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THE ACADIAN.

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Written for the Acadian.

England, January, 1900.

Pray ye the Lord Jehovah that He will
be with England
Where'er her foes assail her, on the
land or on the sea,
And in her present struggle that He will
give her wisdom,
And that He himself will guide her,
and lead on to victory.

Like the sound of mighty waters, that
are rushing, thundering onward,
We can hear her gathering armies
marching on from near and far,
From the north and south they hasten,
from the east and west they're
coming
O'er the land and o'er the ocean—all
her empire roused to war.

As of old her cause is Freedom's, British
subjects need protection
From a dark tyranny and violence that
more bold and stubborn grew.
Through long, anxious years of waiting
they had suffered from the Boers
More of outrage and oppression than
the Mother Country knew.

Then the Boers believe in slavery, and
where they rule it will flourish.
That they hate the laws of England
for that very cause is known.
They are cruel and oppressive, and to
Christian teaching hostile.
Pray that the power of darkness and
of wrong be overthrown.

It is not for gold or diamonds, as her
enemies have whispered,
That the strength of England's armies
is being now engaged.
The voice of Duty called her, and she
heeded, comprehending
That for Liberty, Humanity, must the
Transvaal war be waged.

She claims equal rights for all men, she
gives the slave his freedom.
She liberates the captive, and breaks
his fetters strong,
And though she as a nation is human
and not perfect,
And has sometimes erred in judgment,
and sometimes has done wrong,

Yet can you count the blessings that the
world owes Christian England,
While from her sea girt island—like a
light-house naught can hide—
O'er the dark and stormy oceans of
ignorance, sin and suffering,
The Light that came from Heaven has
kept shining far and wide.

And wheresoe'er she conquers the Gospel
she proclaimeth,
And doors long closed she opens for
God's servants to pass in,
To restrain and teach the brutal, to protect the weak and helpless,
And to give His help and peace where
all was wretchedness and sin.

The glorious flag of England that gives
liberty and safety
To the fugitive and exile, the hunted
and the slave,
As harbinger and herald of Christian
civilization,
O'er dark slave-trodden Africa triumphant may it wave.

Men and women of the northern States,
against slavery you have struggled,
And by the graves of those you loved,
who conquered though they fell.
Pray earnestly for England (Satan will
strive long and fiercely)
But the sacred cause she fights for is
the cause they loved so well.

Let the people pray for England, and
America her daughter,
That victorious each may onward
march with Christ's message in
her hand,
And that righteousness and mercy, and
peace may triumph with them.
Till their risen Lord is worshiped in
every clime and land.

For this cause they were chosen, for this
the Lord has called them.
Pray that they may prove worthy.
and fulfil their mission high,
That they may not stop nor falter, nor
be faithless to their Master,
For His time to judge the nations is
most surely drawing nigh.

Wherever there is outrage, oppression,
persecution,
Wherever darkness reigns and wrong,
defiant, takes its stand,
There with the wealth, and power and
might that He has given
May England and America work for
Him, hand in hand.

Wolfville, 1899.

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—*Continued.*

Yes; it was clear that my story must rely for its acceptance upon the word of my cousin; and if he chose to proceed and dispute that word, it was equally clear it could not be substantiated. The next thing to be considered was my next move—what that ought to be, I could not determine; the fact that I must keep all knowledge from my uncle bound me hand and foot. If I denounced Redruth publicly, and made an open scandal, the whole truth would be revealed to my [illegible] and I positively trembled at the thought [illegible] he might be tempted to do. I [illegible] thus pondering for hours, finally [illegible] somewhat calmer, but, having arr[illegible] no definite conclusion as to my [illegible], I returned to the cottage [illegible], and Annie were [illegible] uncle, aunt, there was honest Jo[illegible]—moreover, [illegible] partaking of my aunt's tea and hot baked scones.

'It be loike awld times to see Measter Hugh amang us agen,' said he, as I took my seat at the board; "reckon you will be stayin' now, till after the weddin'."

I replied that since it was to take place so soon, I most certainly should.

"Ah, then you'll ha' some o' the fun!" he continued; "there'll be rare gawin on, I reckon. They tell me there'll be a tent put up on the fields and a dinner given to all the miners. Be thae true, Mr. Pendragon?"

"Mawst likely," returned my uncle, "I knaw nought o' that; but one thing be certain—the young measter, he be agawin' down the mine wi' me to morrow to see to things, and put matters right afore he gang away."

Listening to this, I inwardly thanked God that my uncle knew nothing of the real character of young Redruth.

During all this time, poor Annie had been moving about busily attending to the table; but I saw that what she did was done more to cover her agitation than from any real necessity. Now and again, placing herself in the shadow, she tried to read my face—in vain. When they spoke of the wedding, her eyes filled with tears, and her hands trembled violently.

I tried to avoid being alone with her that night, for I dreaded to tell her what had taken place; but she was over-anxious, and would not let the night pass. When the house was quiet, all of us having gone to our rooms, there came a gentle tap at my bed-room door. Then the door opened, very quietly and stealthily, and Annie herself appeared.

"Hugh," she whispered, "are you in bed?" I answered "No"; and she came in, closing the door behind her. She was partially undressed, and had a large cloak wrapped round her. Her beautiful hair was loosened, and fell in a heavy mass upon her shoulders; her face was very pale, and her eyes were still wet with tears. She came up to where I sat on the side of the bed, and looked at me, stretching forth a trembling hand, which I took in mine.

"My poor Annie!" I said involuntarily. She seemed to understand all that my tone implied, for, with a pitiful sob, she sank down crying at my feet.

"Don't cry, Annie; don't cry!" I said. "He is a scoundrel. He is not worth one of those tears. You must forget him."

"Forget him?" she sobbed. "Ah, Hugh, dear, it is not so easy to forget; for I love him so much—I never knew how much till now! Hugh, dear, she will not marry him, will she?"

"I cannot tell."

"But you have told her? Does she know?"

"That I cannot tell."

She looked at me inquiringly.

"Hugh, do you know what you are saying? Surely, if you told her, you must know."

"I have not told her; but she may know, for all that. There has been a strange scene, Annie; and I am a bit puzzled to know what is best to do. One thing, however, we must be careful to do—keep this from your father. He and the young master go down the mine to morrow. If your father guessed the story you have told me, one of them might not come up again. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly. "But Hugh, you have not told me what he said."

"I would rather not do so to-night, Annie. He means to go on with this marriage if he can; but I may find a means to prevent it. There is time yet. I must think it over, and see what can be done. But don't worry yourself, little woman. I tell you he is not worthy to possess one hair of your head."

At breakfast the next morning my uncle again spoke of the approaching visit of the young master to the mine, and seemed in high spirits about it; nay, more, he seemed quite proud to think that he should have been selected above all others to take the part of guide.

"Measter dawn't take to the new overseer chap," said he. "I doubt but he'd be glad to ha' thee back i' thy awld place, lad."

I shook my head.

"You mustn't think of that, uncle I'm well enough placed where I am." Soon after breakfast he set out for the mine, where young Redruth was to join him. A couple of hours later a figure entered the kitchen where I sat ruminating, and, looking up, I was astonished to see Madeline.

Her face was very pale and sad, but there was a look of determination about her eyes and mouth which I had never seen there before. She walked in at the open door and then stood hesitating, as if uncertain what to do. She answered my aunt's courtesy with a kindly nod and smile, and then she looked at Annie, who, pale as death, had shrunk from her. No word of greeting passed between these two, but I thought that the light in Madeline's eyes grew as she gazed upon the pale weary face of my cousin, while poor Annie showed in her face the bitter dislike she had taken to the woman who had supplanted her. Madeline turned to me.

"Mr. Trelawny," she said, "I wish to speak to you privately. Can I?"

I replied in the affirmative, and asked my aunt and cousin to leave us, which they accordingly did.

Left alone with Madeline, I felt my whole body tremble like a tree bending before the breath of the tempest. But I took courage to look at her, and thus I became somewhat reassured. Her whole demeanor was calm and cold; she made no attempt to approach me; but she walked over to the window, and looked out, turning only occasionally to glance at me while the interview lasted.

"Mr Trelawney," she said, "when you paid your visit to Redruth House last night I was listening. I was in a remote and shaded part of the drawing-room when you entered; I remained there during the scene which followed. What I witnessed was too stormy to be very lucid. I want you to make it clear to me now."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to tell me, if you will, the whole of your cousin's unfortunate story."

I did as she requested; not dwelling too much upon it, but making every point clear. When I had finished, Madeline said, quietly,

"How long have you known this story, Mr Trelawney?"

"Two or three days. It seems that Annie had given some promise not to betray that man, and this promise she religiously kept until—"

"Yes, until?"

"Until she was driven to desperation by the announcement of his approaching marriage. Sick and heart-broken, she came to me and told me the story. Horrified beyond measure, I thought of you; and I dreaded to think what your life would be, married to such a villain. I came here determined to face him; and, if possible, to prevent the marriage. I went to him in all good faith—you best know how I was received."

"Do you believe that his marriage with your cousin is legal?"

"No; I honestly believe it to be false."

"Then you mean to expose him? Since your cousin cannot get justice, do you mean to make her wrongs known?"

I looked at her for a moment, then I answered,

"No; I have done all that I can do. To humiliate him now would be to humiliate you—moreover, it would lead to his certain death!"

"His death! What do you mean?"

"This: that if I pointed him out as the betrayer of Annie Pendragon, my uncle would assuredly kill him!"

She started and trembled.

"Don't fear for him," I said; "he is safe from me. There has been trouble enough here already; God forbid that I should be the means of bringing more!"

There was a long pause. Madeline still stood at the window, gazing out with sad wistful eyes. Then she turned and came toward me.

"Mr Trelawney," she said, "I think you are right when you say you will make no public scandal. Let this matter rest, and perhaps in time all may come well. You think that your cousin still loves Mr Redruth?"

"God help her! Yes."

"Then let us pray that her love, and all her patient suffering, will some day be requited."

"I do not understand!" I said.

"No? Then you think more badly of me than I deserve, though Heaven knows I have not deserved that you should think well of me. I told you once that I was marrying my cousin because he was poor and I was rich. What I told you I told him; I knew I could never love him, but I wished to help him, and I should have done so. I should have married him; and once his wife, I think—nay, I am sure—I should have been able to do my duty. But when I gave that promise to him I believed him to be a good and honorable man. Now all is changed. I believe every word of your story, Mr Trelawney; and, believing it, I know I can never be united to him!"

She paused for a moment; but I could not speak. Presently she continued,

"Mr Trelawney, I want you to give me your hand for a moment in token of your forgiveness. Heaven has not been merciful to either of us, and I think it would have been better for us both if we had never met. I shall leave this place to-morrow, but I shall never forget it, and I shall never forget you. God bless you!"

She pressed my hand warmly in both of hers, and the next moment she was gone. What followed seemed to me a wild dream. I remained for a time stupefied—drunk with mingled joy and sorrow; feeling my darling's hand in mine, and hearing still the sound of her loving voice. Then I knew that my aunt and Annie had returned, and were questioning me as to Madeline's visit; but their questions were soon drowned in a strange murmur which reached us from without, and the next moment a wild group surged up and surrounded the kitchen door.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"What has happened?" I cried, running up and facing the terror-stricken men.

One of them, Michael Penmaur, a stalwart fellow of five and twenty, stepped forward and acted as spokesman.

"What you allays said would happen, Measter Hugh. The main shaft be flooded wi' the sea."

What this betokened I well knew; if the sea had entered, that portion of the mine was destroyed for ever.

"That's a bad look out, my lads. Well, it was bound to come about; and if there is no one down below, and no life lost, perhaps 'tis all for the best.

As I spoke, I saw them look wildly at one another and whisper, and I guessed that they had something more to tell.

"What is it, lads?" I cried. "Speak!"

"Come outside, Measter Hugh," answered Michael Penmaur; "I'll tell 'ee there."

But my aunt, with a wild cry, sprang forward and grasped him by the arm.

"You shall tell it naw!" she cried. "I can see it in your face, and my dream ha' come true. Summat's happened to my man! Hugh, make him speak! I can bear it!"

At that moment Annie entered the room, descending from the chamber above, and the moment she appeared my aunt addressed her wildly.

"You ha' come in time, Annie Pendragon. All the trouble 'ean wi' 'ee! Bid them speak, then, and tell what's happened to your father!"

"Oh, Hugh, what is it?" exclaimed poor Annie, coming to my side.

I told her that the waters had flooded the mine.

"And father? Where is father?" she said, with a sharp presentiment of the truth.

Michael Penmaur exchanged another rapid look with his companions, and then replied:

"Your father be dawn belaw, wi' the young master!"

My aunt uttered a scream, threw her hands up into the air.

"Dead!" she cried. "My again! You ha' killed him, you ha' killed your father!" sold

"No, no, mother! Don'

"Speak, lads!" I said [illegible] Meal everything!" Rolled

Then Michael Pen[illegible] man, told me, in a few [illegible] he knew: that in th[illegible] afternoon George P[illegible] scended the mine in [illegible] gains until uncle for the purp[illegible]

[illegible]TER.

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outer galleries—my uncle, indeed, having fetched him for that very purpose; that suddenly, while all were busy below, the alarm had been given, and, throwing down their tools, the men had rushed up the ladders, while simultaneously they heard a rush and roar like the sound of the entering sea; that as they ascended a wild alarm, the lower ladder broke beneath the weight of some of the men, who were precipitated with it into the darkness; and that, finally, when they collected at the mouth of the mine, they missed, besides several comrades, both George Redruth and his uncle.

[illegible]or. By this time [illegible]d it was blowing [illegible] west, with hail [illegible] with horror of [illegible], and of those [illegible]en within it, [illegible] was made up [illegible]ven wait to [illegible] but, calling [illegible]ight away [illegible] body. [illegible] her found [illegible] excit[illegible] mine. [illegible] cast lurid gleams on the rainy darkness. A heavy sea was rolling in on the strand beneath, and the white billows were flashing and crashing.

Suddenly a light hand was placed on my arm, and turning, I saw Madeline; close to her, like a gaunt spectre, Mrs Redruth.

"Thank God, you are here!" cried my darling. "Is there any hope?"

I looked into her white face, and saw in its wild anxiety only love for my rival; but at that supreme moment I felt no jealousy—only supreme pity for her and *him*. Then I glanced at his mother, and heard her quick cry of supplication:

"Save him! Save my son!"

Dazed and horrified, I turned round and addressed the men:

"Is Mr Redruth below?"

"Ay, ay, Measter!" they answered in chorus.

"Who saw him last?"

"I did," said Michael Penmaur. "He were creeping wi' John Pendragon out beyand the bottom shaft."

I walked to the mouth of the mine, and threw open the wooden lid. Then, kneeling down, I held my ear over the mouth, and listened. A sound like thunder—a horrible rushing and roaring—came from below. I had no doubt now that the worst had happened.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.