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POETRY.

THREE WORDS.

One may I kneel at a low white rail,
At a beautiful rail of love,
And I breathed a prayer that angels bore
To the golden shores above,
And heard the words they seemed to weave:
"You're asked, loved child, so now receive."

One eye I kneel at a portal sweet,
In the hush of twilight gray,
My lips moved not, and prayers alone
Ascended the heavenly way,
And a gentle voice of wondrous kind
Then whispered: "You've sought and now
shall find."

I've spanned the years of life's long span,
I've followed the theory road,
I've felt my burden heavy, too,
And my cross a weighty load;
But now I see a silver star,
And I know that the golden gate's ajar.

'Tis eye, and stars so brightly shine,
As I rap at a mighty door,
An angel guide stands closely by,
My friendly help once more;
Then comes a voice that bids me hope:
"My child, you've knocked and now I'll open!"

GUR DAVIE.

Outside there was a heavy, threatening
November sky, from which the lurid sun-
set had died utterly, leaving no light save
the faint glimmer that came from the glitter-
ing covering of snow that lay an inch
deep everywhere.

Later on, when a clear moon shone out
over the desolate landscape, it made almost
a pretty picture of Braer Castle, with its
background of leafless trees and cloudy
sky; but not such a pretty picture as the
one you could have seen through the un-
sheltered windows of the quaint old hall, if
the windows had not been too high to be
reached from the outside.

Sir David Dewar, the bachelor owner of
this fine old place, liked light and comfort;
and plenty of room to move about in; and
as it was nobody's place to interfere with
his little whims, he generally got what he
wanted; so sitting now well back in his
great armchair, with his kindly face a little
severe, and his gray head bent in earnest
thought, he looked as though he were of
trouble had ever touched his life.

There was another figure in the great
room, too, on which the brilliant light
seemed to have concentrated itself—the
figure of a child—a boy who stood on the
white fur hearth rug, with a quaint, old-
fashioned face raised somewhat stubbornly
and thin, restless hands fidgeting with the
buttons of his coat. Little David Dewar,
one of Sir David's orphan nephews, de-
serves a paragraph of description entirely to
himself, if only for the sake of his face—a
beautiful face that artists would rave about
for its perfection of form and coloring, but
that mothers looked at with an aching
heart, reading too too clearly the signs of
delicacy in the brilliant dark-fringed eyes
and flushing cheeks. To night, however,
there was something beyond excitement in
the shrinking form; and he looked so
white and wan and miserable that when
Sir David, who had been hardening his
heart for punishment, raised his head
suddenly, the sternness melted out of
his face, and he stretched out his hand say-
ing: "Come here, my dear little nephew."

The boy started when he spoke, and
shrank back, just raising his piteous un-
childlike eyes, and then dropping them to
the rug at his feet.

"Come here," repeated Sir David, a
little impatiently, for he hated to think
that he was hard upon the boys, and that
they were afraid of him.

The lad shuffled off the rug, half sulky,
half frightened, and came close to the old
man's chair, blinking his great eyes in the
light like a young half-tamed owl; and
when Sir David said, very kindly: "I do
wish to be hard on you, my lad, but I will
have the truth," he said, in a low, sweet
voice that trembled from sheer fright and
weariness: "Yes, Uncle David."

"I only want to know about this boat-
ing," said Uncle David, encouragingly.
"Yes, in a lower, sulkier voice."
"Well, my dear, after all I have, told you,
were you out on the river last night?"
There was a pause. Uncle David, with
his quiet, kindly eyes on the boy's face,
waited with real anxiety for the reply; but
David the younger made no answer at all;
he stood first on one foot, then on the
other, with such a guilty, frightened look
on his face that the old man's heart ached.
"Well," he said at last, sadly, "tell me the
truth, David, my man, and I'll believe you."
"No," said David, very low; and then he
threw himself, a sort of tangled heap,
down on the floor at his uncle's feet, and
sobbed out: "No, no, no!"

Uncle David was puzzled and distressed.
"I promised to believe you, David," he said,
so I must, I suppose; but I shouldn't like
your mother to think I'd brought you up to
lie. I don't quite understand it, all the
same. Hew would have told, I think."

"Oh, not Hew," said David, lifting a flushed,
tear-stained face, and speaking eagerly;
"I'm sure, oh, I'm quite sure, Uncle David."
But Uncle David silenced him with a
quick, warning touch, and they both sat
listening to the sound of rapid, firm steps
along the stone passage—to a merry whistle
which came nearer and nearer until it
passed abruptly on the threshold, in the
middle of a bar—to an impetuous hand on
the lock. Uncle David turned his eyes
quickly to the fire; little David hid his face
in his white, trembling hands; but after
that momentary pause, although they
neither of them looked up, they both knew
instinctively that Hew was in the room.

"Holloa!" he said, shading his eyes, and
sending his clear, ringing laugh into the
hall before him; "I've had such a jolly
time out in the stables! What are you up
to here, you two?"

He looked so bright and handsome stand-
ing in the doorway, with the snow glitter-
ing on his uncovered curls, and rough
tweed coat, that Uncle David sat for a mo-
ment looking at him before he spoke.
Then he said: "Hush! David! Hew, come
here and let me look at you!"

They were as different in appearance as
light from darkness, night from day; these
two brothers, these two nephews of Sir
David's; little David, wan and delicate and
beautiful—Hew, as strong and proud as a
young eagle, with honest, eager eyes, and a
boyish laugh that it did one good to hear;
but they were very fond of each other for
all of that—loved each other with that
strange unalterable love which lies between
brothers often far than we think, and that
never died out between these two until the
very end.

"What is it?" the boy asked, pushing
back his heavy hair with one hand; "what
is David crying for? and what is the ques-
tion?"

"I was asking David," said the old man,
leaning forward so that he could lay his
hand on the soft, silky curls at his feet,
"about the boat. After I have forbidden it
so many times, some one had it out last
evening; and disobedience, as you know,
Hew, must be punished."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Hew.
"Did you take it?" Uncle David asked,
bringing the question home with an em-
phasis that startled the boy, and made a
red flush, that might have been guilt, rise
to his forehead.

"The young eyes lit up with a flush of al-
most insolent pride, and the young head
was turned defiantly toward the gentle old
man, while the clear voice said: "Me!
Uncle David? Then suddenly a pair of
great wan eyes in piteous entreaty, a little
nervous hand touched the strong brown
one that was hanging at his side, and he
hesitated."

The whole truth flashed across him in an
instant, as he shook off the slight touch
and moved over to the window; and there,
as if concluding an unfinished sentence,
he said: "Why, yes, I did!"

"Oh, Hew!" said Uncle David, startled.

And then he added quickly: "But, thank
God, you could not tell a lie!"

The quick red flush crept up again over
the happy boyish face, but not with a guilt-
y red as that which dyed the white fore-
head on Uncle David's knee. Little David
rose unsteadily, and put his hand out to
the hand that had sheltered him in every
trouble of his life—the strong hand that
could dare to bridge the gulf between them
and touch him now. He shivered a little,
and Hew said: "What, cold David, with
such a fire? Good-night, Uncle David, we
are going to bed."

"I must punish him," Uncle David
thought, when he was left alone, because I
said so. My dear boys, how can I have the
heart to do it? So the good man with a
faltering hand, went out into the two
boys he loved almost equally—the one for
his weakness, the other for his strength.

Out in the passage, Hew waited for an
instant, expecting, what? Whatever it was
it did not come, however; for David, wait-
ing too, said nothing, and Hew presently
put his hand on the child's trembling form,
and understood and forgave the cowardly
heart that could shrink from any physical
pain, but could dare to tell a lie. "I'm in
for it now," thought the boy, with a sort of
dogged pride—"the first I ever told, and to
Uncle David too! but—for him!"

To be sent to school at once! That was
the verdict, Uncle David pronounced in
his study next morning, and that Hew
listened to with assumed indifference.

"And when?" he asked directly.
"Well, to-day," said Uncle David; "it is
much better to get it over at once!"

"Uncle David," said the boy, coming a
step nearer and softening his voice, "I may
say good-bye to—him?"

"Well, I'm afraid not," said Uncle David,
clearing his voice, and looking worried
and perplexed. "He is so ill, you see;
Morris was up with him all night."
"I know," said Hew. Then all his pet-
ulant anger seemed to die utterly out, and
he came and stood close in front of Uncle
David's chair, and spoke earnestly. "Uncle
David, promise me—promise me on your
sacred word of honor, that if—anything
happens to David, you will send for me di-
rectly. It is unjust and terrible to send me
away now, the lad went on, almost beside
himself with excitement; "but I will bear
it as well as I can, if you will swear that
to me."

"Of course," said Uncle David, promptly,
though his voice was very husky; but don't
say any more now, because you forget
yourself. You may look at the child, too,
if you like, but don't speak to him or arouse
him in any way, because he is in such
pain. I trust you."

Trust him! who, indeed, could Uncle
David trust if not the boy he had loved so
long—the boy who was running up stairs
now, and in another moment would be
standing at the door of a hushed and dark-
ened room, watching a tangled head upon
the pillow? The quick, deep sores trem-
bled away into silence, the angry heart was
suddenly stilled, as Hew stood in the door-
way for a moment, and heard the rapid, un-
even breathing of the restless little sleeper.

That was the end of it all, as far as most
people were concerned. David got a little
better as time went on; and when Hew
came back from school—happy, cheerful,
and the winner of two prizes—every one
was ready to receive him joyfully. Uncle
David held him at arms-length, and tears
in his eyes, as he said: "My dear lad, this
is like old times—I have forgotten every-
thing."

At that Hew turned his head for an in-
stant to a certain chair in a certain sunny
window, from which a pair of eyes watch-
ed his every movement; but he was only
met by a gentle laugh, and a flush that
crept up over the white, delicate face, as
he went across and sat down upon the arm
of the chair, taking the thin hand in his.
He saw then that the truth of that old
story would never be rightly known by
any one, for much suffering and much

sorrow had blotted out all remembrance of
that one day from poor David's life.

He was silent for a minute, perhaps, and
then he said, startling them all by his vehem-
ence: "Then we start fair, Uncle David! I
feel such a great rough fellow beside you
two."

And David said, with the quick tears in
his eyes: "Not rough, dear Hew—just
strong."

Fourteen years afterward came a time
that I suppose never will be forgotten—a
time of heroism and bloodshed, of wars and
rumors of wars in the Crimea—a time of
terror and suspense and heart-sickness at
home. How many householders in England
gave up one life to that terrible game of
war—gave it freely and willingly, never
counting the cost!

You may count those dead heroes by the
miniatures and locks of hair hidden away
from sight to this day, among the most
precious treasures; by the medals that
came too late to honor those short lives, but
are the crowning glory of many homes;
by the silver hairs that shone in the brown
tresses, and the wrinkles that furrowed
smooth white brows. You may count them
easily of all by the names that were added
to every churchyard, in that year of grace
'55, to the memory of the glorious dead
who died in the Crimea.

Out of the home with which we have to
do they chose their best and bravest, and
sent him forth, with the safeguard of many
prayers, into the far East. And he said
good-bye to them all in his pride, and kept
up their hearts by his bright and fearless
spirits, and went eastward with the rest;
and Uncle David looked a little older, per-
haps, and David fancied the house was not
as pleasant as it used to be, and grew tired
of his sofa in the sunny window, until such
time as the months had rolled on their slow
course, and the troops were coming back.

Then they brightened up the old house
for the heir's return, and the bells rang out,
and they gave a great feast in honor of their
boy; for Hew was one of those who did re-
turn—proud and bright and glad, and with
a Victoria Cross upon his breast.

There was nothing to remember, nothing
to forget, at this home coming; and Hew
thought that nobody but himself recollected
that little story of his boyish life, as he
stood for Uncle David's trembling kiss,
and for the touch of David's clinging wel-
come hands.

That was a grand evening; but in the
midst of all the fun and merriment and
speeches, Hew's eyes were always turning
to a certain corner by the fire, from
which a pair of dark eyes watched his every
movement; and at last, when there was
a pause, he rose with a flush on his face,
and said: "Uncle David! all of you, gentle-
men, charge your glasses—to the heroes
of the Crimea who have not come back!"
And they all drank in silence.

"One more toast," cried Uncle David, who
was proud and excited. "Gentlemen, I pro-
pose our own private hero—our own boy,
Hew—and David!"

Hew bowed in his hearty, boyish way;
but before he answered he went over to
the sofa in the dark corner, and leaned
against it, so that his hand could have touch-
ed the close-ringed curls of the fair head,
and then he said: "I can answer you best
here, and thank you better, for David and
myself, than I could among you all. You
who have known us all our lives—you,
Uncle David, who have loved us—know
what we are to each other. As you have
joined us in this toast, so let me speak for
both in my answer, when I say that, next
to my brother's love, I value nothing so
much as your good opinion!"

"As you have never had a word between us
all our lives," said David, raising a flushed,
glad face, "so you make me very proud by
giving me just a little place in Hew's tri-
umph. Even this—and he touched the
Victoria Cross—I do not grudge him in
the least. Do you remember, he went on
suddenly, with his fingers still on the cross,
"once, long ago, saving me from punish-
ment in connection with a boat? I had

forgotten all about it till this moment."

"Quite right," said Hew, putting his
hand up over the other hand that touched
the cross. "I don't think I came very cred-
itfully out of the affair, for, if I remember
right, I told a lie."

PROFANEITY—We are emphatically in
the age of profanity, and it seems to us that
we are on the topmost current. One can-
not go on the street anywhere without
having his ears offended with the vilest
words and his reverence shocked by the
most profane use of sacred names. Nor
does it come from the old or middle aged
alone, for it is a fact that the younger por-
tion of the community are most proficient
in degrading language. Boys have an idea
that it is smart to swear; that it makes
manly; but there never was a greater mis-
take in the world. Men, even those who
swear themselves are disgusted with pro-
fanity in a young man, because they know
how of all habits, this clings the most
closely and increases with years. It is
the most insidious of habits, growing on
one so insensibly, that almost before one is
aware he becomes an accomplished
cursar.

The Turkish monitor which was sunk
at Lusha was sunk in a curious way. A
shell from a Russian mortar went down the
funnel into the engine room, and there ex-
ploded and brought about the destruction of
the powder magazine.

The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons
of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there
would be a deposit of salt over the entire
bottom of the ocean 450 feet deep; if it
were spread over the land it would cover it
to a depth of 900 feet.

The Grand Bourbon, the finest tree in
the orangery of Versailles, has departed
this life at the advanced age of 445 years.

The Maritime Mutual Fire Ins. Co.
(capital \$1,000,000) went up in the smoke
of the big fire, and no vestige of it remain-
ed. The premium notes and assessment
and stock books, were burned up in the
safe, and there is nothing left of the com-
pany except the policies in the hands of the
insurers. Notice is given that "it has now
ceased altogether."

Oakley S. Barber, a grandson of the late
Commodore Vanderbilt, was arraigned in
the N. Y. police court last week, on the
charge of stealing a gold watch and chain
from a young woman named Elizabeth
Weeks. The prisoner, who was commit-
ted for examination, has, it is said, just
come into possession of an income of \$10,-
000 year.

Marderois Attack.—On the 25th ult., a
young lady at Hamilton, Ont., was as-
saulted on the street, and stabbed 15 times
by a man apparently crazed.

Gen. Grant.—The London correspond-
ent of the Birmingham Gazette writes:
"I certainly do not envy the Mrs. Lee
Hunter who succeeded in capturing Gen.
Grant for a dinner party. He is about the
most uninteresting guest who ever sat at
table. He says literally nothing, and he
does not, like Count Moltke, impress you
with the conviction that he thinks the
more. It is not a case of being silent in
five languages with the ex-President of
the United States. If words fail him, the
impression which he conveys is that they
fail because ideas fail also."

When you see a newspaper article which
promises in its beginning to be an essay of
high merit, it is well to read it for the
profit to accrue from so doing. But, as a mat-
ter of precaution, it is better to glance first
at the end to see if anything is said about
two sizes of bottles—one for fifty cents and
the other for a dollar.—Danbury News.

There was a time in the years gone by
when a young man who carried a pencil
over his ear was supposed to know all
worth knowing.

er's California Vinegar
ruly Vegetable preparation,
on the native herbs found
ngos of the Sierra Nevada
ifornia, the medicinal prop-
h are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
of success of VINEGAR BIT-
TERS is, that they remove
age, and the patient recov-
They are the great blood-
e-giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system,
the history of the world has
n compelled possessing
qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS,
ack of every diseased man is
are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
S.

I enjoy good health, let
ARBITTERS as a medicine,
and of alcoholic stimulants

EDONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston St., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters
reactions, and remain long
d their bones are not dar-
n poison or other means,
I wanted beyond repair.
ousands proclaim VINEGAR BIT-
a wonderful Invigorant of
he sinking system.

mittent, and Intermitt-
hich are so prevalent in the
rivers throughout the
specially those of the Mis-
souri, Illinois, Tennessee,
Kansas, Ind., Colorado, Ber-
e, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,
oke, James, and many others,
ribularies, throughout our
uring the Summer and Au-
rably so during seasons of
al dryness, and invariably
extensive derangements of
liver, and other abdominal
r treatment, a purgative,
rful influence upon these
is essentially necessary,
made for the purpose equal-
t's VINEGAR BITTERS, as
ly remove the dark-colored
th which the bowels are
times stimulating the
liver, and generally restor-
functions of the digestive

r Indigestion, Headache,
outlets, Coughs, Tightness
ziness, Sour Eruptions of
all Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
riations of the Heart, Inflam-
ngs, Pain in the region of
d a hundred other painful
of Dyspepsia,
pro a better guarantee of
lengthy advertisement.

King's Evil, White Swel-
lings, Syphilis, Neck,
as Inflammations, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
s of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
so, as in all other constitu-
WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
is great carative power in
all and intractable cases,
matary and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Remittent
d Fevers, Diseases of the
kidneys, and Bladder, these
equal. Such Diseases are
ed Blood.

Diseases.—Persons cas-
s and Minerals, such as
setters, Gold-busters, and
advances in life, are sub-
e the Bitters. To guard
a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR
occasionally.

scases, Eruptions, Tetter,
dches, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
bombs, Ringworms, Scalds,
s, Erysipelas, Itch, Scours,
f the Skin, Humors and
Skin of whatever name or
sly dug up and carried out
a short time by the use of

and other Worms, turk-
s of so many thousands, are
ayed and removed. No sys-
o, no vermifuge, no anthel-
e the system from worms

Complaints, in young or
ngle, at the dawn of wom-
n of life, these Tonic Bit-
decided an influence that
soon perceptible.
In all cases of jaundice, red-
liver is not doing its work,
ble treatment is to promote
the bile and favor its re-
purpose use VINEGAR BIT-

Vitiated Blood when-
impurities breaking through
ules, Eruptions, or Sores;
you find it obstructed and
retains; cleanse it when it is
is will tell you when. Keep
and the health of the system

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