

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1888.

No. 3

Vol. VIII.

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St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

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A JUBILEE HYMN.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, D. D.

God of all grace, we humbly bow to Thee,
With hark and voice to sound our Jubilee:
Anew to dedicate to Thy great name,
These walls, Thy care, preserved
through flood and flame.

Planned by our fathers, trusted to our care,
Their trials, toils, and triumphs may we
The goods, secured and the labors of past
years, Despite all failures, feebleness and
fears,

O God of goodness, every morning new,
Still may Thy grace "distill like early dew."
Direct our way, still may we follow on,
As Thou shalt lead, until our work is done.

For all the past we bless Thee here to-day,
For further, larger grace we plead, we pray:
Accept our offerings, dissipate our fears,
And grant abounding grace for coming years.

Visitors to the Bap. Convention.

THE DELEGATES AND WHERE THEY WERE ENTERTAINED.

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Edward Payson Roe.

"I cannot understand Roe's literary success," once exclaimed a gentleman, and when the remark was repeated to the author, Mr. Roe frankly and good-humoredly acknowledged that he did not understand it either. Yet his writings seem to have touched a chord in the public heart, and no writer of to-day, in America, has had an ampler income from his books. It cannot be said that he ever rose to the height of literary greatness, yet he was phenomenally popular. His "Barriers Burned Away" brought him instant success and \$25,000. He knew what his half a million of readers wanted, and he gave them precisely what they wanted. They were "good, intelligent, honest people," this audience of his, "not given to deep thinking and full of firm faith in axiomatic morals." He was glad to amuse as well as to instruct and help people, and his writings, if not works of art, are what he intended they should be—"books which tender peace and resignation to many lives." They are always full of dramatic action, have plenty of incident, while the identity of his characters is well preserved.

It is said of his characters that they are commonplace, and it is undoubtedly true; yet are not the great majority of us equally so commonplace? Howells, Tolstoi, and other writers as well, have almost simultaneously discovered this humiliating fact. Even brilliant Amelie Rives, the youngest of our literati, and presumably the least experienced in human nature, has taken her cue from the rest and has given us in "Quick or the Dead,"—for which by the way, Lippincott gave her \$1,000—a nauseatingly commonplace picture of the nervous, hysterical woman whom, unfortunately, some of us can number among our acquaintances. Brilliant originality in literature has a discouragingly small audience.

Mr. Roe's writings were always beautiful, and never left an unpleasant taste in the mouth as Miss Rive's last story does. They are novels with an avowed purpose; a moral purity pervades them; they are, in short, sugared sermons which his readers swallowed eagerly, only to discover later, in the semi-unconscious toning-up of their moral nature, their bitter tonic effect.

It is not every author that puts himself into more than his first book, but Mr. Roe's strong personality pervades every one he wrote. It is said by those who knew him well that "Mr. Roe the man was the exact counterpart of Mr. Roe the author. He was no less sincere, genial, and agreeable than his books." To do good, to help others, seemed to be his highest ambition; indeed, he was a happy and curious mixture of preacher, teacher, and author.

He was an athletically-built man, of medium height, with a grave, pleasant face lit up by kindly gray eyes; his dark hair was always brushed back from his high forehead, and his beard and mustache were long and black, "this manner that of a man who had spent the greater part of his life in the atmosphere of home."

Mr. Roe was born at Newburgh on the Hudson in 1838. Graduating from Williams College and Auburn Theological Seminary, he entered the Presbyterian ministry, and during part of the war was chaplain of the second New York Volunteers. Afterward Mr. Lincoln appointed him chaplain at Fortress Monroe. In 1874 he removed to Cornwall, where he lived until he died; his family making the fourth generation of Roes to be identified with this beautiful, picturesque spot.

Directly under the shadow of Storm King, sometimes less romantically called "Butter Hill," stands Mr. Roe's pleasant, old-fashioned home, surrounded by his fruit and flowers gardens. It was built by one of his ancestors, and with its breezy hill running its entire length, dividing it in the centre, it is as comfortable as those old-time structures are apt to be. There are no pretentious furnishings, books and pictures being its chief ornaments. "On the top floor Mr. Roe had his workshop—a long, narrow, carpeted room, under the slanting roof, well-ventilated, filled with lacy longings and chairs, common book-shelves, a large writing

Edward Payson Roe.

desk, and a cabinet containing Hudson river birds." Mr. Roe's last hobby, being the collecting of these birds and study of their songs. He prepared and stuffed the birds himself, and was endeavoring to make an exact list of the time at which each began to sing at early dawn.

Aside from his novels, Mr. Roe was authority on the culture of small-fruits and flowers. His writings upon these possess a scientific value. He brought his strawberries to a rare state of perfection; they have a singularly sweet and delicate flavor.

Mr. Roe was particularly an hospitable man, and during his life scarcely a day passed that he had not visitors or occupants for his spare rooms. He was also a hard worker; of late it was a common occurrence for him to work for twenty-four hours. Such mental and physical strain was undoubtedly the remote cause of his death, the immediate one being *angina pectoris*. His will leaves everything to his wife, who, by the way, it is said, is the heroine in "Nature's Serial Story." This story is said to be, also, a great favorite with its author. Although it is well known that business entanglements with his brother, not long ago, financially ruined Mr. Roe, yet at the time of his death he had cleared off every indebtedness and was firmly on his feet again.

In the October Lippincott's we shall have an autobiographical sketch of Roe, which is one of his last writings and secured by them only a few days before his death. It is entitled "A Native Author called Roe." The derivation of the title is rather curious. It seems that the late Matthew Arnold remarked, in one of his critical papers on America, that "the literary impulse of the country seems to be largely nurtured by the writings of a native author called Roe." Mr. Roe modestly adopted the title. Mr. Roe rated his stories at their true literary value, and used to jestingly say that when he had made himself rich he would apply himself to writing literature; but, as is often the case, death frustrated such plans, if he had really made them, and his pen is laid aside long, long before his many friends and readers had hoped.—A. W. EMERY, in *Portland Transcript*.

Only Sister.

The mother died peacefully, knowing that she left the little ones in good and careful hands, for though but a girl herself, "Sister" was as trustworthy as any woman twice her age, and she more than took the place of the poor, ailing mother. She tried to be wise and gentle with the turbulent children, and the hours filled with pleasure and bright dreams of lovers by other girls, were only too short for this one to keep the small garments repaired and the house neat for father.

So gradually the year slipped by, and Sister's fresh, young cheeks showed signs of care, and the faithful heart was oppressed by many growing responsibilities. But no one noticed that youth and beauty were fleeing from her with the carrying of the burden, and to the younger members of the family she was "only Sister," the one whose place must never be vacant, who must never be too tired to need this or do that. The father, too, grew accustomed to being looked after by his eldest child, and though always kind, he failed to understand that the shoulders were too young for the load they carried, and so time went on.

Sister had no lovers. The pretty airs and graces that set so well on other girls seemed too trivial and idle to this busy, grave young woman, and the world, too, forgot that "Sister" was not forty.

She was not unhappy, you understand. No, her life was too busy for that, and those dependent on her filled her heart too completely for it to languer for others, and, after all, it is duty well done that keeps the sky blue above us.

By-and-by the children grew up, and began to make homes for them selves. The boys went away, feeling like birds uncaged, and with wives and babies to be all in all to them, forgot Sister. The girls went with many tears and much clinging to the work-bowed figure, but the new loves weaned them, too, from home memories. At last the old

Edward Payson Roe.

father and Sister were left alone; but he, too, was going fast to another home, and it was still Sister's hands that made smooth the way. It was on her breast that the gray head lay as he murmured, "You have been a good child, daughter," before he died, and her tears that fell first on the quiet face.

After the funeral the brothers and sisters seemed to take it for granted that the old maid sister would remain in the echoing old house, and went contentedly back to their cheerful well-filled homes.

Now, for the first time, Sister realized what loneliness was, and felt the void that all feel whose work is finished before death gives the well-earned rest. To occupy herself she attended to her simple wants unaided and on the days when some of them remembered her, was very, very happy. But she drooped and pined for the children, and after a while she fell ill. Not very ill, not enough to alarm her, but only weak and ailing as her mother had been long ago. It is the close of one of the early autumn days, she found herself unable to eat the simple lunch before her, so crept away early to her lowly bed. Lying awake, too sad to sleep, she somehow came to her the memory of many a wretched night beside the child-gate bed. When it was that the patient gales were swept away and the patient heart broke. She had loved them so, tended them so well! Never had she slept so soundly that a fretful voice failed to rouse her, and now not one was near to hear her call a last goodbye. They had forgotten her.

They found her next morning lying dead beside the old trundle-bed in the deserted nursery. One yearling arm was thrown over a little pillow where no head rested then, and they wept, understanding at last through the loving attitude what her life had been. Still one can not weep forever, and they dried their eyes again. Her husband and children were dead, and they had lost "only Sister."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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