

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1884.

No. 21.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;
The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;
All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will.
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright fields of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain.

THROUGH WIND AND RAIN.

BY MARY CREIL HAY.

(Concluded.)

He had risen from his chair. With the hand which held the sealed packet, he leaned against the window, with the other he shaded his eyes to peer into the night. The moonlight showed me this, and nothing more, till he dropped his hand from his face and seized my arm.

"See! it is like daylight. Does he come?"

That road across the heath lay wet and clear and glistening, just as we have seen it lie to-night; and my younger, stronger eyes searched the spot where my master's eyes were fixed; yet it was his cry of joy which first broke the silence.

"There! there!" he cried, and I, trembling so that I could scarcely stand, tried to give shape to that gilding shadow on the straight, wet road.

"I see, I see," my master whispered, his thin form heaving with an almost terrible emotion, "he—is come."

"I cannot see," I said, only because I so dreaded a disappointment for him now.

"Not see?" he questioned, turning to me with a gentle, perplexed smile. "Go, Hester, and make sure that the fire is burning brightly in his room; and have Rollo unchained and brought into the house. It will make the old dog young again to see the master he loves. Let the whole house be ready to welcome him. Let his rooms look

just as they used to look. They cannot be too bright to-night. Make haste, because he comes so quickly."

It was well that those hungry clouds had hidden the moon again, for I could not keep the tears away; and, in the midst of his eager joy, my master would have been hurt to see them.

"He comes on horseback, Hester. Have his horse well cared for. It will need rest after having come so fast—you saw how fast he flew, didn't you?" My master was walking with me toward the door as he hurried through these loving orders, and the packet was tightly grasped in his hand.

"You will burn it now, sir? You will destroy it before I bring up my new master?"

"No," he said, a shadow falling over his eager white face, as he nervously changed the will from hand to hand, "I must see his face and hear his voice; then it shall flame to ashes. Hark!"

The quick, bright word, and my master's sudden pause with outstretched hands and uplifted head, stopped me on my way; and so I was still standing beside him, in a gleam of brightest moonlight, when Mr. Will came in; and that cry from his father's lips made me reel blindly for one moment.

I saw that my young master had come straight and hurriedly there, for the rain was thick upon his hair and dress, and the hand he gave me, when his father released it, was wet and cold. Seeing this, I was hastening to his room that he might find a bright fire there (though there was little fear, for I had the room ready all that day), when my master called me back.

"Stay, Hester," he said, in a new bright tone, "you deserve to see this burnt. It is all over now. See!"

He dropped the sealed packet into the very heart of the hot wide fire, and now sat watching it crumble into ashes, while his face had a smile upon it which was almost radiant in its ease and happiness. Mr. Will stood watching too, but very gravely, and when presently every trace of paper had disappeared, he dropped upon his knees beside his father's chair, and, with his face hidden, sobbed just these words, "Father forgive me!"

The words were stopped upon his lips by the old man's loving fingers

to tell any of us for whom she wore "It is I, Will—it is I who need forgiveness. But this is forgiveness. God will pardon us both, and no one again can separate us."

I had softly closed the door upon them then, and for a long while I lingered in Mr. Will's rooms, giving them all the homeliness I could. Then I went down with orders for the young master's supper. It hardly surprised me to find that the servants in the house did not know he had arrived, for I knew that if they had seen him they would have taken his wet coat. There was quite a shout of joy when I told them my news, and some of them followed me to the master's door that they might be first to greet Mr. Will. They stood back quietly for me to go in alone, but—ah! my cry soon brought them. There sat our master beside the glowing fire, with still that smile of full content upon his pale lips; but the lips were motionless forevermore, and he was all alone. Neither the glow of the fire, nor the moonlight shining in now unhindered, showed us any figure save that solitary sleeping one of our old master.

More to tell? very little; and how nervous it makes one, in this fitful moonlight and the rush of rain and with those weird flying shadows which the firelight throws upon the pictures. Surely you know the end as well as I do.

Not one of the servants, even the oldest among them, ever jested with me about my account of the young master's return in the dying of the old year; but I heard them whispering together afterwards, when I fell ill, that that strange dream of mine had warned them of an illness. Dream!

For days and weeks, and even months Captain Warder carried on the fruitless search for Mr. Capleton's will, firmly convinced that the Squire himself must have removed it—his private bureau had a lettered lock which none but himself understood, and this was untouched at his death—only to place it in another hiding place. But the search was vain, and of course I had no tale to tell him.

But the search for Mr. Will was longer and more wearisome still, and the Squire had been two months dead, and Captain Warder was beginning to feel secure in his mastership of Wesmede, when the Exeter lawyers sent us word they had traced Mr. Capleton's heir. That very night they arrived at Wesmede in a postchaise, and brought my master's heir, lying asleep in his mother's arms. In a moment I recognized Miss Agnes, when she came into the hall shyly and sadly, in her heavy mourning, just as she had first come to us; and no voice was needed

that widow's cap around her small sad face.

Ah! what a sad home-coming it was Miss Agnes—it seemed so natural to have her back that I could not for a time get out of using the old name—tried very hard, as we could see, to shake off her weight of grief, but I did not wonder that for so long it was impossible to her.

During that sad wreck, on New Year's Eve, of the sailing vessel in which she and her husband and baby were coming from Australia, to plead in person for their father's pardon, she had been rescued with the other women and children, sorely against her will as she wished to stay beside her husband. But with tears and prayers he had urged her, assuring her there was chance for all, but only if she left him then. So he had seen her safe into the boat, and then had labored to save others, until he and the captain were alone on the deck of the sinking ship in which they had been homeward bound. One sailor, who was saved, had told her how he had seen Mr. Will at the last moment kneeling on the wet deck, himself wet through, his head upon his folded arms; and how he had heard him sob three words—which might well have been the cry from every heart that night—"Father forgive me"—and then gone down on the broken ship.

And when Miss Agnes had told me this, with stiff white lips and tearless eyes which were almost proud in their great love, I found that I could tell how my master had died on that New Year's Eve, with his hands upon his son's head, answering that very prayer with his own appeal for pardon. I remember how the light broke upon her pale face—just that steady, trustful look of old—when she heard how they were together at the very last; and though she said no word to me, I know to whom she did breathe grateful words.

Yes, that's her portrait; and if there's another lady in all the land better beloved than she has been for these five-and-twenty years through which she has lived among us at Wesmede, I should like to know where that lady's home may be.

Quite happy looking? indeed she is. Isn't it always a eye which is lived for others that is the happiest of all? And would not the love of such a son crown any mother's life with blessing?

Yes; that's the present Squire. A handsome face you called it; but if you knew him as I know him, you would see far more than that; and when I look at the two portraits opposite I like to think how proud the old Squire and Mr. Will would have been to see how nobly he reigns here in their stead; while they—are resting.

THE END.