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## Poetry.

### TIMES GO BY TURNS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

The topped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorriest night may find relief from pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.  
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth for ever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
Her fates have equal times to come and go,  
Her doom doth weave the fine and coarse web.  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor even spring;  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day;  
The saddest birds season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;  
Few all they need; but none have all they wish.  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:  
Who least, have some; who most, have never all.

### THE PLOW.

God speed the plowman! Tell me not  
Dreary as attends the toil  
Or those who plow the dark green sod,  
Or till the fruitful soil.  
Why should the honest plowman shrink  
From mingling in the van  
Of learning and of wisdom, since  
'Tis mind that makes the man?

God speed the plowman, and the hands  
That till the fruitful earth,  
For there is in this world, so wide,  
No gem like honest worth.  
And though the hands are dark with toil,  
And flushed the manly brow,  
It matters not, for God will bless  
The labors of the plow.

## LITERATURE.

### CHARLIE'S RING.

Mrs. Greyson was in a quandary.  
Either her patterns were much too large, or her  
cloth greatly too small. Arrange them how she  
would, she felt short by so much as a good hand-  
breadth; and after worrying over the problem for  
a good half hour, and finding as yet no proper  
solution, she was fast getting into a state of des-  
pair.

I can't see how I ever got those other things out.  
I'm sure I have exactly the same number of yards.  
Hark! wasn't that the front gate? Mercy on me!  
Charlie, can it be any one coming to spend the  
afternoon? And not a slice of cake in the house?  
I knew something would happen if we put off bak-  
ing; but I did want to get those things cut out.  
Do look and see if any one is coming.

Charlie, who had been sitting at the other side  
of the table, peeped out between the curtains.  
Yes, said she, it's Miss Patience. She's coming  
up the front walk. Her knitting is rolled up in  
her handkerchief, and of course she'll stay to tea.  
Dear me! sighed Mrs. Greyson, hastily adjust-  
ing her dress, tying on a clean apron and pulling  
out the bows of her cap, it's always so. If  
there's ever a day when one is not prepared for  
visitors, somebody's sure to come. I never knew  
it to fail yet. And Biddy's gone to a walk, and  
won't be back to night, and there's no one to do a  
turn except ourselves; and I expect the kitchen  
fire is out.

Never mind, mother, said Charlie briskly; there's  
the bell. I'll run down and take Miss Patience  
into the parlor, and you come in and entertain  
her, and I'll see about the supper. Don't you  
worry. I'll make a sponge cake and some of my  
nice biscuits, and Miss Patience will never know  
but what we have been expecting her all day.

Charlie looked Miss Patience on the doorstep,  
looking severely at a futile attempt which had been  
made to ornament the porch with a struggling  
honey-ucle and a sweetbrier. Introduced to the  
cool shady parlor, Miss Patience surrendered her  
well-worn cottage bonnet and limp shawl, smoothed  
down the rusty folds of her black bombazine, and  
calmly seated herself to go on with her knitting.

Your ma's well, I hope, Charlotte?  
Miss Patience did not believe in pet names.  
I was telling Miss Rodgers this mornin' that I  
hadn't seen any of you in so long. I thought I'd  
run over and see how you were gettin' on; and  
just then the new minister came in, and said your  
father had asked him to come over to tea. So I  
made haste and started early, so as to help enter-

tain him. He's young, you know, and young min-  
isters are apt to be backward. O, how d'ye do,  
Miss Greyson? I was just telling Charlotte, that  
the new minister's comin' over to tea, I believe.  
He's a talented young man, and so full of the  
spirit, and does preach in such a heavenly way,  
that I says to Miss Rodgers, St. Paul couldn't do  
it better; and you mark my words, says I,  
his labors are going to be owned and blessed.

Mrs. Greyson, likewise employed with her knit-  
ting, made a fitting reply, and Charlie, seeing the  
two fairly embarked upon a flood of neighborhood  
gossip, stole out unperceived, and began opera-  
tions in the kitchen.

Kindling the fire, she left the oven to heat, and  
turned to collect ingredients for her cake. Beating  
eggs to a stiff froth, mixing in the powdered sugar  
and the snow-white flour, she soon had a loaf of  
cake ready for the oven. Then she decided to  
make jumbles, and in the mysterious composition of  
these, and the cutting out and arranging on long  
baking tins, the time passed quickly, and her  
thoughts went somewhat after this fashion:

It's provoking to think Biddy should be gone to-  
day, of all days, and Miss Patience here, and Mr.  
Edwards coming. I shall hardly have time to  
dress, and I meant to have worn my white muslin  
the first time the new minister came. And my  
face will be red, and I shall look like a fright, and  
Miss Patience will be sure to draw attention to  
me, and then I shall be sure to turn all sorts of  
colors. O dear! I wish—

But what it was Charlie was about to wish must  
forever remain a mystery, for just at that moment  
her father's voice was heard, and her father's form  
appeared suddenly, turning the corner of the  
house.

Walk right in this way. O, never mind about  
dust. We'll go through the kitchen, and I guess  
we'll find the women folks in the parlor. Charlie!  
O, this you? My daughter, Brother Edwards.  
And the good deacon waved his hand in the direc-  
tion of the kitchen table, upon which Charlie was  
at that moment depositing a tin of savory-smelling  
jumbles. The little hand she extended was all  
aglow and somewhat floury, but Mr. Edwards  
bowed over it as reverently as if it had never come  
in contact with anything more useful than a croch-  
et needle or the keys of a piano. Charlie  
scarcely dared to lift her eyes, but she had a vision  
of a very handsome face, a pair of dark eyes and  
a fine figure, which, following the deacon's lead,  
vanished through a doorway, leaving her to re-  
cover at her leisure.

Was ever anything so provoking? sighed Char-  
lie. To think of father's bringing the new minister  
in at the back door! But it's just like him. He  
never yet did anything like other people. There  
is no one in my dressing-up now. He's seen me  
in this calico, and I'm not going to change—so there!  
I'm glad the cake's coming out so well. There's  
the last of those jumbles. Now for the biscuits.  
And Charlie tripped off to the dairy for the cup  
of cream which was to go to their making up. Be-  
fore long the table was laid in the cool dining-  
room beyond; the snowy damask, the pretty gilt-  
edged china, the old-fashioned silver, a pat of  
golden butter, a dish of amber-bued honey, pre-  
served as clear as loaf-sugar could make them, the  
jumbles, the sponge cake, a steaming plate of beau-  
tiful biscuits. Surely, it was a tea-table to delight  
the eye of an artist, as well as the palate of an  
epicure.

So thought Mr. Edwards, as he took his seat at  
the right of his hostess, with Miss Patience be-  
hind him, and Charlie opposite. The latter had  
found time to don a fresh white apron, and pin a  
rose in her hair, but she still wore the neat calico;  
and, judging from the satisfied glances which the  
young minister sent in her direction, I don't think  
he missed the white muslin which she had pro-  
posed to wear the first time he should honour  
them by his presence at their tea table.

Miss Patience took it upon herself to praise the  
biscuits.  
I declare, Miss Greyson, you do have the best  
luck with your biscuits! These are real nice;  
light as puff, and so rich, too. How do you man-  
age it?

You must ask Charlie. She has the knack of  
doing it better than any one else in the house;  
and to-day Biddy happened to be away.

Now, you don't say you've been out here at work  
all the afternoon! cried Miss Patience, suddenly  
remembering that Charlie had been invisible since  
the first few moments of her arrival. I wish I'd  
known it. I'd come out and helped you. Why  
didn't you give me a hint? Yes, thank you; I  
will take another. Brother Edwards, let me pass  
you the biscuits.

The minister expressed his thanks, took another,  
broke it open, and in its centre found a little plain  
gold ring, Charlie's own ornament, which she had  
neglected to remove, and which had slipped from  
her finger, and which he now dextrously trans-  
ferred to his vest pocket without attracting the  
slightest attention. So the tea-table proved a suc-  
cess, thanks to Charlie; and for a quiet hour af-  
terwards Mr. Edwards managed to engage her in  
conversation, and he found that the little girl who

could make such nice cake and biscuits, could also  
talk to him in a way that not many young ladies  
of his acquaintance could hope to imitate.

Charlie had read all the books in the village  
library, and was longing to get hold of a good  
many more of which she had only heard; and  
Mr. Edwards could tell her all about them, nay,  
offered to lend her any or all of his own stock of  
books; and was amply repaid by the grateful light  
which beamed from her brown eyes at the unex-  
pected offer.

Charlie had never before spoken so freely to any  
one upon so brief an acquaintance, but the young  
man was so perfectly respectful, and put her so  
thoroughly at her ease, that she could not feel shy  
or embarrassed. So they chatted on until Miss  
Patience rolled up her knitting, and declared she  
must be going; and Mr. Edwards went away in her  
wake. Not until they were gone did Charlie dis-  
cover the loss of her ring. Then consternation  
seized her. She looked high and low. Tried to re-  
member when she had last felt it upon her finger;  
searched through kitchen, pantry and dairy, but  
not a sign of it could she find. Giving up the  
search for the night, she determined to renew it  
in the morning, confident that if she only looked  
long and closely enough, she should find it.

The reader who knows where that identical ring  
was all the time safely reposing, need not be told  
that the search was vain.

Miss Patience was much given to going out to  
tea-drinkings. Her cottage bonnet, her limp  
shawl, her rusty bombazine, were well known from  
one end of the village to the other. I'm afraid I  
must confess that Miss Patience was the village  
gossip, and that, when she unrolled her knitting  
and settled herself for an afternoon's chat, you  
were pretty sure to hear all the neighborhood  
scandal retailed, with such additions and embellish-  
ments as the retailer herself thought good to sup-  
ply. She loved to talk, and was never without a  
good theme upon which to discourse. Of course  
the new minister was an unfailing topic.

He was young, handsome, unmarried; a fair  
mark for marriageable young ladies and managing  
matrons.  
Meanwhile, the annual donation was drawing  
near, and everybody was determined that it should  
outdo any former occasion of the kind. Mrs. Grey-  
son, who found herself put upon the committee  
which was to see that the tables were supplied,  
turned the matter over to Charlie, and placidly  
went on with her cutting and basting.

Charlie, when in the midst of her culinary  
tramp, was not unfrequently called to perceive  
Miss Patience's gaunt form advancing towards the  
kitchen door; and once admitted, the talkative  
woman refused to adjourn to the parlor, express-  
ing a preference for the savory atmosphere of the  
kitchen, and began her gossip with the first stitches  
of her knitting.

Baking for the donation, are you, Charlotte?  
I thought as how you might be doing something  
of the kind, and I said to Miss Rodgers, says I,  
I'll just step over to the deacon's and see what they're  
getting up, and then we'll know better what we  
ought to prepare. Now, I thought of doughnuts,  
for one thing, and I was fryin' some of 'em, but  
you might like 'em. Mr. Edwards is very fond of  
'em, and—by the way, have you heard the news?

Now do tell I will, it only came out last  
night, so I don't wonder. I said to Miss Ed-  
wards, says I, I wonder if you've heard of it  
over at the deacon's? We knew that the  
minister had been calling here pretty often,  
and sometimes we've thought that maybe he  
was after you, Charlotte, and we all knew  
what a nice minister's wife you'd make; but it  
seems he was engaged before ever he came  
here; at least that's what Miss Rodgers thinks  
for Seraphina, she saw a letter, quite acci-  
dental I like, that the minister was writing,  
and it began, "My darling Fannie," and told  
about his hope of soon being able to provide a  
home for her, and was very loving, and all  
that; and Miss Rodgers she thinks he's going  
to be married soon, and says she has suspected  
it a long time, 'cause he's never taken to any  
of the village girls, except it was to you—my  
gracious! what ails you Charlotte? Did you  
burn your hand?

A little, said Charlie. The fat snapped—  
Miss Patience, if I were in your place I'd  
advise Seraphina Rodgers not to go prying  
about people's writing desks. Mr. Edwards  
might not care to have his private corres-  
pondence overlooked; and Miss Rodgers might  
lose her boarder through her daughter's in-  
quisitiveness.

Miss Patience protested that Seraphina was  
altogether innocent, and that the knowledge  
she had gained had come to her quite inci-  
dentally.

And Charlie went back to her doughnuts,  
rolled them in sugar, and turned them out a  
snow white heap of toothsome delicacies, war-  
ranted to melt in one's mouth; but all the  
while she was wondering if Miss Patience's  
intelligence could be true.

Mr. Edwards had called at the deacon's of-  
fice, perhaps, than Miss Patience fancied,  
and he had been very entertaining and kind,  
had brought Charlie books; had come to talk

over their contents, and, altogether, the girl  
had enjoyed the past summer as she never had  
enjoyed a season before. No amount of daily  
toil and drudgery had seemed hard to her, so  
long as she had his coming to look forward to.  
She lived in the present without a thought of  
the future. The intercourse had been so plea-  
sant that it had sufficed her, and she had given  
no thought to what was coming afterward.  
Her heart had slumbered, though her intellect  
had been keenly alive. Now, however, Miss  
Patience's rude touch aroused her. The  
young heart, awakened from its sleep, became  
aware of a new sensation. Charlie learned  
that Mr. Edwards was more to her than other  
men had ever been.

Still Miss Patience gossiped on, while Char-  
lie compounded delicate cake, long practice  
having made her so familiar with the process  
that she was competent to support her share  
of the conversation and do a vast amount of  
thinking, all at the same time.

That night, in the solitude of her own little  
white curtained chamber, she took herself to  
task, and rated herself soundly for her folly.  
She, Charlie Greyson, an ignorant little  
village girl, to have fallen in love with Mr.  
Edwards! It was preposterous! Of course  
he would marry some one more beautiful, bet-  
ter educated, more fitted in every way to sym-  
patize in all his high aims and aspirations;  
and such a woman he had doubtless chosen  
long since. She lay awake a long time won-  
dering what the future Mrs. Edwards would be  
like, but finally fell asleep and dreamed that  
Miss Patience had eaten up all her dough-  
nuts, and that the black cat had made a meal  
of the baked turkey.

The following was the day appointed for  
the donation. The good fathers and mothers  
were expected to assemble in the aft room,  
perchance of a beautiful repast, deposit their  
gifts, and leave to make room for the young  
people, who were coming in the evening.  
Each village belle was attired in her best,  
the donation being an occasion much looked  
forward to. Charlie in a wine colored merino  
with plain linen collar and cuffs, a scarlet  
flower in her hair and another at her throat,  
her pale cheeks slightly flushed with excite-  
ment, was as pretty a picture as one's eyes  
would care to rest upon. So, at least, Mr.  
Edwards seemed to think, for he followed her  
about, and turned up in unexpected places,  
said "hello" to her suddenly on the stairs, way  
laid her in the hall, made her fairly nervous  
with apprehension of meeting him at every  
turn.

Miss Patience was actually ubiquitous—  
She was in the ladies dressing room one mi-  
nute, gliding down to the kitchen the next,  
perchance of a beautiful repast, deposit their  
gifts, and leave to make room for the young  
people, who were coming in the evening.  
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laid her in the hall, made her fairly nervous  
with apprehension of meeting him at every  
turn.

The story of the pastor's engagement it was  
getting whispered about, and how it happened—  
whether some good deacon, anxious to con-  
gratulate his pastor, first revealed to him the  
fact of public opinion or whether some in-  
cautious whisperer unfolded it all, no one  
ever knew; but as Charlie was crossing the  
hall with a tray of coffee cups in one hand and  
a plate of cake in the other, a pale face con-  
fronted her, and Mr. Edwards' gentle voice de-  
manded to be told why she persisted in shun-  
ning him, ran away from him, seemed to wish  
to have nothing to say to him.

Charlie scolded the imputation, declared  
herself very busy—a committee women in-  
fact—couldn't think of stopping to talk then;  
would Mr. Edwards be so kind as to open the  
door for her?  
No Mr. Edwards would do nothing of the  
kind. He had something to say to her, and  
she must listen then and there. And his hands  
were relieved of their burden, grasped and  
held tightly, while she was forced to listen to  
a very earnest and passionate tale of love.  
Breathless from surprise she could say  
nothing. Urged to give her lover an answer  
of some sort, she faltered out that "she  
had heard—that is—she had been told that—"  
That I was about to marry a lady named  
Fannie! That I wrote her love letters! That  
I expected soon to have a home to which to  
bring her! That what you heard?

Charlie concluded that she had heard some-  
thing to that effect.  
Charlie, said Mr. Edwards, I never loved  
any one until I saw you. From the day I  
met you in the kitchen of your father's house  
and clasped this dear little hand, ever since  
that first moment, I have loved you, and  
have meant to win you if I could. I deter-  
mined to win your love if it was within the  
range of human possibility to do so. As for the  
gossip concerning a correspondent named Fan-  
nie, she is my own sister. I have told her  
about you, and she is wild to see you. We  
are orphaned, and I have always hoped one day  
to have a home to which I can invite my sis-  
ter. I think I see my way clear to a home  
now, but it is you, Charlie, who are to be its  
mistress. O my love! tell me that I am not  
to be disappointed. Charlie! do you—can  
you love me?

The answer, though not audible, must have  
satisfied the eager pleader, for he clasped the  
little form to his breast, and pressed the first  
warm kiss of love upon her sweet red lips.  
My love! my precious one! my darling!  
he murmured. You will be mine—my wife,  
will you not, Charlie?

She was very shy and strove to hide her  
blushes, but her lover seemed rather to enjoy  
her confusion, and forced the soft brown eyes  
to look up, and there were more kisses and  
sweet words of endearment, and finally Mr.  
Edwards drew from his pocket a ring, mas-  
sive and rich, and fitted it to her finger, at the  
same time exhibiting a well worn circlet upon  
the little finger of his own left hand.  
Why, cried Charlie, that looks like my ring,  
the one I lost that time you—

It's the identical ring you lost in making a  
batch of biscuits the first day I ever saw you.  
It has been in my possession ever since. You  
must allow me to retain it.  
How the tray of coffee cups and the plate  
of cake faded, Charlie never knew.  
The rest of the donation party was all a  
whirl to her, and she felt as if every eye must,  
of necessity, detect the glittering circlet upon  
her forefinger, and seeing that must know by  
intuition what had happened since she came  
into the house. However, it was not long be-  
fore the whole neighborhood gained an inkling  
of the affair and of course there were hearty  
congratulations. And so my story ends with  
a wedding, and that is orthodox, gracious  
knows!

One Dog Communicates Good News to  
Another.

In the fall of 1861, my son Sydney G.—  
entered the Federal Army, leaving behind  
him two favorite dogs, both of whom greatly  
lamented his absence. He was soon cap-  
tured by the enemy and held a prisoner until  
the spring of 1862 when he was exchanged,  
and on his returning to his command came past  
the old homestead in the country, in Bolling-  
er County, Mo. Both the dogs happened to be  
about 300 yds from the house, barking  
at a tree at a squirrel. After some time,  
however, the smaller one became tired and  
came to the house, the large one remaining  
at the tree. The little fellow came bounding  
in the room where his young master, who had  
been so long absent, was sitting, and recog-  
nized him, and of course, had quite a taking  
over him. The pleasure of once more  
meeting his kind master was too great to be  
enjoyed all alone, so he quickly turned his  
course in the direction of his companion in  
the woods, and in full speed made his way to  
the tree, and communicated to the large dog  
the fact of his young master's arrival home;  
when in an instant both the dogs were making  
for the house with all their might, the larger  
one, who had remained at the tree, taking the  
lead, and not slackening his speed until he  
bounded in the room where Sydney was. The  
strange part of the story consists in the fact  
that the small dog had communicated to the  
large one the fact that Sidney had come home,  
but in some way told him the identical room  
in which he would find him, as he ran around  
the house and in at the very door where Sid-  
ney was sitting, without ever halting or even  
turning his head toward several other doors  
which he had to pass in making the circuit—  
St. Louis Globe.

SCENTIN' STUFF.—A long, lean, gaunt Yan-  
kee entered a drug store, and asked:  
"De you druggist?"  
"Well, I suppose so; I sell drugs."

"Wal, here you got any of this scentin' stuff  
as the gals put on their handkerchiefs?"  
"O yes."  
"Wal, our Sal is going to be married, and  
she gin me ninnence and told me to invest  
the whole amount in scentin' stuff, so to make  
her sweet if you don't mind, I'll smell  
round."

The Yankee smelled round without being  
scented, until the druggist got tired of him, and  
taking down a bottle of harshehorn, said:  
"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you.  
A single drop on your handkerchief will last  
for weeks, you can't wash it out—but to get  
the strength of it, you must take a big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wal you jest hold on  
a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say  
now, you just put it under my smellers."  
The directions were of course followed, and  
the Yankee was nearly knocked off his feet;  
and recovering himself, he exclaimed:  
"Chain lievin'! Mr. Druggist! Is the top of  
my head on? Shi don't want nothin like that.  
It would break up a camp meeting in ten min-  
utes. You hain't got the right kind o' scentin'  
stuff."

AVARICE.—All the good things of this world  
are no further good to us than as they are of  
use; and whatever we may heap up to give  
to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use;  
and no more.

OLD AGE LIKES TO dwell in the recollections  
of the past, and mistaking the age of march  
of years, often is inclined to take prudence of  
the winter time for a fit wisdom of midsum-  
mer days. Alas! old age is bent to the passing  
mists of the passing moment, and so closely to  
his eyes the sheet of to day that it hides the  
to-morrow from his sight.