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JAS. B. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

THE OLD GARDEN.

I stood in an ancient garden,
With high red walls around,
Over them gray and green lichen
In shadowy arabesque wound.

The topmost climbing blossoms
On fields knee-haunted looked out,
But within were shelter and shadow,
The faintest odors about.

There were alleys and harking arbors—
Deep glooms into which to dive;
The lawns were as soft as fleeces—
Of daisies I counted but five.

The sun-dial was so aged
It had gathered a thoughtful grace;
And the round about of the shadow
Seemed to have furrowed its face.

The flowers were all of the oldest
That ever in garden sprung;
Red, and blood red, and dark purple,
The rose-lamps flaming hung.

Along the borders fringed
With broad thick edges of box,
Stood foxgloves and gorgeous poppies,
And great-eyed holly hocks.

There were junipers trimmed into castles,
And ash-trees bowed into tents;
For the garden, tho' ancient and pensive,
Still wore quaint ornaments.

It was all so stately fantastic,
Its old wind hardly would stir,
Young spring, when she merrily entered,
Must feel it no place for her.

Every-Day's Religion.

We must come back once more to our
point, which is not, to urge all of you to give
up to mission work, but to serve God more
and more in connection with your daily call-
ings. I have heard that a woman who has a
mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother;
this is very possible and at the same time very
lamentable; but the mission I would urge is
not one of this sort. Dirty rooms, squalor
and children with unwashed faces are
evil witnesses against the sincerity of those
who keep other things and neglect their
own. I have no faith in that woman who
talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no
soap and water at home. Let the buttons be
on the shirts, let the rusted motion be done to
a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin,
and the home be as happy as a home can be.
Serve God by doing common actions in a
heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling
only leaves you cracks and crevices of time,
fill these up with holy service.—Spurgeon.

He couldn't drink Wine.

That was a noble youth who, on being
urged to take wine at the table of a famous
statesman, in Washington, had the moral cour-
age to refuse. He was a poor young man,
just beginning the struggle of life. He brought
letters to the great statesman, who kindly
invited him home to dinner.
Not take a glass of wine? said the great
statesman in wonderment and surprise.
Not one single glass of wine? echoed the
statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as
she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that
would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored
to press it upon him.
No, said the heroic youth resolutely, gently
repelling the proffered glass.
What a picture of moral grandeur was that.
A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the
table of a wealthy statesman, even though
offered by the fair hands of a beautiful
lady.

No, said the noble young man, and his voice
trembled a little and his cheeks flushed
under drink wine, but—(here he straightened
himself up and his words grew firmer) if you
have got a little good old rye whisky I don't
mind trying a snifter!

AUNT DORA'S BROOCH.

BY MATTIE W. TORREY.

O auntie! cried Lou Cheever, "what a pretty
brooch!"
And indeed it was very beautiful.

Aunt Dora was turning over the contents of an
ebony casket, searching for something which she
had mislaid, and Lou's eyes, which were very
sharp, had fastened instantly upon the brooch.

Ah! how it glitters. It quite dazzles my eyes,
and there are all the colors of the rainbow—red,
orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet,
continued Miss Lou, glibly, having recently learned
all about it at school. And there's something in
the centre that looks like a spark of fire, O auntie,
what is it?

Aunt Dora took the brooch from its soft cushion
of violet velvet and turned it about in her hand
in order that it might catch the light. It seemed
to Lou that the room was instantly filled with
floating rainbows.

The points which send off those different col-
ored rays, she explained, are brilliant small
diamonds, which are set, as you see, in a circle;
and this heart-shaped gem in the centre which
emits such a flame-like glow, is a fire-opal. They
are very precious stones, and I don't suppose there
is another like it in the State.

Such a lovely thing! murmured Lou, in an
ecstasy of admiration, "and you never wear it,
Auntie, it's a shame, a burning shame, to keep
that elegant thing hidden from sight in this way.
Why, I never knew you possessed it! Why do
you never wear it?"

Auntie's soft gray eyes grew thoughtful, and a
shadow fell over her sweet face.
"It was given me years ago by a very dear
friend who asked me to wear it for his sake."

O! sighed Lou, who scented a romance.
He went to sea soon after and—
"Drowned?" questioned Lou in an awe-stricken
whisper.

Auntie laid the jewel down on its violet velvet
cushion.
His ship was lost. We never heard from him
again.

So that was Aunt Dora's romance? It must
have been years and years ago, Lou thought, for
though auntie was neither wrinkled nor gray, she
seemed quite a venerable piece of antiquity be-
side Lou whose years could be numbered upon
her ten plump fingers and thumbs.

Ever since she could remember, Aunt Dora had
been the same quiet ladylike woman, moving
about the house in a calm noiseless manner, mak-
ing her influence felt in her serene and graceful
way. She always wore the softest, most delicate
tints, her silks never rustled, or made themselves
noticeable in any way except through their per-
fect elegance; and however the fashion of collars
and cuffs might change, Aunt Dora always wore
a delicate ruff of real lace about her neck, with a
fall of the same costly fabric at her wrists. She
was very dainty in all her ways, and there was an
atmosphere of peace and serenity pervading her
whole life, an air of quiet elegance clinging about
every fold of her garment, that proclaimed her
lady both by birth and education, as well as from
instinct. Strangers, when introduced to her, in-
stantly felt this.

Once upon a time, a schoolmate who had wished
to tease Lou had turned up her nose at Miss Dora
Cheever and had called her an "old maid with a
pussy-cat way."

Lou never forgot the insult, nor would the per-
petrator of the injury soon forget the blaze of
wrath which flashed from Lou's black eyes as she
retorted in a way that was utterly scathing and
demolishing. Looking at Aunt Dora as she quietly
stitched on a piece of gossamer-like cambric
which she was hemming, her gold thimble bal-
anced upon her finger and her needle flying
in and out in such a swift easy way; looking at
her smooth hair, her hair knotted back from
her forehead, taking in the "petite" figure with its
rich dove-colored silk and its rare old lace, Lou
thought it must be rather a fine thing to be an old
maid, if one could resemble auntie.

"But I do wish you'd wear your brooch," sighed
Lou, returning again to the subject which had
started her reverie. It would become so well.
There was never anything so handsome.

I shall never wear it again, replied auntie,
thoughtfully.

What a pity, thought Lou, to keep that magni-
ficent thing shut up out of sight. What earthly
harm would it do to wear it? What if the lower
world was so drowsy as to sleep? Why, I don't
suppose any one in the whole village knows that
she has that brooch. My! how the girls would
stare at it! Wouldn't Vic Spencer open her eyes
if she caught sight of it? And she made such a

fuss because her sister had a set of garnets last
Christmas. Garnets! Bah! Aunt Dora's brooch
is worth more than all the garnets in the whole
world! concluded Lou, with reckless indifference
to the charms of anything beside brilliant and
fire-opals.

As the thought of her schoolmates' possible
wonder and admiration wrought within her busy
brain, she began to feel more and more regretful
that the sight was denied them.

If they might have only one peep, one little look,
just to astenish and fill them with delight at the
beauty and richness of the gems.

She turned the thought over in her mind as she
walked slowly along the shady path leading to
school; and once in the midst of her playmates,
the desire to tell them of the beautiful jewel she
had just seen became irresistible.

At first it was only her pet chum, Marie Wells,
whom she let into the secret. But Marie had a
friend in whom she also confided and could not re-
sist the temptation to unobscure herself; then this
friend had a cronny or two, and so by the time re-
cess came the whole school had heard the story.

"Diamonds!" cried Vic Spencer, contemptuous-
ly. That's a likely story, isn't it, girls? Why, I
heard my sister tell of a friend of hers who has
a cousin in New York who has a ring—an engage-
ment ring, she said it was—with one little tiny
diamond in it not half as large as a pea, and it
cost two hundred dollars! Only think of that!
And Lou expects us to believe that her aunt has
a whole brooch. You can't fool me with all your
bragging.

I'm telling the truth, Vic Spencer, asserted Lou,
stoutly. I saw it with my own eyes this very
morning; the loveliest thing I ever saw in all my
life.

O well! "Seeing is believing," as they say. You
bring my lady's diamonds—how many was it,
girls? half a bushel?—bring them to school, and
let's all get a squint at them, and then we'll be-
lieve your story.

Yes, Lou, bring them to school, that's a dear,
 chimed in half a dozen girls.
But they're locked up in a great ebony casket
with lots of other things; and I could not get at
them if I tried.

O well, break the lock, suggested one.

Can't you get the key when she isn't looking?
 ventured a second. Then you can put them back
without letting her know they've been away.

Phaw! I don't believe there's a diamond in
the casket. And with this parting taunt from Vic
Spencer ringing in her ears, Lou turned up the
street leading to her house.

It was a warm summer day; all the windows
and doors were open; and as she ascended the
steps and glanced into the parlor, she saw that
Aunt Dora was seated within, entertaining the
minister's wife who had chanced to call. Not
wishing to disturb them, she passed through the
hall and on up to her room, threw off her hat and
bathed her face in cool water. Her aunt's room
was opposite. One glance assured her that the
ebony box was still on the table. She wondered
whether or no it was locked. There could be
no harm in assuring herself upon that point, so
she crossed the room and drew near the table.
Wonderful to relate, the key, a curiously formed
silver one, was in the lock. Auntie had evidently
forgotten to remove it. A slight turn and the lid
flew up, and there was the brooch in the case in
which it rested, the brooch concerning which that
provoking Vic Spencer was so skeptical. The
temptation was great and Lou yielded. Quickly
abstracting the case, she slipped it into her pocket
and stole away to her room. The dinner-bell
rang at that moment, and with a beating heart
and a very red face Lou went reluctantly to her
place at the table.

How she got through dinner she never knew.
Her aunt noticed her odd nervous way and her
flushed face, but ascribing it all to the heat of the
day advised her not to return to school that after-
noon, but to take her book and learn her lessons
in the shade of the trees upon the lawn.

Every word her aunt uttered made Lou feel
more and more like a thief, and she was glad to
get excused from the table and hurry away as fast
as possible.

Vic Spencer was on the watch for her.
Well, did you bring it? demanded the young
unbeliever.

Yes, said Lou, severely, I did; and now let's
go out under the trees and I'll let you all see it.
Seated in the centre of a little group Lou
unclasped the case and exhibited the treasure.
A chorus of Ohs and Ahs and Dear ahs
greeted it.

How beautiful! cried one.
How it glitters! cried another.

We never saw anything half so pretty

as this, said Lou, sternly, you don't know what
you're saying, will you? Vic
sank back, and by her silence seemed to con-
fess herself humiliated.

Put it on! suggested Marie Wells.
Lou hesitated. She had not intended to
touch it, or allow it to be handled, but merely

to exhibit it to her schoolmates. Their eager
entreaties, however, overcame her reserve,
and the brooch was soon fastened in her brown
gingham dress.

The girls clasped their hands in ecstasies.
You ought to see how it sparkles. Come
let's go over the brook and you can look in
and see for yourself.

Away they started, a heedless troop of
schoolgirls, and kneeling on the grass Lou
saw her image reflected in the mirror-like
surface of the water. Then they fell to pick-
ing cowslips, making balls of the yellow, blue
suns, and by and bye some one spied a cluster
of wild strawberries, and there was instant
search by many a pair of bright eyes, and little
pink finger-tips grew still more rosy, and
there was no thought of school, only every
now and then a loud shout as some more than
usually fine berries were discovered.

Racing here and there, each intent on pick-
ing and eating all the berries she could possi-
bly find, no one thought of another, or how
widely each was separating herself from the
rest. The diamonds still glittered upon Lou's
breast, but neither she nor her companions
gave as much as a thought to them. The red
luscious fruit, hiding so slyly beneath the
leaves and grasses, was far more attractive.

O the charm of a perfect day in June, with
the breeze fanning hot flushed faces, and bring-
ing the sweetest of clover scents from adjoining
fields, the cloud shadows coming and
going over the rippling grass, the delicious
melody of a bobolink swinging from the top-
most bough of an elm; sunshine, fragrance,
harmony all around, and the very awe test of
red ripe strawberries just waiting to be pick-
ed and eaten! Who could resist the tempta-
tion to linger in such a scene? Not Lou
Cheever, certainly, for she wandered on, now
here now there, past hedges and clumps of
bushes, up over a hill and down its further
side into a little valley, and when at length
she came to think of her whereabouts, you need
not wonder that she was half frightened to
death to find she was alone and that she had
lost her way. She hadn't the least idea how
she came there, or how she was to find her
way out, or even in what direction to turn.

O dear! O dear! sighed Lou. How
ever am I to get back to school? I shouldn't
wonder if it was late, too; and Miss Black
will be cross and I shall get a demerit. How
could all the rest of the girls go and leave
me? I should have thought some one
might have called to me. Now I call that
truly a real mean trick! And Lou trudged
forward thinking she would by-and-by come
upon some path that might lead her somewhere
out of this nowhere in which she was lost.
But walk as fast as she could and search as
closely as she might, there was nothing to
be seen but the way she ought to take, and she
only became more and more bewildered. She
changed the direction of her footsteps two or
three times, but it was of no avail. Tired,
frightened, and all in a glow with the heat,
she sat down in the shade of a tree and began
to cry. What if she should be compelled to
stay there all night? for she could see that the
afternoon was waning. How was she ever to
find the way home? And what would Aunt
Dora think? Would any one be sent out to
search for her? And how long might it be
before she could hope to be discovered?

It was a dreadful ending to Lou's pleasant
aftnoon, and she sat there and wept as if her
heart would break.
Poor child? She was terribly frightened,
so it was a blessed thing when she felt asleep
and forgot all her troubles.

Lying on the grass at the foot of the tree,
her hat fell off and her little tear stained face
pillowed on her arm, her lips stained with
berries, and her very attitude expressing the
fathomless and helpless condition in which she
had fallen asleep, she made a very poetical
figure, quite in harmony with the pictures-
queness of the surroundings.

So thought a gentleman who, emerging
from the bushes at no great distance, leisurely
behold himself across the field, but spying the
girl, turned aside from his path and paused to
look at her.

Little gipsy, he muttered, why has she
strayed off here alone? I wonder if she is
lost? How sound she sleeps, and—by all
that's wonderful—what's that she has on?
Diamonds! Ah! I should know that brooch.
Can it be possible? Good heavens! And
towards the last he seemed to grow so excited
and spoke so loud that Lou started up in af-
fright, and was yet more terrified to find a
man's flushed and eager face bending over
her.

My dear child, he hastened to say, don't be
frightened, but I must ask you to tell me
where you obtained that brooch.

Lou burst into tears.
There, there, don't cry. Please answer my
question, for I am very anxious to know. I
think I have seen the jewel before.

It's Aunt Dora's, sobbed Lou. I took it
out of her casket this morning; and I've lost
my way, and O sir, won't you take me back
home? And then a great rush of grief checked
further utterance.

I think we can find your home without the
least difficulty, said the gentleman, in a reas-

oning tone. And Lou jumped up, tied on
her hat and took his hand without the slightest
hesitation. Someway, she felt she could trust
him. He was such a handsome, strong, kind
looking man, that she felt safe from the first
moment.

As they walked on she told him her little
history; how she was an orphan and lived
with Aunt Dora, such a dear, beautiful, kind
Aunt Dora; how it happened that she strayed
off and lost her way; and how thought-
fully she had been to take the brooch which her
aunt valued so highly. She went on to ex-
plain that auntie never wore the beautiful
gems, but kept them safely laid away, in mem-
ory of the friend who had presented them to
her, whom she had loved very dearly.

It was strange how well acquainted they
became before they reached the highway and
came out near Lou's home.

Holding fast to her new found friend's hand,
Lou conducted him straight into the parlor,
where Aunt Dora sat with a book which she
had been reading. The volume had fallen
from her hands. She was gazing thought-
fully out across the fields. The twilight shad-
ows were gathering all about her. A sweet,
pensive, graceful picture she made. Lou had
just parted her lips to speak and make her
aunt aware of her presence, when her com-
panion suddenly broke the stillness.

Dora! he said, softly.

Aunt Dora sprang up swiftly, turned her
pale face for instant towards the gentle-
man, and then, with a little cry, sank back faint-
ing. Lou rang for lights, she brought cam-
phor, smelling salts, water, everything she
could think of, while the gentleman clasped
the white hands and bathed the rigid face,
and did his best to restore life to that seem-
ingly inanimate form.

After Aunt Dora had recovered and was
seated on the sofa, and was able to compre-
hend that it really was her lover, Hugh Car-
roll—and not his ghost, as she at first feared
—who had at last returned safe and well af-
ter years and years of wanderings in foreign
lands; do you think she felt that Lou had
done anything deserving of censure in abstrac-
ting and wearing the precious brooch, since
the very sight of it had led her lover directly
to her side?

Lou sat up very late that night listening to
Mr. Carroll's tales of shipwreck and adventure.
It was at Mrs. Carroll's wedding that the
brooch was next worn.

That's where the boys fit for college, said
the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to
a school house.

Did they? said the old lady with anima-
tion. Then, if they fit for the college before
they went, they didn't fight afterwards?

Yes, said he, smiling and favoring the con-
cise, but the fight was with the head not with
the hands.

Butted, did they? said the old lady.

The Professor winked.

For Mr. Greeley, whose death is an-
nounced to-day, there will be a feeling of deep
regret. He was probably broken down by
his election contest, by great disappointments
and the loss of his wife, over whose last hours
he watched so unweariedly. Mr. Greeley was
a representative in an eminent degree of the
independent and fearless newspaper press.

He was a man of the highest natural ability,
but was, perhaps, too honest to be a politician.

—Gould was not arrested yesterday as
expected. He charged that his arrest, was a
part of a programme arranged by Watson,
President of the Erie, to create a panic in the
stock market, to feather his own nest, and he
states in his belief such a result was contem-
plated by the attorney in the Erie and by the
others he named, and thus the Erie rail road
would never have been able to recover any-
thing from him if anything was due.

—The St. Andrews Society of Portland
have purchased a lot in the Forest City cem-
tery where Scotchmen may be decently bur-
ied who die far away from home and friends.

—This is the way they do up an Enoch
Ardon romance in Oshkosh, Wisconsin; the
western Arden did not come back and get
through the window at the felicity of the re-
constructed household and then go into the
green and yellow melancholy business; not
any. He kicked the new husband out, sorted
over the children and sent his brats after him,
and then after thrashing his wife, settled down
into a peaceful and happy head of the family.

It requires a good deal of skill and good
taste to write a neat puff for an undertaker.
A newspaper editor in Council Bluffs says:
"Since we have to use coffins, we prefer those
which Riley furnishes. We took a view of
his supply of the commodity, yesterday after-
noon. His stock would even carry the city
pretty well through an average siege of cholera."

It will take the English language a long
time to recover from the distortion to which it
has been subjected since the horses have been
sick.

A farmer said recently that his land was
so contrary he had to put his ears off to
make him suck, and put his feet off to make
him let go.