

By and by I go up to the room, and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks up at me with tears in her eyes. "Poor old soul," she says. "I

am afraid she will not rally, from the cold and exposure."

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclosed, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says soothingly: "Don't try to speak. You are among friends; and when you are better you shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep."

"You must come to bed now, Jessie," I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up for the remainder of the night."

But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post; so I leave her watching and retire to my solitary chamber.

When we meet in the morning I find that the little old woman has spoken a few words and seems stronger. "Come in with me now," says my wife, and let us try to find out who she is." We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.

"How are you now?" asks Jessie bending over her.

"Better, much better, thank you, good lady," she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. "And very grateful to you for your goodness."

I hear at once by the accent that she is English. "Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you were going?" continues my wife.

"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, now I doubt I shall ever see him more," says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness.

"Where is your lad, and how far have you come?"

"My lad is a soldier at Fort George; and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies." And then, brokenly, with long pauses of weariness and weakness, the little old woman tells us her painful story.

Her lad, she tells us, is her only remaining child she had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine.

My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her simple and touching story, and I walk to the window and look out for a moment before I am able to ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her that we are but a few miles from Fort George; and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illumines the withered face. "His name is John Salter," she says. "He is a tall, handsome lad; they will know him by that."

I hasten down stairs and write a short note to Col. Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstance, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once, and I dispatch my groom in the dog-cart, that may bring him back without loss of time. As I return to the house after seeing him start, I meet Dr. Bruce leaving the house.

"Poor old soul," he says "her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live 'till her son comes."

As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are wide open, and have an eager, expectant look in them.

"At what time may we expect them?" whispered my wife to me.

"Not before four," I answer in the same tone.

"He will be too late, I fear," she says, "she getting rapidly weaker."

But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes. All through the winter's day she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given to her, but never speaking except to say: "My lad, my lad! God is good; he will not let me die until my son comes."

And at last I hear the dog-cart. I lay my finger on my lip, and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly.

But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with a last effort of her remaining strength, she raises herself and stretches out her arms. "My lad, my lad!" she whispers, as with a great sob she springs forward, and mother and son are clasped in each others arms once more. For a moment they remain so. Then the little old woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

She lies in our little church-yard under a spreading yew-tree, and on the stone which marks her resting are inscribed the words, "Faithful unto Death." Our Laddie has gained far-spread renown for his good works, and, as I sit finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.—Chambers' Journal.

SYSTEM.—Whatever you do, have system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labor, a multitude of perplexities, kept his workshop in order, and enable him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating temptations; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy without it.

AN UNCLEAN CHINESE CITY.

Our experience of Amoy's uncleanness began with the sedan chairs hired for our tour among the hills. If I did any justice to them by a description I might find some improper words in this part of my letter when I came to read it over, therefore I refrain; but there were tatters, also cobwebs, and one could not help thinking that smallpox might be lurking in the grimy folds of the curtains. The streets, of course, were very narrow and crooked, and I believe I could have counted from twenty to thirty different colors, each worse than the last, as we were borne around sharp corners, up struggling lanes where black pigs and yellow children appeared quite as blissful as if they had pure oxygen to breathe. The people of Amoy do a great deal of cooking out in the streets, frying in rancid oil many of their delicacies, and the foreign barbarian who is unable to appreciate these savory dishes goes on his way with elevated nose and face of extreme disgust. It made me laugh to see the expressions of our little company, at least of those whose noses were not protected by handkerchiefs. I would not cover mine, for I was no less determined to see all there was to see than to smell all there was to smell, and Arthur said I sniffed the breezes as if they came from a garden of jessamines! [From "New Dominion Monthly" for Sept.]

COURAGE.—A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but just jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well long before the flood, where a man could support his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle, and his particular friends, until one day he finds he is sixty years of age; then he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no time to follow their advice.