

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

VARIES SUMMER EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

POST-PAID.

No. 52.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 27, 1876

Vol. 43.

Poetry.

The Shepherd's Call.

Little children, Jesus calls you,
Mid your work and mid your play;
Day by day his sweet voice calleth.
Listen, you will hear him say:

"Come to Me, My son, My daughter,
Give to Me thy youthful heart;
Come, for I alone can bless you,
And true happiness impart."

Jesus is our loving Shepherd,
And, when smothered in His fold,
He will keep you from all danger,
Shield you from the bitter cold.

Little lambs, your early childhood
He will fondly watch and tend;
And through little joys and sorrows
He will be your faithful friend.

He will love you, guard you, keep you,
He will be your constant Guide;
And not death itself shall harm you
While He standeth by your side.

Listen, then, for now He calls you;
Listen to His voice to-day.
Will you give your hearts to Jesus?
Sure, you will not say Him "Nay!"

Leon Meyer.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

When Leon Meyer came home from school, his mother asked him in amazement, "What's that?"

"I don't know, sir. I lost it a long time ago."

"If you please, sir," spoke up that mean Tom Boynton, "I saw him have it last night."

"Last night? Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came your knife in my desk?"

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"Last night? Are you sure?"

In a few moments the door swung softly open and a tender loving voice exclaimed:

"My darling boy!" And her warm tears fell on his face as she clasped him in her arms.

"O mother, mother, I wish I was dead!" he cried bitterly.

"No, no, my son, you must not say that, it is wicked," gently, yet firmly.

"I can't help it. Father is—so—so," he sobbed.

"Can it be true that my boy was so disobedient that he was punished?" asked his mother, reproachfully.

"No, no, mother, Tom Boynton lied to the teacher, and he flogged me. You see," eagerly.

"The desk has been filled with rubbish for several days, and yesterday Mr. Blake said he would flog the one severely that did it, if it was repeated. Well, when we got there this morning, there was the desk full of rubbish. Mr. Blake was terribly angry, and he said he would punish each pupil, if he could not find the guilty one, any other way."

"Here's a knife," exclaimed Tom, who was helping to clear the desk.

"Let me see it," said Mr. Blake.

"Tom handed it to him."

"Who owns this knife?" And O, how stern his voice was, as he held it up.

"You can't imagine how astonished I was, mother, when I saw Mr. Blake hold the knife I lost so long ago."

"Remember," softly.

With a grateful look Leon went on.

"It's mine, sir," said I.

"That was right, my darling."

"Yours!" in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir."

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"If you please, sir," spoke up that mean Tom Boynton, "I saw him have it last night."

Have you not been inclined to look down on ignorant people?"

"I am afraid I have sometimes, mamma," was the thoughtful reply. "Isn't it wrong to be so ignorant? I always thought it was."

"It is wrong and foolish, also, where it can be prevented; but many are so from necessity, and not from choice. Learning opens many avenues of pleasure, enables the possessor to command profitable employment; while ignorance is superstitious and degrading."

"How angry father was!" sighed the boy, after a short pause. He wouldn't let me explain a word."

"Some one must have misrepresented the affair to him," said Mrs. Meyer, a blush of shame suffusing her face, as she thought of her hasty-tempered husband.

"He might have let me tell him. O, dear! I wish he was like Willie Ryde's father, then I could please him sometimes."

"Do not think of it any more, but try to go to sleep, dear. Good night."

"You've been oddling that disobedient son of yours, all this time, I suppose," sneered Mr. Meyer, as his wife entered the room.

"It took me a long time to soothe Lily, she was so excited; was the quiet reply. "Since then I have been talking with Leon."

"Things have come to a pretty pass, I think, when a man can't correct a disobedient headstrong boy without such a fuss," retorted Mr. Meyer, angrily, as he paced the floor.

"You are mistaken, Francis," said his wife, gently. "Leon has done no wrong, except—"

"O no, Leon can't do wrong," sneered Mr. Meyer, savagely. "Of course it was wrong for him to fight Tom Boynton, the rascal!"

"Except to give a blow in return for bitter taunts, quietly and firmly went on the lady. "A blow repented of directly."

A quick slam of the door announced Mr. Meyer's departure.

You may think that this gentleman was not very agreeable, but if you asked his opinion, he would tell you you were much mistaken, for he was usually very pleasant. An opinion he had the pleasure of indulging alone.

Some weeks later, Leon came rushing in from school, eyes and cheeks aglow, as he exclaimed:

"The pond is frozen like a rock, and there will be splendid skating to-morrow. Most all the boys have new skates, and are going in for a glorious time. Can't I go too, father?"

Meyer frowned as he laid down his paper, saying testily:

"No, you can't."

"Why not, sir? I'll be very careful."

"I said no, I believe, and when I say no, I mean no; so not another word, angrily. "You were gone last Saturday, and you'll saw wood to-morrow, young man."

Leon swallowed very hard as he said, respectfully, "I'll finish the wood in good season, if you will let me go, sir."

"I'll flog you within an inch of your life, sir, if you go, so go if you dare," was the savage response.

Leon flushed with anger as he left the room. His lowering brow at supper-time brought a sharp reproof from his father, who ordered him to bed.

The next day was clear and bright. Leon worked away on the wood slowly, and, I am sorry to say, sulkily. He was no wise cheered as the boys went gayly by, swinging their skates and calling for him to join them.

"It's awful mean," exclaimed Willie Ryde, "I shall have a bit of fun if you are not there."

"I'm awful sorry, Willie, but I can't," replied Leon, dolefully.

"It's a burning shame; then brightly. "I'll tell you that it is, Leon, I'll help you do the wood, and then you can go and look on, if you can't skate."

And the little fellow went to work with a will. Leon didn't relish the idea of looking on, but gratefully for Willie's sympathizing help, he worked briskly, and was soon talking merrily.

"Ha, ha, if this ain't nice, staying to home sawing wood, instead of going down to the pond. Look at my new skates. There isn't such a splendid pair in town," proudly, "cause father got 'em in Boston. Tom plumed himself greatly on his father being the richest man in town."

"They're no better than the pair Uncle Walter sent me," said Leon.

Tom was angry directly, and calling Leon all manner of names, finally walked off in a towering passion. The wood was soon finished, and Leon ran into the house to ask his mother if he might go and see the skaters. A ready consent was given and two boys bounded like deer.

Two or three hours later there was a quick ring of the bell and a frightened little boy gasped, as Mrs. Meyer opened the door:

"O, if you please ma'am, they're a bring in 'im right home. And, with a wild burst of tears, 'he's drowned, he's drowned—el'."

With a sharp cry Mrs. Meyer caught at the door for support, as she saw a procession coming up the street, bearing a senseless burden.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," said the man who seemed the one in authority, as he saw her deathly face; "he isn't dead, but just fainted like a girl, when I pulled him out of the water. Poor little fellow! tenderly laying the still form on the sofa. You've reason to be mighty proud of this boy, Mrs. Meyer. I can tell you! It isn't many that would have shown such pluck, specially for such a cross-grained chap."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mrs. Meyer, as she tried to revive her son.

"Why you see ma'am, that contrary critter, Tom Boynton, would go where the ice was thin, in spite of the boys' warning. Of course he went in, and this plucky little chap dived right in after him. Tom's pretty heavy, and he was awful scared, so he grabbed your boy round the neck, and down they both went to the bottom of the pond. I heard the boys screaming like all possessed, as I was going home across lots, so I ran to see what was the matter. For I knew something was up by the yell."

Matter enough it was, with two boys a drowning close to the shore. They'd been down twice, they told me, and your son was a hangin' on to a piece of ice with one hand, and holding that ever-feller with the other, when I got there. We got 'em out mighty quick, ma'am, but this poor little chap had hit his arm somehow, so it broke, I guess. Well, here's the doctor, so I'd go. I hope he'll get 'em well, ma'am. Plucky, if he is little."

Leon's arm was dressed, he was given an opiate, and put to bed.

Of course the news spread like wildfire. Some said both boys were drowned while skating; others said there was only one.

Mr. Meyer heard that Leon had broken through the ice while skating, and white with rage hurried home.

Mrs. Meyer had sat with Leon until he had become quiet, and had just gone into the kitchen to prepare a bowl of gruel when her husband rang the bell.

"Where is Leon?" he demanded sternly of the maid.

"Abel sir, in course, after being almost drowned the day," she replied.

"Did him come to me," thundered the irate father. "I'll learn him to disobey me."

"Indeed sir, the doctor gave him some medicine and put him to bed, sir, and he can't get up."

"Did you hear me? with a stamp of the foot. Do as I bid you or leave."

The girl left the room muttering, "I'm thankful ye are not my father, ye thafe o' the world."

"Master Leon, ye poor darlin'! yer ugly old father says ye have got to him—"

And, in shrill whisper, I guess he is going to flog ye, for I see the devil in his eye."

Poor Leon, trembling with fear and pain tried to rise, but fell back with a groan.

"I can't go, Katie; it's no use to try, he said faintly."

"Then I'll help you, ye young rascal!" exclaimed a voice; and Mr. Meyer seized him roughly by the shoulder. Get up I say! dragging him from the bed."

With a cry that rang in his ears for months, Leon faintly.

"Good gracious, Meyer! are you crazy? cried a voice; and turning the angry man saw Mr. Boynton and the minister looking at him."

"My son, your father has killed you!" shrieked Mrs. Meyer, who had hurried in from the kitchen.

Such confusion as there was! The doctor was again summoned, the poor broken arm newly bandaged, and the doctor wore a grave face long before Leon recovered from his deathlike swoon.

Mr. Meyer paced the room in an agony of fear and remorse. Mr. Boynton's story did not reassure him, either.

Fever not in, and for weeks Leon's life was despaired of. At last he began to gain. Mr. Boynton was a constant visitor bringing fruits, wines, and books and papers, declaring he could never show his admiration and gratitude to the preserver of his son.

Tom, who was really kind hearted struck with remorse, begged Leon's forgiveness, and then went bravely and confessed to the whole school that he had filled the teacher's desk, and that Leon had suffered undeservedly.

Mr. Blake, after commending him for his confession, spoke about the too frequent sin of false accusation, and warned the school to beware of sowing the seeds of future remorse and sorrow. He then spoke in warm praise of Leon, who not only forgave unkindness, but risked his life even for him who had injured him.

As soon as school closed Mr. Blake (who heartily rejoiced that his favorite pupil was innocent) hurried to Mr. Meyer's.

My dear boy, he exclaimed, as he took Leon's thin wasted hands in a warm clasp I have come to tell you that I now know you were innocent of the charge for which I punished you, and I ask your pardon for not trusting your word."

Leon's lips quivered, and the tears were in his eyes as he replied simply:

You could not help believing me guilty, sir."

Mr. Blake shook his head.

I was too hasty. I quite long to have my favorite pupil back again Mrs. Meyer, turning to that lady.

You said it would all come right, dear mamma, and it has, cried Leon, joyfully. I am so happy."

Leon's convalescence passed very pleasantly, for the boys went often to see him, and Willie Ryde kept him informed about all that was going on at school, besides playing various games, such as checkers, and so forth, with him.

The painful thought that Mr. Meyer had gone through had done him good; for the slumbering love he had for his children, had awakened to active life. He was greatly pained to see Leon grow silent and distrustful whenever he entered the room, and seem relieved when he left. Lily, too, avoided him, no longer climbing his knee and calling him her "dear good papa," he saw with sorrow.

Leon, he said, gently, one day, as they were alone, why is it that you are more pleased to see Dr. Gray and Mr. Boynton, than your father who loves you.

Leon looked up with heightened colour but was silent.

Why is it my son? kindly.

I—I—stammered the boy.

My dear boy, have I lost your love by my cruel hasty temper? Words cannot express my sorrow for the past, and I ask you to forgive me. His voice was husky with emotion.

I cried Leon, excitedly. O father, I didn't think you cared for my love. And he threw himself into his father's outstretched arms in a passion of tears.

From that moment Mr. Meyer was a changed man. He became an earnest Christian, and you cannot find a happier family to-day than his.

I am so happy, mamma dearest, whispered Leon, joyfully, as his mother kissed him, good night, for father does love me after all. I am so glad I broke my arm, and it's most well now, with a sigh of content—and I will be able to enjoy "a merry Christmas" after all.

Beware young friends, of yielding to a quick temper, for, beside the heinous sin, you are likely to make the whole household unhappy."

Before sentence was pronounced on Cone, the Tamworth, N. H., murderer, he was allowed the customary privilege of stating why he should not be sentenced. He availed himself of the opportunity, and occupied nearly a half hour in a rambling, abusive attack on the witnesses. Finally a jurymen arose and asked the Court that the tired jurymen might be dismissed, as they cared not to hear the rhapsody of the prisoner. Cone was then obliged to desist, whereupon he seized a large heavy inkstand and threw it at the County Solicitor who dodged the missile in season to escape severe injury. This unexpected scene occasioned great excitement in the court room. After reaching the State Prison, Cone evidently felt his position keenly, and after being placed in prison uniform and locked up he threw himself up in his cot in the cell and buried his face in his hand, sobbing bitterly.

The places in New York city that once knew the trap will soon know him no longer, as an order to arrest all the habitual applicants for lodging at the police station went into effect last week. All able bodied paupers were refused admission, and were informed that they must work.

The population of Peru is 2,720,735. This is said to show a large decrease, which is attributed to earthquakes, diseases, civil war and banally, especially the latter.

A speaker at a stump meeting out West, declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south. "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn geography."

"The time is not far distant when the young ladies and gentlemen will get off the intradictory remarks. When I was t the Centennial."

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THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or timorous character of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant and costly publication, and a collection of artistic skill, in every respect, and while each succeeding number adds a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the end of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with this of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possession of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of fine paper or engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for the same time and cost.

The national feature of THE ALDINE must be taken in our narrow sense. The art is so important. While THE ALDINE is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself entirely to the reproduction of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative art taste, one that will discriminate only on ground of intrinsic merit. Thus, while placing before the patrons of THE ALDINE a selection of the productions of the most noted American artists, a portion will always be given to specimens from foreign masters.

The artistic illustration of American scenery, or original with THE ALDINE, is an important feature, and its magnificent place as a decorative and appropriate to the art journal, treatment of details then can be afforded to any inferior paper. The judicious interpolation of landscape, marine, floral, and animal subjects, sustain an unabated interest, and give the scope of the work confines the artist too closely to a single style of subject. The literature of THE ALDINE is a light and graceful accompaniment, worthy of the artistic engravings, with only such technical discussions as do not interfere with the popular interest of the work.

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from this date, and all persons indebted to said
Estate are required to make immediate payment to
MARTHA P. ORR,
Sole Executrix.
St. Andrews, July 26th, 1874.

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STANDARD OFFICE



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Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuge, no cathartic, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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10 Qt. Casks) Cognac BRANDY,
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250)
10)
20 Hds.)
15 Qt. Casks) Most Pure GIN, &c.

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4 Tons Freshman Bone, best White Paint,
do do do do do do do do do do
4 Casks Boiled and Raw Oil
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GIN, WINE, TEA, &c.

Ex "Choice" from London.
10 Hds.)
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200 Cases)
30 Chests)
20 Hds.)
10 Hds.)
20 Casks)
10 Cases)
8 do London Bone Stout & Pale Ale.
30 Qt. Casks)
20 Hds.)
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4 Hds.)
4 Qt. Casks)

C. E. O. HATHAWAY

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Nov. 5

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