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Poetry.

SPANISH SONG.

On lips of blooming youth
There trembles many a sigh,
Which lives to breathe a truth,
Then silently to die.
Thou, who art my desire,
Thy languishing sweet love
In sighs upon thy sweet lips shall expire.

I love the sapphire glory
Of those starry depths above,
Where I read the old, old story
Of human hope and love;
I love the shining star,
But when I gaze on thee,
The fire of thine eye is brighter far.

The fleeting, fleeting hours,
Which ne'er return again,
Leave only faded flowers
And weary days of pain;
Delight recedes from view,
And never more may pass
Sweet words of tenderness between us two.

The gentle breeze which plays
On the water murmuring,
And the silver, trembling rays
Of the moon on the midnight sea—
Ah! I have passed away,
Have faded far from me,
Like the love which lasted only one sweet day.

The Aldine for October.

Four full-page pictures embellish the October Aldine, a number which glows with all the beauty and richness of the season. A tinted page by J. D. Woodward represents a wood and river scene in the fall of the year, when the leaves are dropping from the trees, and the air is balmy. The picture is an exquisite gem. "Desdemona," after Canabal, is a noble figure, wonderfully engraved by Jonnard. The face is full of beauty and pensive sadness, and the hands are clasped in prayer. Mr. Arthur Parton contributes a grand full-page picture, called "The Rapids of the Au Sable," and representing in a vivid manner the bold scenery of the Adirondacks. The spirit of the picture is full of life and motion. A charming subject, sure to attract wide admiration, is "Spring," by Pierre A. Cot, from the original in the possession of A. T. Stewart, Esq., of New York. The effect of sunshine is soft and beautiful, and the whole picture is a poem. The other illustrations in this number are much more numerous than usual, and consist of a scene on the Grand Canal, Venice; "Wild Flowers," by L. Bechtel; a series of thirteen pictures, illustrative of the life of Martin Luther and the Castle Wartburg, in Germany. "The Ugly Beauty," by A. T. Plies, and three views of St. Paul's Cathedral. This is a famous and unrivaled collection of pictures.

The table of literary contents for this number is admirable, consisting of a poem on "Seneca Lake" by Alfred B. Street; many fresh and interesting "Recollections of William Knibb," from the German; "A Mere Glimpse at Dieppe," by Henry Morford; "Damaris," a poem by Laura D. Nichols; "No Hero After All," a story by F. D. Washburne; "The Man and the Moon," a poem by Sallie A. Brock; "The Warburg," a descriptive article by Helen S. Conant; "Golden Haired Albert," a sweet story by Edward Olin Weeks; "October," a sonnet, by Mary B. Dolge; "A Visit from a Siamese Princess," by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens; "A Naughty Darling," a poem by Mrs. Fanny Barrow; and St. Paul's Cathedral, by Dr. Fuller-Walker. The editorial articles consist of "On the Grand Canal," "Desdemona," "The Au Sable River," "In the Spring," Music, Art and Literature.

The Aldine Company has determined to establish an Art Union, similar to the well-known Art Union in England, and distribute its works of art, both sculpture and paintings, which are constantly collecting, among its subscribers. Art premiums, valued at \$2,500, will be distributed among each series of 5,000 subscribers. Subscription tickets, at \$6 00 each, entitle the holder to the Aldine for a year, to the new chronos, and to a ticket in the distribution of art premiums. The Aldine Company, publishers, No. 58 Maiden Lane, New York.

The author of the well known hymn, "I want to be an angel," was Mrs. Sydney B. Hill, of Philadelphia. She was teacher of an infant class in Dr. Joel Parker's church. She had been teaching a lesson on angels, and one of the children had said, "I want to be an angel." In a few days that child died, and under the strong impression of the circumstances, the teacher wrote the hymn for the Sunday School to sing, and it has struck a chord in every child's heart since 1854.

Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads.

WILLIE.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little dead boy. This is the way it was. We were three country lads going home across the lots at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying afraid of us on the grass. We made a race for it, and Ed captured the prize; a little farther on we picked up a small hat, which we at once recognized as Willie Dedrick's. Then we turned the angle of the zig zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie, only five years old.

His clothing was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was so still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It shocked us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the pond. We felt that it was a terrible thing to find him dead in this unlooked for manner. We asked each other what Walter and Mary would do when they should hear of this; Willie was the only boy they had. And then the question came up what we ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank to the pond where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the chubby little boy and carry him home. But we shrank from the presence of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides that, we had certain dim and confused ideas, as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a coroner was necessary, and that it would not be lawful or safe for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stones near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed, and no secretary, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies; nevertheless in all the essentials of a great council this occasion was very eminent. Here were three lads seated upon the ancient granite which trends the northern slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and below them stretched the wild woods, away to the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence; and in their midst, upon that bright summer day, sat the skeleton king with his awful sceptre and his iron crown, pressing upon their young hearts those matchless terrors which have ruled the world since time began.

It was an august presence, and the boys felt their responsibility more than members of council ordinarily do. Their final conclusion was, that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion, for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lot was cast, country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The boys had been very much puzzled from the first to know what could have done it. They gazed about the pasture ground to discover what suggestion could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows, and some sheep grazing in a distant part of the enclosure. As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, moving rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the lock of his rifle, while the gun itself was lying across his lap. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and dreaded it.

The lad had good sense; he did not blurt out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please to step out of the door with me; I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you; we have found your little son in the lot kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he said dead, Walter gave a little start and said, "Is he dead?" Phil had to say, "Yes, we are afraid he is, and we think he is."

Walter stepped into the cottage and Phil stood

at the door to see how he would tell Mary. Walter said without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

That was not a prudent thing, the boy thought, as the tragic words fell upon her ear and fixed themselves in his memory.

The effect of the words upon Mary reminded the boy of the way he had seen a rifle shot tell through a kind of flutter or shudder for a moment and then sunk down in a little heap upon the floor. Then followed a series of quick gasps and catchings for breath, and short exclamations of "Oh dear! Oh dear!" and then the stifled shrieking began.

Walter took his wife up in his strong arms, and tried to undo in part the sad work which had been accomplished upon her by the few words he had so suddenly and imprudently uttered. He said that Willie might not be dead after all, but only hurt. And so he placed her upon a bed, and he and Phil left her there and started to go and see Willie.

Not many words were said as the man and boy climbed the bank and strode hastily along to the fatal spot. As they neared it, there sat the two watchers, faithful to their post and as still as statues.

Phil and Walter turned the angle of the fence, and the father came up to the body of his little son. He had not seemed stricken with grief until now, but only excited. As he looked steadily upon the chubby little form, all battered and bloody and bruised, the lad who had brought him there felt that some word must be said.

"It's a kick, ain't it?" said he. This was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment, perhaps. The poor father choked and trembled, and replied, "A kick or a bite or something—oh dear!" And then he turned his head and looked away, and there was the sound of his sobbing, and a strange, moaning cry.

Walter would not stay by the body, but directed the boys to remain and watch while he himself went and brought his friend the doctor. And then he turned away and went off over the fields toward the settlement, uttering loud sobs and that same strange cry.

It was hardly more than ten minutes' walk down to the road toward which Walter directed his steps, and in a very short time the boys saw groups of men coming from the houses, up the activity toward the fatal spot. They came hastily, two and three together, and soon a dozen or more were gathered around the three boys who had watched, and were gazing at the body.

After the first look the men made characteristic remarks.

"That is a rough piece of business!" said Dan. "Fearful!" said Pete.

"That's darn queer work for a horse now, ain't it?" said Levi, a tall, keen fellow followed by nature for a lawyer.

"I don't look like a horse to me, said another.

And so they went on to comment and examine. It appeared that the rail under which Willie was jammed was dented and marked as if, hammered by many blows. The three innocent boys who had originated the "horse theory," as the men called it, accounted for the marks on the rail by saying that the horse pawed at Willie after he was under the fence.

The men said they knew better; they began to question the boys as to their entertained suspicions in regard to them, and the boys became very uncomfortable. The men asked repeatedly just how the body was lying when the boys had found it, and inquired again and again whether they had moved it at all. The lads felt these insinuations very keenly.

Men continued to come, and at length women came in groups, until quite an assembly was gathered there in the open field.

Finally Walter returned slowly up the hill with a few friends, as if he were reluctant to come again to the place. Just as he reached the spot, good old Father Mosely and his wife, a sharp, managing woman, came from the opposite direction and met Walter. Father and Mother Mosely lived down by the school-house at the other side of the settlement.

Mother Mosely at once seized hold of Walter, and while she wrung his hand exclaimed in a high voice that seemed to the boys not a becoming or natural voice in which to express grief.

"Oh, Walter! we can't give him up; no, no, oh dear!"

The gesticulation which accompanied this was tragic and stately, and it was by far the most theatrical thing done upon that occasion. Father Mosely spoke a few words which interested the people very much. Hearing some allusion made to the "horse theory" he said—

"The little boy down at the school says it was a sheep that did it."

And then it came out that Willie's playmate, Charlie Sanders, was "the little boy down at the school," and that Charlie had cried all the forenoon and dared not tell the teacher what the matter was; but finally, at the noon spell he told a little girl Willie did not come

to school because a sheep in the lot had chased them and knocked Willie down, and he could not get up.

There was light, indeed, especially for the three lads, who had begun to feel, since the horse theory was criticised, as if they themselves were culprits unless they accounted for "the murder."

Across the lot the sheep were feeding. A young farmer stepped out of the crowd and called "Nan, nan, nan," and the flock, raising their heads, responded with a multitude of baa's, and came galloping over the grassy field. At their head "was the old ram," a fine "buck with great horns curling in spirals around his ears."

The young farmer held Willie's basket in one hand, and making a breezy fist of the other, struck out toward the ram, offering him battle. The buck at once brought his head down in line of attack, squared himself for a big butt, and came on with a little run, and a charge that in an artistic point of view was quite beautiful. The farmer, stepping aside, caught him by his horns as he came, and that magnificent charge was his last.

There was a blood thirsty feeling pervading the crowd, undoubtedly, but Buck had a fair trial. There on his white bold face and horns were the bright carmine drops of fresh blood. No other witnesses were needed. In a moment a glittering keen knife flashed from somebody's keeping into the bright sunshine, and in a moment more a purple stream dyed the white wool around Luck's throat, and there was a red pool upon the grass, and a little later, as Dan remarked, "some tough" mutton.

The excitement which for the mystery was cleared up and Justice had its due. Kind hearted Joe, who superintended the Sabbath School and led the religious element of the neighbourhood, stepped forward and said to the crowd:

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no suspicion and no need of any ceremony; let us take him home."

And then Joe took Willie in his arms and held him closely with the little face against his own, as if he were still living, and started for the cottage. Some of the people followed in a picturesque procession, through the pasture lot and down the bank and along by the shore of the pond. When Walter's house was reached, a few of the women went in to soothe Mary; and Joe and another doctor went in also, and the people clustered about the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that all had been done that could be done for Walter and Mary, and the people except a few, who remained as watchers and helpers, dispersed to their homes.

The three days that followed were bright, sunny days. A strange stillness and unusual hush reigned in the neighbourhood of the cottage. The harsh grating sound of the saw mill was not heard as at other times, for the mill was stopped in token of respect for the great sorrow. Only the softly flowing stream was heard, mingling its "sussur" with the hum of the bees in the garden.

Now and then groups of children, dressed in their Sunday attire, would come down the bank, and with hushed voices and fearful looks steal up toward the cottage door. Then kind Joe would see them and would come out and take them in to see Willie; and in a few moments they would issue forth again, and walk sadly homeward, and as they went the sunlight died their tears.

And farmers and hunters came from many miles away "to see the little boy that was killed by a sheep." Some of the rough men manifested their sympathy by exhibiting vindictive feelings toward the ram. After going in and viewing the bruised corpse, they would come out with dark, determined looks, and grasping the long rifles which they had brought with them and "stood up" by the door, they would inquire of any bystander, with fierce emphasis, whether the ram that "did that" was dead. On being informed of his execution they would say "That will do," with an air that implied how much they would have enjoyed it to have had a shot at him. Indeed, it appeared that if the poor brute had been possessed of fifty or a hundred lives, so that each irate hunter might have taken one, it would have been a great relief and satisfaction.

On the fourth day Willie was buried. Mary continued inconsolable. All of the social influences which the neighbourhood could command were put in operation from the time of the funeral onward, in order to cheer her and bind up her wounded spirit. Social meetings were held for her. Walter ever there was enjoyment. Mary must be. She gratefully submitted herself to all their kindness, and tried to please her friends. But it seemed to do her little good. She remained pale, weak, and despondent.

After a few months Walter and Mary discovered that somehow they were not suited with their farm. They sold the place at the first opportunity, and returned to their former home in New England, the remains of little Willie having been forwarded in advance to a cemetery there, with which they in their early days had been familiar.

Organists and Organ-Playing.

The influence of a good organist and organ on church singing can scarcely be overestimated. If the clergyman is not musical and has good common sense, the organist will be supreme in the musical portion of the services. It is, therefore, of far greater importance than is usually supposed, that the organist should be something more than a mere musical machine. There are two pulpits in every church. The pastor preaches from one; and the organist or choir director (usually the same) from the other. The most fervent expression of the clerical pulpit may be weakened or absolutely destroyed by the frivolous performance of the musical pulpit. We doubt if this fact has ever fully impressed the majority of our readers, and yet scarcely a one has not felt that the impression, for instance, of an excellent sermon has been obliterated from the mind before he has reached the outer door of the church. He can not tell why; but the organist could, if he would recall that the most solemn utterances of the pastor have been followed by some frivolous and utterly inappropriate organ performance.

This is not mere surmise on our part. We have repeatedly seen this result in the past twenty-five years. The average organist has evidently had no more sympathy with the church than with paying the national debt. His business was simply to play a voluntary, support the choir in singing, and dance the congregation out of the church to any tune which struck his fancy, or which he may have selected and prepared for performance days before. It is this inappropriateness with which we think the organists are especially chargeable. What would we think of a clergyman who indulged in levity at a funeral? And yet we have heard organists, after a sermon which excited to the utmost solemn reflections, amble gayly into selections from "Marta," "Travlers," and (it is a pity to write it) "Off-bach." "Hands all round and down the middle" is too often suggested by these careless performances.

The influence of such an organist on the choir is in the highest degree demoralizing. The flippancy which characterizes the organ performance will inevitably creep into the singing. It has, in fact, developed a school of so-called sacred composition whose weak sentimentality and faulty construction would have exasperated Handel almost to homicide or hurried Haydn to a premature grave. Modern composers too often diverge as far as possible from these noble models. The sole effort seems to be to please the ear and tickle the fancy. There is no attempt at a worshipful style. They are usually as defective in sanctity and reverence as in grammatical construction. The simplest rules of harmony are disregarded in order to produce striking effects. The choir left is converted to an arena for the exhibition of vocal gymnastics. There are ground and lofty tumblings by the solo soprano, acrobatic feats of strength by the bass, ambitious and exciting efforts to attain the attenuated, wiry high C, and more or less side show business by the alto, organist, and all concerned. But this is a topic that can not be disposed of in a brief paragraph. It needs a careful diagnosis and sound remedy. We doubt if it can be cured by homeopathic doses—that is, by inefficient church music committees, but requires the most heroic treatment by the congregations themselves. Choirs often sing such stuff, and either because they think the people like it, or are too indolent to enter a protest against it. Congregations are long suffering; but we earnestly hope, and confidently believe, that the coming judgment day for this "sacred" body, and also for Offenbachian organists, is fast approaching. [The "Aldine" for October.

It will be something like nine thousand years before Coggia's comet flammits its "horrid hair" in these regions again, and perhaps by that time the average Chicago woman will have learned better manners than to prop her feet up on the horizon, and prevent people seeing the celestial wanderer.

Now is the time when the irresponsible uncle chain gluth the horse fly's wings together and walk him up-time time around the nose of his sleeping grandfather.

Broth Harte is said to be constantly hard up. Such, however, is genius.—[Exchange. If being hard up constitutes genius, we have some spells of remarkable brilliancy.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

It's awful lonesome in Mexico just now, and tears trickle down the father's cheeks as he takes his son on his knee, and tells him how the country used to be blessed with a revolution at every two weeks.

Anything will impress the human mind with awe, it is the expression of a man's face who has just been aroused from snoring in church.

A boy's reverence for the name of mother is apt to be in the inverse ratio of the number of those domestic commodities with which an indulgent father from time to time has provided him.