

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1885.

No. 15.

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S.

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Robert W. Hodder, Organist.
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. Francis (C. O.)—Rev. T. M. Dale, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

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ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

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Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added in the next issue. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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Select Poetry.

THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question he put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead
Things were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time,
And I thought of my former thinking
Of a judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I know the far away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned the lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more,
So I left alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease,
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

Interesting Story.

MISS GWENDOLINE'S THANKSGIVING.

The sun shone bright and clear on the first snow of the season. It was Thanksgiving morning, and the first bell for church had just stopped ringing.

Miss Gwendoline Darley took up her hat and bonnet and examined it closely. Certainly it was very shabby, nothing to be thankful for, she thought. Then she went to the glass and looked at herself. Her hat, put on the bonnet, smoothed out the strings, and remained staring before her in thought, till aroused by the second bell for service.

"My gracious!" she cried, "I must have been dreaming!" and started for the church on a run. She was not going there for any special purpose of thanksgiving, but because she sang in the choir. For the same purpose it was important she should be in time.

The dream which had come to her that morning was the first of her childhood. The one bloom of her youth had worn off some time ago, in fact, might be said to have assiduously left her as Robert McKenzie, her lover. They departed together. Her troubles began through a trifling—some flowers, a note or two, and a few other attentions from the wrong person.

Miss Gwendoline's lover was proud and haughty. Miss Gwendoline herself was rather fond of standing on her dignity, and a little bit obstinate. When her lover asked for the notes and an explanation, Miss Gwendoline refused him both. This suspicion he considered an insult.

A few more hasty words and he was ordered to leave her, which he professed himself delighted to do.

Poor Miss Gwendoline felt her heart break when the door closed behind him. She had her dignity to maintain, however, so no one, not even her mother, knew how she felt on the subject.

Midnight tears, if judiciously managed, will leave no trace.

After much hesitation, she wrote him a little note of apology, and hinted that if he were to ask again for an explanation he might possibly get it. But "the who hesitates is lost," and Miss Gwendoline's note reached its destination just twenty-four hours after the person it was intended for had sailed for England. How well she could remember the day when she found he had gone.

It was on a cold, rainy afternoon in November, while carelessly looking over

the paper that she came across a list of outward-bound passengers, and among them was his name. At first she could scarcely believe her eyes, and went to the window that she might make the most of the fall. But never for a moment had she supposed he would leave the country. It was so, however, for there was his name.

Unheeded, the paper fell to the floor, and Miss Gwendoline, with a sigh, rested her head against the window. The rain came down with a monotonous drip, drip, as if it never meant to stop. Two or three little sparrows were huddled together under the eaves of the opposite roof, and Miss Gwendoline noticed how the rain-drops, as they chased each other down the glass, would blur and hide them from her sight.

The day was in harmony with her feelings, and she never forgot it. At that time she felt as if there was nothing more to live for. Misfortune kept up its old-time reputation of never coming singly. In a few months her father died, and the poor little thing had another cause for heart-ache.

There was much talk over the settling of the estate. Lawyers came and went at all hours. A most complicated case, they declared. It seemed simple enough when presented to Miss Gwendoline, for after the bills were paid there was nothing left.

Working hard from morning to night is not calculated to keep one young and pretty.

Day after day for three weary years—years that seemed to have a thousand days instead of three hundred and sixty-five—Miss Gwendoline trudged from house to house giving music lessons.

Day by day she saw her beauty fading before poverty and hardship.

Once, soon after her father's death, she had written again to Robert McKenzie, telling him all he had ever wished to know.

She was much changed by her troubles, or would never have done a thing like that. Her pride was forgotten, and a great longing seized her for some one to lean upon, some one to take care of and comfort her.

Yet another trouble came to Miss Gwendoline, and then fortune having done its worst, left her to what peace she could find.

Tired and cold, one evening, she returned from her usual round of lessons to find the fire out in the sitting-room, and the lights unlit. She paused at the door till she saw accustomed to the darkness, and then began to feel her way across the room.

After a few steps she stumbled. Her mother was lying on the floor at her feet.

Without a word, she raised her still the light of a street-lamp outside shone in on the upturned face.

Never afterwards in trying to remember could she tell how long she knelt there. A slow procession of years went passing by. Years that had gone, there were more to come—time as regarded the future had no existence.

Through all her trouble Miss Gwendoline never shed a tear. They say a silent sorrow is the hardest. But one day when looking in the glass, she found that her hair was turning quite gray. Then Miss Gwendoline bowed her head and wept. It was a trifle, but it was also the last straw—the drop that made the cup run over.

For five years now she had been singing in the choir of St. Mark's, and this was the first time that any thoughts of the past had interfered with her duties.

They had come, perhaps, to show how little she had to be thankful for.

She reached the church just in time for the opening chant, and the leader gave her an angry look of relief as she took her seat.

A solist on a Thanksgiving morning had no business to be late.

Whatever had come over her, Miss Gwendoline couldn't imagine. The voices of the congregation sounded miles away and the only sentence of the sermon that reached her was the text, "Ask and it shall be given you." "Ask and it shall be given you," kept ringing in her ears.

A great irresistible longing seized

her for the love of her youth, and Miss Gwendoline's whole soul went forth in a voiceless prayer that the happiness of the long dead past might be given back to her.

Miss Gwendoline's solo came during the offering. As she rose it seemed to her that her prayer was answered, and she sang as she never sang before.

"Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days."

Was not love coming to crown her days? She had asked for it, and had not the minister just said, "Ask and it shall be given you?"

She could have sung songs of praise forever.

During the service a man had listlessly entered the church and seated himself in an obscure corner.

He glanced round at the congregation, then folded his arms, dropped his head upon his breast and became lost in thought.

"Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days."

At the first words he raised his head and looked eagerly about, then he leaned forward and listened breathlessly till the end of the hymn. As soon as it was over he left the church and went round to the side entrance where the choir came out. He stood well back in the shadow of the doorway and waited. First came out a young lady and gentleman. He did not know, but it was the contrary and tenor. They were having a violent flirtation which was carried on during service with great vigor. Then came the leader, the baritone, and the alto. Then a few minutes after Miss Gwendoline.

The wonder and rapture of the singing still shone in her face as she came out, with her little hands quaintly folded before her.

She was so much occupied with her thoughts that she never noticed a middle-aged man follow close behind her.

By the time she had reached her room the religious fervor was beginning to leave her, and things to assume their every day cheerful aspect.

Indeed they seemed more dreary than usual by contrast with her past thoughts.

She took off her bonnet, smoothed out strings, and laid it away with a sigh. Then she went to dinner in the most common-place way, and none of the other boarders ever guessed where Miss Gwendoline had been in spirit that morning. For, after all, though our hearts may be breaking, we can make no sign, for society has deserted, for what sensible person in addition to his sorrows would care to hear those of his neighbor?

Who, having carefully closed the door on his own skeleton, would care to have another's opened to his view?

That evening, about dusk, as she was sitting idly before her window, somehow she had felt unequal to doing anything after church, the little maid-of-all-work came to her room.

"Miss Darley," she said, "there is a gentleman down-stairs as is asking to see you, mum."

And then Miss Gwendoline knew—it came to her like an inspiration—that her prayer was answered.

With beating heart and faltering steps she went to meet her lover.

Now that he had come she was afraid to see him. She being so changed, so old and homely, now perhaps he would not care for her. So she stood in the hall-way trying to summon courage to enter, when the parlor door was flung open and someone caught her in his arms. Unresistingly, she let herself be carried from the cold and darkness of the hall to the light and warmth within.

"Bob," she sighed, "if it is really you, I can keep Thanksgiving after all. Ask and it shall be given you, the promise is fulfilled, my prayer is granted. Do you know, Bob, I thought I had nothing to be thankful for, and now I can never be thankful enough."

Later on in the evening, as they sat hand in hand watching the fire, Miss Gwendoline said—

"I've been thinking, Bob, of something I once read, that applied exactly to you and me. It was about different kinds of love, and it said: 'Young love is passionate, old love is faithful, but the tenderest thing in all the world is love revived.'"

Death of the Young Wife.

The doctor has just told him and he has gone into the little parlor and closed the door. All the room is suggestive of her who lies dying in the chamber above. Her bird is singing in its cage at the window as merrily as if sorrow were unknown in the world. The room is flooded with the warm sunlight, full of life and radiance, little in consonance with the desolate heart of the man standing there alone. Her birds, her books, her lounging chair, the touch and design that make a home, are hers. Her living presence seems to animate the common things, and makes them gracious and loving like herself. And it is only a brief twelve-month since she stood there a bride, and listened to her husband's proud welcome to their home. Now she lies yonder—dying.

And he, how can he bear it? How do men bear joy, their undisciplined character, their old-time vigor, their grief as this? Oh, if he could only lay his head on his mother's shoulder and sob out his sorrow, at he used to do when a boy. But he knows of that unwritten law that forbids a man to cry or wear his grief on his sleeve for the daw to peck at. He must meet it alone, and

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

And all the while the scalding drops of anguish are forcing themselves to his eyes, searing them as with a red-hot iron, while he stands there trying to look in the face this awful intruder, who has come an unbidden guest into his house.

"She wants you; she has sent for you," says one of the household, sobbing bitterly; and he goes, with vague, mechanical steps, up the stairs to their room and into her presence.

"Have they told you? Do you know?" she asks in a whisper. "Oh, love, we are going to be separated. God is taking me from you."

"He cannot be so cruel," he says bluntly and unconcerned, and he takes her into his arms as if to defy death to part them. The hours wear on, the clock ticks in the death chamber:

"Forever—never,
Never—forever."

He does not heed it; his eyes are fastened upon that beloved face, changing from its bloom and beauty into the ashen pallor which the shadows of the unrequited love.

Presently she opens her troubled eyes and fixes them upon his haggard face.

"Read to me dear," she whispers faintly. He knows what she wishes him to read. That is one of the beautiful intuitive qualities which made of their lives a perfect harmonious sphere—a congenial union, rich in love and mutual faith, and to which there can be no finality of death or limitation.

So he brings her Bible and turns the leaves in search of some text of comfort, such as they have often read together.

But which one? There are so many, and all are good. He is not compelled to decide. The blessed Book opens to the most precious one of all, that has comforted so many homesick hearts, the sweetest of the heavenly madrigals:

"The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want."

She repeated it after him.

At intervals she broke forth into snatches of speech:

"Though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil."

"It is dark in the valley—dark—dark," he heard her murmur.

"Oh, love, there shall be no night there, he answers brokenly, feeling how poor a comfortor he is.

He holds her hand and she sleeps, and dreams such dreams as the dying have, and death goes on relentlessly with his work. Her bird breaks out into a joyful strain of music in its cage below; sounds of life come into the darkened chamber; watching friends are near; soon she opens her eyes and there is a bright, glad smile in them.

"It is light beyond," she says, and sleeps again.

He does not notice how cold her hand has grown; how still the room is. Nor does he resist when they loosen his clasps and lead him away telling him with tearful pity that it is all over.

What is all over? The love that has blessed his manhood with its crown of completeness? The companionship that made heaven and home synonymous terms? Are these ended forever?

When he sees her again she is wearing her wedding-dress. Her soft pretty hair is arranged as she liked it best. Her eyes are closed and her lips unresponsive to his kisses.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.

"Come away," they said, "God understands."

True Religion.

Let men see in us that religion is something real, something more than high sounding and empty words; a restraint from sin, a bulwark against temptation, a spring of upright and useful action; let them see it; not an idle form, nor a transient feeling, but our companion through life infusing its purity into our common pursuits; following to our homes, sitting a guard around our integrity in the resorts of business, sweetening our tempers in seasons of provocation, disposing us habitually to sympathy with others, to patience and forgiveness under our own afflictions, to candid judgment, and to sacrifice for others' good.—(Changing.)

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