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SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown,
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile where'er you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse);
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile where'er you can.

LONNY.

(Concluded.)

"You're sich a queer woman, Hitty—so flustered about little things!" says she for answer, liftin' her little, faded eyes. "Jacob don't see no harm into it, an' a man ought to know. But hev your say, Hitty, hev your say. I s'pose you'll feel better for freicin' your mind. Do you s'pose, now, you could let me hev some careway-seeds for cakes? mine I dried 's got the mice in 'em."

"Now and then we learned things that troubled us about Lonny. He seemed to have fallen away from old restraints an' habits—church-goin', Sabbath-keepin', all those things that hinge together to determine a boy's or man's character—an' from all accounts he seemed to be drinkin' more than was seemly. He was growin' tall, broad-shouldered, sturdy, a fine picture of manhood, but I couldn't take the pride in him I'd counted on. He served his time as 'prentice and afterwards worked for Slocum as 'jour."

"He was a skillful workman, he had

health an' strength, there was nothin' to stand in the way of his 'complishin' all those old plans of his'n about bein' in time a master builder, a man among men—nothin', dear, to hinder—only, only this truth—my little sunny-haired, clean-hearted lovin', Lonny was the young man givin' to carousin' an' evil company—his brain dulled, his nerves unstrung, the awful thirst for drink strong upon him!

"When his folks really waked up to the truth I don't know; sooner or later, they had to know it. Jacob wasn't wise; he was that angry with Lonny's goings-on he had no patience whatever with him. He said hard things, and ended by orderin' him out of the house. Lonny came to me then—'twas the first in a long while. 'Lonny,' says I, 'O my poor boy, rather than hev had you come to this, I'd gladly hev stood by your coffin when you was an innocent child, an' seen you laid to rest in the sleep God gives His own!'

"With that he just opened his heart to me. 'Look there,' says he, 'holdin' out his tremblin' hand, 'see it shake, Aunt! Look at these swollen red-rimmed eyes of mine! What was it you told us boys when we were little shavers about bein' holden with the cords of your own sins? These cords were cobwebs once, now they're cables dragging me down to hell! You see, I thought first it was manly, independent-like to take a glass. I didn't want nor like the stuff, but when the boys asked me I didn't like to say no. 'I didn't want to be thought a molly-coddle. Then I got gradually to likin' it an' kind o' 'customed to droppin' in the tavern."

"'I'll hold up,' thinks I, 'pretty soon: I'll stop going this gait.' Stop! I tell you, Aunt Hitty, when a horse once gets the bit between his teeth all the power brought to bear on him won't stop him. The down-grade is easy—I'm a cursed fool and slave—I've lain in the gutter—I've done things it's a shame to tell of!

"'I'm your boy, you said you was proud of once, Aunt Hitty! Slocum, even, is getting down on me lately. He takes on a tone to me he once wouldn't hev dared to—that he never once did when I was first a 'prentice. Yesterday, I made a botch of a door

he'd given me to do. I don't see how I ever made such a mistake! I'd bin drinking pretty heavy the night before and though I walked straight enough yesterday morning, I wasn't quite myself. Talk about hands losing their cunning in death! aye, they lose it soon enough in life, too, with a besotted brain behind 'em. I cut the cross-pieces too short and when we came to hang that door—well, if ever a man was mad, Slocum was!

"'I don't try to shield myself, Aunt Hitty. I won't try to put blame on anybody. I've just walked, thoughtless at first, it might be, into the Devil's trap, an' I haint the power to break loose. I've will enough, but it's set wrong. I've got the cursed thirst in me. I've misused my body. Pity me—I need pity! Hate me—I deserve hate! Don't tell me I'm a shame an' a curse to my friends! Don't you think I know it? There it is! One can't bear his own penalty alone. He hurts somebody that's innocent."

"'I've had idees of bein' a different man; I was goin' to be honest, industrious. I set out with that notion if ever a boy did. I'd carve my own fortune; I'd have my own niche in the world, my own home, my own wife and children. Good God! It's a mockery to think of it now."

"'Oh, the hurt, the desperation of my poor Lonny, just pourin' his heart out to me, goin' so over his ruined life! how my soul bled for him! how I prayed God to put words into my mouth! We talked a long while, then when he got up to go, for I could not persuade him to stay,—he wouldn't shame Ted with his company, he said,—he says, 'When the devil gets hold of me again, Aunt Hitty, I'm comin' straight to you. Promise me you'll help me!'

"The next Wednesday morning it was a raw, rainy day, for I never can forget it, with a sky like lead an' fog loomin' up a white wall everywhere. Ten o'clock Lonny came trampin' in, his face pale an' pinched, an' his eyes full of a strange, hungry look. His clothes were all damp from the fog, but he didn't seem to know it. 'Aunt Hitty you promised me help,' says he. 'Give it to me now, in God's name!'

"'I grew faint, an' my limbs shook—what could I do? 'I've fought it out

by myself as long as I can,' he says wildly. I can't stand it longer. I'm bound for hell, an' I might as well go first as last! There was no use beseechin', or givin' way to tears! I had some coffee on the hob, an' I poured out a cup, black an' strong!

"'Drink it,' says I, an' then give me that wet coat. Put on this one of Ted's. Now, if I'm to help you to-day, Lonny, come with me.' He took my hand tight without a word, an' side by side, just as when he was a little boy, we went up the garret stairs. You know the garret, dear? it is large an' clean, an' the oaken door at the foot strong with a heavy bolt. 'Lonny,' says I, 'I'm goin' to bolt you in here, an' while you're here I'm going to pray for you, I am goin' to you're friend, Lonny. You're friend who's borne with you this long, Jesus Christ, I can't see any hope for you only through Him."

"'Bear it in mind my son, He knows your weakness, He knows your peril, and He pities you as a father pitieth his children. In the name of the sinless I'm going to plead for you a sinner! when the prodigal son was a long way off, dear, the father saw him an' ran an' fell upon his neck an' kissed him, when the ninety an' nine were safe in the fold, the shepherd went out to seek the lost one! Lonny, I want you to pray for yourself."

"I went down the stairs and bolted the door after me. I left him with himself and his God! When Simon and the boys came in to dinner, I felt no need to tell them about him; I only says to Simon when he went back to his work, 'Simon I want you to pray for Lonny this afternoon,'"

"When all were gone out I went softly up to the door, but quiet as I tried to be, his listening ear caught the sound. 'Aunt Hitty,' he cried, 'I know you are there. I hear you! There's a thousand devils torturin' me! I won't stand it to be locked in so. I'm a free man; let me out. Open the door or I'll kill you!'

"The door shook but the bolt was firm."

"I said no words, only went down in the kitchen an' prayed. There was no power in flesh to save my poor boy from his sin. God alone could, for
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