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Poetry.

"VOICES OF SORROW."

Low drop the clouds towards the deep
With dark-fringed jagged edges;
White billowy waves with ceaseless sweep
Beat 'gainst the gaunt rock ledges;
And through the long night watches, as I weep,
The moaning sea dirge wails amid the sedges;

"O sad, sad, sad, for me to rend
My sea-weed locks in sorrow;
O sad, sad, sad, that I must bend
O'er corpses pale to-morrow;
The happy souls that now their fair ways wind
In joy, must soon their shrouds of sea-damp borrow."

Low sink the clouds on mountain peak
Flashed round with forked lightning;
The muttering storm-fiends loudly shriek,
The crouching wild goats frightening;
While deep in caves the strong wind, growing
meek,
Thus sadly moans ament the morning's bright-
ening:

"O grief, grief, grief, for me to find
To-morrow's sunlight breaking;
O grief, grief, grief, that I must wind
O'er blue eyes never waking,
O'er hunter's brow in bloody flowers twined,
O'er traveller 'neath the cliff his long rest taking."

Low hang the clouds above my roof
Their great drops never falling;
Bent willows weave their tangled woe
Of weeping hair will trailing;
And through the midnight, with its long re-
proof,
My heart keeps moan, its sad plaint ever
wailing:

"O pain, pain, pain, for me to live
With dead hopes round me lying;
O pain, pain, pain, that I must give
My dear ones up to dying;
To lonely watch, and watch but ne'er receive
Love's healing balm for which my life goes
sighing."

"O sad, sad, sad, is life to bear,
With spirit inward groaning,
Through sweetest songs there steals an air
The whole with sadness toning;
The sea, the hills, the spring-looks ever wear
To me, the same pained look of sad ones
moaning."

MY LOVE STORY.

BY EVELYN SOMERS.

You asked me to tell you my love-story, Celeste, last night, when you had told me your own, hiding your blushes on my bosom, and thrilling through all your being with that richest wine of life—"Love's young dream." It is nectar that can be drunk but once, darling—drain the elixir slowly. It is sometimes Heaven's own sacrament. Thank God for it.

My parents were of the strictest sect of Orthodox Christians, and held cold and somewhat puritanic views of life. They instructed me early of the deceit and wickedness of mankind. I think I embraced too readily the lessons of distrust and suspicion. At fifteen I was sent to my aunt's to attend school at the B— Seminary.

They lived quite out of the village, in a bright sunny place, in a pale yellow cottage house with a little garden in front. Below was a stretch of meadow, with a thread of silver streamlet that wooed wild flowers, and murmured under a little rustic bridge. Opposite was a white cottage with a garden of miniature magnificence, whose odors of spicy pinks, waving lilacs, and sweet June roses, seem to breathe their perfume over me still.

My aunt had been a wild gay creature when a girl; ardent and impetuous, easily swayed, and narrowly escaping the temptations and pitfalls of a too Southern temperament, flirting away all worthy and honest lovers. Finding herself suddenly stranded upon the sands of thirty, she repented of her gayety, joined the church, married a Methodist, and became as ardent a saint as she had been a sinner. Her own experience led her to assume a peculiar sphere of duty, which she pursued with all the zeal of a Lather. It was to watch over the ways of all young maidens that came within her care, to keep them out of the paths wherein she had well nigh slipped—never thinking that the fault was in her own feet, rather than in the roseate paths of girlhood. My parents had great confidence in her judgment, and confided me to her care, with a sense of security that I would be guarded from the wolves and hyenas of life. I have often thought since of wolves in

sheep's clothing. Yet I loved my Aunt Jane, and had an earnest desire to be as good and saintly as she.

I would sit in the garden at twilight, and sing songs to my guitar, though I knew she would shake her head and sigh, and ask me how I could expect to be a Christian as long as I indulged in such vanities. There was better music in the hymn-book than "Allan Water," and "Coming thro' the Rye." So in penance I had to bring my guitar and sing with her "Hark from the Tombs," and "St. Martin's." In vain I urged that such tunes were too slow for the guitar. But she assured me it sounded far better than quick music. And she hunted up some verses that I could sing to the tune of "Robin Adair." "When shall I see the day that ends my woes?" mentally I said, "Soon I hope."

At the seminary, I had a seat next to a thoughtful-looking young man, whose only claims to beauty were a well-built frame, a pure healthy complexion and expression of open truth and honor; and indeed, there can be no type of manly beauty without these, Celeste. One day I was in disgrace about my algebra, and he kindly passed his slate with the problem; solved in the neatest and most elegant figures I ever saw, and on the margin of the slate was printed in old English letters the name "Grenville Deane." This will seem very simple to you, Celeste, if you never had a schoolgirl romance, but to me it is full of delicious fragrance that mingles with the breath of pinks and roses in the garden opposite.

That evening I sat on the doorstep playing and singing "My Heart and Lute," when the garden gate opposite unclosed, and Grenville Deane came across the street to the garden gate where I was sitting, and with a shy smile of greeting offered me two or three sprays of lilies of the valley.

"Do you live there?" I asked, blushing vividly, at the thought of his thinking I was singing on purpose for him to hear.

"Yes; and now will you not sing for me?"

"I don't sing well enough."

"But I think you do. Sing 'Midnight Hour.'"

"With you?"

"Well—"

So we sang together in the twilight, and so quietly and sweetly began my heart to dream the lotus dream of love. Presently Aunt Jane opened the door and said:

"Good-evening, Grenville," in a sharp wry tone, that seemed to say, "What are you here for?" and bade me come in.

I felt that I had done something very wrong, though I could not tell what.

Aunt Jane wrote to my mother:

"Mary does very well, but is too fond of attracting the attention of young men—a propensity I do not like to see. I shall try to do my duty by her."

I will do my parents justice to say they were too pure and noble to suspect guile in every innocent demonstration of a young maiden. Such degrading suspicions could only come from a depraved heart. They did not know what I had done. They only knew that I had committed some indiscretion which had grieved my aunt and called for her censure. Consequently, I received a letter of fourteen pages full of sorrow and disappointment at my conduct, and rehearsing the careful admonitions I had received. I was dumb with amazement, and carried the letter to Aunt Jane.

"What does all this mean? What have I done?"

"Do you think any modest girl would sit on the doorstep night after night singing, to attract the notice of young men, and call them to see her?"

My aunt was shocked.

"I didn't know anybody could hear me. I didn't know he lived there."

But the look of pious incredulity on her face showed me that she only thought I was adding falsehood to my indiscretions. I felt like a bird in a net—helpless and fluttering. I was convinced that I was bold and very naughty, and so I avoided my neighbor in every possible manner, while he sought every opportunity to be near me, and would lie in wait for me coming from school. Then I knew the Argus eyes of Aunt Jane were upon me, and I felt that I had committed unpardonable sins.

I did not know I loved him then. I did not even dream he cared for me. If I thought him attentive, I instantly thought of the deceit and wiles of mankind, as my parents had taught me. Yet I missed him when he was not in the schoolroom; the moment I entered, but I missed no other; and if he were absent half a day, the house seemed dark and desolate and lonely, and only brightened when he appeared.

The last day of the term arrived. It vaguely seemed like the last day of my life. Our class had presented the teacher with a gold watch, and had received an invitation to spend an

hour at his house in the evening. Grenville insisted upon accompanying me home. It was the first time my hand had touched him, as it lay on his arm, the first time I ever felt his breath upon my brow.

Ah Celeste, young as I was, I had all the perfect nature of a true, constant and loving woman. The round-noon was coming up out of the east. We paused at the gate. He pressed my arm a little closer, and said:

"Let us go down to the brook, May. It's the last time I shall see you—perhaps forever."

"Perhaps forever." The words lay like ice on my heart.

"Are you sorry?" he urged, as I did not speak, but suffered him to lead me on.

"It has been very pleasant." I said it in a careless way, wondering if he could feel my heart's throbbing.

We sat down by the stream, and cowslips and violets opened their eyes to smile on us. The stars looked down sweetly through the blue. The stream sang on, the song that was in our hearts. All nature seemed to bless us.

"Let us stay here always, May," he said, playing with my passive fingers, but not frightening me by clasping them too tightly.

I laughed and answered:

"What would Aunt Jane say?"

Looking up into his eyes, as I replied, I saw that his thoughts were not on his lips. There was no resisting that magnetic gaze, that took from me all power to repulse the fond movement with which his arms gathered me, and he pressed his beardless lip to my cheek, in the innocent and earnest fervor of first young love. The scalding crimson went over my brow. I could hear my own heart beat. I was angry with myself that I had given him the opportunity to take such freedom—for I remembered the early lessons of man's perfidy—but I forgot to withdraw my hand from the caressing clasp with which he held it between both his own, tenderly and softly as he might have held a nestling robin. I was the first to rise to return, and we went back in silence. He went through the gate, under the shadow of the doorway, clasped my hand and said:

"Good-by, May. Shall I write to you?"

"Well—yes—I suppose so—if you wish."

Then he broke out in a little impatient passion!

"Don't go, May. I can't bear to have you go."

I smiled back at his boyish speech, and suggested that I had nothing to stay for. But that strong magnetic look caught my heart again in its power, and I could no more resist it than with my puny arm stay the Alpine avalanche. He clasped me closely to his heart, kissed my lips, and with a hasty good-by left me in a moment.

I stamped my feet in rage and passion—not at him, but at myself, that I could be duped and insulted. I did not know it was the omnipotent hand of Love that grasped me like a Fate. I said to my heart, "I will not love him. I am not old enough to love any one." So I strove to crush it out, root it up, tear it out of my being. I felt the wretchedness that unrequited love must bring, and shrank from it. I saw how easy it was for me to make him my idol, and yet he might forget me to-morrow, while I could never, never forget that he had kissed me.

I went home, and he wrote to me—letters my father and mother insisted upon seeing. There was nothing they might not see, might not see—he was careful not to say—he was careful not to commit himself.

"May," "My Friend," "Sister May," were the fondest terms with which he addressed me. I boldly declared to myself each day I did not love him; but at night one of the daintily-written letters always slept under my cheek.

The correspondence waned. Few and far between the letters. I did not care—not I. I never cared for him. Once I saw him. I was very gay. So was he. I snatched a letter out of his pocket—with a delicate girlish superciliousness. He seemed alarmed, and took it rudely from me.

"You can't read that, May."

I was very rude. But O the blow to me. I never had a letter he might not have seen. It was all true, then, the fumblings of his flirtation with Louise. Well, I never cared for him. O Celeste, Celeste. Love is omnipotent. No one knew how my pillow was nightly drenched with tears of the bitter anguish.

I was foolish enough to think he might say I was too dear to him. But he did not. He sent them all back to me, the foolish little notes, struggling between all my girlish affection and reserve, that told so plainly how inexpressively dear he was to me. My eyes were heavy in the mornings, after that.

I went to B—, to the exhibition the next spring, two years from the time we went to the little brook together. He was there, stouter, handsomer—admired by all.

He wrote once more, a short letter beginning "Friend May." I resolved to bring this cruel uncertainty to an end. I had suffered him to kiss my lips. No woman, pure and guileless, ever yields the treasure of her lips, where she would not gladly give her hand, her life itself. You know this, Celeste. So I wrote him an equivocal letter, asking if the correspondent had not become irksome; if we were not getting too old to be childish, and left it with him to do as he liked about, sending back my letters.

Did I ever tell you of Sara, Celeste? She has been my bosom friend. Full of rich vitality, I loved her strength, and admired her common sense. I visited her instead of my aunt. She only guessed the constancy of my love, and folding me in her arms, in her own bed, she told me how unworthy he was of the true unswerving devotion I had given him; how he had wooed the fragile Louise—taking her on all the excursions, to "Lover's Leap," "Cozy Nook," "The Fort"—holding her in his arms for hours by the brookside.

"Every one knew of it," she said. "I do not think he is engaged to her. It's only a summer flirtation. But, Mamie, you do not have summer flirtations. If he ever kissed you, your lips have kept his kisses sacred. No other ever dared to kiss you."

"Never, Sara."

"Is he worthy of you? Even if you could win him back?"

"I do not wish to."

I wept on her kind motherly heart, and buried my love deep in the ashes of the past.

On the next evening we were at a reunion of old schoolmates. It was a merry affair. Louise was there, but had another admirer, and Grenville was devoted to me. They asked me to sing. I took up my guitar and sang:

"The last link is broken."

I saw a dark shadow as of pain on his brow. I was kind to him, exactly as to others. He had no power over me again, forever. He could never suffer the long day and nights of grief and pain that I had suffered. He would never know of them until the gates of eternity unfolded to our view.

I was not romantic enough not to love again, Celeste, as you well know, and the full perfect love that sought me made my heart glad again. Not with the tender blushing shame of early girlhood, but the maturer womanly joy of wedded happiness—a dear friend to be always near, and sweet prattling lips call me mother.

Richard is all the world to me, all that he could ever have been, had he been true. I am happier than I ever thought I could be, for I love and am beloved—and who shall say that Heaven has higher joys?

Ten years have passed since then, Celeste. I am growing old. I met Grenville Deane, the other day. He was never so cordial, so frank and friendly before. He told me then that he had loved me. No other face came out of the past half so sweet to him as mine. No other memories so dear and tender as the shy sweet meetings of the long ago. I remembered that he never told me before that he loved me. I wondered if men ever can love as women do; but I thought of Richard. It seemed to me that the strong abiding love of manhood only comes with maturer years, while woman's love is faithful forever.

I told Richard all about it, and said:

"I hope you'll not be jealous, dear."

He kissed me.

Yet the lilies of the valley have a power to set me dreaming; and my old worn guitar seems sentient with those olden melodies. But I love my Richard, and because he loves me I am glad it all happened so. One never marries her first love you know. Heigh-ho. Good night, dear. Richard is at the gate, calling to me.

MIGHTY BAF.—How touching is this, from a city friend, who tells of a poor woman who went to her clergyman, asking him to come and perform the funeral service of her fourth husband, he having officiated for three who had previously disappeared from public view.

"Why, Bridget, how is this," asked the reverend gentleman.

"Ah, it's mighty bad," she replied. "There never was poor woman worn down with such a lot of lying men men as I've been."

STEEP.—An old Highlander, rather fond of his toddy, was ordered by his physician during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a schoolboy, how much an ounce was.

"Sixteen drams," was the reply.

"Sixteen drams! An excellent doctor!" replied the delighted Highlander. "Run and tell Donald McTavish and big John to come down the night."

A Brave Girl.

There is a brave girl in Astor, Pennsylvania, whose name is Kate Larkin, and she is daughter of Mr. Salkold Larkin, jun. She had been left alone in the house, and was preparing breakfast, when her attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps in the dining-room. Hastening thither she saw a tall, rough-looking man standing in the centre of the apartment. The stranger at once locked the door behind him, and Miss Larkin, without exhibiting the least terror at his singular proceeding, stepped into the kitchen, and having armed herself with a shot gun, returned and took her position at another door. The man advanced toward the place where she stood, and as he approached she said to him, "Don't come any nearer, or I will shoot you." "You shoot?" he replied, in derision, "I'd like to see you shoot." He then drew a knife, and on his coming nearer to her the brave girl fired, the shot taking effect in his feet and ankles. By this time the stranger was very close to Miss Larkin, who sprang behind him, and pushed him through the doorway where she had stood, into the room, and locked the door. Apparently apprehensive that the report of the gun might summon assistance the injured man hurriedly limped away, cursing his sore legs, and "gals who shoot fellers for nothing."

"Ish dere some ladder here for me?" inquired a German, at the general delivery window of the post office.

"No—none here," was the reply.

"Vell, dot is queer," he continued, getting his head into the window; "my neighbor gets sometimes three ladders in one day, and I get none. I buys more daxes as he does, and I haf never got one ladder yet. How comes dose dings?"

Josh Billings gives the following advice: "When you hear a man say, 'Life is but a dream,' tread on his toes and wake him up. 'Life is real, life is earnest.' If he is a poet, subscribe to get rid of him, and have him deposited in the far West with a gun and ammunition, and a blanket for sole covering; he will know very soon whether life is a dream or not."

Mr. Bivens, an old bachelor of Rochester, who is much absorbed in politics, visited the widow Graham the other day, just after reading Richard's letter, and asked her what she thought of a third term. Now, the widow has been twice married, and in response to the question she made a rustle for the astounded Mr. Bivens and taking him tightly in her arms exclaimed, "O, you dear, dear man! What a happy woman I am!" At last accounts Mr. B. had locked himself in his wood house, and was endeavoring to explain matters to the widow through the keyhole.

A very tall and shabby-looking man, a fellow that reminded you of a vagrant letter from a font of forty-line paragon extra condensed, stepped up to one of our bars last week, and, after heaving a glass of liquor into his long throat, blandly asked the bar-tender if he could change a \$20 bill. The gentleman informed him that he could. "Well," said the tall one, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I'll go out and see if I can find one," and he plunged out into the cold world on his mission.

"What are you dancing around for?" inquired a bootblack yesterday of a boy acquaintance whose face was covered with smiles, and who was executing a double shuffle. "Glory 'buff for one day!" replied the lad, jumping still higher. "Cov got into the garden this morning and tramped every bed fast as yer hat, and I won't have to priff a weed this summer?"

Blifkins was down in Chicago the other day, when he received a letter from his young wife, saying to him that "on this lovely spring morning a bird is singing in my heart," and old Blif, just looked wild a minute, and then took a freight train for home, muttering to himself, "Them's sure Beecher's sentiments, old man; keep yer eye peeled!"

A good double pun has been made by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both Annie-mated and Bennie-fied," was the reply.

A lazy fellow falling a distance of fifty feet, and escaping with a few scratches, a bystander remarked that he was "too slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself."

A western editor insists that he wrote the word "trousseau" as plain as a pikestaff in connection with certain bridal presents. "The printer," however, vulgarly put it "trousers."

Why is a church bell more audible than a church organ? Because one will go when it is tolled, but the other will be 'blowed' first.