

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

¶ VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[32 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 15

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 9, 1873.

Vol 40

## BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL  
One Million Pounds Sterling.  
(85,000,000.)

## Five percent Interest ALLOWED ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston  
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California and British Columbia.

Open in St. ANDREWS  
Every Day from 10 a. m., till 3 p. m.

JAS. S. CARNEGIE,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

## Poetry.

### Thy Will be Done.

We see not, know not. All our way  
Is night. With Thee alone is day.  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm—one prayer to lift—  
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to plead, in times like these  
The weakness of our love or ease?  
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burdens up, nor ask it less;  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee.  
Thy will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line,  
We trace thy picture's wise design,  
And thank thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice—  
Thy will be done!

And if in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrifice we see press;  
If from the ordeal's heated bars,  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done!

If for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial bath vicarious power;  
And blest by Thee, this present pain  
Is Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys;  
The anthem of the destinies!  
The mirror of thy lofter strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain—  
Thy will be done!

### A Fearful Visitor.

The Paris "Sui" relates the following story:  
"A Mme. Bonneau, living in the Rue Des  
carries, was sitting in her parlor a few days  
since, awaiting her husband's return to din-  
ner, when a man of wild and haggard ap-  
pearance entered, and, seating himself, opposite  
to her, addressed her in the following terms:  
"I am a great doctor. I can effectually cure  
all headaches. I have heard that you suffer  
from that cause, and I am come for the pur-  
pose of curing you." The lady, perceiving  
that she had to deal with a madman, prudently  
seemed to fall into his humor, and asked what  
was his mode of treatment. "Simple enough,"  
said he, drawing a razor from his pocket:  
"Cut off the head, and then, after  
having well cleaned it, I replace it upon the  
shoulders." Upon this he prepared to suit  
the action to the word. Mme. Bonneau,  
with great coolness, professed her readiness  
to submit to the operation, but suggested that  
she should fetch a towel from the next room  
to prevent her dress being stained. Her visit-  
or assented to the reasonableness of this sug-  
gestion, and she left the room, locking the  
door behind her. Upon her return with some  
police officers they found that the unfortunate  
maniac had cut his own throat, but not fatally.  
It was ascertained that he had escaped from  
a lunatic asylum at Clermont les Pres, and  
had been vainly sought for a whole month."

A story is going the rounds, of an old  
colored man who was left in charge of a tele-  
graph office in New Orleans, while the opera-  
tor went out "to speak to a man." A call  
came over the wire, and Uncle Pete shouted  
at the instrument as loud as he could yell, "De  
operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased at once.

Whenever testators talk about drunkenness  
they invariably break the pledge, and indulge in  
bitter rail.

### "I WILL IF YOU WILL."

The Kay House is a pleasant little hotel, stand-  
ing half way up the side of a mountain in New  
Hampshire.

In the parlor there, one July evening, were  
four people—Mrs. St. John and her daughter Elly,  
Miss Emily May and Mr. Milburn. As Elly St.  
John went to the piano, these two last slipped out  
on the balcony, and stood listening as Elly sang:

"Could we forget, could we forget,  
Oh that Lethe were running yet,  
The past should fade like a morning dream,  
In a single drop of the holy stream.  
Ah! we know what you would say,  
But we are too tired to hope or pray;  
For, hurt with ceaseless jar and fret,  
Body and soul cannot forget.

"Can they forget, will they forget  
When they shall reach the boundary set—  
When with the final pang and strain  
They are parted never to meet again?  
Ever to them shall rest be given,  
Senseless in earth, or happy in Heaven?  
That which has been it might be yet  
If we could only learn to forget;  
But the stars shall cease to rise and set,  
And fall from Heaven ere we forget."

Elly sang with an intensity and pathos which  
borrowed none of its force from within, for she was  
a good-natured, incoherent sort of a girl, who  
had never had a trouble in her life. The gift of  
musical expression is often quite independent of  
feeling or experience. Elly's music hurt Emily  
cruelly, and stirred and roused the old sorrow  
which had but just begun to fall asleep for a little.  
She had loved deeply and fondly a man who had  
grown tired of her and left her, because he was  
greatly her inferior.

Much as she suffered, I rejoiced when her en-  
gagement with Lewis Leighton was broken. I had  
known Lewis from his earliest childhood, and I  
had always disliked him as a selfish, conceited  
prig. The last I heard of him, he had turned  
Catholic, and joined the Jesuits, and I only hop-  
ed he got well snubbed during his novitiate. Had  
Miss May married him, her disappointment would  
have been unspokeable greater than it was. As  
she leaned over the balcony while Elly sang, and  
looked out into shadows and starlight, her heart  
was wrung as with the first anguish of loss, the  
sickening sense of her own blind infatuation. "Oh  
God!" she said to herself, "when will the bitter-  
ness of this death be past?" Then she became  
aware Mr. Milburn was speaking to her; but he  
had more than half finished what he had to say  
before she realized that he was asking her to be  
his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate moment. He  
and Emily had been very good friends that sum-  
mer. They had wandered in the woods, ascended  
Mount Washington, and been to Glen Ellis to-  
gether. She had liked him, but she had never  
dreamed of him as a lover, and when he present-  
ed himself in that light she was shocked, and  
startled, and a little provoked.

"Oh hush!" she said sharply. "It never can  
be—never!"

"Do you then dislike me so much?" said Elly  
Milburn, trying very hard to speak quietly.

"No," she said, making an effort to collect her  
thoughts. "I have liked you—you have been good  
to me; but all the love I had to give is dead and  
buried, and there is no resurrection."

He made no answer; but she felt that she had  
hurt him.

I am very sorry, she faltered; I never meant—  
I understand, he said. It is no one's fault  
but my own. Good-night. And they touched  
hands and parted.

Ever went up to his own room, where his  
friend, Dick Bush, was sitting in the dark. Dick  
was a boy of nineteen. He had been trying to  
work his way through college, and had worn him-  
self out in the effort, and Mr. Milburn had  
brought him to the mountains for his vacation.  
Dick made a hero of Elly, and he had been mor-  
tally jealous of Emily May.

Dick said Mr. Milburn, after a little, we will  
go over to the Glen to-morrow.

And then Dick understood the case, and men-  
tally abused Miss May as "a cold-hearted flirt,"  
which epithet she did not in the least deserve.

Ever and Dick went away early in the morn-  
ing. Emily heard the stage drive away, and  
turned her face to her pillow, and thought bitter-  
ly of the horrible perverseness of things in this  
world.

She knew that Ever was good, and manly,  
and sensible. He was in a fair way to win rep-  
utation at the bar, and, if not just handsome, was  
attractive and gentlemanly.

There are dozens that would be proud and hap-  
py to accept his love; and nothing would do but  
that he must throw it away on me, thought Emily,  
impetuously. But it's never worth while to pity  
men very much. They mostly get over their  
troubles very easily, if there is no money lost.

From which it may be inferred that Miss May was  
perhaps a bit of a cynic.

Emily May lived with her mother, in an inland  
town in New York. She had a little property of  
her own, and, with what she could earn by her  
pen, she managed to dress herself, pay for a sum-  
mer's journey now and then, and keep her own  
house over her head.

It was her way to look after her sick neighbors,  
poor or not; to visit, now and then, at the hospi-  
tal and the county house, and do what her hand  
found to do. She made no fuss, and laid down no  
rules, and was under no ecclesiastical 'direction'  
in particular; but I am inclined to think she was  
as useful, and far more agreeable, than if she had  
made herself hideous in a poke bonnet, and com-  
mitted mental suicide.

When her holiday was over that summer, she  
came home, and settled quietly down to her work.

She was busy at her desk, one day in October,  
when a carriage drove rapidly up the street, and  
stopped at the door, and Dick Bush jumped hur-  
riedly out, and rang the bell. Emily went to the  
door herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed sud-  
denly to subside; and when he came into the par-  
lor, he appeared to find great difficulty in express-  
ing himself, and Emily, greatly wondering, asked  
after his friend Mr. Milburn.

Dick's tongue was loquacious.  
Oh, Miss May, he said, with a shaking voice,  
Ever is dying.

Where? How? said Emily, startled, and sin-  
cerely sorry.

New Dick had been rather melodramatically in-  
clined. He had meant to act like a hero of a  
fairy's novel, and administer a severely inflat-  
ing reproof to the woman who had trifled with Ever;  
but in Miss May's presence he found this plan in-  
practicable, and wisely refrained.

He went out shooting with a fool of a boy, and  
he, the boy, fired wild, and Ever was badly hurt,  
and never set in; and, oh! Miss May, he keeps  
asking for you, and he won't be quiet; and the  
doctor said, if you could you ought to come, for it  
might make a difference. There's his note, and  
Mrs. Milburn's.

The doctor wrote, very briefly, that, considering  
the state of the case, Miss May's presence might  
possibly keep the patient quieter, which was all  
important. Mrs. Milburn's note was an incoher-  
ent blotted epistle, begging this unknown young  
lady to come and save her boy.

Emily could not refuse; her mother hurried her  
off, and in two hours she was seated beside Dick,  
on her way to Springfield. Her reflections were  
not pleasant. Every one would talk, and suppose  
there was a romance. Elly St. John would be  
sure to know about it, and Elly was such a little  
chatterbox; and to try to make a mystery of the  
matter would be still worse.

Then she had "nothing to wear." And how  
should she get along with Ever's mother and sis-  
ter? And who would take her Bible class on  
Sunday? And what was to become of her little  
book promised for "the spring term?"

I dare say it's all nonsense and his wanting me,"  
she thought. People never mean what they say  
in a fever. I remember Pat Murphy insisting  
that he would have a hippopotamus handy in the  
house; and if Mr. Milburn came to himself, how  
horribly embarrassing it will be!

On the whole, Miss May's feelings were rather  
those of vexation than of romance.

They rode all night, and when Emily reached  
the door of the handsome old fashioned house in  
Springfield, she was conscious of looking like a  
fright, and wished herself anywhere else.

The door was no sooner opened than she was  
embraced by a little old lady in black, and a pret-  
ty girl in an elegant morning dress. Both were  
in tears, and had evidently been for some time  
on the verge of hysterics; and Emily at once set  
them down as "the sort of women who are never  
of any use."

Oh, my dear! It is so good of you! So very  
good of you! said Mrs. Milburn.

I am sure you will be his guardian angel, said  
sentimental Hatty.

Not at all. Mr. Milburn and I were very good  
friends, and I shall be very glad if I can do him  
any good, said Emily, in a very matter-of-course  
tone; and then the doctor made his appearance,  
and begged her to come up stairs.

If he could be kept quiet, their might be a  
chance for him, said the doctor; but so much de-  
pends on nursing—and the doctor ended with an  
expressive silence. Ever was moaning and sob-  
bing, and begging that some one would send  
Emily May with "one drop of water."

The nurse, who, to Emily's critical eyes,  
looked anything but capable, was fussing over  
him in a way that was enough in itself to drive  
a sane person mad. Emily poured out a gob-  
let of water with a steady hand, and as she  
leaned against the side of the glass she  
held it to his lips.

There is water, she said, in her ordinary  
sweet, cheery voice. Now if you will try to  
be quiet, I will stay with you.

She could not tell whether he recognized

her or not, but the nervous, feverish distress  
and excitement seemed in some measure to  
subside; and, after a time, he was compara-  
tively quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever  
sounds very romantic in a novel; but in its  
real details, it is anything but a romantic busi-  
ness.

Emily May, at Ever Milburn's bedside,  
felt herself in an entirely false position; but  
she took care of him, for there was nothing  
else to be done. The nurse went off in a huff  
with Miss May and the doctor. Mrs. Milburn  
and Hatty could only cry and rattle about,  
and over-est things with their dresses. Ever  
would grow restless as soon as Emily left him,  
so that the charge, in spite of herself, fell into  
her hands.

Happily Mrs. Milburn and Hatty were not  
jealous. On the contrary, they admired Emi-  
ly extremely, and were very grateful and af-  
fectionate.

Before the end of the week, Ever came to  
himself. I have dreamed you were here, he  
said, with a faint smile. Now I see it is you,  
and no phantom.

The delirium had gone, but the doctor  
said nothing encouraging. Ever insisted  
on hearing the exact truth; and learned at  
last that he might possibly live a few days, but  
not longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay, Ever  
enacted that, for the little time there was  
remaining, she would take his name. His  
name was set on this idea, and he pleaded, for  
what seemed such a needless boon, with a  
vehemence that seemed likely to hasten the  
last moment. Mrs. Milburn and Hatty  
seconded the petition with tears, and were  
sure that darling Emily would not refuse dear  
Ever's last request.

Emily did what nine women out of ten  
would have done in the same case, and consented.

What harm can it do? she thought it j-  
only a mere form, but it gives me the right to  
be with him to the end, and will prevent any  
talk; and he is so good, and has loved me so  
well; and if it comforts him now to think  
that my name will be Milburn instead of  
May, why should I refuse? And then it  
crossed her mind that a widow's cap would  
be very becoming to her, and she hated her-  
self because this silly notion had come to her  
unbidden, and twisted up her hair tight and  
plain, and went to meet the Clergyman in  
her old black molair, which had become con-  
siderably spotted down the front in the course  
of her nursing.

The rite was made as short as possible, and  
then Mr. Milburn sent every one away, and  
for two days the bride stood over the bride-  
groom, and fought against death till she was  
ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient entirely, and  
ceased to do anything; and, as some-times hap-  
pens in like cases, he took a turn for the bet-  
ter; and slowly the balance trembled, the  
scale inclined and life had won.

I tell what it is, said the doctor, your wife  
has saved your life.

Ever turned his head on the pillow, and  
looked for Emily; but she had slipped away  
into the next room, where sat down, feeling  
for the first time, with a strange shock, that  
she was actually married. What should she  
do? What could she say? How could she  
tell Ever, after all that she had only come  
to him as she would have gone to Pat Murphy,  
if he had sent for her, and consented to that  
marriage tie as she had but her silver candle-  
stick to hold. Father Flanagan's blessed  
candle when Judy Murphy died?

The doctor went down stairs; and presently  
Mrs. Milburn and Hatty came to her, and  
overwhelmed her with embraces and gratitude,  
and a point applique set, and fragmentary  
talk about her things, and proposals to send  
for her mother, all mingled together. Emily  
resolutely put away thought for the time, but  
she could not help feeling, in an odd surprised  
way, that she was not unhappy, and despised  
herself for having a sort of ashamed, furtive  
interest in those things, which Mrs. Milburn  
and Hatty were longing to provide.

A week after that day, Ever was allowed  
to sit up in his easy chair, white and stan-  
dard, enough, but with a look of returning health  
and life. Emily was sitting almost with her  
back to him, looking out into the tossing  
leafless branches of the great elm.

Emily said Mr. Milburn, at last.

Yes, she answered quietly, but she did  
not turn her head.

Emily, I did not mean to get well.

No answer from Mrs. Milburn.

I know how much you must feel what has  
happened. Believe me, I will take no advan-  
tage of your goodness; I will set you free as  
soon as I can. My only wish is to spare you  
trouble; I will take all blame on myself. I  
know you are longing to be away; and why  
should I delay what must come at last? I  
dare say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nurse, can  
do all I need now.

Oh, if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attendance,

I am sure it is nothing to me, said Emily, in  
a remarkably cross manner.

You are angry with me, but there need be

no difficulty, dear. You came away from  
home so hurriedly that it would be perfectly  
natural for you to return to your mother now.  
But here, to Ever's dismay, Emily hid  
her face, and began to cry in quite a passion-  
ate and distressful fashion. Ever rose with  
difficulty, and went to her,—it was not more  
than three steps.

Do you want to kill yourself! she said  
through her sobs, and she took hold of him  
and made him sit down, and then turned away,  
and laid her head on the window seat.

What can I do! he said, distressed.

It's too bad! Oh, it's too bad! she said in  
the most unreasoning way.

I know it, Emily. You are as free as  
though no word had ever passed between us.  
Do you want to go to-day? I will make it  
easy for you with mother and Hatty, he said,  
with a pang.

She went on crying, and then in a minute  
she said, in a most incoherent fashion,

I—I didn't think I was so very disagree-  
able. The words dropped out one by one be-  
tween her sobs. But of course, you don't  
want me—

Emily! What do you mean? Will you  
stay? Will you really try to care for me?  
He asked, with a sudden light in his eyes.  
I don't know. I—did think—as matters  
are, we might try to make the best of it, she  
said in the faintest whisper, while the color  
ran to her fingers' ends.

You will?  
I will if you will, said Mr. Milburn, with  
a sweet, shy smile.

And she kept her word.

—FROM THE ALDINE for April.

### A Woman's Want.

Why should not women know more of  
science than they do? Is it not equally desir-  
able they should be cognizant of the difference  
between a lump of chalk and a bit of quartz,  
as that between Shetland and Berlin wool?  
A woman's mind has been lowered because  
(at least in the majority of cases) it has never  
been raised. Mention a most potent sci-  
entific fact to a girl, and she at once yields her-  
self to silence, or to some pretty little shrug,  
and "Oh, I know nothing of that," or, "I  
dreadfully learned you are! But this need  
not be the case. There is surely, amid the  
wide range of science and natural history,  
some study which would, if properly intro-  
duced into their schools, inculcate the desire for  
further pursuit in their maturer years. We  
are told that the great object of a woman's life  
is to get married; whatever objections may  
be raised to this explicit assertion on the  
score of modesty, it is undoubtedly true. But  
there is no reason why women should not sit  
themselves intellectually to be the compani-  
ons (and may be the guide) of their husbands,  
as well as physically, we may say, to take  
charge of the domestic duties. The two are  
perfectly compatible, but it must be confessed  
that even both are very often ignored. The  
trivial girl, with an untrained mind and no  
pursuit, takes refuge in the commonplace of  
fashion, which she imagines will fully conceal  
the not a trace that is in her; it follows that she  
looks at contempt on her household duties  
and, thinking them beneath her, entrusts  
them to her servants. Thus the sensible  
husband, while mourning the loss of a com-  
panion, has equally to regret the loss of a  
house-keeper. Mind and purse alike suffer.

Sometimes we find the young wife, ignor-  
ing intellectually altogether, giving up her  
music, never reading, never improving her-  
self, her mind stagnating, becomes, in fact,  
little better than an upper nurse. This is  
caring for the domestic duties with a vengeance.  
The exhortations of a husband are  
met with just those kind of arguments which  
fail to convince, because they are not based  
on the conviction that extremes are hateful.  
But a proper training of the mind when young  
would bring the sensible reflection to a woman  
that she had domestic duties to perform which  
could never be omitted; while, on the other  
hand, the same woman would never permit her-  
self to run riot in the wrong direction, or to give  
up an intellectual pursuit which indeed had  
to her become a labour of love. Therefore,  
cannot pastime be found for woman other than  
the mere pursuit of pleasure and fashion, or  
the incessant, indiscriminate, and aimless read-  
ing of novels? There are many alluring  
sciences and charming pursuits which are well  
within their reach. Practical chemistry,  
indeed, may be too messy for their delicate  
fingers; and geology, hammer in hand, may  
entail too much physical fatigue; but there  
are studies in natural history which perfectly  
come within the scope of a woman's powers,  
the knowledge of which would, moreover, open  
her mind to the appreciation (in itself a de-  
cided benefit) of other kindred pursuits, so  
that when she could not find y enter into, she  
could at least pay an interested attention.

It is perfectly natural that physicians gen-  
erally should have a greater horror of the sen-  
than anybody else, because they are them-  
selves subject to such sicknesses.