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Evening Song and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.
Wed. Evening Song and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.
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Sunday, Evening Song and sermon at 3 p. m.
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Robert W. Hodgell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 10 o'clock p. m.
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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

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Select Poetry.

Be a Woman.

Oh! I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady! Is it something
Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman; naught is higher
On the gilded crest of time;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Interesting Story.

Deacon Barker's Conversion.

Of the several pillars of the church at Pawkin Centre, Deacon Barker was by all odds the strongest. His orthodoxy was the admiration of the entire congregation, and the terror of all the ministers within easy driving distance of the Deacon's native village. He it was who had argued the late pastor of the Pawkin Centre church into that state of disquietude which had carried him, through a few days of delirious fever, into the church triumphant; and it was also Deacon Barker whose questions at the examination of the seekers of the ex-pastor's shoes had cast such consternation into divinity-schools, far and near, that soon it was very hard to find a candidate for ministerial honors at Pawkin Centre.

Nor was his faith made manifest by words alone. Be the weather what it might, the Deacon was always in his pew, both morning and evening, in time to join in the first hymn, and on every Thursday night, at a quarter past seven in winter, and a quarter before eight in summer, the good Deacon's cane and shoes could be heard coming solemnly down the aisle, bringing to the prayer-meeting the champion of orthodoxy. Nor did the holy air of the prayer-meeting even one single evening fail to vibrate to the voice of the Deacon, as he made, in scriptural language, humble confessions and tearful pleadings before the throne, or—still strictly spiritual in expression—he warned and exhorted the impenitent. The contribution-box always received his sixpence as long as specie payment lasted, and the smallest fractional currency note thereafter; and to each of the regular annual offerings to the missionary cause, the Bible cause, and kindred Christian causes enterprises, the Deacon regularly contributed his dollar and his prayers.

The Deacon could quote Scripture in a manner which put Biblical professors to the blush, and every principle of his creed so bristled with texts confirmatory, substantive and aggressive, that doubters were rebuked and free-thinkers were speedily reduced to speechless humility or rage. But the unregenerate, and even some who professed righteousness, declared that more fondly than to any other scriptural passage did the good Deacon cling to the injunction, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Meekly insisting that he was only a steward of the Lord, he put out his Lord's money that he might receive it again with usury, and so successful had he been that almost all mortgages

held on property near Pawkin Centre were in the hands of the good Deacon, and few were the foreclosure sales in which he was not the seller.

The new pastor at Pawkin Centre, like good pastors everywhere, had tortured himself into many a head-ache over the perplexing question, "How are we to reach the impenitent in our midst?" The said impenitent were, with but few exceptions, industrious, honest, respectable, law-abiding people, and the worthy pastor, as fully impregnated with Yankee-thrift as with piety, shuddered to think of the waste of souls that was constantly threatening. At length, like many another pastor, he called a meeting of the brethren, to prayerfully consider this momentous question. The Deacon came, of course, and so did all the other pillars, and many of them presented their views. Brother Grave thought the final doom of the impenitent should be more forcibly presented; Deacon Struggs had an abiding conviction that it was the Man of Sin holding dominion in their hearts that kept these people away from the means of grace; Deacon Ponder mildly suggested that the object might perhaps be attained if those within the fold maintained a more godly walk and conversation, but he was promptly though covertly rebuked by the good Deacon Barker, who reminded the brethren that "it is the Spirit that quickeneth;" Brother Flite, who hadn't any money, thought the church ought to build a "working-men's chapel," but this idea was promptly and vigorously combated by all men of property in the congregation. By this time the usual closing hour had arrived, and after a benediction the faithful dispersed, each with about the ideas he brought to the meeting.

Early next morning the good Deacon Barker, with his mind half full of the state of the unconverted, and half of his unfinished cow shed, took his stick and hobbled about the village in search of a carpenter to finish the incomplete structure. There was Moggs, but Moggs had been busy all the season, and it would be just like him to stub full price for a day's work. Stubb was idle, but Stubb was slow, Angur—Angur used liquor, and the Deacon had long ago firmly resolved that not a cent of his money, if he could help it, should ever go for the accursed stuff. But there was Hay—he hadn't seen him at work for a long time—perhaps he would be anxious enough for work to do it cheaply.

The Deacon knocked at Hay's door, and Hay himself shouted:

"Come in."
"How are ye, George," said the Deacon, looking hastily about the room, and delightedly determining, from the patient face of sad-eyed Mrs Hay and the scanty furnishing of the yet uncleared breakfast-table, that he had been providentially guided to the right spot. "How's times with ye?"

"Not very good, Deac'n," replied Hay. "Nothin' much doin' in town."

"Money's awful scarce," groaned the Deacon.

"Dreadful," responded George, devoutly thanking the Lord that he owed the Deacon nothing.

"Got much to do this winter?" asked the Deacon.

"Not a d—dy's job—not a single day," sorrowfully replied Hay.

The Deacon's pious ear had been shocked by the young man's imperfectly concealed profanity, and for an instant he thought of administering a rebuke, but the charms of prospective cheap labor lured the good man from the paths of rectitude.

"I'm fixin' my cow-shed—might p'raps give ye a job on't. 'Spose ye'd do it cheap, seein' how dull ev'ry thin' is?"

The sad eyes of Mrs Hay grew bright in an instant. Her husband's heart jumped up, but he knew to whom he was talking, so said, as calmly as

possible:

"Three dollars is reg'lar pay."

The Deacon immediately straightened up as if to go.

"Too much," said he; "I'd better hire a common lab'rer at a dollar 'n a half, an' boss him myself. It's only a cow-shed, ye know."

"Guess, though, ye won't want the nails driv no less pickler, will ye, Deaco'n?" inquired Hay. "But I tell yer what I'll do—I'll throw off fifty cents a day."

"Two dollars ort to be enough, George," reasoned the deacon. "Carpenterin's pooty work, an' takes a sight of headpiece sometimes, but there's no intellee' wanted to work on a cow-shed. Say two dollar's, an' come along."

The carpenter thought bitterly of what a little way the usual three dollars went, and of how much would have to be done with what he could get out of the cow-shed, but the idea of losing even that was too horrible to be endured, so he hastily replied:

"Two an' a quarter, an' I'm your man."

"Well," said the Deacon, "it's a powerful price to pay for work on a cow-shed, but I s'pose I mus' stan' it. Hurry up; thar's the mill-whistle blow'n seven."

Hay snatched his tools, kissed a couple of thankful tears out of his wife's eyes, and was soon busy on the cow-shed, with the deacon looking on.

"George," said the deacon suddenly, causing the carpenter to stop his hammer in mid-air, "think it over agen, an' say two dollars."

Hay gave the good Deacon a withering glance, and for a few moments the force of suppressed profanity caused his hammer to bang with unusual vigor, while the owner of the cow-shed rubbed his hands in ecstasy at the industry of his employe.

The air was bracing, the winter sun shone brilliantly, the Deacon's breakfast was digesting fairly, and his mind had not yet freed itself from the influences of the Sabbath. Besides, he had secured a good workman at a low price, and all these influences combined to put the Deacon in a pleasant frame of mind. He rambled through his mind for a text which would piously express his condition, and texts brought back Sunday, and Sunday reminded him of the meeting of the night before. And here was one of those very men before him—a good man in many respects, though he was higher priced than he should be. How was the cause of the Master to be prospered if His servants made no effort? Then there came to the Deacon's mind the passage, "—he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." What particular sins of his own needed hiding the Deacon did not find it convenient to remember just then, but he meekly admitted to himself and the Lord that he had them, in a general way. Then, with that directness and grace which were characteristic of him, the Deacon solemnly said:

"George, what is to be the sinner's doom?"

"I dunno," replied George, his wrath still warm: "'pears to me you've left that bizness till pretty late in life Deac'n?"

"Don't trifle with sacred subject, George," said the deacon, still very solemn, and with a suspicion of annoyance in his voice. "The wicked shall be cast into hell, with—"

"They can't kerry their cow-sheds with 'em, neither," interrupted George, consolingly.

"Come, George," said the Deacon, in an appealing tone, "Remember the apostle says, 'Suffer the word of exhortation.'"

"Excuse me," Deac'n but one suffer in' at a time; I ain't through sufferin' at bein' beaten down yet. How about Deac'n's not being 'given to filthy lu-

cre!"

The good Deacon was pained, and he was almost out of patience with the apostle for writing things which came so handy to the lips of the unregenerate. He commenced an industrious search for a text which should completely annihilate the impious carpenter, when that individual interrupted him with:

"Out with it, Deac'n—ye hed a meetin' las' night to see what was to be done with the impenitent. I was there—that is, I sot on a stool jest outside the door, an' I heard all 'twas said. Ye didn't agree on nothin'—mebbe ye've fixed it up sense. Any how, ye've sot me down fur one of the impenitent an' yer goin' fur me. Well—"

"Go on nailin'," interrupted the economical Deacon, a little testily; "the noise don't disturb me; I can hear ye."

"Well, what way am I so much wickeder 'n you be—you an' 'tother folks at the meetin'-house?" asked Hay.

"George, I never saw ye in God's house in my life," replied the Deacon.

"Well, s'pose ye hev'n't—is God so small he can't be nowhere's 'cept in your little meetin'-house? How 'bout His seein' folks in their closets?"

"George," said the Deacon, "ef yer a prayin' man, why don't ye jine yerself unto the Lord's people?"

"Why?" "Cos the Lord's people, as you call 'em, don't want me. 'Spose I was to come to the meetin'-house in these clothes—the only ones I've got—d'ye s'pose any of the Lord's people 'd open a pew-door to me? An' s'pose my wife an' children, dressed no better 'n I be, but as good 's I can afford, was with me, how d'ye s'pose I'd feel?"

"Pride goeth before a fall, an' a haughty spirit before—groaned the Deacon, when the carpenter again interrupted.

"I'd feel as ef the people of God was a gang of insultin' hypocrites, an' ef I didn't ever want to see 'em again. Ef that kind of pride's sinful, the devil's a saint. Ef there's anythin' wrong about a man's feelin' so about himself and them God give him, God's to blame for it himself; but seein' it's the same feelin' that makes folks keep 'emselves strait in all other matters, I'll keep on thinkin' it's right."

"But the privileges of the Gospel, George," remonstrated the Deacon.

"Don't you s'pose I know what they're wuth?" continued the carpenter. "Haven't I hung around in front of the meetin'-house summer nights, when the winders was open, jest to listen to the singin' and what else I could hear? Hezn't my wife ben with me there many a time, an' haven't both of us prayed an' groaned and cried in our hearts, not only 'cos we couldn't join in it all ourselves, without their learnin' to hate religion 'fore they fairly knowed what 'twas? Haven't I sneaked into the vestibule winter nights, an' sot just where I did last night, an' heard what I'd a liked my wife an' children to hear, an' prayed for the time to come when the self-appointed elect shouldn't offend the little ones? An' after sittin' there last night, an' comin' home an' tellin' my wife how folks was concerned about us, an' our rejoicin' together in the hope that some day our children could hev the chances we're shut out of now, who should come along this mornin' but one of those same holy people, an' Jewed me down on pay that the Lord knows is hard enough to live on."

The Deacon had a heart, and he knew the nature of self-respect as well as men generally. His mind ran entirely outside of texts for a few minutes, and then, with a sigh for the probable expense, he remarked:

"Reckon Flite's not on was right, after all—there ort to be a workin'-man's chapel."

Concluded next week.