Trem total.

y seterth day of Or other ur of mos. Dated the L. 1840. the Surrogate, TEO. D STREET Register of Probac.

VISIONS.

of Jane Kelly, from Boston els Wheat Floor.

will be sold on reasonable s. or Lumber payments. BABCOCK & SON.

DEPARTURE OF AILS.

rive from Saint George, by Coach steam-Mondays, Wedres-18 3 to 5 p. m. y Coach-Tuesdays, Thurs-

parts for my at 10 a. m. Saint George, by Coachiesdays, & Fridays at 7 a.m.

y Coach-Mondays, Wed-idays at 10 a. m.

is For Sale, his Office.

e Standard.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1840.

ALICE. OR WOMAN'S LOVE.

By Miss M. Miles.

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on the brow, as if her earthly wishes were fulfilled. He kifelt at her bedside, striving 'The gush of grief to hide, That bow'd his head;-

That bow'd his head;—
That bow'd his head;—
That bow'd his head;—
The all its better its purer par.1

Evening came on beautiful and still, and as the last rose-touched clouds floated away, they shed a glow upon-the cheek, so wasted and wan, of the Lady of Dynvor Castle. She was dying! whilst carth's beautiful things were bright around her. And never was there a more purified spirit ready to meet its Creation. Horace, you pale girl has soothed and comforted me through the long tor. All that wealth could buy or affection command, to while the weary hours of sick
That bow'd his head;—

Clasping one wan hand and covering it with kisses. Alice held a cordial to her flps; and reviving, she spoke low. but distinctly—Ged bless you! Horace! And so infatuated, or so youthful, as not to know my own aind at four-and-twenty. She is not one to disgrace even the name of Dynvor; her beautiful things arms beside his son—and a quivering of the lip told that the strong man wrested with some deep emotion. 'Horace, you pale girl has soothed and comforted me through the long hours of sickness. By the remembrance of our early fove will you, when I am no more, riage with this low-bora girl will bring noth-

Lord Dynyor started from his chair as if serpent had stung him. 'Marry her! one of the proud race of Dynvor's to mate with such

And make septident between a best entired and set hours are some strength of the street of the stree

over that changed face, and a holy peace was me to forego: He sto make Alice Newton my, in this obscure domicil had not been always . There, Alice! an angel has sent us this day in Upper Canada

tiful as a Honri—but there was a shade of earnest thought upon that white brow, a slight quivering of the full lift, as if some shadow was on her spirit's dream. No gen or pearl was twined amidst the rich tresses of her dark hair, and no ornament—save one golden circlet—upon her fiviger, the symbal of a high and holy union, was there about her. She ped his burning hand and gazed with looks of anxious love around his face. glanced eagerly towards the door' as a step sounded on the stairs. 'It opened, and a look of disappointment, blended with something of can dance as merrily as when I led a gay mea-

poor. Spring was abroad with her wealth of timely relief,' and Howard emptied the conbuds and blossoms, but only a glimpse of the tents of an embroidered purse into her lap.—

We have not seen so much gold for many dow, at which was seated a young girl, beautiful as a Honri—but there was a shade of earglitter and shine "we will make a feast and the stantage of the stantage of

inpose the electory, and then glided, with mostes, and again size was bending beside the couch of pain. A marmer broke from Lady Dynvor's hps, and opening her eyes, she faintly smided.

Alice! my sweet child! you keep a westy light in the work of the morners returned to their desolate to come now? I dreamed they were galfered lear one, it is hard to be forgotten—and that the work with greet with a first the smiles and tone, which only those who her shoulder. It was stronge contrast that weary head upon one single flower a bet hairy wreath dim, one single flower a her hairy wreath dim, one single flower a her hairy wreath dim, one single flower as her path, and a spirit wing in single shower as her hairy wreath dim, one single flower as her hair work as the hair was single solution. All when the hair wear hand the as with large as her hair with the definition of the hair was in the hai

one gold link broken, and the last with hope's countenance. The Eart tooked at himming withered leaves in her path, and spirit wing-ringly, but put no question.

Alice stooped, with a kiss to her brow, as she gently said.—

'Can you hear happiness, my more than mother, my own best friend?'

The lady started up and clasped her hand.

The lady started up and elasped he