

# THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Vol. I.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 15, 1888.

No. 6.

## Poetry.

### THE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,  
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,  
The calm's deport, the tempest's mirth,  
Know this; God rates the hosts of Heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,  
But man as man, thy brother call,  
And scatter like the circling sun  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul  
Hope, Faith, and Love; and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
Light when thou else were blind.

### HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

You ask me to tell you how it was that we suddenly became wealthy. I will tell you. It happened in this manner. You remember paying us a visit eight years ago, when we were living in Essex? We were very poor then. You remember, too there was a poor old man lodged with us; you said you thought we were very foolish to give him a home in our straitened circumstances. We couldn't find it in our hearts to turn him away, he was so kind and good to every one. In his deportment he was a perfect gentleman. We all thought he had seen much better days.

He appeared to be alone in the world, for he never spoke of having any relatives. He lived with us about a year.

One morning he lay in bed much later than usual; my wife had the breakfast prepared, and I said, "I will go up and arouse him; he must be oversleeping himself." I entered his room, and what did I see? There, on his bed, the old man, dead. I took his hand in mine, it was stiff and cold; he looked like one sleeping; it might have been imagination, but it seemed to me that I could almost see a smile playing around his mouth. I think he must have crossed the line of worlds without a regret; and that he entered into his rest sing-

ing a song of the redeemed.

His funeral service was over, and his earthly remains were laid in their last resting-place.

We loved that old man, and we felt very lonely after his death. He had been dead three weeks when my wife opened his trunk to put some of his cloths into it; and the first thing she saw was a letter lying on the top of the cloths directed to me. You can judge of our surprise when we opened the letter.

He informed us in that letter that he was very wealthy; and that we should find his will by taking the things all out of his trunk, and taking particular notice of the figures and letters which we should find there. He said,—

"Place one finger on letter H, and another finger on figure nine at the same time, then press both at once, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble. You will find also a sealed letter that you can open and peruse. We did as we were directed, and found that the trunk had a false bottom, that none but a practiced eye could detect. By doing as he directed we pressed a secret spring and a small lid flew up. There we found his will, the letter, and two very costly rings. The following are the contents of the letter:—

"I have neither father or mother, brother or sister; I followed the sea for some time; at last I amassed an independent fortune; I then thought I would settle down and enjoy my wealth, and not go to sea any more. It was then I made the acquaintance of a young widow lady; she was pretty; and I soon learned to love her; she had one child, a little girl five years old. I asked the widow to marry me, and she consented without the least hesitation. We were married, and lived together ten years; but I was not so happy as I had hoped to be. I soon learnt that she had married me for my money, and not for love. She was poor when I married her. She often talked to me about my wealth; she wanted me to give half of it to her child, so that if I outlived her there would be no danger of her child's ever coming to want. I put her off from time to time for the idea did not please me. At last I told her that I would give her child five thousand pounds; that made her angry, and she said she fancied that Mary should have more than that or not any. I said I would see about that. Soon after I heard my wife talking to Mary about me. She told her that she had lived with me long enough, waiting for me to die; and if I did not drop off before long she would be obliged to help me out of this world.

I cannot describe what my feelings were at that time. When I think of it now I wonder that I

(Continued on 4th page.)