

The St. Andrews Standard

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

IN VARIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[22 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 20

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 17, 1871.

Vol 38

Poetry.

'Could ye not Watch with Me one Hour?'

The night was dark; behold the shade was deeper
In the garden of old Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper—
"Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?"

O, thou so weary of the self-denial,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

The captive's ear may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And Peace may fold her wings o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraids thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone!
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human hand to comprehend thine own.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To the old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Hast thou forgotten thy Christian superscription—
"Behold, we count them happy which endure?"
What treasure wouldst thou find in the land Egyptian
Repaseth the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor, fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher
Thy weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for its release.

And He will come in His own time and power,
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning will yet break for thee.

Interesting Gals.

THE GREAT SECRET;
—OR—
Taking Care of the Minutes.

It's a great secret to me where the hours go,
Exclaimed Mrs. Macey, as with a sigh she folded up
an unfinished garment, which the approaching
darkness of evening warned her must now be laid
aside. If any one had told me, continued the
good lady, that this little coat would not be finished
to-day, I should not have believed them; I
promised Charlie that he should have it to wear to
the little party to-night, but it cannot be gotten.
O, dear, it seems as if I never can get anything
done, and yet I never have a leisure hour!

Here her reflections were interrupted by the
boisterous entrance of the above mentioned Char-
lie, a stout, healthy boy of twelve summers, who,
skipping up the stairs, three or four at a time,
burst into his mother's room shouting—

Harra, mother! where's my coat? I'm late
home from school, but our lessons were so difficult,
and Mr. Marshall was so cross, that it seemed as
if we never should get away. Our whole class
had to stay an hour after the usual time.

I suppose you were thinking so much of the
party that you could not fix your attention upon
your lesson, replied the mother. I am very sorry
that your coat is not finished, my son. I have
worked upon it until it was too dark for me to see
any longer, but there is still much to be done.
The days are so short, and there are so many
things to attend to that it is dark before I think
of it.

You began it week ago last Tuesday, mur-
mured the disappointed boy. I will stay at home
before I'll go with that old blue one. I told Billy
Green and Tommy Chase that I was to have a
new black coat, and I'm not going without it.

As you please was the answer, for, displeased
with his want of respect in his manner, his mother
was in no mood to soothe his troubled feelings.
Quietly putting away her work she descended
to the kitchen to ascertain if all was in prepara-
tion.

Mary, the maid of all work, looked flushed
and excited, and as her mistress entered, she ex-
claimed—

It's no use trying to make this even bake.
The biscuit and cake will be just good for nothing.

Why so, Mary? The stove has never troubled
us before.

But share the damper is broke, and one of the
plates is cracked clean across. I have spoken to
the master about it till I'm tired. He says he'll
fix it when he can find time.

Well, Mary, you know Mr. Macey is very busy
He seldom has any leisure.

Mary muttered something about his being "aisy
to find five minutes if anybody liked," which her
mistress passed over in silence, and then recom-
menced her vigorous efforts to poke a little heat
out of the fire.

The biscuit still presented a rather doubtful ap-
pearance, when Mr. Macey's well-known step was
heard in the hall, and both mistress and maid
knew that there must be no delay; for punctuality
at meal was with him a cardinal virtue. In a few
minutes, therefore, the family were seated at the
table. The children were pleasant-looking little
folks, but on the whole they had a rather neglect-
ed appearance, for as Mrs. Macey observed,
"there were so many ways to turn, that she never
could tell where the day went to; night always
came before she had half done her allotted tasks."

The father was a sensible, easy-tempered man,
and seldom, as his wife often said, made any trouble
in the house. He saw that some things went
wrong, but confessed that he did not wonder at it.
There were so many things to attend to in a fam-
ily, and the days, especially in the fall and win-
ter, were very short. If his meals were ready in
season he made no comments on the domestic ar-
rangements. This was certainly the wisest course,
for, as some little duties which came within his
peculiar province were often neglected, rebuke of
the fallings of others would have come from him
with an ill-grace.

Occasionally some unpleasant vision of dilapi-
dated pants, buttonless shirts, and stringless under-
garments, would present themselves to his mind,
in painful contrast to the perfect order in which
his wardrobe had formerly been kept by a Quaker
mother; but he had become accustomed to these
things, and besides this there was no one to blame
He could not afford to keep a seamstress in the
family, and his wife, as everybody knew, was a
hard-working woman, and did not willingly leave
anything undone. It was all owing to the want
of time, and this was an evil that could not be
remedied.

The evening meal was less cheerful than usual.
The biscuits were decidedly clammy, and Mr.
Macey's relish for them was not improved by be-
ing informed that the stove could not be expected
to bake well until it was properly repaired. It was
certainly unreasonable to expect him to attend to
it, for he could hardly find time for the transaction
of more important business. True it would take
but a few minutes to make it all right, but some-
how the days slipped by before he knew it. It
was easier to talk about a few minutes than to find
them.

The countenance of Charlie, their eldest hope-
ful, wore a more discontented expression, and in re-
ply to his father's inquiries, he growled out a dis-
respectful speech about "old coats, and mother
never having time to do anything," which caused
his dismissal from the table.

A note was presented to the father by one of
the little girls, containing a particular request from
their teacher that some of their studies might be
attended to at home, in order to facilitate their
progress. This note was duly passed to the mother,
and had the effect of deepening the shadow
upon her brow—for how it was possible, in the
multitude of her cares, for her to find time to at-
tend to the little ones in their daily tasks.

On the whole every one seemed to feel uncon-
fortable, and the very table itself seemed to par-
take of the general uneasiness, and after uttering
the most unusual groans beneath its usual weight
of dishes, suddenly came to the ground with a
loud crash.

Bless me! exclaimed Mr. Macey, startled out
of his usual composure; those screws have really
given away at last. I have intended to fix that
table for a month past. The days are so short, and
my time is so fully occupied.

I really wish that you could find a leisure mo-
ment to attend to little things about the house,
remarked his wife, as still more discomposed than
ever she proceeded to gather up the fragments of
the broken dishes. However, I cannot blame you,
for I am continually experiencing the same diffi-
culty. Everything is disorderly and neglected,
merely from the want of time. I cannot think
how some people manage to bring so much to pass.
You know Mrs. Graves. I called to see her
the other day. Her family is larger than
ours, but she keeps only one servant, and never
employs a seamstress, yet everything in the house
is in perfect order, and yet she absolutely has
some time to spare, reads a good deal, and even
practices occasionally on the piano, that she may
not lose her knowledge of music. They have a
large and well cultivated garden, a perfect con-
trast to ours. Mr. Graves takes the whole care of
it, although his time is as much occupied as your
own.

Impossible! said her husband; you must be
mistaken in this last statement. Mr. Graves has
no leisure time to attend to his garden.

His wife told me herself that he took the en-
tire charge of it, and had no assistance excepting

the little which she could give him, replied Mrs.
Macey. I do not know how they contrive it, but
I wish we had their secret.

Mrs. Graves' children are always the first in
their class at school, remarked one of the bright-
eyed little girls, who was an attentive listener to
the conversation. Their mother helps them with
their lessons every evening.

I guess she has not so noisy a set as I have, re-
plied the mother, or she would not feel much like
teaching in the evening. For my part I am glad
to send you all to bed, that I may have a quiet
moment to sit down and compose myself after the
trials and vexations of the day.

Further conversation was interrupted by the
loud ringing of the door bell, and Mrs. Macey
was somewhat alarmed by the ominous sound of a
heavy trunk as it was deposited upon the steps.

Who can that be? Their mother asked. Not a vis-
itor, I hope. I'm sure I can't find time to attend
to my own family.

But now a bustle was heard in the hall, and the
door being thrown wide open by the girl who had
answered the ring of the bell, a pleasant looking,
elderly little woman entered, whose quick steps
and air of brisk activity gave evidence that the
vigor and freshness of youth were retained even
in advancing age.

Despite of the discomfort of Mrs. Macey's
mind, and her dread of a "visitor," she could not
suppress an exclamation of pleasure, as she gazed
upon the intruder, and hastened to meet her with
warm words of welcome.

My dear Miss Janet, I am delighted to see
you—and indeed, you are almost the only per-
son in the world to whom I could say this
with truth at the present time, for, as usual
you find us all top-sy-turvy. You know how
it is in a large family. Some things have to
be neglected.

No apologies are necessary to an old friend,
replied Miss Janet, with a benevolent smile.
I'm glad that you have a welcome for me, for
I have come to enjoy your hospitality for a
few weeks.

For months if you desire it, returned Mrs.
Macey, and she was quite sincere in this ex-
pression of feeling; for Miss Jane, or as she
should be more properly termed, Miss Jane
Booth, was one of the good, useful persons,
whose presence is always a desirable one in a
family, and who seem to have sort of magic
power in overcoming difficulties, setting to
rights, and producing order out of chaos.

From Mrs. Macey's earnest re-
citations, Miss Jane had occasionally appeared in her
childhood's home, and always, it would seem,
when cares pressed the heaviest, and her pres-
ence was ever welcomed as a gleam of sun-
shine on a rainy day. Since her marriage with
Mr. Macey one or two visits had been re-
ceived from the good old lady, but several
years had now elapsed since she had seen her,
and she had supposed that the increasing in-
firmities of age confined her to one place.

But here she stood, almost unchanged, with
the same kind smile and a step as firm as in
her younger days.

Unfinished coats, heavy biscuits, children's
lessons, fallen tables and broken crockery, all
vanished from Mrs. Macey's mind, as with
busy hospitality she ministered to the com-
fort of her guest.

Then came that pleasant, cozy hour, when
all the little ones were sleeping, and she could
sit down and have a pleasant talk about old
times, even the presence of her husband might
have been felt an intrusion—there were so
many things to talk about of which he knew
nothing—luckily his presence was required at
the society meeting, and with an apology for
his impoliteness, he had taken his departure
soon after Miss Jane's arrival.

Much was said of by gone days, and then
came the conversation of the present times.
And so you are very happy in your present
life, Fanny? remarked Miss Jane ad-
dressing Mrs. Macey by the endearing name of
girlhood. A good husband and promising
children are great blessings.

Very great, was the reply; and these treas-
ures are mine. And yet I can hardly say
that I am happy, for the want of time to at-
tend to a thousand little duties is so annoying,
that I am often quite miserable on that ac-
count. My husband's income is not large and
of course we can keep but one servant, and I
am called so many ways that it seems difficult
to accomplish anything.

Miss Jane mused in silence, and the speaker
continued—

I wish you could help me about this, I
remember that you used to be a famous person
to find out the cause of troubles and to apply
a remedy. Now if you will discover in what
I am deficient, and teach me to be as smart
as Mrs. Graves, the lesson will be invaluable.

I will try my best, said Miss Jane, and her
face lighted up with pleasure, for as her
memory recalled Mrs. Macey and Mrs. Graves
in their girlish days, she believed that she
had already discovered the great secret. But
come, Fanny, why do we sit here idling away
our time? Our hands may be busy while
our tongues are going fast. Have you not

a basket of stockings to mend? That is
generally my evening work.

But you are fatigued after your journey,
and besides, Mr. Macey will be in soon. It is
hardly worth while to produce our work at
this hour.

Take care of the minutes, Fanny. A small
portion of time will accomplish much that is
useful in a family like yours.

You are still the same Miss Jane, answered
Mrs. Macey as the work basket was produc-
ed. Take care of the minutes, sounds so fa-
miliar to my ear as if it were but yesterday
that I heard you repeat the words to me, as I
threw down the tasks to chase the bright but
fertile in the park.

It is a good motto for old and young, Fan-
ny. A few minutes wasted several times a
day, will soon make an hour.

Very true, was the ready reply, and now
their fingers flew swiftly, while their tongues
were as busy as ever. It was astonishing
how that pile of stockings diminished, and
Mrs. Macey congratulated herself that they
were not left till Saturday night, as was often
the case.

A good night's rest made Miss Jane feel
more natural than ever, and her delighted
hostess declared that she had not grown one
day older during the last ten years; an opin-
ion which the good lady seemed resolute to
verify—for it was really wonderful to see
with what youthful vivacity she lent a help-
ing hand to the various household duties, and
with what remarkable fact she set the other
people to work. Even the youngest child
was made useful, and felt herself amply re-
warded by the presence of her new friend, and
the newly fitted dress which was presented to
her, doll—a treasure long coveted, but which
mamma could never attend to.

The days seemed to have grown longer now,
however, for even mamma had found time to
complete many long neglected or unfinished
undertakings. In fact, every one had taken a
leaf from Jane's book, and yet they did not
seem to have discovered what was written upon
that leaf, but ascribed the greater order
and regularity of the household to the assist-
ance which was rendered by the busy old lady,
and not to any improvement in their own
management.

A few examples will serve to exemplify
Miss Jane's system of management.

Ten minutes before breakfast, she exclaim-
ed, as with quick steps she entered the apart-
ment; time enough to accomplish a great
deal, my dear little Maggie, bring your book
and read your lesson to me, while I take a
few stitches in this pretty dress that I am mak-
ing for you.

And what shall I do, Miss Jane? asked
another of the little girls, as Maggie hastened
to bring her book.

Here is a slate and pencil dear; just try
that difficult sum which troubled you so much
last evening. You are bright and fresh, after
a good night's rest. Charley, my good boy,
she continued, addressing the lad, who stood
silly dumming upon the table, there is time
to feed the rabbits and chickens before break-
fast, if you wish.

And that will give more time for play in
the park, was the quick reply, and he hasten-
ed away.

Anything for us to do? playfully asked Mr.
Macey, who with his wife, had just entered
the room, and stood an unobtrusive spectator
of the scene.

That peculiarly pleasant smile spread over
Miss Jane's countenance, but she readily an-
swered—

By all means, my good sir. You will find
a button on the mantle piece, which you have
desired to find leisure to place upon the
cellar door. Five minutes will be time
enough. As for you, Fanny, just take this
old stocking and transform it into a holder for
Mary's use. She says she is much in need of one.

Both husband and wife laughingly obeyed,
and a few minutes afterward, when all met at
the breakfast table, the consciousness that
each one possessed that even a trifling duty
had been well performed, gave a feeling of so-
cial cheerfulness to the whole party, and they
had seldom enjoyed a more pleasant meal.

You have certainly discovered the true secret
of finding time for the performance of
many duties, Miss Jane, remarked Mr. Macey,
and I am determined to adopt your motto—
"Take care of the minutes," as the watchword
of our establishment. I will have the words
printed in gold, framed and gilded, and hung
up in a conspicuous position, where they will
be frequently called to mind.

A good resolution exclaimed Mrs. Macey.
I never discovered until lately, how many idle
minutes are passed, even by industrious peo-
ple, in the course of a day—time enough to
attend to any little matters.

As my renovated wardrobe proves, thought
Mr. Macey; but to his credit be it said, the
thought was not expressed, for there are cases
where praise implies former blame, and had
better be omitted. For some days he had
been exulting in the good order of pants,
and other necessaries other articles, hitherto ne-
glected, and had soon discovered that Miss

Jane's motto had wrought the change.

And it was really astonishing what a change
it did bring about in the whole dwelling—
Miss Jane's visit was soon over, but its good
effect remained. The true secret of an or-
derly household had been discovered—
"Those few little words," had worked like a
charm, and when duties were in danger of
being neglected from want of time, Agreeably
to Mr. Macey's resolution, the motto was plac-
ed where it could be read and remembered by
all, and father and mother, children and ser-
vants were united in the opinion that there
was nothing like taking care of the minutes.

The Star Sirius.

Many things combine to render this brilliant
star an object of profound interest. Who can
gaze on its pure silvery radiance, and reflect
how many ages it has adorned the heavenly
dome with its peerless lustre, and how many
generations of mankind have rejoiced in it—
and among them all the wise and the good
and the great of history,—without awe, and
admiration!

In ancient Egypt, it was an object of idol-
atrous interest. It was then of a brilliant red
color, but is now a lustrous white; and the
cause of this change of color, as well as the
nature and period of the revolution it denotes
in the star itself, are wholly unknown. Its
distance from our earth is not less than 1,300,
000 times our distance from the sun; and its
light must travel twenty-two years to reach
us! Another circumstance of deep interest
connected with it is, that it has changed its
position, during the life of the human family,
by about the apparent diameter of the moon;
and that astronomers, detecting some irregu-
larities in its motion, have been convinced that
it had a companion star—which they thought
to be non-luminous, since their telescopes could
not detect it. But Mr. Clark, with his new
and powerful achromatic telescope, has found
this neighbor of Sirius, hitherto invisible, and
verified the conclusions to which astronomers
had been led by reasoning on the facts they
had ascertained.

WANTED.

Ten men who will do just as they please—
provided subsequent events, favor making
their promises, should show something to their
interest to violate their word.

Ten persons who will plainly and fearlessly
speak and act for the right, regardless of what
others say or do.

Ten persons who believe, and will show by
their actions, that a legal enactment cannot
cancel a moral obligation, and that the taking
of the Bankrupt act does not pay for value re-
ceived.

Ten persons whose religious life shall so
permeate all of their life and business trans-
actions that evil speaking, tattling, etc., shall
not be found in them,—"Israelites indeed."

Any community having these articles to
spare will oblige by reporting soon—as this,
and some other places we know of, are great-
ly in need of them.

A schoolmaster tells the following good
story:

I was once teaching in quiet country vil-
lage. The second morning of the session I
had time to survey my surroundings, and
among the scanty furniture I espied a three
legged stool. Is this the dunce block? I asked
a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled,
the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled
out.—I guess so; the teacher always sits on it.

Sandal wood was formerly obtained by the
East India Company in large quantities from
the F. J. Islands. As many as seven large
Indians have been known to be lying at anchor
in one of the bays at once, waiting for
cargoes of the precious wood. The trees have
been felled with such reckless improvidence
that on the shores of this same bay a solitary
sapling, planted by a missionary, is now the
only living sandal tree for many miles around.

How to PRESERVE EGGS.—Apply with a
brush a solution of gum arabic to the shells,
or immerse the eggs therein; let them dry,
and afterwards pack them in dry charcoal
dust. This prevents their being affected by
any alterations of temperature.

The law courts of Paris are closed, and
35,000 cases are waiting trial since the 4th of
September. This implies at least 70,000
litigants in suspense.

Queen Victoria visits Prince Albert's
tomb every day at Windsor, places a basket
of fresh flowers near it, reads a chapter in
the Bible, kneels down and offers up a prayer
that she may meet him in the world to come.

A number of French women have been
working in the mines in California eleven
years, dressed in men's clothing, and their sex
was just discovered.



THE GREAT BARKLEY POW

RESUMPTION,
By many prominent physicians to be
a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all

COMPLAINTS.

Now ready in bottles of the weight, more
experience of greater years, and whose
action, seldom fails to effect a speedy
and permanent cure.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

It is a reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
COMPLAINTS.

It has been used that has cured the most
obstinate cases of all kinds.

LEMONY COMPLAINTS

Original images in Poor Condition
Best copy available

