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JAS. S. LOCKIE,
MANAGER, St. Stephen.

Poetry.

"The Land Thou gavest unto our Fathers."

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children, too;—how should we love
Another land so well?
O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
Lord of the nations, thou to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting friend.

[Wexford]

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"We mourn in secret o'er some buried love
In the far past, whence love does not return,
And strive to find among its ashes gray
Some lingering spark that may yet live and burn;
And when we see the vanities of our task,
We flee away, far from the hopeless scene,
And folding close our garments o'er our hearts,
Cry to the winds, 'O God! it might have been!'
"Come, darling, sing my favorite, and then I
must leave you." And drawing his betrothed
gently forward, Arthur Falkner seated her upon
one of the low wicker chairs, which was almost
concealed by the clinging star-jasmine and scarlet
eyebrow, shading the tiny bird-nest affair of a porch.
She had followed him to the door, and they had
both stood in the doorway, silently, for several
minutes, watching the fair moon, as with her mel-
low beams she cast many and fantastic shadows
upon the broad walk, and peering shyly through
the twining vines up at the lattice, played "hide
and seek" on the snowy floor.
"I was a sweet picture, 'Yes, sing, 'ma petite,
I've long to hear my song to-night." And seating
himself at the girl's side, looked upon the pale face,
with its sweet mouth and full red lips, dark gray
eyes and heavy brows, the low but intellectual
forehead, and small beautifully-shaped head, with
its crown of black hair, with a world of admiration
in his dark eyes. No, Carrie Leslie was not beau-
tiful, not even pretty, but she appeared to her be-
trothed, Arthur Dean Falkner, as infinitely lovely.
The gray eyes were raised for a moment, and
meeting the ardent gaze of those dark ones bend-
ing over her, a rosy flush suffused cheek and brow,
and hastily withdrawing her hand, she pressed it
to her forehead, murmuring softly, "Don't Arthur;
you will spoil me by your flattery."
With a merry laugh, which so well harmonized
with the bright manly face, he caught and carried
the little trembling hand to his lips; then, with a
gentle caress, kept it a prisoner, as he listened,
almost breathlessly, to the sweet words of that
beautiful song, "Twenty years ago."
"Thanks, dearest; I must have a kiss for that."
And rising from his seat, he passed his arm gently
about the young girl and drew her up beside him,
at the same time pressing a kiss upon her lips.
Why did her cheeks, but a moment before crim-
son with blushes which his words had called into
them, blanch so suddenly? Why, with a shud-
der, did her head sink upon his arm, and deep
sobs shake her slender frame?
"Why darling, what is the matter?" he ex-
claimed, looking down upon the tiny figure, seem-

ing lovelier, and almost ethereal, in the soft moon-
light. "What is it, dearest, tell me?"
The young girl lifted her tearful face to his, and
the expression written there was one never to be
forgotten. Such deep agony upon the fair brow,
and in the depths of those tearful eyes; and the
lips, those bright red lips, were no longer red, but
a dull purple; and the sweet mouth twitched
convulsively. She did not speak for some mo-
ments, but at length, with a strong effort, she re-
pressed her tears.
"Arthur," she commenced, agitatedly, but gather-
ing calmness as she proceeded, "dearest Arthur!
forgive me, but I fear that I may offend you in
what I am going to say; rest assured it can give
you no more pain to hear, than it will give me to
say the words that will trouble and perhaps offend
you; but remember it is the very intenseness of
my love that impels me to speak. O, my own Ar-
thur! will you not thrust aside this great enemy
which is winding its strong fetters closer and yet
closer around you? Will you not declare eter-
nal war against its insidious influence? O Ar-
thur! Look not upon the wine when it is red,
when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth
itself aright; for at the last it biteth like a ser-
pent, and stingeth like an adder!"
She paused, clasped her small hands closer
about his arm, and looked pleadingly into his face.
That low eager voice, those pleading tear-filled
eyes, were appealing to his heart almost as ir-
resistibly as the words she had spoken.
He unclasped her hands and held them tender-
ly in his own. His face grew grave and thought-
ful; and there arose before him a picture of the
brilliantly-lighted saloon, the sparkling wine and
card-table, the merry company, whose favorite he
was fast becoming, and his heart became sad, rest-
less; he felt and acknowledged that all those
things possessed a charm for him; and the words
of his betrothed sank into his heart, awakening
doubts as to his ability to resist evil.
Suddenly withdrawing her hands from his, she
clasped them, and raising her eyes to heaven, con-
tinued:
"Arthur, never was there a heart truer, purer
than mine. All my affection would I sacrifice to
you; but by the fair June moon above us, and
the whispering breeze around us, I had rather
look upon this loved face no more, hear that voice
with its matchless music call me endearing names
never again, than have you continue in the path
you are now treading. "Promise, Arthur, dear
Arthur, that you will abandon the evil, that these
haunts shall know you no more! and prove to this
loving, trusting heart your love!"
And as tears filled his softened eyes, he an-
swered, earnestly:
"I will, Carrie, my darling! do you doubt me?
I do not think there can be much danger; but
since you wish, and for your sake, my darling,
your gentle soul shall never be so pained again. I
do promise you to-night, by our beautiful love and
bright hopes, that never again shall you have
cause to fear! No, if I should break this solemn
pledge, may I lose your sweet love forever! Let
me seal the pledge thus." And he crushed his
lips upon the two fair clasped hands.
"My own Carrie, I am not worthy such great,
such beautiful love, I lead me by thy gentle
Christian spirit, that I may become a better and a
truer man."
"Arthur, never a prayer ascends from my heart,
but that it waits for our Father's throne a fervent
petition for you, who are so dear to me. Often,
often, do I fear that my love for the creature ex-
ceeds that for the Creator, for which he refuses to
answer prayer. But I pray that he may crown
thy life with that bright jewel without which you
cannot enter into life eternal. God bless you, Ar-
thur, dear Arthur!" And the girl lifted the hand
bowed upon her shoulder, and pressed her pure
lips to his brow once, twice.
"Amen!" responded the young man, as he re-
ceived the pure benediction. And catching up
his hat from the wicker seat, he quitted the pres-
ence of his guardian angel.
Ah, Arthur FactZer, Arthur Faulkner! If
you had but retraced your steps and been a lie-
tenser to Carrie Leslie, as dropping upon her knees,
beside the low seat, beneath the wreathing vines,
she poured forth her pure soul in prayer to the
"All Powerful" for the safety of her betrothed.
Alas, alas! why could it not have been? Per-
haps fountains of bitter tears might not have
flowed; an ever stinging, goading remorse might
not have taken up its abode in one heart's chamber.
Twenty winters with their chill winds and
shuddering rains; twenty summers with their
sweet flowers, singing birds and gentle breezes,
had come and gone, each placing its tribute
upon a grave, on the "broken shaft" of which was
graven, "He biddeth the broken heart." June
roses were now blooming over it, and a fair June
moon shed its soft mellow rays upon it. "Twenty
years ago!" It was no human voice trilling that
sweet sad air, no only a mocking-bird, which
swayed to and fro upon the pliant bough of the

weeping willow, that hung its long feathery-like
branches o'er the broken column.
Why did the solitary mourner, who knelt
at the grave, struggling with all his bitter-
ness, start and press his hands upon his throbbing
brow?
Oh Carrie, Carrie! moaned the stricken
man. Twenty years ago you were at my
side, in the calm moonlight, pleading, angel
that you were, with one unworthy your love.
How boastfully I gave that pledge, sealing
my own doom. If I should break this sol-
emn vow, may I, my Carrie, lose your sweet
love forever! And I have lost it, and for-
ever!
The head with the gray hairs which sorrow
and remorse had scattered so abundantly amid
the dark locks, sank upon the marble; and
tears, such as only a strong man may weep, in
agony, coursed down his pale cheeks.
The worn that knows no dying is wearing
away my heart! I placed her in this untimely
grave! I, who should have guarded and pro-
tected her through a long life, broke that ten-
der loving heart, and laid the bright form low.
How bright, how beautiful this life might
have been, O God! might have been, but for
me.
A fair bride, a broken pledge, an intoxicat-
ed bridegroom, a broken heart and a folding
of the fair cold hands over a breast from which
the life strokes had fled; a wanderer, mad
denied by grief and remorse, a lapse of twenty
years, and the wanderer kneels beside the broken
shaft—how emblematical of a broken life
—and cries, "My God! but for me, it might
have been."
A bright, bright home; a vine wreath-
ed porch, beneath the shade of which might rest
the loved and lost; children's feet might
wander over the door sill and climb on the
father's knee; loving arms might twine about
the neck of both father and mother; sweet
musical voices might murmur words of love
But no; the picture fades, for I looked upon
the wine when it was red, when it gave its
color in the cup, when it moved itself aright;
and at last it bit like a serpent and stung like
an adder.
The mocking bird hushed its gush of mel-
ody; for sounds of mourning struck strangely
upon its joyous heart. The moon veiled her
face in the high-fleecy cloud, weeping with
the grief-stricken one. The white rosebush rust-
led faintly in the sweet night breeze, offering
a wealth of snowy buds and delicate fragrance
to the wanderer.
The silent hours went on apace; yet the
bowed form remained, and how and then the
pale brow would writhe with anguish, the trem-
bling hand be clasped, and the cold lips mur-
mur, "O God it might have been!"
Is it ever thus? Do all hearts beat within
them
"Some hidden place,
Some secret chamber where a cold corpse lies?
The drapery of whose couch we dress anon,
Each day, beneath the pale glare of its eyes;
We go from its still presence to the sun,
To seek the pathways where it once was seen,
And strive to still the throbbing of our hearts,
With this wild cry 'O God! it might have
been!'
"Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,
We mourn some jewel which the heart has
mis-laid,
Some brow we touched, in days long since gone
by,
Some lips whose freshness and first dew we
kissed;
We shut out from eyes the happy light
Of sunbeams dancing on the hillside green,
And like the wanderer, ope them to the night,
And cry, like him, 'O God! it might have
been!'"
A RIDE ON A LOCOMOTIVE. "Could we
ride with a driver?"
"You won't find it so pleasant as you im-
agine, but you can try it."
The conductor signals, the engineer grasps
one of the mysterious levers which put him
"en rapport" with the modern locomotive,
and the docile monster winks away as if re-
joicing in the lightness of the playful trait be-
hind him. As our speed increases we become
painfully aware that we are not on springs.
The easy swing of our does not pertain to the
locomotive, which jumps to its work with a
rioting, tramping trip-hammer energy that
disdains the thought of ease and softness. We
cannot keep our feet, and find it hard to keep
the high and narrow slippery seat, with north-
ing to hold on to. The speed seemed terrific.
Country no longer glides away from us with
a drifting motion,—it rushes on us like a thun-
der-bolt. Trees and houses have a whirling
motion, fierce, tumultuous, maddening, as
though hurled towards a vortex from which
we are momentarily escaping. Instinctively
we shrink as the track cuts under us, and the
huge rocks by the wayside seem flying by us.
Ahead is a curve. What is beyond it? We
watch the disclosing line with peculiar fascina-
tion, for terrible possibilities are ever just
out of sight. Gradually our senses become
used to their new experience, and we are will-

ing to forgo our useless vigilance. On the
right the river flows like a river in a vision,
noiseless, swift and strangely calm. On the
left the hills waltz and reel, bearing down on
the track like an endless avalanche. Above,
the airy clouds betoken the close of a brilliant
day, but it makes us dizzy to look at them. It
is pleasanter to study the steady poise of the
driver. Alert, self-possessed, unpretending, he
sees every inch of the track by flashes of ob-
servation, lets out all restraints the heedless en-
ergy of his all but living engine, and holds
the lives of us all with a grasp as true as it is
seemingly unconscious. We plunge into the
shadow of Kittatinny Mountain pierce the
point of rocks that projects into the river, and
stop amid a confusion of backing trains, shriek-
ing engines, and the shouts of trackmen. We
are at Bridgeport, and as soon as the bridge is
clear we shall cross to Harrisburg.
I shall have a realizing sense of my obli-
gation to the engineer driver, after this, re-
marks the untraveled man, as we climb down
from the locomotive; and a wholesome respect
of his skill and courage. ["Traveling by tel-
e-graph," by James Richardson.
MORALS OF MOTTOES.
ICH DIEN.
Who does not know the ostrich feathers and
the Ich Dien, "I serve"? Little thought the
blind king of Bohemia as he buckled on his
armor that morning so long ago, for the bat-
tle of Crecy, that his three ostrich feathers
would be lower-d to the dust, and his notable
motto be transferred to another prince before
the day was done. Still less thought he that
for generations and centuries the feathers and
the sentiment would come to belong to the
eldest sons of the English sovereigns as a
birthright for future time. It is now more
than five hundred years ago since the Black
Prince fought and helped so signally to win
that great historical battle, and since Ich Di-
en and the ostrich feathers passed from Bo-
hemian kings to English princes of Wales.
Five hundred years! And all this time what
effect has the motto had upon the long line of
princes? Some effect, certainly. Some of
the good princes of Wales have perhaps been
better for the motto, and some of the bad ones
have been so; but, perhaps, as but for the
motto they would have been. A motto that
suggests is often more effective than a motto
that declares. And this motto suggests many
a duty, many a virtue, many a Christian grace
and deed.
"I serve!" What do I serve? Have not
many princes of Wales asked themselves that
question? And shall not we readers and ob-
servers, ask ourselves the same? "His ser-
vants ye are to whom ye obey." Most men,
perhaps all men, have masters, and are in
either base bondage or honorable service.—
Some people vaunt their independence of ties,
restraints, and obligations; but servitude may
be unacknowledged and yet real, denied by
the servant yet seen through plainly by look-
ers on. So far as the literal application of
the motto goes, every one in the world might
truly say, "Ich Dien," because every one in
the world "serves."
But the motto means more than that. Some
of its possible meanings may be readily tabu-
lated.
It may signify, and I have a strong impres-
sion that it did and does signify, humility of
mind. It is equivalent to "I am contented
with the lower place. If some one comes and
tells me to go up higher, well and good; but
I do not seek great things for myself. I de-
sire to be as one that serveth." Such teach-
ing is good in itself, and if carried out, would,
so to speak, "grease the wheels" of social pro-
gress. If every one seeks the highest place
—and it cannot be denied that, as the years
roll on, more and more people are eager can-
didates for such places—what confusion and
disorder must be, what bitterness and ill-will
may be, the consequence. Every one cannot
be leader. Some must serve. The question
comes, Who is willing to accept this necessity
meekly? Surely, if we all took this motto as
a guide, it would cause a far less disorganiza-
tion and dis-franchisement and vastly less bad
command? "I serve," is indeed a love cause
ing not an anger-causing motto.
"But its universal adoption would cause con-
fusion. Somebody must command." Undoubt-
edly; and the very people who most humbly
utter "I serve," are often the very best rulers
and guides. The men whose motto is "I
serve," are often men of high character and
principles, who, when duty bids them forward
to the higher place, discharge the functions of
those places more scrupulously and ably than
others who seek the high places. The king of
Bohemia was, according to his light and know-
ledge, doing good service to his country as
king and leader. And when retiring Chris-
tians, who have acted up to the first meaning
of the Bohemian motto, "I seek no high place
of command," find that the motto has other
good meanings as well, they set up to what-
ever meanings seems calculated best to promote
God's glory and fellowman's advantage.
And some of these other significations are
very soul stirring: "I serve my country!"

What a patriotic idea to inspire a good man's
life! And how many ways there are of serv-
ing one's country. Besides the tested field,
which is in some minds the only or the chief
area in which to serve one's country there are
peaceful services as valuable as warlike ser-
vices. We are not always, thank God, at
war. Although the reign of peace has been
sorely interrupted, it is, on the whole, a reign
more valued and longed for than in former
centuries. Instead of smelling the battle afar
off, nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and
tongues are grieved by war demonstrations,
and not always to be moved by the prospect
of glory and renown. The trophies of peace
are held in honour. Statesmen may serve
their country as usefully as captains and com-
manders; so may magistrates, civic function-
aries, judges, public speakers and writers.
And so may private persons, both positive-
ly and negatively. When some active-mind-
ed people came to ask, "What shall we do?
and we, and we?" one of the replies was,
"Do no violence, neither accuse any falsely."
By abstinence we can all serve our country,
and by activity most of us can do the same.
Abstinence from evil and activity in good
come within the scope of Ich Dien.
Again, what a wonderful view of service,
the highest of all service, is opened up in Mil-
ton's sonnet on his own blindness!—
"God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bears his mild yoke, whose service he hires best;
His mild yoke, whose service he hires best;
His mild yoke, whose service he hires best;
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
What consolation and encouragement is
this thought for the afflicted and the humbly-
minded, who think they can do no service for
the Master!
But—and this is another meaning, sin for-
bidden but in the princely motto—some men
serve their lusts, inclinations, and passions.
Good of country it is with them to be postponed
to gratification of self. I believe thoroughly
in the virtue and goodness of the public men
of the present day; but it was not always so.
What a crime to sacrifice, or to be willing to
sacrifice, the interests of a nation to a lust of
power and place! And what a "pull back"
on the wheels of civilization when kings and
princes have exercised no self-denial for their
country's good, or the other lusts and pas-
sions that are in Satan's hands so ruinous to
a country's character. A king's example may
be a country's chief blessing; and yet
kings have, in some cases and in some coun-
tries, "not restrained themselves."
Every citizen of the world can contribute
his mite at least to the public good by positive
activity. It is difficult to conceive, indeed,
of a drunkard, say, who would for his country's
good, as a servant of his country, give up the
intemperance that clings to him in the face
of waning honour, credit, and respectability; but
yet "I serve my country" is an element of his
responsibility in this particular self-govern-
ment, gain say it who may.
Another application of the motto is to do-
mestic servants. "I serve." It is true my
master and mistress are not the kind of master
and mistress I should have chosen for myself;
but, for the present, duty calls me to serve
them and therefore to serve them faithfully.
Sometimes when I try hardest I please least;
but then they do not know I have tried hard,
or they would appreciate my striving. I will
serve on, and on, and on, whatever may be
the result. One greater, than any son of
man, took on Him the form of a servant.
Surely service, or the service of self, is good
and honourable, and I will pray for content-
ment and success.
THE ROMANCE OF LONDON.—A late
newspaper says: "The old house in which
Nell Gwynne lived in the city of London has
been converted into an infirmary." "In St.
Giles's Church," says Leigh Hunt, "his Chap-
man, the earliest and best translator of Hu-
mer, and Andrew Marvell, the wit and pa-
triot, whose poverty Charles the Second could
not bribe." "Fleet Street," says Blanchard
Jerrild; "the same strain," "hold a crowd of
delightful associations." It is not the queen's
highway, it is that of Johnson and Goldsmith
and all their godly fellowship. The genius
of Lord Bacon haunts Gray's Inn; that of
Sheldon the Inner Temple; Voltaire appears
in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; Congreve
in Surrey Street, Strand; John of Gaunt, in
Iffington Garden; and in all the wits of Queen
Anne's time in Russell Street by Drury Lane.
With the same eyes the street lover of to-day
would see other houses; that which Thackeray
erect built, and in which he died; the house
of Dickens; and that in which Mazzini lived.
In his last days at Passau of his neighbors
thought him an Englishman. "No," he
answered, sadly; "I am an Italian; but I
have lived for forty years in England."
The essential romance of London is fully
suggested in the work of Gustave Doré and
Blanchard Jerrild, which is reproduced in
this country in "Harper's Weekly." And as
[concluded on last page]



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