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## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,—  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see, [sides]  
But their voices are drowned in the rush-  
ing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own  
blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view  
We saw not the angels who met him there;  
The gate of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another,—the household pet:  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands  
And tearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearn-  
ing hearts;  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye  
We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of his flapping sail  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman  
To the better shore of the spirit land; [pale]  
I shall know the loved who have gone before  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

## THROUGH WIND AND RAIN.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

"Yes, that's the portrait of the pres-  
ent Squire. Handsome? No; I don't  
think we old servants ever called him  
handsome. I daresay you are right,  
though, and if we'd known him less, we  
might have spoken of his being hand-  
some. We only know him as the kind-  
est master and the tenderest son in all  
the world. Yet I daresay you are  
right, for when I'm here by myself a-  
mong the portraits (the servants won-  
dering why their old housekeeper wan-  
ders over the house so much alone) it  
is always to his face I turn with the best  
memories, and there is nothing then to  
dim my spectacles, as there is when my

eyes rest on the portraits opposite—you  
can see them? the portraits of his fath-  
er and grand-father.

It was just such a night as this that  
ushered in the new year five-and-twenty  
years ago, and even now, that even-  
ing is as clear in my memory as this has  
been though Wesmede to-day is filled  
with guest and gait, and the old house  
echoes music and laughter, instead of  
that one strange cry.—Promised to tell  
you, did I? Come nearer to the fire  
then, and throw on another log. Many  
a night I've sat just here to see the old  
year die. Sometimes in that wonderful  
silence of the starshine? sometimes in  
brilliant moonlight, when that line of  
heath road beyond the park lay like a  
broad white ribbon on the brown; and  
sometimes, as it does to-night—and did  
upon that other night just five-and-  
twenty years ago—panting for its breath  
and dying in passionate tears. You  
can see now how the poplars, far away  
against the sky there, bend like reeds;  
and when the hurrying clouds fly by  
and leave the young moon uncovered,  
you can trace that bridle path across  
the heath, glistening like a shallow  
brook. Just such a night as this it was,  
wild, wet, and gusty, when the old  
Squire and I stood watching—

But how's this? I ought not to be  
in the middle of my story before I be-  
gin. Let me see—there's another New  
Year's Eve that I can remember, fifty  
years ago, when the Squire held his  
new-born infant in his arms, with such  
a smile as we had never seen upon his  
face before, and stood there in a dream,  
until they roused him to tell him his  
young wife could not live.

All in all, was the boy to his father  
from that very night; yet at first there  
was sometimes a fancy among us that  
our master's great affection for his son  
came second to his pride for his heir.  
He was growing old, you see, and of  
course there must have been times when  
he had feared that the proud old name  
would die, and the place he loved go to  
that distant branch of the Capletons  
of which Captain Warder was the liv-  
ing representative—a cold, middle-aged  
man, whom the old Squire never had  
liked. But now that the son and heir  
was born, Mr. Capleton (with some new  
feeling) turned round and seemed to  
grow fond of this heir presumptive—as  
they called him. But we didn't, and

there was a conviction among us that  
whenever he came to Wesmede it was  
because he wanted money in a hurry, or  
had nowhere else to go.

For years after the little heir was  
born, Captain Warder didn't come to  
Wesmede at all. He might have been  
too angry, or he might have been really  
abroad, as it was reported. But grad-  
ually his visits were resumed, and then  
year by year, they grew long and more  
frequent.

At Wesmede everything went smooth-  
ly and happily for the Squire through  
his son's boyhood; for though of course  
Mr. Will got into trouble sometimes as  
school-boys do, the trouble never lasted,  
for the boy was gentle and true-hearted,  
even if he had a share of his father's  
self-will. So the time went on, until  
within a few days of Mr. Will's leav-  
ing college—when he was to come home  
for a few weeks, then join a party of  
friends, and travel for a year, before  
settling at Wesmede and taking the  
Squire's duties upon himself. Just as  
we were dreading lest Mr. Capleton  
should fret through his son's long ab-  
sence, a distant connection of his died,  
leaving his only daughter unprovided  
for. So the squire, when he heard this,  
went off at once and brought back the  
orphan girl with him.

Her portrait here? Of course it is,  
for she was one of the Capletons, you  
know, though she was so poor that I've  
seen her turn the bows of ribbon on her  
dress, and patch the pages of her music.  
Beautiful? I don't know, because I've  
seen so many faces called beautiful.  
At first the servants called her "puny";  
then I noticed that the maids grew to  
imitate her, and dropped their voices  
when they spoke of her. As for me,  
from the very first moment that my  
eyes rested on her, I saw what won my  
heart. Her face was narrow and deli-  
cate, yet there was a sweet and stead-  
fast look upon it which made it beauti-  
ful beyond what I had ever before  
understood of the world.

How well I remember the day Mr.  
Will came home from college and found  
her standing shyly at his father's side  
waiting for him. Such a glance came  
into his eyes that, though I'd known  
them all my life, I felt I'd never seen  
them properly till then. Of course I  
could only guess how he spent that  
evening, the first through which he ev-

er had a girl companion at home; but  
before a week had passed, I had seen  
what made me sad enough.

"If Agnes does her duty, Will," I  
heard the Squire say one morning  
while Mr. Will stood beside the low  
oak chimney-piece in the hall with his  
face bent, "I shall give her a wedding  
portion, and marry her to Warder. I  
shall be doing both of them a good turn.  
And that reminds me, Will, Luxleigh  
tells me that his daughter returns from  
Paris next year to take her place at  
the head of his house."

No answer from Mr. Will, but the  
Squire didn't notice it, and went on in  
a pleasant, satisfied tone.

"I've never kept you in the dark as  
to my intentions, Will, have I? You've  
always been fully aware of the good  
fortune in store for you. Luxleigh's  
estate and Luxleigh's daughter go to-  
gether, and the prize is to be yours on  
your return, always supposing, Will,  
that you act your own part like a gen-  
tleman and a—lover."

"And if I don't?"

The Squire's laugh rang out with a  
merriment which had not a grain of  
suspicion in it. "If you lose your rea-  
son during the next year—put it that  
way Will." When Mr. Will looked up  
I was passing him, in leaving the hall  
and I remember wondering how it was  
the Squire was so unsuspecting. When  
I reached my own room, still thinking  
over that expression on my young mas-  
ter's face, I found Miss Agnes stand-  
ing at the window looking out into the  
park—as she waited for me. When  
we had held our usual morning discus-  
sion, she turned to the window again  
before leaving the room.

"If you are looking for Mr. Will,  
Miss Agnes," said I, standing with my  
back to her, and speaking easily what,  
with my old-fashioned notions, I fan-  
cied it would be wise to say, "he's in  
the hall. The master has been talk-  
ing to him of his wedding with Miss  
Luxleigh. I was rearranging the cur-  
tains, and the master told me not to go,  
so I heard them."

She was facing me now, innocently  
and wistfully meeting my eyes, so my  
next words almost choked me.

"For years this has been an under-  
stood thing, Miss Agnes—did you never  
hear it? You see the Luxleigh prop-

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