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## Hold Fast to Faith.

On the journey of life, outstretching before us,  
May the emblem of faith be fixed to our breast.

For the skies that to-day hang pleasantly o'er us.

May bring with the morrow the bitterest test.

Our path though to-day be a garden of roses,  
To-morrow may lie through hedges of brier.

For whatever we plant late often disposes,  
And we reap in disaster our fondest desire.

Though now we may dwell in the sunshine of gladness,  
And the hearthstone of home be lighted with joy;

The charm of affection, unbroken by sadness;  
And the cup of our pleasure untouched by alloy;

Yet there may all flee like a mist of the morning.

And the warmest of friends grow cruel and cold;

Adversity's pall may enshroud the bright dawn;

And our happiness end, like a tale that is told.

And our life, that to-day is blooming with pleasure,  
To-morrow, perhaps, it may blossom with tears;

For one whom we guard as earth's richest treasure,  
May be garnered by death in his harvest of years.

Our heart may be strong in its life-giving function,  
And soothe our young brow with the mantle of health;

But the destroyer thinks not of a soul's denied union.

Like a thief in the night he cometh by stealth;

Be this then our motto, life's journey pur-

suing.

Hold fast to faith if we would to our goal;

In believing alone is the way of abiding.

For pain that is suffered whilst under the rod.

And when at the end, the dark valley descending.

We shall not be lost in the depths of despair.

And the light of our faith, with radiance blinding,  
Shall illumine the brighter the crown we shall wear.

—Howard N. Fuller.

## THWARTED.

"Mother!"

A look of tender expostulation; the

swift moving of aged lips to a smile.

Two faces almost touched as a pair of

strong arms relieved feeble ones of a

heavy package of books.

"Well, dear," said the mellow old

voice of Mrs. Maples, addressing her

son, Lynn; "I thought you had enough

to carry."

Lynn Maples' arms might have been

said to be full, for he carried a dry-

goods bundle, a valise, a well-packed

suitcase and an umbrella; but he

took quick possession of the books, and

then, after an instant's evident regret,

that he had no room to offer his mother

stepped from the store door, and turned

to hail a horse-car.

A fair face, that had been turned

steadily toward the store since they

emerged from the store, leaned forward

now into the sunshine, as Annie Loraine

came, among the velvet cushions of her

phaeton, followed with her brown, at-

tentive eyes the movements of mother

and son.

"Amusing, watching the crowd some-

times," remarked an elegant young man

at her side, reconciling himself with

what grace he could to Miss Loraine's

inattention.

"Yes," she answered, almost inadi-

vably.

The next moment, with a sharp cry,

she had sprung from the velvet cushions

and was foremost in the gathering

crowd.

"Wonderful, and for once shaken out

of his boasted repose of manner, Percy

Dudley followed her.

An aged woman, her beautifully silvery

hair disheveled, her black dress covered

with dust, had just been lifted from the

ground by a burly policeman, and was

instantly claimed by a young man.

"Will some one call a carriage?"

cried Lynn Maples, his mother lying

senseless across his breast.

"Take mine! pray, take mine!" the

astonished Dudley heard Miss Loraine

saying.

But before he could get his breath,

she was shouldered one side by Lynn,

who had accepted Miss Loraine's offer

without a thought, and was only anx-

ious to get his mother to a place of

safety.

He laid her in the deep seat, and sup-

ported her with one arm, while Miss

Loraine put the lines into his other

hand.

"Turn down this side street—quick—

out of the crowd," she said; "and leave

the phaeton at the St. James hotel for

Miss Loraine."

The burly policeman had finished

placing his packages and bundles about

his feet, and mechanically Lynn Maples

obeyed the man's given him by the

silvery voice and sweet brown eyes.

The pretty ponies bore him quickly

from the scene, and through several

quiet streets to his home.

By this time Mrs. Maples had regained

consciousness, and could descend from

the vehicle with his assistance, though

much shaken.

In stepping from the sidewalk to take

a horse-car, she had been interrupted by

the passing of a carriage, and stepped

back beneath the horses of another.

Lynn Maples was a blue-eyed, tender-

hearted fellow, with nothing remarka-

ble about him but his purity of char-

acter and domestic tastes, contrasting

strongly with the habits of the young

men of the day.

Though six-and-twenty, his mother

had hitherto been the sole lady of his

love, and she was a little surprised to

hear him exclaim suddenly, out of a

reverie, the next day:

"Who, Lynn?"

"The young lady who offered me her

carriage."

"You forget, dear," placidly, over

her knitting, "I did not see her."

"I wonder who she is?"

And Lynn continued to wonder. He

had left the phaeton at the St. James

hotel, and the proprietor had assured

him that all would be right. Apparent-

ly the episode had closed.

On the contrary, Annie Loraine, a re-

markably independent, young lady for

one of but twenty years of age, had

taken pains to inform herself that Mrs.

Maples was not seriously injured.

She asked a hundred questions of her

informant—who chanced to know the

Maples—and learned that they were in

moderate circumstances; perfectly re-

spectable; that they lived in a flat in

Hotel Dighton; that Lynn was a dry-

goods clerk, and supported his mother

and a young sister.

Percy Dudley stood by chafing.

"It seems to me you are very much

interested in that fellow, Annie!" he

exclaimed, at last.

"I am, I think," she answered, care-

lessly.

Dudley looked at her from under a

flowing brow. He, Percy Dudley, the

irresistible, the best match of the season,

had paid this girl the most unmistakable

attentions for four months without the

slightest sign of having made but the

most ordinary impression upon her.

Yet he continued his suit, since there

was not another girl worth one hundred

thousand dollars in his set, nor any-

where that he knew of, to be had.

His jealous eyes observed that in

driving with Miss Loraine, they never

passed the store where Lynn was em-

ployed without turning her glance

toward the entrance; and once, when

he chanced to be filling a lady's car-

riage with bundles, she bowed to him,

with a faint flush upon her lily face.

From that moment Dudley hated

Lynn. Though he did not for a moment

entertain the thought that Miss Loraine

gave him more than a passing approval,

and he could see that the young man

had something noble and attractive in

his air, he was jealous even of her mere

respect for him.

It was mere accident that the two

met again and again during the winter.

At church, at a fair, in a picture gallery,

where Miss Loraine offered Lynn the

sweetest courtesy, but it infuriated

Dudley.

"Curse the fellow! I'll make him

cut his own throat before long!" he mut-

tered.

He caught Lynn out, and obtained

an introduction. It was in a concert-

room.

"Good many ladies present. By the

way, there is Miss Annie Loraine in

front. Do you know her, Mr. Maples?"

"I have the pleasure—slightly," re-

plied Lynn, a flush coming into his

face, blonde face.

"Pretty, eh?"

"Very beautiful, I think. Do you

know where she resides, Mr. Dudley?"

"What, don't know? Oh, up town

somewhere!" answered the other, catch-

ing at a sudden thought. "So you

don't know much about her circum-

stances?"

"No. Do you?"

"Something," carelessly. "She's an

orphan, lives with an aunt. By the

way, my dear sir, she seems to know you

better than you do her."

"She did me a favor last fall, on the

occasion of an accident."

"Ah! Well, it seems that on that oc-

casional you took the young lady's fancy.

In short, she fell in love with you."

"With me?" stammered Lynn, blush-

ing furiously. "I am not worthy the

honor."

"There is no accounting for women's

fancy," burst forth Dudley, savagely.

Lynn was too bewildered to notice

the sneer.

"You are a friend of hers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—an old, and intimate one.

She's an odd girl—given to unaccounta-

ble fancies, you know. Oh, yes, I know

her well! And my advice to you is to

strike while the iron is hot, and offer

yourself to Miss Loraine—that is, if so

inclined yourself."

"I—I admire her very much!" stam-

pered Lynn, trembling with agitation.

"Yes, certainly; I understand. Well,

she's going South next week; but she'll

be at the Parker Fraternity to-morrow

evening. You'd better see her there,

and make a sure thing of it. I'll give

you my word she'll accept you."

"Thank you! thank you!" murmured

Lynn, the lights swimming before his

eyes, and the music fading on his ears.

He cared no longer for the latter. He

got away out of the hall, and spent a

restless night, full of excitement and

the most exalted emotion. For the first

time he knew that he loved the lily-

faced, brown-eyed girl.

The next night found him at the mus-

ical entertainment of the Parker Frater-

nity. He was foolish, perhaps, but he

did not move so much as other young

fellow in love. But a more honest,

fervent fellow never trembled at the

touch of a woman's hand.

"You are as fond of music as I am,

Mr. Maples," she said, with a sweet

cordiality of manner which made her ir-

resistible to all men who looked at her.

"May I escort you home, Miss Lor-

aine? I—I have something to say to

you."

She gave assent. Her brown eyes

widened slightly with surprise, but she

chose to accept, and for once, Percy

Dudley gracefully yielded his claims.

She came down into the moonlight,

her rich evening dress over her arm, her

face cool and sweet. Lynn had a mis-

giving that he was mad, but he could

not help it. Before they had walked

six blocks and crossed the park he had

offered himself to Miss Loraine.

She did not speak—her face was quite

white. He felt the little hand on his

arm tremble. But her voice was sil-

very clear when she spoke at last:

"Mr. Maples, you have known me

but a comparatively short space of time.

What has caused you to address me like

this?"

"My fervent love would not have

given me courage to do so, Miss Lor-

aine; but an old friend of yours—

one who claimed to know you well—assured

me that you were not quite in differ-

ent."

His voice failed him.

"Who was this friend, Mr. Maples?"

"Mr. Dudley."

He saw her eyes flash. She stopped

at the foot of a flight of marble steps.

"I am at home now. Will you come

here to-morrow and get your answer,

Mr. Maples?"











