

The St. Andrews Standard.

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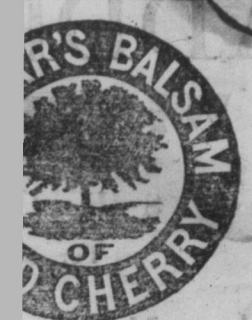
E. VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[52 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 1

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JAN. 4, 1871.

Vol 38



DR. WILLIAMS' CHERRY BALM
A GREAT REMEDY FOR
SUMPTION,
as by many prominent physicians to be
obtained. It is a simple and effective
remedy for all cases of
COMPLAINTS.

It is a remedy in all cases of the
lungs, chest, and throat, and is
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ECHOES OF THE YEAR.

Old year! a right to sing thy parting lay,
Than mine demands a bolder minstrelsy;
A surer hand must touch the echoing lyre
A sweeter voice, glow with a Sappho's fire.
Yet you to please, I now essay to sing,
To pluck one feather from the muse's wing,
To golden ink to dip this pen of mine
To fill this page with faded spoils of time.
We've left a mile-stone on time's changing shore,
Write for the past, thenceforth—no more.
Old morn, dead flowers, old year, adieu,
Our hopes, our hearts are now with thee, the new.

Kind Patrons, may this joyous festive morn,
To you of brighter days, be but the dawn;
Thy joys unnumber'd for the coming year,
Fresh as the leaves of Daphne's deathless vine.
While joy and plenty reign around your hearth,
Think of the poor, the needy sons of earth;
Ope thy rich store, some generous aid impart—
To cheer the lonely, heal some breaking heart.
O'er our blest land, the land I love to sing,
Fair Peace and Plenty stretch their beauteous wing,
No conquering armies tramp the hallowed soil,
That yields its fruits to hard and honest toil.
Here all may live unharmed by foreign foes,
Secure from strife, and her attendant woes.

See, hence o'er Europe how the War-god flies,
And shakes his crimson plumage in the skies,
How shattered hosts in wild-stern havoc lie,
How blunders the German Rose, how fades the
Flour de Lis.

Awake fair France, thy glittering hosts arise,
Arise once more and shake thy passive lyre,
Time eagle soaring in days gone by,
Towards victory's crye salute in the sky.
Fear not, for these same trace of ancient worth,
That made thy land of glory hallowed on the earth,
Must still remain to animate thy heart,
Thy breast to move, thy flagging pulse to start.
Degenerate Spain! can we thy lineage trace,
To that once free, once honored glorious race?
O'er the dread Civil War unfurl thy wing,
A nation bat in name—without a King.
How long shall war and her accursed brood
Steph thy fair soil in countless seas of blood,
Can no remorse ever wash from thee the stain,
Can no repentance make thee pure again?
Bright are thy skies, thy land a grave beneath,
Is beauty gone, is thy living death,
Italia Land whose glorious deeds still live
Unfading echo through the corridors of time,
Awakening echo in the ravished heart,
Dreams of the past, which will not thee depart,
Free once again, thy cowering head uprise,
Scorn things of earth; look proudly 'towards the
skies.

Old England, glorious land, mistress of the sea,
My heart I make some song to sing of thee,
Thou seest me stand in the tide of time,
Land of all lands for glorious deeds sublime.
Would thy bright glorious record of the past,
Could fadeless stand and time itself outlast,
Once thy strong arm was ever stretched to save,
The weak from spoil to shield the vanquished brave,
Now thy fair fame is pitted against the stake
Of button merchants and a yard of tape,
Thou honour sold by Gladstone and his clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man.
Is Allion happy in fair France's tears?
Tell not the tale to blushing Europe's ears.
Can she stand still and see the Golden Horn
From nervous Turkey's grasp by brigand Rus-
sia torn?

Where is the conquering flag she once unfurled?
Is motto freedom, for the wide, wide world;
Cold is the heart that unmoved looks on thee
Shorn of thy glory and thy chivalry.

The United States claims my attention now
To Uncle Sam we make our humble bow,
And "cave right in" to Grant and other geese,
Whose life-long cackle ends in "let's have peace."
Thou bragging land, where vice is stamped so plain,
Great is thy tongue, and little is thy brain.

Old year! deep buried within thy shadowy past,
Are lives and deeds too bright alas to last;
How oft we chained as if by magic spell
To these soft morn of thy echoing shell.
Out from its depths proceeds a witching strain,
Such none ere heard before, such none will hear
again.

Catch ye the sound distinct and clear clear?
'Tis Dickens name that thrills thy ravished ear.
Not dead art thou whose truthful, master pen
Wrote well the virtues and the faults of men;
Whose generous heart beyond ambition's lure,
Wrote the sad, simple, annals of the poor.
As long as time, shall thy fair honoured name
Stand foremost on the deathless page of fame,
A hallowed spot on which to turn the eye,
To know, to feel, that genius cannot die.
It needs no column towering 'toward the skies,
No marble slab to point where Dickens lies;
Useless the fane, in vain the sculptor's art,

His name is graven on the wide world's heart.

Ye who with sadness on the year look back,
See in the past, a dreary barren track,
Where brief with grief, has never ceased to blend,
To snatch all joy that happiness could lend.
Whose furrowed cheek, the path of many a tear,
Bears the deep mark of this thy saddest year;
The too plain token of the thoughts that dwell,
Lone with thyself in memory's haunted cell.
Take heart, for thee in hope's sweet garden grow,
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Contentment's pearl in life's sad cup must lay,
Beneath the bitter draught each mortal drinks
away.

My dream is o'er—for you I've strove to sing,
An unskilled hand has touched the lyric string;
My highest hope is that to you 'twill seem,
A no unpleasant or ungrateful theme.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY JENNIE BELL.

On a New Year's Eve a little girl might have
been seen picking her steps as carefully as she
could over the dirty pavement in one of the most
populous and crowded lanes of London. Patter,
patter, came the rain drops on the little uncovered
head; while the thin worn shoes let the wet in at
every step. No wonder the poor child shivered, as
she saw the shawl cover about her, and walked
quickly as she could, wending her way in and
out among the groups of wretched-looking child-
ren, who in a crowd that proved she had lost the
sugar to a many times before.

At last she reached the door of the best looking
house in the street, and yet this was bad enough,
with the door off the hinges, and scarce a window
but had a stuffing of rags. Mounting to the
second story, she opened the door of a small
room. The room had little furniture in it, yet,
somehow, it had a look of comfort about it, that
none of the others had. A piece of faded carpet
was neatly spread in the centre of the floor, while
a rather worn heart-shaped rug adorned the fire-
place. The table at one side of the room boasted a green-
and-black checked cover, and the chairs were
covered with the same. A few books were taste-
fully laid out on the table, with the gilt side up,
helping, in their quiet way, the adornment of the
room. On the hearth sat a pale, delicate boy,
trying to burn a bit of wet stick like a pipe, and
smoke the little bit; but, on hearing the door
open, he sprang to his feet, saying—'Have
you brought me my supper?' and what have you got
for supper?' 'Have patience, James,' Maggie answered,
with a sad smile as she wearily drew a stool near
to the fire and sat down. But James was hungry,
and he couldn't wait; so he began to take out the
contents of the basket. First came a loaf of bread,
then butter, a few eggs, and some coffee. Poor
James! how his eye brightened as he saw the
eggs! Not for months had he tasted an egg, and
these looked so fresh—so unlike London eggs—
that he could hardly wait until they were cooked.
Slipping off her wet shoes, Maggie got a pair of
dry stockings—a good deal too large, to be sure—
but they were dry; and the color came into her
cheeks a little as she stood before the fire making
the coffee. Child as she was, once she had had
a glance that she must have had careful training,
her setting of the table was so neat! The books
were taken off the little table, then the green-
and-black cover was carefully folded; and a white
towel, a little bread-bare, was spread. The cups
and saucers, bread and butter, did look very
inviting, so tastefully were they arranged. By this
time James had boiled the eggs to perfection.
They sat down, but did not begin to eat, as many
children would have done, until Maggie had said
her little grace—taught her long ago by her mam-
ma. After tea, Maggie told James of her walk;
how, as she was carrying a book to exchange for
food at the grocer's, she was knocked down by a
gentleman who was turning the corner of a street,
and not hearing her soft footstep, the result was a
collision. 'When I fell,' Maggie continued, 'I
must have struck my head on the corner of the
pavement, for I remembered nothing more until I
opened my eyes in a druggist's shop; and such a
pleasant-looking gentleman was holding a glass of
water to my lips.

As I looked up he smiled, and asked me if
I was hurt; and in such a kind tone, and in
a voice so like mamma's, that I burst into tears.
As soon as I could speak, I told him my story.
I told him also about our home, and you, and
the kind greener that took care of us, and the
thing we wished to exchange for food. After
seeing me get these things at the grocer's, he
walked with me to the head of the street, and
where I lived, and when he said 'good-by,' he
glipped a half crown into my hand, promising
to come and see me tomorrow. The gentle-
man was so kind, brother, I could not help
thinking of the angels mamma used to tell us
about—who sometimes in disguise go about
the world helping God's children out of their
difficulties.

After clearing the table and putting away
the dishes, Maggie drew her little brother
down on the hearth rug to talk about papa
and mamma who were in heaven. Wise little
Maggie, but a child yourself, and yet trying
to fill a mother's place to your little brother!
But she had known what sorrow was, and
trouble had made her wise beyond her years.
I don't believe God will help us, said James.
Before mamma died, she said that God would
send some one to take care of us, and it's over
so long since then, and nobody has come yet.
Hush, replied Maggie, don't you know God
hears every word we say, and maybe papa and
mamma too? Perhaps Uncle James may
come to-morrow; only it is strange he has
not written. Nearly a year since mamma
wrote to him, and a letter does not take six
months to go from England to Australia.

Suppose uncle should be dead, Maggie, or
your letter had gone down to the bottom of
the sea, like the ship, you were telling me of
a few days ago.
Well, if it did, replied the brave girl, God
will find some other way of answering our
prayers; for don't you remember she often
said 'No mother's prayers would go un-
answered.'

Well, all I wish, James answered, is that
mamma had taken me with her. I never
would be hungry in heaven, and everything is
so beautiful there! the streets all gold, instead
of greasy mud like London; and the people
that dwell there dressed in white, with their
hairs shining all day long.
But then James, it was not God's will to
take you then; and who knows what great
work He has for you to do? You know mam-
ma said—God has a work for each of His
children to do in this world, and we must be
true and trust in Him that all will come right.
Can you say the verse about the orphan's stay
and God's promise to be a 'Father to the
fatherless'?

'Oh yes, Maggie, I can say them both. But
do you think papa and mamma will be angry
if they know what I did?'
About what, dear?
About not trusting God?
Not angry, but grieved, dear James, as
they would if they saw your boy doing wrong,
and Maggie patted the thin cheek, and stroked
the curly hair, till James's eyes were nearly
closed in sleep.

Just then a light knock came to the door,
and the kind-hearted Irish woman who lived
in the room below, entered saying, with a smile,
Sure it's good luck that is come to you child-
ren, to-night; for here's a basket for 'Miss
Maggie George,' the man said; and I'm sure
it's plenty there for you.
For me, Mrs. Brady said Maggie. Then
it must be from the kind gentleman I met
when I was out. Oh, how good, how kind of
him! But it is from our Heavenly Father,
after all, Mrs. Brady; for it is He that puts it
into the hearts of people to do kind things.
It's yourself that's always right, honny, and
I'm after thinking the same. I had better
take off the cover for you, for them little lit-
tles of yours will never unfasten those hard
knights. And sure enough it was a serious mat-
ter; but this only prolonged the pleasure.
The children who read this story cannot
know the joy of opening a basket like this,
because you, perhaps, never missed a dinner
in your life; and, unlike our young friends,
you have many kind relatives who always
provide a nice dinner for New Year's Day.
When the cover was fairly off James danced
about the floor for joy. Just fancy, two large
chickens; ready cooked; with a bun and a
plum pudding; and a pair of warm shoes for
each of them! Was there ever anybody so
kind as this unknown gentleman? James
was the first to speak.
Maggie, I'll always trust in God. Mamma
knew best.
I'm just as glad as if it was for myself,
childer, said Mrs. Brady.

A part of it has come for you, dear Mrs.
Brady, said Maggie, putting her arms around
the kind-hearted woman's neck. You can
have one chicken; and you will boil the pud-
ding, and your children shall have a feast for
one New Year's day. But for to-night the
basket goes under the table.

Good night, my dears, and the Lord be
with you; and with tears of joy in her eyes
Mrs. Brady closed the door.
Maggie and James talked a good while
about the gentleman who had been so gener-
ous, wondering if he would come on the mor-
row. But nothing could keep James's eyes
open much longer; so Maggie and he knelt
down by the bedside, and thanked God for
his love for them, and his care over them—
not forgetting to pray that Uncle James would
come home soon.
Next morning they were up before it was
light, for London is often dark on New Year's
morning. They had breakfast and then Mag-
gie set to work to make the room as neat as
possible, feeling sure the gentleman would
come. James, meanwhile, read his lesson,
for his sister taught him every morning, as her
mamma used to; then they dressed themselves
carefully, putting on their new shoes. Mrs.
Brady had the pudding in the pot, sometime

before. So they had leisure to do as they
liked; often Maggie gathered the little child-
ren in the stair, and took them up to a garret
room that she kept clean, and seating them on
the floor, she would sing them a hymn, then
make them repeat a verse after her, till they
knew it thoroughly, until by this time they
could sing several hymns very nicely. Mag-
gie did this partly because she was so fond of
singing hymns, and then she knew she was
doing good, keeping the little ones out of the
chief, and teaching them some thing about Jesus
and heaven; doing this the forenoon slipped
away. Then came dinner, Maggie and James
taking it with Mrs. Brady's family, that the
little ones might get a larger share. The din-
ner was very pleasant one, far pleasanter than
many a rich child's for it was a feast to child-
ren who seldom got enough even of the coarsest
food.

An hour after 12 o'clock and still no sign of
the gentleman. Maggie's head had been out
of the window for the fifth or sixth time, when
she saw a figure turning the corner, that she
thought was the person she watched for. No
coaxing on James' part would induce Maggie
to let him have one peep; it wouldn't be polite
Maggie thought, to be seen watching; yet she
had the door open long before Mr. Howard
reached the top of the stair. Something seem-
ed to affect the gentleman very much as he
entered the room, for he could scarce greet
his young friends for a minute or two. Mag-
gie thought he was even more like mamma in
daylight, but said nothing when she drew the
chair near the fire.

No this is your home and this your brother,
Maggie, said Mr. Howard as he patted James'
curly head. The child was quite at home at
once with this kind friend and clattered away,
talking him for his present and such warm
words, and the boy stopped.
What is it my boy?

Maggie says I have in reason to thank
you, for he put it into your heart to send the
basket.

Quite right, child; your sister knows who
cares for the orphan.
As he put his arms round the little girl, he
asked her if she could tell him about their
mother; how they lived; and about her mam-
ma.

I can tell you it all sir—for after papa died,
mamma used to talk to me of her early days.
You know it was a comfort to her to talk to
me. We were not always so poor, and mam-
ma was a lady; she could speak two or three
languages, and long ago when we had a piano
she sang so beautifully. Mamma said she had
displeased her friends by marrying papa, who
was poor, he was an artist, and if he had
kept strong, would have had plenty of money.
Grandma died before mamma married, and
grandpa was proud and thought mamma had
thrown herself away, and he would not help us,
although we wrote to him when papa took
ill. Mamma always said that if her only brother
was in Australia, knew how poor we
were, he would help us; but we could not get
his address until just before mamma died, and
we have got no word from him yet—but I have
been so glad to go straight on with my story. I
got on very well for a few years after he mar-
ried, and we lived in a pretty house, just out
of London—and we had a garden and kept a
servant, and papa was much looked up to, be-
cause of his talent, mamma said. Just after
this papa took cold, and not being strong, it
settled on his lungs. The doctor said that we
must rest, and a change to some warm climate
would restore him; but then we had only a
little money laid past, and papa wouldn't take
that, although mamma urged him to do so—
He would say, 'What are you to live on, if I
take that Maggie? No, if it's God's will He
will restore me to health again; but it hadn't
been God's will, you see, sir, for papa got
gradually worse, although he lingered on some
four years able to earn enough to live and
keep us in food. We removed to a smaller
house in London for it was too far papa to walk
in and out, and he could not afford a convey-
ance. Oh, how sad it made mamma to see
papa wander away, and she made to obey the
doctor's order! But papa never grumbled.
He used to say, 'It is darkest before the dawn,
dear,' and mamma explained afterwards, that
he meant—'The brightness of heaven would
make up for the darkness here.' Sometimes
papa would wish he had left mamma in her
comfortable home; but mamma said she pre-
ferred poverty with him, and God would pro-
vide for the future. Shortly after papa died,
Mamma and he often spoke of the parting, but
far often of the meeting again; and mamma
would say—'It won't be a long separation,
Henry; then we will have an eternity to spend
together.' The night papa died, he asked
James and me to sit on the side of the bed,
and then he spoke to us, oh! so solemnly! I
of the way we were to live so as to meet him in
heaven, and how kind we were to be to dear
mamma! Then he prayed so beautifully that
God would comfort us when he was gone, and
bring us all together at last in the heavenly
mansions.

After the funeral expenses were paid, we re-
moved to two small rooms, but in a respect-
able locality. Mamma got fine sewing to do,
and I helped as much as I could. But then

mamma hadn't enough sewing, and then we
had less and less to live on. Mamma never
complained, but grew pale and thin, and could
not eat much; but some-times I thought she
could have eaten, but did not want to take any
for fear James and I hadn't enough. By a day
by, mamma didn't feel strong; the constant
sitting caused a pain in her side, and she found
she couldn't see so much.

The rent of the two rooms was more than
we could pay, so we came to this room just
two years ago. Mamma lived a year here,
but she was never able to do much, and so
papa's watch had to be sold, and, being a good
one, it brought us enough of money to keep
us nearly a year; and since then we have
just had to sell things bit by bit, to get food.
Mamma tried to get well for our sake, but
who could get well in this little room? But
from the first, mamma knew her trouble would
end in death. All this time she was teaching
us, especially out of the Bible, telling us how
much Jesus loved us, and that He would raise
us from the dead when she was away. Then she
would pray with us, and often, at night, I
heard her asking God to care for her 'dear
children.' Before she died, she wrote to
Uncle James, telling him to be a father to us,
Grandpa died some years before, and left all
he had to uncle; so Uncle James is very
wealthy—but then he is in Australia, and we
haven't had any answer to the letter mamma
wrote. I can hardly bear to tell you of mam-
ma's last moments, sir—it's so hard, even yet
—but she died so happy! Her last words
were—'Children follow Jesus.' I was alone
with her when she died; but I wasn't afraid
—she was so pleasant, and the neighbors
were kind.

Here poor Maggie's voice failed, and the
tears would come; Mr. Howard and James
wept too. Maggie was the first to speak:
I am sorry I have made you sad, sir; but
I'm sure mother's prayers will be answered,
and Uncle James will come home soon.

Yes, my darling, said Mr. Howard, 'she
will and he has come, for I am your Uncle
James; and he clasped them in his arms,
and wept over them, and their sad story.
When somewhat recovered from their sur-
prise, Mr. Howard told them of his having re-
placed several hundred miles further from the
place he formerly lived in, and so their let-
ter had lain in the post office for months; but
as soon as he did get it, he started at once for
England. The night before he was out search-
ing for them, when he suddenly came against
Maggie, whose name and history, among them
sure he had found his nephew and niece. Mr.
Howard accepted the precious legacy with joy,
and they were now his adopted children.

What a happy New Year this has been af-
ter all, Uncle James, said Maggie, as on New
Year's night they were snugly seated in an
alcove room at their tea.

Now that the orphans were rich, they did
not forget their poor friends. Mrs. Brady
was well cared for; and often Maggie delig-
hted old neighbors with a visit, always bring-
ing them some comfort.

I wonder if any of the children who read
the DOMINION MONTHLY ever think of the
orphans who have no kind friends to provide
comforts for them at Christmas and New
Year's time. And I wonder if they ever
think what a profitable way it would be to
spend some of their pocket money in buying
comforts for some poor little ones! Wouldn't
it be worth while to see the pale faces bright-
en with pleasure, and to hear the mother's
'God bless you?' And better still, to hear
your Heavenly Father's voice, saying—'In-
asmuch as ye have done it unto one of the
least of my children, ye have done it unto
me.'—[New Dominion Monthly, for Jan.]

VALUE OF REVACCINATION IN SMALL-POX.
Most of our readers are aware of the extent to
which the small-pox has ravished France, and
especially Paris, and of the continued discussion
of remedies and indications of the disease. In re-
sponse to a request from the Minister of the In-
terior to the Imperial Academy of Medicine the
following statement of established facts was re-
turned: First, vaccination is a preventative
against small-pox; second, in every instance, after
a certain time, revaccination is expedient to secure
complete exemption from contagion; third, revac-
cination is an absolute security from danger;
fourth, revaccination is useful at all ages; fifth, it
can be employed without inconvenience during
the existence of the epidemic, and it is perfectly
well established that in certain localities—in the
bosom of families, in boarding-schools, and other
agglomerations of individuals—it has succeeded in
arresting upon the spot an epidemic just begun;
sixth, the actual epidemic of small-pox, which pre-
vails in Paris and other points of French terri-
tory, has supplied a most convincing proof of the
protective power of revaccination; finally, it
was stated that in various army corps, and
especially in the Gards de Paris, and in many
public and private establishments, particu-
larly in some of the municipal schools, the
small-pox was easily checked after revacina-
tion; and also that the latest statistics, especially
those collected in the civil hospitals of Paris, prove
in the most positive manner that persons who re-
vaccinate

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