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FOR WANT OF A BECKONING HAND.

Full many a ship, that was nobly man-
ned,
Has been 'mid breakers lost;
Just for the want of a beckoning hand
To point out the perilous coast.
In vain did the seamen strive and try
Their noble bark to save;
No warning voice told of breakers nigh,
And they sank to a watery grave.

Many a soul, with powers—God giv'n,
Might belong to his jeweled band;
But is lost, alas! to God and heaven,
For want of a beckoning hand.
Oh, mark how the shattered barks lie
strewn!
Far out on the wave-washed strand;
Sad token of those who perished alone
For want of a beckoning hand.

Full many a sot, in the gutter low,
Might now with noblemen stand,
Had he only been won from the wine
cup's glow
By the touch of a gentle hand.
Are there not those wearing woman's
fair brow
(Unnamed in the family band)
Who might have been saved from sin's
overthrow
But for want of a beckoning hand?

Mother! oh, where are your children
to-day?
Are they safe in his sheltering fold?
Or has one gone off into sin's dark way,
O'er the mountains bleak and cold?
Oh, mother! call back, call back your
child!
Call it back to your nestling band;
Lest it be lost mid the torrents wild
For want of your beckoning hand.

There are sinking barks by the tempest
driv'n,
To be lost 'neath the crested wave;
There are wandering feet; there are
hearts deep riv'n,
There are erring ones to save.
Are we doing our part? God help us to
think!
And faithful to duty stand;
Lest some should perish on ruin's brink,
For want of our beckoning hand.

THE WINDMILL ON THE DOWNS.

Then, as to this Reuben Straytor?
Well, the miller's daughter has given
some account of his pedigree. His
father's farm stood in the little hamlet
of Wavingdean, which lay in the valley
at the foot of the down, therefore, it is
not wonderful he and the little Gower
girls should have been playmates from
their earliest days. As they grew up

the separations which school-times
brought about gradually increased, and
when Naomi, at the age of fourteen,
went abroad for four years, Reuben,
who was a good deal older, was finish-
ing his education at a certain Flock-
shire college, and came home soon after,
as his father designed, to drop into the
farming life. But this did not suit the
taste of the young fellow, who had ac-
quired notions of a loftier kind. With
the indulgence generally accorded to an
only son, it was settled that he should
read for the law, and he went to Lon-
don for the purpose. He liked law,
however, no better than farming, and
it was whispered that he had idled his
time, made doubtful acquaintances, and
falling into habits of luxury, if not dis-
sipation. His father certainly had to
pay a considerable amount of debt,
and Reuben once more came back for
a time to his old home, to give him, as
he said an opportunity of looking out
for something else; came back to the
old home to find his little playmates of
yore grown into blooming girls, the el-
der on the verge of womanhood, and
the younger, though still almost a child
in years, looked almost as much a wo-
man as her sister.

Then ensued the dalliance referred
to, and, according to her father's account
so misunderstood by Naomi. She, truth
to say, had not been insensible to the
attraction which Reuben possessed. His
tall, gentlemanly figure, handsome face
and pleasant manner contrasted strongly
with the usual run of farmers' sons.
But he had made no sign which could
be interpreted as reciprocal of her feel-
ings. He really was too honorable to
contemplate matrimony until a course
in life had been permanently adopted.
He certainly had been constantly up at
the mill, and what more natural? For
having nothing to do at home, he would
occasionally undertake small affairs of
business for his father and his neigh-
bors, and the miller and the farmer ne-
cessarily had constant dealings together.
Besides, were not Naomi and Jeanette
his oldest friends? And the former
had much to say that was worth listen-
ing to about foreign travels. Famili-
arity was to be expected, and he went
and came, as it seemed, under the
circumstances, in a perfectly natural
and likely manner.

Suddenly Jeanette disappeared. She

is in the habit of tripping down into
Crewhaven upon the slightest pretext,
and has become fonder of so doing of
late. She differs from her sister in dis-
position; is vain, frivolous, likes dis-
play of dress, a coquette withal, with
flashing eyes, which have an intuitive
knack of making their meaning
plain. Very French in nature,
chafing more or less at the home life,
and much more since Naomi's return,
yet a most lovable little creature, and
by the same token very dear to father
and sister. So that, on an unusually
stormy September evening, by the time
she should have been seen returning by
the Crewhaven road, and was not seen,
an anxiety, rapidly growing into dread,
seized upon the hearts of the two wa-
tchers at the mill—watchers, for Naomi
shared in her father's simple toil. The
work came easily, and was not new, her
tastes ever rather inclining to simple
household duties befitting her station
than to action in a wider sphere.

She loved the old mill and all con-
nected with it, had understood its ac-
tion from a child, knew how to manage
it, had fed it at a pinch when the tink-
ling of the bell high up upon the shoot-
ing floor told that the supply of grain
was running short. Unlike her sister,
she loved the country too. Her native
downs had more lasting charm for her
than anything the gayest capital in the
world had offered. Thus, late on the
September evening aforesaid, Naomi
is high up in the mill, and, as darkness
gradually begins to shut the storm-
swept landscape from the sight, she
looks out from the window, expecting,
as usual, to descry Jeanette's trim lit-
tle figure coming along the Crewhaven
road, which, from that point of vantage,
lies before her like a silver edging to
the green mantle of the downs where
they trend toward the sea. But it is
now deserted—not a sign of life upon
it.

Naomi pauses still, for it passes some
farm buildings and a small plantation
it cannot be seen; and so she thinks
her sister is just thereabouts, perhaps.
No; there has been plenty of time, had
she been for her to have now emerged
into sight at the foot of the down
and where the ascent begins. Again
she scans the white line from end to end
and while she does so it melts into the
drift of a rain cloud sweeping up from

the sea, and the Autumnal twilight
comes to an end.

Then, to her father straight, "What
has become of Jeanette? Foolish child
to stay so late!" Much consultation.
Some discussion as to the prudence of
these constant visits to the port. Time
goes on; it is 9 o'clock; it has been
dark more than an hour, and still the
truant does not come home. Stokes,
the miller's man, is now dispatched with
a lantern to Wavingdean Farm, and
thence, should he get no tidings there,
to the town, in all a round of some four
miles; thus it may be 12 o'clock before
he can get back, wind, weather, and
inquiries duly considered. At last he
comes, and alone; not a sign, not a word
of Jeanette. She was seen in the town
near the just opened railway station:
but that was quite early in the day.
Mr. Reuben, they told him at the farm,
had walked with her in the morning into
Crewhaven; but he had not come home,
and had said it was probable he should
take the train to London.

Oh! the misery, the agony of that
night, and of the nine days and nights
of fruitless search and hopeless inquiry
which followed! followed in drear suc-
cession, until that morning toward the
end of the month, when by her fierce
words, we have seen what Naomi's
solution of the mystery was.

By noon on that same day, old Amos
Gower, having returned to his cottage,
was seated by his fireside. His des-
pondency had grown heavier daily, and
this morning he had quite broken down,
and left the mill in Naomi's sole charge,
for Stokes was away on some business
touching the grain, and hence it came
to pass that she was quite alone in the
old mill as she stood looking from the
little window of the grinding floor.

A brighter sun never shone upon an
Autumn noon: the crests and ridges
of the hills rose up clear and sharp: the
tearing fury of the equinoctial gales
of the last few days had subsided into
a strong southerly breeze, which was
sending the old mill sails spinning round
merrily. Naomi was looking, we have
said, from the window; but it was not
at the scenes. She was looking into
the far distance of her conjectures, into
the remote dream of the possible and
the probable, speculating, with a drea-
my, miserable foreboding, upon the fate
of the dear missing sister. Mechanic-
ally only did she turn her eyes in the
direction of that part of the road which,
emerging from the farm building and
plantations, began to wind round the
foot of the steep hill. Mechanically
only was it at first that she looked to
see who the horseman was that had just
appeared ascending the white land.
Presently, however, there flashed from
her eyes a fire by no means mechanical.
Her whole countenance, indeed, light-

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