THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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THE ACADIAN.

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I purchased 6 bottles and in a *month's time* after taking 4 of them, had *gained 21 lbs in weight.* My appetite returned, I slept well grew STRONG and VIGOROUS and am

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I am stronger now than I have been for year and can do my work *without fatigue or excessive exhaustion.* To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable *Restorative Tonic,* as it *restored me to health and strength,* after all other remedies had failed."

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"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Billious Ills."

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POETRY.

"Hope on, Hope Ever."

"Hope on, hope ever!" Earth is not so drear,
Nor life a comfortless and empty dream,
The darkest clouds that gather o'r us here
Are not the harbingers we sometimes deem;
For, lo! how brilliant the returning ray,
As one by one their shadows pass away!

"Hope on, hope ever!" is thy heart bereft
Of all that rendered life once dear to thee?
Amid the wreck the quenchless spark is left,
Whose light, though feeble, shall thy beacon be,
Though death's cold hand some kindred tie may sever,
Still let thy motto be: "Hope on, hope ever!"

"Hope on, hope ever!" Weary and oppressed,
Care's pallid seal stamped on the sunken cheek,
There is a haven of eternal rest,
Whose sacred joy no mortal tongue can speak,
Look upward in thine hour of dark despair—
Hope points to heaven, and drops her anchor there.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XIII.—*Continued.*

The pastor ceased speaking, and for several moments a hush reigned in the room. At length Deacon Wilson rose. He was known as a thorough, perhaps a fanatical, temperance man.

"It seems to me," he said, with feeling, "that this lesson from the Lord should be a profit to us. Other churches have been awake on this subject. Several, to my knowledge, have adopted non-alcoholic wine at their communion service. Why should not we at once do the same?"

"This meeting has been called as a regular church business meeting, and the question can be settled here and now," said the pastor. "We await a motion."

"I would move that non-intoxicating wine be hereafter used at our church communion," said Deacon Wilson.

"Second the motion," said one of the sisters.

At this juncture a handsome, portly gentleman of fifty or over, who had been sitting quietly in the rear of the room, rose and went forward, taking a position where the audience could see his every motion. It was customary there for speakers to address the congregation from whatever part of the room they had been sitting. This movement, therefore, arrested the attention of all. In a deep, mellow voice, in accents that showed culture, he began. He said he believed that a church that followed closely in the footsteps of the Master could not fall far short of its whole duty. With tender reverence he described the last supper, the eating of bread, the drinking of the cup.

"Now," said he, in conclusion, "I deplore deeply the sad event that has occurred, but let us not charge ourselves with it, for in this case we are blameless. We have done as Christ commanded. The young man fell, not because of the communion service, but because he did not use the will that God gave him. Would not our action in substituting some other liquid for the divinely ordered wine be a criticism upon the action of the Master? Would not also, the beauty and completeness of the service be sacrificed, were we to lay rude hands upon it?"

The gentleman sat down, and there was no reply to his words. Even Deacon Wilson appeared loth to enter into controversy with him, and it looked as if, as is the case in many places, the mere presence of a great man was going to shut the mouths of all who did not exactly agree with him. Chamberlain, however, with all his sorrow for Temple, and an unavoidable sense of humiliation when he knew that many would put him into the same category, felt the old spirit of debate taking possession of him, and noting the weak points in the other's address, rose.

There was a rustle of interest and a subsequent hush as his first words fell on the ears of the listeners.

"Mr Temple was my friend," he said slowly. "I was with him the evening he gave his heart to the Saviour. It was that night that I, also, was born into the kingdom. The hopes and the fears, the honest, earnest love for the Saviour, the consuming desire to lead others to Him, that Temple possessed, were not hid from me. I knew of them all, and rejoiced in them. I remember that several times my friend came to me and said, with an inexpressible thrill of joy in his voice, "I am so happy. What a wonderful, glorious Saviour, to have forgiven me." The men in the file works knew of his former drinking habits, of his previous efforts at reform, and of his failures, and were watching him with interest. It will be a great disappointment to some of them, for there are, I believe, hearts there that are dimly yearning for salvation. There is but one power that can hinder this from being a great damage to them. That it will be overruled, I believe.

"If, however, we know the cause of the sad fall; if, as our pastor says, it was due to the alcohol in the communion wine, it seems as if it had been given directly to this church for a lesson. Paul said he would eat no more meat while the world stood, if the eating of meat caused his brother to stumble. And is not that the spirit of the Gospel from beginning to end? Our brother thinks we should follow literally every move of the Master at the last supper. Should we not, then, *always* gather in an upper room? Should we not partake of *unleavened* bread? Should not those who break the bread and pour the cup, be also girded with towels, and wash the disciples' feet? Perhaps I am wrong, but I believe the *spirit* of the ordinance is what the Lord wishes, and not the letter. "In remembrance of Him." Would it not be a closer, more loving remembrance of Him, than we could possibly arrive at otherwise, if we substituted for the alcoholic wine, the pure juice of the grape, and in that way removed cause for stumbling from the path of the weak? In doing this let us not think that we are stooping to help Steep Street and the mill folks, and that we are above such temptation, for I recall another such case, coming to the honored head of a wealthy family in New York. Any one who has dallied with this fearful temptation is in danger, and those who most scornfully scout the idea are most in peril."

Before this speech was finished the gentleman took out his watch, looked at it, closed it with a snap, rose slowly and passed out. When the door had closed behind him, and Chamberlain had seated himself, the pastor put the question, and, thanks to the sisters present, who all voted on the right side, the victory was won. The North Church would no more put temptation to the lips of her children. The pastor overtook Chamberlain as he was going home.

"I want you to join me in prayer for Temple," he said. "I cannot believe that he will be lost. I think this church is guilty, and, as her pastor, I feel the burden of this guilt resting very heavily upon me. The Lord has said: "If two of you are agreed as touching any thing, it shall be done." Now I most heartily believe that, and I propose that you and I test it,—that we prove the Lord."

Kneeling by the roadside, they prayed, and rose with a feeling that their prayers were heard, and an assurance that they would be answered.

"There is another burden that I am bearing before the Lord," said Mr Snow with some hesitation, "and one that I wish you might share. It is the case of the gentleman who rose and left the room while you were speaking; perhaps you noticed him?"

"I did; who was he?"

"Mr Whitney," was the reply, and Chamberlain knew that his opponent in the evening's debate was the father of Miriam.

"Why did he leave the room so abruptly? Was it because he saw that the case was going against him?"

"I do not think so; I am aware that it looked much like it, but he has many business cares, and attended this meeting when he could really ill afford the time. That I know. The people of this congregation are somewhat in fear of him, as he has a remarkable insight into character, and does not hesitate to condemn fraud wherever seen. He is the soul of independence, thinks and acts for himself, and asks no one's advice. What he said in the meeting was his honest opinion. If he ever changes, he will just as honestly acknowledge it."

"I am glad to know that. He is a noble looking man, and it troubled me to think that his action might be caused by a petty chagrin," said Chamberlain.

"And now, my brother, what is the feeling in the mill toward the great question? What think the men of Christ? You are near to their hearts. It is said that you are popular among them. If so, you should be able to put your finger on their religious pulse and tell just how it beats. Brother Lamson tells me they are totally indifferent. He does not appear to be as sanguine in seeing opportunities to do these people good as I could wish, but he is cumbered with many worldly cares. What do you think of the outlook for a religious awakening in the mill village?"

"I think that while the men have such an example as Deacon Lamson daily before them, they will be exceedingly slow to embrace his religion," was the hot reply.

"The unfaithfulness of one man does not in any way do away with the question of one's personal responsibility before God," was the solemn reply.

"Of course not."

"Without doubt, Lamson is worldly. How many of us are entirely free from it? He is also stern and dignified toward those in his employ. I could wish that he took a deeper interest in the young men under his care, but his probity is unquestioned, and he lives up to the letter of his profession. Do you not think so?"

"I should be exceedingly glad if it were so," replied Chamberlain.

"Now my dear young friend," said the pastor, "remember it is a very serious thing in any way to pass judgment on a fellow laborer in the Lord's vineyard, and I would caution you to examine your own heart carefully before God, and see if this dislike does not in some way spring from some earthly or worldly desire in yourself."

"I don't know how it could. What I have seen in no way touches me individually," was the surprised reply.

"Let us suppose a case. A young man, bright and intelligent, through stress of circumstances is forced to enter a factory to earn his livelihood. He is superior in birth and education to his companions and is aware of it, although he is not conceited. He expects to be rapidly advanced, especially as he is very faithful in the performance of his duties. In addition to this, he joins a church, the same in which the owner of the factory is a leading member. He has no thought that this will in any way advance him temporally, yet the coldness with which the owner, his brother in Christ, treats him, leads him, in a measure, to mistrust and dislike him. Now I will not defend the mill owner in his coldness and his failure to recognize true merit, but is the young man fitted to calmly pass judgment on him as a man and a Christian? Will there not be a little of envy and disappointment intermixed with his estimate of that man?"

Chamberlain laughed a hearty, jolly laugh, and the pastor joined him.

"Am I not right?" he said delightedly, "does not the cap fit, my brother? Come you are too honest a man to deny it when you are fairly caught."

"You haven't hit it," was the reply, with a very broad smile. "There is no advancement that Lamson can give me that I covet. I have ambitions but he cannot help them on. If I could tell them to any one, it would be to you. But seriously and honestly, I never expected, never wished, and would not accept the best place Lamson could give me."

"Would you not accept more remunerative employment?" asked the pastor, with an air of deep disappointment.

"No, decidedly not." Was the positive reply.

"I am sorry. I thought I had the key to the whole problem, and had made up my mind to influence Brother Lamson to accept you as a protege."

"Pray do nothing of the kind. I am aware it is a strange statement to make for a "piece hand," a day laborer, but I am perfectly satisfied, and by being allowed to go my own way, will sooner accomplish my ambitions than any other way."

"Is the Lord Jesus Christ with you in these ambitions?" Asked Mr Snow with a piercing look.

"He is," was the reverent reply.

"Then I am satisfied. Yet I am loth to give up my wish to serve you; young men are far too apt to underrate the advantages that may accrue to them through the influence of friends."

"There are others in the mill who deserve promotion, and when you become acquainted with them they will be delighted beyond measure to have their merits recognized. I am very grateful, but it is out of the question for me to wish for any advancement that Mr Lamson could proffer."

The good man stood for a few minutes in deep thought, while Chamberlain waited respectfully for him to wholly ease his mind of the cares and plans for the mill folks and himself. At length he said,

"Speaking of Brother Lamson, although you have made no specific charges against him, I can see that you feel that he is not in the right place, or to put it more frankly, that he is a hypocrite. In that, I am certain you are mistaken. As your pastor, as well as his, I want to ask you after prayer for guidance, to go to him and have an honest, earnest talk with him. Whatever you may have against him state fully and clearly, provided it be any thing in which he is at fault and that touches you. If there is anything that after careful weighing you find is any of your business, go and talk with him, and I am sure he will meet you kindly and willingly, and rectify whatever wrong he may intentionally or unintentionally have done."

"You are still of the opinion that a part of my dislike springs from wounded personal vanity?" inquired Chamberlain.

"My brother," was the reply, "I have known many men, and been able to settle many differences among members of my church, and few there are of the best, but have full as much personal pride as their profession will bear."

When the good nights had been said and Chamberlain had started for home, he found that he had promised to call upon the lawyer and talk with him. Looking at the whole affair from the pastor's stand-point, he wondered that such a course should have been advised, for the latter supposed him to be but a workman. Just what his feelings toward the agent might be at that moment, he could hardly tell. There was a bare possibility that the man might be misunderstood by the people of the village. He had known of cases where an aristocrat of the strictest probity and unimpeachable character had been hated and maligned by the menials in his employ, till some of the falsehoods were actually believed and were widely circulated. Lamson had in many ways striven to hinder him, but that might be from a mere petty jealousy which was very far removed from real criminality. Even now the man might be ashamed of it. The case did not look quite so black from this manner of viewing it as it did from the other, and Chamberlain resolved at all events to give him a chance to clear himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Can I see Mr Lamson?"

"What name, sir?" asked the servant.

"Chamberlain," was the reply.

"I will see."

Sitting in the elegantly furnished parlor of the Lamson house, the visitor looked about with some curiosity. He had an idea that a bachelor was likely when furnishing his apartments in a measure to express his own individuality. Yet nothing Lamsonian appeared in this room. There was no hint at vulgarity, no approach to coarseness; on the contrary it was furnished with care and delicate taste. He marveled a trifle at this, till he remembered having heard of the mother of the lawyer, a quiet, silver-haired, sweet-faced lady, whom all loved. This was quiet a relief, and the remembrance, rescued with difficulty from oblivion, became a positive recollection. "Lamson's mother!" The more he reflected, the more he wondered if she, with the usual, mother-blindness, adored her son. It was strange what an influence the knowledge that this man had a mother, had upon Chamberlain. His animosity seemed to lose its edge. The fact that one person loved Lamson, even though he might be unworthy, placed him in a new light, and raised him to a higher grade. Just then his name was spoken, and the subject of his thoughts stood before him.

"Glad to see you, Chamberlain," he said cordially. "Have you at last decided to allow yourself an evening's relaxation? I verily believe you are the hardest worker in the shops."

"Oh, no, there are many who do more than I. My self-denial, in the way of society pleasures, has been forced, as you must acknowledge. I enjoy such life too well to be without it otherwise."

"I hear good reports of you from the workmen," continued the agent, "With one voice, they say that you are one of the best men we have yet had, and that your mastery of the different processes of file-making, is rapid and accurate."

"Thank you," was the reply; a flush of pleasure stealing into the brown cheeks. "I am glad that they think so. Their praise is to be valued."

"It is, indeed," was the hearty reply.

"My errand here, this evening," said Chamberlain, "was with reference to Temple."

"Oh," said Lamson, with an impenetrable look.

"He, as you know, perhaps, leased a room on Steep Street, and started a small store."

"Yes."

"It was to be a temperance grocery store, where, all who wished, could purchase goods without having liquors thrust under their noses. Of course this would be an injury to Pfaff, but every Christian I have yet met has thus far acknowledged that he is a nuisance. The fact is, the time has come when that liquor shop in the lower village ought to be closed."

"Mr Chamberlain," said Lamson, with an appearance of sincerity, "you have spoken of something that has long worried me. Pfaff is a nuisance. His rum shop ought to be shut up, and, were it possible, should be. But my hands are tied."

Surprised at the unequivocal condemnation of the man whom he was said secretly to uphold, Chamberlain was silent, and Lamson went on.

"Your uncle, Robert Flint, was, in many respects, a strange man, Whatever he did, he never *would* undo. Whatever he said, he stuck to. Pfaff saved his life, when he was in some desperate danger in the mill, long years ago, and he never forgot it. He promised the man any thing, almost, that he might ask, and, like a wily fellow that he was, the German asked for a life lease of the building in which his business is situated, and to be allowed to sell liquor as long as he wished."

"And it was given him?"

"Certainly. And not only that, but Mr Flint made me promise in no way to restrict him in the full use of his privileges. You can see how I am placed. I cannot, and will not, break my word. It will be impossible for any one to dislodge him, for, as I have said, he holds a life-lease. He it is who has been, and is, dragging Steep Street down to bitter and lasting wretchedness. What can be done is more than I can tell. Can you solve this problem?"

Chamberlain pondered. The facts cited by the agent, if they were facts, put things in an entirely new light. Might not his, and, indeed, the general, impression of Lamson be wrong? Those who did not know of the life, lease, and the promise, would be likely to condemn the agent for the sin that he was, apparently, party to. People in the upper settlement trusted and honored him. He had been chosen deacon. Was not the vulgar prejudice a mistaken one? Lamson waited, and allowed the leaven of his words to work in the young man's mind.

"Mr Lamson," said he, finally, "I wish to beg your pardon for having doubted you. We are both members of the same church. We are disciples of the same Master. I have wronged you in my thoughts, on this subject, which you would have explained, had I asked you. Will you pardon me.

"Do not speak of it," was the hearty response. "You were right in condemning me, if, as you thought, I could have dislodged Pfaff. Let us forget it. I have vindicated myself, and we at last understand one another."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.