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Vol 40

Poetry.

A SURMISE.

BY LOUISA BURNELL.

Our mortal day breaks from the great unseen,
Whither once more it darkly vanished;
Two shadowy goals with faltering steps between,
O, tell me, which is life, and which is death?
Nor is this but an idle questioning;
For every step must cross some dark surprise,
Since life and death are what the moments bring,
And we would know them through their strange disguise.

Joys we shall have that blossomed in the shade,
And griefs that out of sweetest dreams awake;
Doubts that grow clear, and certainties that fade;
A weary crown, a light and easy yoke.

Wrongs we shall see made servants of the right;
The noblest victories won by those that fail;
Great hearts that triumph, falling in the fight;
Death hand to hand with life, behind the veil!

Thus evermore we must our pathway tread,
Mid lights that beckon, shadows that dismay;
Till the bewildered heart, so strangely led,
Wonders if life or death shall win the day.

As one might wonder, waking from a swoon,
And seeing the far horizon half alight,—
Is it the morning broadening to the noon?
Or is it evening sinking into night?

Or as one standing on the silent shore
If it be ebb or flow can scarcely guess;
Whether the lesser flowing to the more,
Or but the greater lapsing to the less.

O shrouded mystery! the baffled soul,
Long casting round thy solemn boundaries,
Divines the rounded brightness of the whole,
That first must waste upon these mortal skies.

The tide, when it lays bare the lonely stand,
But lifts more high the great mid deeps of sea;
Does death work life? Does losing fill the hand?
Does darkness feed the light that is to be?

O, then it is no longer life and death,
But life and life, in ever circling light!
Then ebb and flow of fortune or of breath,
Are equal tides that lift us to our height!

Romance in Real Life.

A foreign correspondent of an American paper relates the following story:—"Paul Starns, the late clerk of the Alabama Reconstruction Convention, has been sojourning in Europe. At Rome he made the acquaintance of Iscippi Geza, one of the wealthiest and most influential Hungarian noblemen, who was about to depart for Naples where his family was passing the summer. The handsome American had made the most favorable impression upon the Royalist, and was invited to accompany him to Naples. Iscippi Geza, the Count of Temesvar, found his lady in very feeble health, and the physician had given up all hope. A few weeks after the Countess died, and Paul Starns had meanwhile so endeared himself to the aristocratic friend, that another invitation was tendered and accepted to accompany the Count to his castles in Hungary. Only a short drive from the city of Temesvar lies the beautiful castle Kulowitz, the ancestral seat of the Gezas. It was presided over by the young Countess Paula, a young lady of the pure Hungarian type, the only child and heir of Iscippi Geza. The young American was quite stricken by the intense beauty of the lady, and before three weeks had elapsed the two were as friendly as if they had grown up together. During the hunting season distinguished guests arrived at the castle, among whom Prince Esterhazy, of Movaria, was the most prominent. The Prince was about thirty years of age, and had lately been promoted to a captaincy of the guards. Major General Prince Esterhazy, the captain's father, and Count Geza had been most intimate friends for almost a life time, and both desired to still stronger tie the bonds of friendship by uniting their children. This was the main object of the Prince's visit, for the necessary preliminary arrangements had long ago been agreed upon by the two parents. Paul Starns had meanwhile carved nothing at all for the distinguished guest, but had mainly passed his time in studying modern languages. To his utter surprise Count Geza insisted upon his joining the dinner party one certain day; and the old gentleman got quite enthusiastic while he continued, "We have a great surprise for our guests today, and you must witness the proudest event of my life." But the surprise was different from that expected. Captain Esterhazy proposed, and was flatteringly refused. A bursting bombshell could not have created a more profound sensation than the Countess Paula's declaration that she would never marry the captain. Some angry words followed, and Captain Ester-

hazy alluded to American intruders and beggars. Some bluster about a duel followed. Finally Paul Starns left for Italy. Over a year has since elapsed, and the Countess was in such feeble health that a journey to Italy had been strongly advised. She had persistently refused to see any of the Esterhazy family again, and the Count Geza was inconsolable when he witnessed the sufferings of his only child. At Rome a sudden change overcame the Countess; she regained her health. And Count Geza was not a little surprised when he was one day told that she had seen Paul Starns at the theatre, and she would marry him or not marry at all. On the 12th of May the wedding took place.

The Synod of the Church of Scotland's ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AT HALIFAX.

The Synod appointed a Committee to draw up an address to the Governor General, and knowing that His Excellency would be in Halifax this summer—appointed the members of the Presbyterian resident in the city to present it to him. They invited a few friends of the Church to accompany them, including the Chief Justice, the Custos, the President of the Legislative Council, The Recorder, James McDonald, M.P., Dr. Avery, Hon. W. A. Henry, James Thompson, G. P. Mitchell, John Doull, &c., &c., and presented it to His Excellency on the 5th inst., in the Province Building.

We have much pleasure in giving both the Address and the Reply:

ADDRESS:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, K. P., GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, &c., &c., &c.

May it please Your Excellency:

We, the Ministers and Elders of the Presbyterian Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, in Synod assembled, beg respectfully to welcome your Excellency, as the Representative in this Dominion of Her Majesty the Queen.

The warm and considerate interest which your Excellency manifests for all that concerns the welfare of this Dominion, secures the increasing regard of our people.

We congratulate your Excellency upon the rapid progress already made under your Excellency's Administration in the work undertaken by your predecessors; and upon the prospect that, ere long, all Her Majesty's North American possessions shall be united under one Government. Convinced, however, both from the sacred word of God, and from human experience, that Righteousness exalteth a nation, and that no mere material greatness can secure permanent prosperity, we will ever strive to promote the cause of enlightened Christianity throughout the land, mainly for its own sake, but also for its connection with the social well-being of the people. Grateful to the Giver of all good, for the national peace and just government, which we enjoy, we pray that God, in His mercy may long preserve to this land its present civil and religious privileges; and that His abundant blessings may rest upon your Excellency's person, family, and administration.

Signed, in name and by appointment of Synod, at Pictou, this Thirtieth day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy Three, by
D. MACRAE, A. M., Moderator.
PETER KEAY, Clerk of Synod.
St. Andrews, N. B.

REPLY.

To the Ministers and Elders of the Presbyterian Church of the Maritime Provinces, in connection with the Church of Scotland.

GENTLEMEN:—It has been my fortune on many previous occasions to have the honor of receiving deputations from the Presbyterian Churches in this country. From all these deputations I have heard with deep satisfaction expressions of loyalty to the Crown, and contentment with the political constitution under which they live.

Owing to the fortunate circumstances of my life, I have passed many years in the midst of a Presbyterian population, and I can only repeat what I have said on other occasions, that I have had frequent opportunities of observing the beneficial influences which the Presbyterian Church exercises on its congregations, and of remembering to how great an extent industry, Christian charity, and other virtues which adorn high civilization flourish under the effects of its teaching. I feel certain that similar good influences will be found to exist in the Churches of Halifax and the Maritime Provinces generally.

I thank you, as Her Majesty's Representative, for your expressions of attachment to the Crown, with which I feel that all sections of religious denominations will cordially concur with you, although I may, without any prejudice to other communities, repeat that among none do loyal sentiments show themselves in a more satisfactory manner than among those who have had the benefit of belonging to the Presbyterian Church.

In conclusion I beg to return to my sincere acknowledgments on behalf of Lady Dufferin and myself for the cordial welcome you have accorded us, and to assure you of the pleasure we both feel in visiting so important a city as Halifax, and of becoming acquainted with the people of Nova Scotia.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 6, 1873.

MANDY MIDGE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Mandy Midge is coming up to-morrow, said my hostess, lifting her eyes from a letter she had found beside her plate at the breakfast-table. Dear me! How glad I am! Oh, aunt! I shrieked pretty Lena Brooks from the opposite seat, oh, aunt, what a name! Mandy Midge! Gracious me! did you ever hear anything like it, Mr. Grant?

Mandy! cried her brother. Oh, dear, dear! Midge!

I, as a stranger, kept silence, while the old lady took off her glasses and looked rather reprovingly down the table.

I don't see anything so curious in the name, she said. We always called her Mandy for short. She was christened Amanda; and the Midges are first-rate people—good family; and she's a nice little thing—a very nice little thing, indeed.

Little Miss Midge! laughed Lena. Oh, how funny!

Young folks see fun in a good many things, it seems to me, said Aunt Morris; but I hope you've done laughing about Mandy.

Then there was silence on the subject, but down on the river bank after a while the girls began to over again.

Mr. Grant—think of it, Mandy Midge—I can imagine her. Mandy. Oh!

It was Belle who said that—Belle who was always laughing and giggling over everything. And then Lena began with a little squeal of laughter, peculiar to her.

I do wonder what she looks like.

I, a young fellow of five and twenty, sat between the two girls. I had my portfolio and pencils with me, and a volume of "Little Women," which Belle was pretending to read, principally because some one had told her that she looked well with her eyelids cast down. What idiotic things we said to each other as we sat under the trees upon the grass!

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I ever saw. She was altogether the loveliest creature, the most bewitching, the most charming little angel. In a word, I was head over heels in love with Mandy Midge before I had said a word to her.

A visit in the country; a kind old hostess, who has known me in his school days, and delights in setting the dainties of her larder before him; two jolly girls, who laugh from morning to night and another girl so charming that no words can describe her, with whom one is delightfully in love; who can picture anything more pleasant?

Sure of my welcome, I prolonged the visit to a length only warranted by a lifelong friendship; but I presume that had I even felt less certain that I was not trespassing, I could scarcely have persuaded myself to leave Dinglewood while Miss Midge graced it with her presence. Who would voluntarily turn his back on Paradise?

But at last the time came when Miss Midge found it necessary to return home. In twenty-four hours we must part, and before they were over I had resolved to tell her how I loved her. I felt assured that she did not dislike me, and I hoped everything.

How I followed her about that morning! How I watched for an opportunity to speak to her alone!

At last it came. The moonlight train brought to Dinglewood two young men, who were gleefully hailed as Harry and Sam by the Misses Brooks, and who greeted the young ladies so warmly that I should have felt a very jealous had I set my heart upon either Belle or Lena.

Miss Midge, having true feminine instincts, slipped away by herself. Belle and Sam, were seen to-a-tete on a garden seat hard by. Harry and Lena ran down a green lane.

Mrs. Morris was heard in the kitchen, probably awakening the cook to a proper sense of the importance of dinner, and now or never was my chance.

I found Lena in the library, and I took a seat at her side. Then, I found it impossible to speak. What to do, I knew; but how to do it—I hesitated; I looked at her, I saw the color rise to her cheeks.

Then she took up Belle's work basket, which stood near.

There was a book hidden under its overflow of zephyr worsted. She drew it forth. I saw she was confused. I could not be sure that the confusion was pleasurable.

Did she fear to have me speak lest she should be obliged to refuse me, or was it that she felt all that I felt for her? To gain time, I asked forth:

"What book are you reading Miss Midge?"

She opened it, and turned to the title page.

"Little Women," said she.

A sudden recollection of the day of her arrival flashed upon me; an awful knowledge of the absurdities that book contained turned my whole face crimson. With my heart beating furiously, I stretched forth my hand and tried to snatch the volume from her.

"Please—give me the book," I gasped. "I have something to say to you."

It was too late. I saw her splendid eyes dilate—I saw her cheek grow pale. She grew strangely still as she turned the pages.

"Pardon, Mr. Grant," she said. "I desire to examine the illustrations. They do you credit; so do the marginal notes. You are quite a genius in the comic line. A second Shakespeare or a Leech. Clearing! Would you like to see?"

She handed me the book; between us it dropped to the floor. I sat staring at her in speechless agony as she quietly glided from the room.

I did not see her again before she left. No one could discover me at the dinner hour, and she took the half past three o'clock train that afternoon.

"What is the matter, Mr. Grant?" said Belle, with a very serious face, as she came to the corner of the veranda, where I sat alone that evening. "I know you feel awful about something, and I can't take any comfort. I sort of guess, you know."

What do you guess? I asked.

I found "Little Women" on the floor wide open, said the girl with a quivering voice, and I saw you rush out of the library and go into the woods. And I saw Mandy's face, dear girl, when she went away; and I see yours now, and it's my fault for leaving the book about, and I'm so sorry.

He was a jolly little soul, and I pined for some comfort and I told her all. When I ceased she put her hands before me and said: "Don't feel so bad. It will all come right yet. I'm sure of that."

But as for me, I thought of cold lead and poison and the river all night long.

But this is not a tragedy. Belle was a true prophet. She wrote a letter to Miss Midge, and it was ungrammatical and full of school-girl's slang, and not so well spelt as it might have been, but it said what I did not think of saying. It told the whole truth about that absurd scribbling, and it wound up thus: "If you know me did not think what we were doing. And we all liked you the minute

we saw you. And a funny name don't matter. And he is so awfully in love and so ashamed I think he'll die. And he's ever so nice. And I did it all—asked him to draw the pictures, and made the verses myself, and it was before ever we saw you, and please, please, please forgive him and me, for you know you like him. There now."

And when the answer came back, Belle came to me radiant, holding the letter in her little fat hands, and saying:

I can't let you read one word of it! but I think I would go down to New York, if I were you, and see Mandy Midge myself.

I went.

TOO PARTICULAR BY HALF.—There was a good deal of fun in the British House of Commons the other night when Mr. Hunt asked if it was true that at a recent examination of a school in Wiltshire, the Government Inspector refused to allow the children to sing "God Save the Queen," considering the National Anthem to be a piece of "religious instruction," and so contrary to the principles of the Elementary Education Act. The laughter grew greater when Mr. Foster, Vice-President of the Educational Council, announced that such was the case. The Inspector has had a hint from headquarters not to be too particular.

THE CROPS.—According to the New York Post, which journal has made great efforts to ascertain the condition and prospects of the crops throughout the country, the present season is to be a good one. Contrary to all expectations a month ago, the cotton crop is very promising. Good judges estimate that it will exceed four millions of bales. The grain crop, too, all over the country, except a few remote points affected by local causes, will be large. Hay and vegetables are generally good. The only failures are in fruit.

THE "SMARTNESS" of a little Detroit boy, manifested in connection with that inspiring article, the family umbrella, deserves to be chronicled. He painted in large letters upon it, "Stolen from No. A—A—street," and walked about with it, chuckling with the consciousness of having invented an infallible preservative for that ancient and sacred institution. But life is all a flitting show—at the moment he was happiest, an unreasonable policeman arrested him for stealing it.

A Portland fruit dealer was several days since bitten on the fore finger by a young tarantula which had come over in a bunch of bananas from Cuba. The gentleman suffered severely, and was unable to sleep for several days and nights. It is said the bite from a full grown tarantula sometimes causes sufficient pain to throw the strongest man into convulsions, and oftentimes is attended with fatal results.

It is easy to live in the world after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness as the independence of solitude.

No man is born into the world whose work is not borne with him; there is always work and toil to work with for all those who will, and blessed are the heavy hands of all toil.

—[Lowell]

An Illinois magistrate has fined a man \$10 for cutting off his wife's back hair. Under what statute such an offence is ranked, we are not informed. Perhaps the general head of barbarous treatment and sheer brutality.

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first, "but then very few are going that way."

The commanders of the German naval force have received fresh instructions from Berlin to prevent the surrender of the Insurgent man-of-war captured by them.

Some people say that a dark-haired woman is a first. We differ; it's the light-headed ones.

A Kokuk damsel entered a store recently and asked for "a deck of thin postal keards."

The average Kentuckian "winks when he calls for soda water," and in Rochester, N. Y., they say they will have "a little John B. Gough."

"What's the date of your battle?" was what an anxious papa of Cobleskill asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his paper.

Knowledge is not power. The old proverb is all as true. Wisdom is power.

He that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with deists that their expanding power continues to increase as you contract them.