tice.

ious accident occasioning
g obstructions on the
the public are hereby no-
son leaving rubbish or
eets or side walks in this
on the penalty according

20th Nov., 1872.
OMAS BIPWELL,
missioner District No.

HOTEL COMPANY.

given that a Fourth
ent on the Capital Stock
n ordered by the Direc-
ubscribers are required to
their respective shares on
ay of DECEMBER, 1872, to
W. B. MORRIS,
Secretary.
, 1872.

TION.

e MARY, has left my bed
at any cause or provoca-
persons from harboring
ccount, as I will not hold
ny debts of her contract.

MOS H. BARTLETT.
72. 3ip

& CAPS.

VARIETY,
rd. Dolly Varden, Duke
er styles to numerous to
Honarch Shakspeare Paper
perfect fit and durability,
ine of Gents. Furnishing

itches in Jute and Linen,
d small wares. Ladies,
OOTS & SHOES, worked
d OTTAMANS.
and colored, plain, striped
s—in bleached and un-
Miller's White Cottons,
&c.
Small Profits and quick
shall be sold at the lowest,

on the corner of Water
opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-

for the elegant "Davis
h has been so celebrated
sample of which can be
price and conditions en

MES BRADLEY.
St. Andrews,

NOTICE

the following Non-Resi-
Parish of St. George, has
for the year 1872, and
ether with the cost of ad-
within three months from
be sold according to law :—
Property $8.40
NALD CAMPBELL,
1872. Collector.

OU TEA.

" from London.
Half Chests good Congou

J. W. STREET

MACHINES.

AMILY SHOULD HAVE
inal Weed Sewing
chines.
Machines are now on sale a
e the public are invited to
themselves.

AMES STOOP,
Agent.

Farm for Sale.

fers for sale his Property so
commands a splendid view
Bay, the Islands and sou-
he place is pleasantly situ-
shore of the Bay, the Saint
gh it, rendering it a most
idence and farm, in a plea-
within six miles of the town
e farm contains 100 Acres,
under cultivation; cuts 25
d pasturage, is well watered
ed; on the premises are a
g House, with two large

be sold with or without the
particulars, apply at the
r to

JAMES ORR, JR.
on the premises.

IAL NOTICE.

S in a variety of STYLES

PARASOLS,
at the
J. S. Magee

ACK TEA.
ointer' from New York.
SOUCHONG TEA.
or duty paid at lowest rates
OOD CLEWLEY & CO.
St Stephen.

ANGE HOTEL,
King Street.
tephen N B
J. NEILL, Proprietor

The St. Andrews Standard.

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

No 5 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 29, 1873. Vol 40

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JAS. S. CARNEGY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

THE PRAYER OF THE BEREAVED.

BY ISABELLA BIRD.

Saviour, whose crown'd humanity
Still stoops to wipe the tearful eye,
Unto whose ear the voiceless sigh
Pleads not in vain;
Thou who the broken heart hast heal'd,
Look on the woe to Thee reveal'd,
The burning fount of tears unseal'd,
This bitter pain.

If blindly on a mortal head
With lavish hand I fondly shed
Gifts on Thy shrine more fitly laid,
Saviour, forgive!
With earthly love compelled to part,
Stricken by sorrow's keenest dart,
Have mercy on this wounded heart,
And healing give.

If mortal accents all too dear
With their deep music filled my ear,
So that Thy voice I failed to hear,
O Christ, forgive!
Turn not this human heart to stone,
But once again with magic tone,
Thrill through its chambers dark and lone,
Bidding it live.

If I have made a mortal eye
The star of my idolatry,
In whose dear light I hope to die,
Or longed to live—
If one lov'd image ever seen
Thy glory and my soul between,
Forbade my trust on Thee to lean—
Jesus, forgive!

For thou for man didst bend the knee,
Anguish'd, in dark Gethsemane,
Nor scorn'd, in Thine extremity,
A servant's aid;
And on our dreariests wastes below
Thy human footprints left to show
That every storm of mortal woe
Broke o'er Thy head.

Touched with our infirmity,
Rich in all human sympathy,
Brother of our humanity,
Oh, Royal Priest!—
This heart I on Thine altar lay,
A bleeding sacrifice to-day,
And from its quiv'ring depths, I pray,
Be Thou my rest.

Sustain the trembling soul that dies,
Raise to Thyself these dreaming eyes,
And to its home within the skies
Call back my love.
Anchor my hope within the vail,
That when this flesh and heart shall fail,
I may with joy Thy summons hail,
To Heaven above.

Fresh from over the sea, in a volume just from the press, comes the following anecdote of the late Lord Brougham, which is not, tho' it ought to be, found in his memoirs:

During the legal absence of Mr. (afterward Lord) Campbell on his matrimonial trip with the ci devant Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Court of King's Bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in the case."

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own.—"He was, my lord; but I understand he is ill."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the judge, taking snuff.

"My lord," replied Mr Brougham, "it is whispered that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the 'Scarlet' fever."

THE POOR SOLDIER OF FLENSBURG.

Some years ago, some soldiers were quartered at Flensburg, in Schleswig, foreigners who during the many years of peace had little to do. Some of them had married, of whom the majority, especially those who had large families, were reduced to great poverty. Poverty is hard to bear, and when it amounts to hunger and nakedness it is indeed like a sword. God help those who are thus tempted! for he alone can help. Of this the following story is a striking example.

One of those soldiers was sent with a despatch, as an orderly, several miles across the country. As he returned during the night, he passed about midnight a bleaching-mill, and perceived a quantity of linen placed upon a hedge to bleach, but which the owners had forgotten to take in at nightfall.

He rode very slowly, and thought, with a sigh, "Oh, what an abundance? Could it be really a great harm to take out of this large quantity a piece to sell for my poor children? The owner would scarcely feel the loss of it, and it would be a great help in my poverty, the injustice could not be so very great."

He stopped his horse and dismounted. But when he came to the hedge, a voice within seemed to say to him, "It is a sin. Till now thou hast never stolen, and now thou shouldst not do it."

He left the hedge, and quickly mounted his horse. But he soon looked round again; the temptation rose before him with greater power; the sorrow in his home, his many hungry children stood before his mind. He again dismounted, and again stood before the hedge. But his conscience a second time awoke. The struggle was hard, but the power of the inner voice overcame, and without having taken the linen, a second time he mounted his horse. One would now suppose that he had conquered the temptation; but it was not long before the soldier again looked back, and more powerfully than ever did the thought of his distress and misery take possession of him.

The tempter now approached him on another side. He began to argue with himself, and to place the affair before him in every possible light. He thought, "What is the whole of it? what then can one piece of linen be to such a man? A trifle; but which would be the greatest relief and comfort to me in my misery. Here a great evil can be alleviated by a mere trifle; so such a deed plainly cannot be so very wicked. And for what purpose did it so happen that the linen should have been forgotten to be taken in on that very night when my road led me close by it? Was not this opportunity for help placed purposely in my path?"

One moment, and the thing is done!

He quickly dismounted from his horse, and clambered up to the hedge; but just as he was putting out his hand to take the linen, conscience again spoke: "What art thou doing? Whither art thou going?" it cried within him. "It is sin; say what thou wilt, represent it to thyself as thou wilt, still it is a theft, if thou takest any of it away." Then he beheld his poor children again, when in the previous winter he had not been able to protect against famine and frost. As a father, he reflected he should care for his children, and here was a means placed in his way—but a sinful means; "and as I shall have to give an account for every deed, for this action I must give account in the judgment-day."

He was now in the most painful state of excitement; the struggle was at its height; he took off his hat, raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and prayed aloud, "Oh, Lord, look down graciously upon me, help me and control me! For the sake of Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son, look down upon me, poor sinner! Be gracious to me, and help me!"

His prayer was heard. Like chaff before the wind, the temptation fled from him. With joy and freedom he mounted his horse, and inwardly thanked the Lord, who had helped him out of this temptation, which would have brought a curse and destruction upon him; indeed he now felt in his heart an inexpressible joy that he had turned to the Lord in faith. But before he rode further he turned his horse on one side, and trotted quickly into the miller's courtyard.

When he knocked at the door, the miller opened a window, and called out, "Who's there?"

"An orderly from Flensburg," was the answer. "I want only a couple of words with you."

But the miller had already closed the window, for he thought an orderly from Flensburg at midnight must have something important to communicate. He quickly dressed himself, and exclaiming "What is it?" opened the door.

"My dear miller," said the soldier, "as I was riding by, I perceived that you had forgotten to take in your linen which was left on the hedge to bleach. This is no business of mine, but I will conceal nothing from you. I am a very poor soldier, and have a wife and five little children, who are nearly naked and starving. My miserable condition, and the abundant stock which I saw here displayed, induced me to stop, and I was grievously and severely tempted to approach it too nearly. Three times I dismounted from my horse; my great distress, and the good opportunity of relieving it on the one side, and conscience, the thought of sin and judgment on the other, exerted within me a violent struggle; I was assaulted on all sides, and it seemed as if I must submit. Then I looked up to heaven, and I prayed to the Almighty. He heard me, he gave me new confidence, new power of resistance. I gave up my sinful design, and with free and joyful heart mounted my horse. Now I might have gone on my way, but, friend miller, this is a high road, along which many pass; others may come after me during the night and be similiarly tempted, and perhaps fall. This would be a bad thing; therefore I am come to ask you to take in your linen. And now I will wish you a good night."

"My good soldier," said the miller, "come in, and take a little refreshment. The air is cold to-night."

The offer was not unacceptable to the soldier, for he was hungry and thirsty. He dismounted, and went into the house with the miller, who brought out bread and butter, cheese and bacon, which he set before him, together with a jug of beer, all welcome provisions to a poor, hungry soldier, and told him to make a good meal, while in the meantime he went and awoke the servants, who then went out and brought in the linen, of which not a piece was missing. The soldier, as he enjoyed his good fare, said to himself, "Oh, God, thou hast hitherto helped me, thou helpest me now again, thou will help me in the future." So he sat down, and rejoiced in the Lord, and when he had finished he devoutly clasped his hands, bent his head reverently, and silently uttered a short thanksgiving; then he stood up, gave the miller his hand, and thanked him heartily for the refreshment, and wishing him God's blessing, was about to depart.

But the miller brought out a piece of linen, and said, "Look here, my good soldier, this is the largest and best piece of all those which were left to bleach; because in the fear of God you so steadfastly resisted sin, and sought help from the Lord in prayer, take it as a remembrance, take it in all honor. If you are ever in great distress, or if your way should lead you here again, do not forget to come and see me."

The heart of the bearded veteran was deeply touched, the tears rolled down his sun-burnt cheeks; this was too unexpected, too much for him. He could not speak, but he took the piece of linen with a look which spoke more distinctly than all words of gratitude.

This, dear reader, is a circumstance which really happened, many years ago, and contains the important lesson that prayer, in the name of Jesus, is a helper in distress, and a protection in temptation. The soldier listened to the voice of his conscience, and resisted when he was tempted He cried unto the Lord in his trouble, when his strength failed him. And this adventure was of use to the worthy soldier ever after. It led him on every occasion of difficulty to lift up his heart in prayer. In his inward conflicts, as well as outward temptations, he said, "I come as a poor sinner to thee, O Lord; I am not worthy of thy mercy, and can only plead with thee, through the merits of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, that thou wilt be gracious unto me, and by the Holy Spirit strengthen and help me!"

Scientific Piscatory Ingenuity.

An English missionary to China, the Rev. George Smith, says that, on one of his aquatic excursions, he saw some Chinese fishermen at their vocation in a way to quite astonish him They had a model of a fish made of bright tin, which was slowly dragged along at the end of a line fastened to the boat. The fish in all directions swam towards the decoy. It seemed to possess a peculiar fascination Far back in the rear was another boat, carrying a net; when it was judged there were fish enough congregated about the object of their attraction, the oarsmen slacked a little while the net men approached and dropped the sein, widely extended; they then gradually brought the extremities together, and generally made a successful haul

Those same people with long hair practice another adroit method of fishing, which might be practiced here with equal advantage. They hang a highly bright varnished strip of board along the outside of the gunwale of a boat, at an angle about that of the roof of a house When ready on the fishing ground, torches are lighted. The varnished board intensifies the light and throws it at an angle far off into the water. Curiosity, or some other sentiment, prompts the fish to follow up the rays. They rush on with such speed that when they see the boat, which seems to be an obstruction, they leap over the rowlocks inside, just where they are wanted.

Another method practiced, which the observant missionary often saw, was by trained cormorants. They dived down from the boat and rarely failed to bring up fishes in their bills. To prevent them from swallowing the captured prey, each had a metallic ring on its neck, through which nothing could pass. Occasionally it was removed that the birds might be encouraged with a few morsels of food.

Both science and art are recognized in these bland and childlike piscatory processes.

Fight with a Kangaroo.

Kangaroo hunting, though not altogether lacking the spice of danger which gives the greatest zest to active sports, is, however, usually indebted for it to the natural difficulties of the countries ridden over, and coolness, a quick eye for overhanging branches, and a staunch and knowing horse to deal with fallen timber are, therefore, generally sufficient to enable the sportsman to bag his game and ensure him against 'a spill'—the only danger to which his anticipations carry him when setting forth on his excursion But the gentle and harmless kangaroo sometimes assumes the aspect of a formidable 'old man,' and then the chase becomes a very different matter, involving such little unpleasantness as squeezed and maimed dogs, scratched horses, and torn garments, perhaps skins.

Such an experience of catching 'a Tartar' was furnished to the Inglewood sportsmen while out kangorooing on Boort Run. They found a large mob of the animals and killed one, and then turned their attention to—'a regular boomer,'—standing nearly seven feet high, which they cut off from the rest, for, so far from making any disposition to make off, he appeared as eager for a fray as his assailants, and fearlessly rushed upon the three horsemen and five dogs opposed to him. Two of the dogs were kangaroo dogs, two others were coolies, and the fifth was a small terrier, which was the only one of the hunting party that did not seem to have too much of the battle before the fight was closed. The kangaroo dogs and coolies were successively taken up as they dashed at the 'old man's' throat, and irritated him to a squeeze, which effectually damped their ardour, and they slunk away into inglorious security, while the little terrier—too small to be hugged and too quick to be ripped—worried and teased to the end.

In the meantime the horsemen were not idle but used the sticks with which they had armed themselves to good purpose; but they had a rough antagonist to deal with, and when he got rid of the canine enemies he seemed to be quite able and willing to return the favours they were so pleantifully bestowing upon him He caught one round the waist, and tried to pull him off his horse, but luckily his grip failed, and he only succeeded in tearing trousers and thigh. He then caught the horse round the neck, and was with difficulty beaten off. He then made a rush at another of the horses' and only succeeded in dashing his claws into his hind quarters, and the startled animal went off at racing speed

After an hour and a half of this kind of work the hunters were completely fagged out and drew off their forces, and had to confess themselves beaten.

The Printer's Estate.

The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here, a dollar there, scattered over numerous small towns all over the country, miles and miles apart—how shall they be gathered together?—The paper-maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the Grocer, the tailor, and assistants to aid him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, of the wherewith to discharge the liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up and address to those widely scattered dollars something like the following:

'Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided, collect yourselves, and come home! Ye are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become proprietor, gather such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, single you will never pay the cost of gathering. Come in here, in single file, that the printer may form you into a battalion, and send you forth again, to battle for him and vindicate his credit."

Reader, are you sure you havn't a couple of the printers dollars about you?

A certain judge in Illinois, not only dispenseth justice with an even hand, but at times indulgeth in the jocose During the progress of a certain trial involving the ownership of a calf, it became of importance that the jury, in order to arrive at a just conclusion, should be sent to view for themselves the chattel in dispute. The plaintiff who had the animal in charge lived some two miles from the Court House and one of the elderly jurymen demurred at the idea of being sent so far The judge in his usual, full voice, replied, "Gentlemen, I anticipated this objection, and had the calf brought to the court yard. I thought it less trouble to bring in one calf than to send out twelve." The jury emerged into the open air, and, in presence of the calf, deliberated.

School Discipline in the "Good Old Times."

The "American Education Monthly," describing "A school in the "Olden Time," gives the following description:—

'But the most remarkable part of the school exercise was the punishments. In this department of their profession, most of the teachers were adepts, however deficient they might be in book-learning. Some of them were ferocious brutes, and shewed an ingenuity and skill in punishing the poor children, which would have made Torquemada welcome them as thoroughly qualified to administer the torture of the Inquisition or to devise new ones There were three Lovells, the father, son, and grandson, who were successively teachers in Boston from about 1760 to 1820 The elder Lovell, John, and his son James, were very cruel and tyrannical.

The venerable Dr. Cooper, a celebrated minister of Boston about the Revolutionary period, was one of John Lovell's pupils, and he told a friend, a short time before his death, that all through his life he had dreams of the school and of the tortures he endured there. Lovell's favorite mode of punishing was what he called trouncing; this was performed by stripping the boy, mounting him on another boy's back, and whipping him very severely with birch rods in the presence of the school At one time he flogged his own grandson so cruelly in this way, that his son, the boy's father, who was his assistant in the school, rose and said, "Sir, you have flogged that boy enough." The boys in his school were so much afraid of Master Lovell, that they could not study. Proctor, another Boston teacher of the same period, was equally cruel in his discipline. In New York and Philadelphia the same severity prevailed.

A Small Pox Fumigator.

The following from the Boston 'Herald" deserves consideration at the present moment: Some years ago Mr. Porter, who now has charge of the Maolis Gardens at Nahant, was living in Boston and had a houseful of young and old people as boarders and lodgers. All of a sudden a young man in the house was taken down with the regular black small pox. Of course there was great consternation in that house, but possibly nothing like what there would be to-day under the same circumstances. Mr. Porter, though he had never had the disease himself, neither had any of the other inmates of the house, took entire charge of the young man. He put him in a room on the ground floor, and carefully nursed him with his own hands. The disease took strong hold of the young man, and medical men gave him up, saying that he could not live; but Mr. Porter thought different, and still carefully nursed him. In the meantime none of the boarders left the house, while during the young man's sickness Mr. porter went daily to and from his house attending to his business, and eventually the young man recovered. No other person in the house was taken down with the disease, and no person took the disease outside the house by coming in contact with Mr. Porter, and the only precautions that he used about the house to prevent himself or others from taking the disease was the following: in the sick room, in the front hall and other parts of the house he placed small plates of coarse salt and upon this salt he daily poured about a large spoonful of the oil of vitriol. This created a vapor which permeated the whole house. It was a perfect fumigator and not attended with any unpleasant smell. Mr. Porter, before leaving the sick room, always thoroughly fumigated himself with this vapor, and thus did he prevent the spread of the disease, while he is quite confident that it was also beneficial to the sick man: and to-day he is confident in his own mind that if the same fumigator was used in houses where persons are sick with the small pox that it would prevent the spread of the disease. As we now have a Board of Health composed of gentlemen who are willing to receive suggestions and if of any worth to adopt them, to stay the spread of this terrible disease, this information is most respectfully submitted. Certainly, it is worth trying —[Telegraph.

DO IT NOW.—Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight thro' it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people make of a day; it is as if they pick up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that

(continued on last page)

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