

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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## WE CANNOT TELL.

The seed we have sown with an earnest will,  
Though among the thorns it fell,  
A harvest may bring for the reaper's hand,  
The result, we cannot tell.

A song we have sung with a happy heart,  
Though unheeded at the time,  
May be on some tablet of memory writ,  
And its power may be sublime.

A poem, though written in weakness here,  
By the help of grace divine,  
A jewel may gain, for the diadem,  
On the Saviour's brow to shine.

A word we have spoken in tenderness,  
Or a deed performed in love,  
Prolific may be the future years,  
When the author rests above.

We never may know while we labor here,  
What the fruits of toil may be,  
But when we shall stand on the golden heights  
We'll the gathered harvest see.

(For The Acadian.)

## Love and Groceries.

BY HARL HARLEE.

I am a stranger in a strange town. The name of the town I can't tell you; the inhabitants can't either; some call it one place, some another, and the rest several other places. I never was so completely puzzled as to my whereabouts. This not knowing where I am is unpleasant, and makes me feel like a garret in a strange cat. I have been here now three weeks acting as corresponding secretary to a grocer. Yesterday as I was writing to one of the neighbors telling him that he bought some groceries on credit a while ago, a girl, just large enough to take a good square interest in evening meetings, entered and gave me a note, then resumed her sidewalk promenade. I immediately knew I had got a "love-letter" by its pinkish appearance. It was the first one I ever had in my hands. As a general thing such letters are held very sacred. A boy once told me that his sister kept hers in a little box which she tied with ribbon, then put a padlock on the ribbon, put the whole thing under a chair and then put a stick of wood on the chair. I unfolded my letter and read: "My Own Dear Hec-

tor:" "What the h——," havelock—that was the word I used—"what the havelock," says I, "can she mean. My name aint Hector, nor never was. Can it be possible that I am going to be called by as many names as this place! If so, in about two weeks I won't know who I am. The next letter I get will probably be headed Dear 'Mary-Susan.'" I would have thought that the letter wasn't for me, if the girl had not given it to me herself, so I knew I was only mis-nomered and read on: "Your letter just received, and as glad as usual to get it. To your inquiry for mother I am pleased to say she is much improved, and sends much love to you." I was some surprised at this but never let on. "Oh! Hector, how long the time seems without you. Every day is a week long; and the evenings are lone and gloomy, and longer than day after to-morrow. And now Hector," I was by this time getting quite accustomed to my new name—I was so glad too, to think I was Hector. "I want you in your next letter to send me your picture—pictures are such a consolation you know. I have only five of yours, the three you sent me the month you were in Bermuda, and the two we got taken together when we were at the picnic in Parrsboro'. Joe Quigly sent Fannie Hendeson one last week, which makes her have seven of his now. Fannie asked me yesterday how many I had of yours and I told her ten. I wasn't going to let her know she had more than me. I can't see what she sees in Joe Quigly to like—he is fearfully homely." I stopped here a moment to rest. The picture business was agitating me. I made up my mind to go at once and have a hundred taken. I wasn't going to let Fannie Hendeson have more pictures than my girl. I had two in my possession now—one was taken when I was three years old, I had on my checked dress, and the other was taken two years later when I had shed my checked dress—and I would enclose them both in my next letter. After these conclusions I tried to think of the time I was in Bermuda, but could not recall anything of importance, and what I did was as confused and as indistinct as congregational singing. I resumed the reading of my letter. Just as it began to touch on topics of inter-

est, such as the plans for the Autumn, and of our confederating then, which made me feel as if the backs of my ears were clandestinely chewing alum. I turned over the page and found the subject changed. This side read as follows: "Please send up this afternoon 5 lbs. Bacon, 2 lbs. Sugar, 1 lb. Tea, 1 can Fannon Haddies, and 2 lbs. Welcome soap. Janet McAngus." I was thunder and lightning struck at this sudden change. This last sentence made me feel awfully like if I was married. I dreamed one night that I was married, but it didn't make me feel any more like it than this; and I didn't feel so long, for my wife soon woke me telling me to to turn over and stop snoring. If she had sent for a band ring or a few books of Poems, I would have thought it was all right; but to order a small grocery store was more than I was prepared for, and was more than my means would allow—I wasn't a benevolent society or two—I had no agent out in the country seeking subscriptions from poor people, for me to luxuriate on: I never aspired to such distinction: I never aspired to anything higher than a missionary and keep four or five servants. This sudden change in the letter convinced me that there was a mistake somewhere; and I soon found there was a mistake everywhere. I had been mistaken for the grocer, for whom the letter was intended—the letter was an order for groceries from a married woman. I would here state that this same married woman has a son Hector, and that Hector has a girl. I hope I may never be mistaken for a grocer again. It is awful. I wouldn't have chewed so much alum for a good deal. I know I chewed between three and four pounds, for the puckerish feeling hasn't got out of my system yet.

## JOSH BILLINGS ON INFIDELITY.

Impudence, ingratitude, ignorance, and cowardice make up the creed of infidelity.

Did you ever hear of a man's renouncing Christianity on his death bed and turning infidel?

Gamblers and free-thinkers haven't faith enough in their profession to teach it to their children.

No atheist, with all his boasted bravery, has ever yet dared to advertise his unbelief on his tume stun.

It is a statistical fact that the wicked work harder to reach hell than the righteous do to enter heaven.

I notice one thing: when a man gets into a tite spot, he don't never send for his friend the devil to get him out.

I had rather be an ideot than an infidel; if I am an infidel, I have made myself one; if an ideot I was made so.

I have not met a free-thinker yet who didn't believe a hundred times more nonsense than he can find in the Bible anywhere.

It is always safe to follow the religion that our mother taught us—there was never a mother yet who taught her child to be an infidel.

A man may learn infidelity from book reading; and from his assoshates, but he can't learn it from his mother nor the works of God that surround him. If an infidel could only comprehend how he came by his reezun, his impudence would be much less offensive.

Unbelievers are always so redly and ankshus to prove unbeliefs, that I have thought they mite be just a little doubtful about it themselves.

The infidel, in his impotence, will ask you to prove that the flud did occur, when the poor ideot himself can't even prove, to save his life, what makes one apple sweet and one sour, or tell why a hen's egg is white and a duck's egg blue.

When I hear a noisy infidel proclaiming his unbeliefs, I wonder if he will send for a brother infidel to cum an see him die. I guess not. He will be more likely to send for the orthodox man who engineers a little brick church just around the korner.

## WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS.

Why, what this country needs, to keep it from going to the bow-wows, is a few mothers-in-law, of the good old-fashioned school, to stand between young house-keepers and a greedy world. A home without a mother-in-law is a home without its guardian angel.

There was never but one home established without a mother-in-law. And that seems to have been a mistake. That mother-in-law-less home walked right into trouble, as the sparks fly upward. It went right out into the orchard, and ordered fruit for two, and got all the rest of us into more trouble than all the good mothers-in-law of to-day can ever get us out of. Away with all this outrageous abuse of the mothers-in-law. Have you no sense of gratitude, young man? Do you love your wife? Oh, most devotedly. Well, then, where would you have got your wife, had it not been for your mother-in-law?

And another thing, young man. Some day, when you are saying smart things about your mother-in-law, sit down and fasten the tackle of your brilliant intellect upon the subject, and do not let go of it until you have calmly, honestly, impartially studied the question in all its bearings:

"My wife—how about her mother-in-law?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*