

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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## I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things  
Should fall in such uneven shares;  
Why some should taste of all the joys,  
And others only feel the cares!  
I wonder why the sunshine bright  
Should fall in paths some people tread,  
While others shiver in the shade  
Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang  
So full of luscious fruit, should grow  
Only where some may reach and eat,  
While others faint and thirsty go!  
Why should sweet flowers bloom for  
some,  
For others only thorns be found?  
And some grow rich from fruitful earth,  
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some  
O'erflow with joy and happiness,  
While others go their lonely way,  
Unblessed with aught of tenderness!

I wonder why the eyes of some  
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,  
While others weep from morn till night  
Their hearts all crushed with sorrow  
here.

Ah, well, we may not know, indeed,  
The ways, the wherefores of each life;  
But this we know there's One who sees  
And watches us through joy or strife.  
Each life its mission here fulfills,  
And only He may know the end,  
And loving Him we can be strong  
Thro' storm and sunshine, He may  
send.

## THE WHITE ROSE IN ACADIA.

BY "MAUDE."

(Continued.)

Late in this evening, Pierre Pont-  
rincourt told his father that he must  
see Edith Leceister again. That, not  
being strictly guarded, now that they  
were on ship-board, he thought it very  
possible to drop from the vessel unper-  
ceived, and swimming to the bank of  
the river, make his way cautiously up  
the shore to Molanson.

The old man knew the danger of the  
enterprise, but was wise enough to  
know also that Pierre's heart had a  
right to be heard in its extremity, and  
silently parted with his son, who prom-  
ised to return, as he went, long before  
morning.

Pierre reached the shore safely, un-  
slung from his neck and hastily adopted  
the light dry raiment and noiseless moc-  
casins, carefully protected from the  
water with a lover's forethought. Then

creeping silently up the beach, descried  
in a few minutes a lurking canoe upon  
the edge of the River. This was as  
he had expected, for he knew that the  
Indians, not daring to approach the  
transports, would be likely to secrete  
themselves around the neighboring  
shores, in their anxiety to learn the  
fate of the Acadians. Sure of a friend,  
Pierre came rapidly forward speaking  
a few low Indian words to a figure ly-  
ing motionless, but watchful, in the  
bottom of the canoe,—and was very  
soon silently paddling up the stream to  
Molanson.

That pretty village was now a smok-  
ing ruin,—and the few English houses  
which had escaped the late desolation,  
softened but little the traces of the  
general havoc that surrounded them.

The cottage of the Leceisters stood  
upon a bold upland slope, overlooking  
the River, and on the night of which I  
speak, Edith sat upon the rustic bench  
beneath the group of willows, that shel-  
tered one side of the lowly dwelling.  
She sat there, cold, white, and silent, as  
the full moon above her, watching the  
vessels that lay like gilded toy-ships,  
with every delicate line defined and  
mirrored on the glittering water below.

The late calamity, so terrible to those  
whom it had more immediately befallen  
had seemed to spare her; but now, in  
its first shock, she felt as if she alone  
were stricken. She sat, with limbs and  
features rigid and colorless, bravely, al-  
most fiercely, holding off the reality of  
her misery. The ruin of her gentle  
neighbors,—the horrors that had invad-  
ed their peaceful, pleasant homes,—  
were things for future grief. There  
was but one fixed thought in the tum-  
ult of her heart and mind. "He was  
not yet gone;" "Not yet, not yet;"  
"she must see him again; and clinging  
to that isolated spar of hope, with a  
tenacity that told of that abyss of des-  
pair at which she would not look, she  
neither knew, nor cared, what was to  
come after.

In the meantime, Pierre had landed  
immediately below, and was quickly  
nearing her through the willow-cover-  
ed field foot-path. He felt almost sure  
of finding her in the old accustomed  
place; and if he did not know the ex-  
tent of her love for him, he knew that  
she was too true and generous a woman  
to repulse him.

As he parted the branches, and stood  
beside her, and said "Edith," she turn-  
ed to him with a short gasping cry,  
that woke all the passionate tenderness  
of his unselfish nature. He took her  
in his arms, and sitting gently down  
beside her, forgot all his own care. He  
soothed her with soft hushed kisses,  
and low, unconnected, fervent words,  
while, with all her pride and strength  
gone, she clasped her hands about his  
neck, and sobbed upon his breast. At  
last she said: "Forgive me, Pierre;  
say you will forgive me; say that you  
love me now." He wrapped and fold-  
ed her in his arms, as though he would  
never loose them again, as he replied:  
"My darling, my darling, you will  
break my heart. Love can bear im-  
measurable wrong, and you did me  
none; the offence was mine, though I  
did not mean it: and when you held  
aloof from me, I loved you, and longed  
for you, more dearly, and continually,  
than ever I did before; and I came to-  
night, my own, solely to tell you this.  
My poor old father is in such fear for  
me, now, that if we had parted kindly,  
before I went to Grand Pre, for his  
sake, I might not have risked the com-  
ing to shore."

He instantly regretted his last words,  
for a new terror seized Edith. "Pierre,  
Pierre," said she, "the posts are every-  
where about the villages; and the sol-  
diers have orders to shoot any of the  
Acadians found on shore."  
"They are careful of us," said the  
young man bitterly, as he thought for  
a moment of his desolate people. "But  
they shall not shoot me to-night, Ed-  
ith;" he added cheerfully: "I will get  
back as safely as I came, dearest."

But why need I say more of this last  
parting. To the well-regulated eyes  
and ears of chill indifference, such de-  
tails are silly, and not quite proper.  
To those who, in their day have waded  
through the like deep waters, they  
are often painful. Comforted, in sor-  
row's despite, Edith at length remem-  
bered that Pierre must leave her. She  
was the first to speak of his return to  
the ship, warning him that he would  
scarcely reach the anchorage before  
morning. In that last hour, she sus-  
tained and strengthened him, freely  
promising to go with him, at some hap-  
pier time, to the new home he hoped to  
make in a more merciful land.

Pierre sped rapidly downward to the  
River, through the familiar field-paths,  
and succeeded in avoiding the sentinels,  
until he reached a narrow track that  
skirted the stream. The posts were  
numerous upon the edge of the River,  
in expectation of deserters from the  
transports; and suddenly, as he turned  
of the solitary path, he encountered a  
soldier.

Pierre saw, instantly, that there was  
no chance of retreat; his accent would  
betray him, if he attempted to answer  
the challenge of the sentinel, and with-  
out the hesitation of a moment, he en-  
deavored to rush past his enemy, and  
gain the shelter of the bushes that bor-  
dered the water. But the effort only  
accelerated his fate; the soldier wheeled  
upon him as he quickened his steps,  
and fired. Pierre fell forward, shot  
mortally; the ball had taken him be-  
tween the shoulders, passing through  
the lungs, and in a few minutes his  
pain was over for ever.

The narrator of this simple tale of  
sorrow, has not much more to tell.  
Captain Leceister saw the young  
Frenchman buried in the grave-yard of  
his people at Molanson, and tried to  
soften the manner of his death to the  
heartbroken Pontincourts, before they  
left the River. And Edith looked up-  
on the dead face of her lover, with the  
inexpressible tenderness of his last hours  
still lingering upon it, and told her own  
heart that she had killed him. She  
knew that he had risked his life, and  
lost it, to see her once more. Had  
there been no estrangement between  
them, when that sudden ruin came up-  
on the Valley, the gentle Frenchwoman,  
whose genial affection she had so often  
sought, would not now have been robbed  
of the dearest prop and blessing of her  
declining life; nor the good old Henri,  
be going into exile mourning for his  
dead and only son—slain by her weak  
and irrational pride.

She knew how precious Pierre's life  
had been to his family, and that had  
he been sure of her love, as he was of  
her safety, he would have regarded  
their distress too much, to increase it  
by exposing himself to needless danger.  
He had explained to her, in their last  
interview, that had his escape from  
the ship been impossible, he would  
have found means of communication  
(Concluded on Fourth page.)