

# THE ACADIAN

## Choice Miscellany.

### LOVE AND DEATH.

BY LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

They say she is dead, that her life went out.

Last night as the clock struck eight; That's the bride of a year at the altar.

Agree with another mate;

A mate called Death, who bore her away.

To a couch more quiet than mine.

Where the love lies comes from the lips of the worm.

And the grave-damp symbols the wine,

The false, and the bane who speak it know.

That they lie, for she left me but now,

With the old time light shining out of

And the old time kiss on my brow.

Death wants her body 'tis his. I say;

Her love and her kisses are mine;

And the love is as sweet as the love of God's.

And the kisses are sweeter than wine.

### LEARNING TO BE A MAN.

Boys, look out! Only a few days ago I heard of four boys who were off in a secluded part of the town, smoking cigars and drinking beer—boys whose parents had no idea of what they were doing. These boys had had the best of training from Christian parents, and were members of the Sunday-school. I would not have believed it if I had not had the information from the best authority. When they were asked what they were doing, and were remonstrated with for such conduct, they said they were "learning to be men." O what a mistaken idea! Not a man who is addicted to these habits will tell you if he speaks what he knows, that such habits are a blind ruse instead of a life to manhood. It seems a strange coincidence that while I was pondering over this sorrowful tale I had heard, that a letter came to me from a young man away out on the western frontier; and this is what he wrote: "I feel that some of the best years of my life have been in a measure wasted. I thought when I was a boy that a man was to learn to smoke and drink; and unknown to my parents I acquired these habits, which soon took a strong hold upon me. Tell your Evangelical boys that smoking and drinking never made a man, and have made many fools of men."

Don't touch a drop of liquor, boys. If you only knew the misery that comes from intemperance! How many men have been wrecked by it? How many hearts have been broken because the loved ones were slaves to the sacred cup? Is it the first step that tells, remember that. Don't do things that you would be ashamed to have your mother know. Ah! my boy you will find your mother is your truest, best friend. As the years go on, you will find this assertion to be a true one. A boy's mother ought to be his counsellor and his confidant, and his judge in matters that he is incompetent to decide for himself. Don't do anything in an unadvised manner. It will teach you to be unreliable and dishonorable. Cultivate those traits of character that will enable you to attain to a high and noble manhood. Stand firm. Be decided. When you are asked to do those things which you know are not right, say "No." Don't be afraid of the jests and scoffs of your companions. Although they will not admit it, yet in their hearts they respect you all the more for your refusal. Besides, your decision on the side of right will be the cause of others of your companions saying "No." One straightforward, fearless, manly boy will have a great influence for good over a large community of boys. Try it for yourself.—Evangelist.

### ROAD MAKING.

On the farm, in the house, in the Grange, and elsewhere, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Yet this rule is disregarded, in a thousand things—consequently in road-making, a performance that in country districts is no better than a hideous farce. Poor roads are made worse and good roads spoiled, simply because common sense is utterly abandoned in the methods of performance. Every good farmer knows well, when he goes out on the road with team, plow or cart to work out his task, that the road in common road-making is a foolish waste of time, but only here and there may be found one who is bold enough to denounce the folly and insist on service really useful. There are hundreds of road districts in which waste of time, ostensibly given to road-making, is great enough in five years to make every rod of road permanently good if the work was judiciously planned and faithfully executed. The stupidity of the annual waste is amazing, especially when one considers the fact that every person who is taxed, even a single day of road work, is directly interested in securing honest performance. How long will the present stupid method prevail? It is a disgrace to the intelligence of farmers that they will repeat annually the senseless blunders that mass the use of high ways difficult and costly, an ever-lasting tax on patience and a burden.

Where stone is not available for road-making what next? Gravel is good only as it is composed of stones of larger size, smoothed on the surface with suitable depth of stone beneath. But what shall be done where neither is available? Why plainly recourse must be had to earth. The first necessity in such cases is efficient drainage. It takes water and earth to make mud. Then if water can be kept out of the road as well as off its surface earth as material is not absolutely bad. The right way to proceed is to under-drain the road bed itself, except in situ-

ations where the earth is compact enough to shed water, and there the hard material should be rounded high enough to secure quick surface drainage laterally. In any case water must not stand in the road nor can it be permitted to run along the wheel tracks. At the sides deep, wide, open ditches must be constructed with suitable decline in their bottoms and frequent provision for discharge. Along these ditches no wheel should ever be permitted to pass, hence the necessity for making them so deep that the way-faring man though a fool shall know how to keep out. Now with all this care a possible highway can be constructed and maintained with no better material than common earth. Of course labor will be required to make repairs more frequently than if heat and material were used. After all the cost will be less than by the slipshod methods now in vogue. A road-making machine, the proper agency where earth roads are used.—*Husbandman.*

And the knees are sweater than wine.

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Man that is born of women is of cold

days and full of trouble.

In the morning he awoke with the

alarm clock, girded up his suspenders

and says in his heart: "Lord the sun

shines! Spring is here, and I will don

my summer underclothing."

And he does so.

And, verily I say unto you when the

fulness of the day is at hand, the air is

exceeding cold and the north wind blow-

eth through his whiskers. Yes, he is

chilled even to the marrow of his bones

and he clutches himself for a fool that he

did not clothe himself in the flannels from

my summer underclothing."

He sang, "Though worms destroy this

bodily, yet in my flesh I shall see God,"

"His ability of song to interpret

the sublimity of themes."

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