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## ENDEAVOR.

The soul grows strong in noble strife—  
This is the law forever;  
Be it the motto of thy life—  
Endeavor! Oh, endeavor!

Strive for the mastery of self,  
From all low aims to sever,  
From passion, pride, and love of self—  
Endeavor, and endeavor!

Let thy mind entertain the good:  
Corrupt guests harbor never;  
Feed on high thought—'tis angels' food—  
Endeavor, still endeavor!

Spurn all blandishments of sin,  
But follow virtue ever;  
Her smile 'tis blessedness to win—  
Endeavor, aye, endeavor!

## KITTIE'S MENDING.

Deacon Stanley was by no means a penurious man. He was only, as he said, an "economically savin'" man. He was in good church standing, devout and sincere. He had a good wife and dutiful daughter to make him a pleasant home; was considered "well to-do," though a farmer, and the comforts of the house were not forgotten in this to be economical. Nevertheless this one "savin'" bump caused Mrs. Stanley and Kittie a great deal of trouble. He would persist in wearing his clothes until they were so patched you could hardly tell the patch from the original garment. Mrs. Stanley had handed all the mending over to Kittie as her work, and Kittie did so hate mending; and, together with her pride and her chagrin that her father would persist in wearing such clothes, her troubles were great.

"Why he wears poorer clothes than any poor on the town," she exaggerated, "and he was just cheating the rag-picker," and he would only laugh.

Mrs. Stanley, too, was a trifle ashamed that her good husband should so persist in making patchwork of his garments, but the kind soul had given up the argument long ago. The church parson had been talked to about the deacon's peculiarity, but as the deacon was a Christian in every other respect, gave to the church and her missions, helped the poor and did not neglect his family, this one sin—if sin it could be called—was considered but a minor one, and so the deacon escaped a censure. He often heard remarks though, both behind his back and to his face, to which he would respond laughingly, turning the remarks into jokes, and none of them ever made the slightest ripple of anger upon his ocean of good nature.

The parsonage of L—— was being

repaired, and the young minister was boarding at the Stanleys, during this process, and preparing for the convention which was to be held in their society the next week.

Suddenly he took a great interest in the family sitting-room, and found it pleasanter, I am ashamed to say, reading and talking to Kittie and her mother on afternoons, than writing sermons for the people of L—— to sleep under or even seeking out the unruly sheep of the flock, who had leaped the sectarian fence. And Kittie—well, perhaps she, too, took more interest in the afternoon talk than the Sunday sermon. Mrs. Stanley, from her placid face, one might read that she was well satisfied with both.

One afternoon, Mr. Stanley came in for some clover-seed, which Mrs. S., in her careful way, had put in a dry place, and she directed him to the garret. After a few moments' search he descended with the clover-seed, and left it in the kitchen, while he proceeded into the sitting-room with, hanging over his arm, three pairs of old dilapidated pants he had accidentally stumbled upon where Kittie had hidden them; one pair of striped, one of checked, and another plain.

"Kittie," he said, laying the cobwebs and garments tenderly down upon the stuffed chairs, "now this 'ere is some of your work, putting them away and not half worn out. You never will be the economical wife your mother is, my child. These could be mended into one pair, and, as I may want them to wear, you had better set about fixing 'em up as soon as your mother can spare you." And out he stalked as innocent of any impropriety as the meekest lamb.

Kittie's eyes flashed as she saw her father appear with the hated garments, and a suspicious tremble gathered at the corners of her mouth and blushes leaped to her cheeks, but as he departed out of hearing she glanced at her mother and mirthfulness predominated over anger and she burst into a hearty laugh, which was joined in by Mrs. Stanley and the minister, who was fully acquainted with the deacon's failing.

That afternoon Kittie wore a serious, pre-occupied air, which had changed the next morning to laughter at most unaccountable times, and secret titters which quite astonished her mother, and as at the first leisure moment Kittie was dis-

appearing with the offending garments, Mrs. Stanley asked:

"How are you going to fix them Kittie?" And Kittie answered, giving them a spiteful shake:

"I'll fix 'em, never mind!" And the minister finding Kittie not in the sitting room that afternoon, felt it his duty to continue his sermons in his own room.

In the evening Kittie said to her father:

"Those garments you wanted mended, father, hang up in the closet beside your Sunday ones."

"That's right, my dear; you'll make a good wife yet for somebody," he answered encouragingly, while Kittie smothered a hypocritical little laugh.

The convention was here, and the parishioners' houses were crowded with guests. The deacon's home, contained for guests, with the minister, Professor Primstock and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Merryday, Rev. Lyeumgood, wife and sister, but extra help left the hostess and Kittie time to entertain them. In the afternoon of the second day there was a sort of intermission for the tired convention. Mr. Stanley came in from doing the 'chores' he had finished rather early, and proceeded to his room for the purpose of enrobing himself in his 'meeting clothes,' for the deacon was very careful of these, and would have thought it a sacrilege to have worked in them. In an instant the door-bell rang, and two reverends and wives came in for a chat, when, hearing his name called, he hurried into his coat and through the dining-room, where Kittie stood speechless from fright, and stood among his guests. Poor deacon!

He was not very observing, or his eyes were not as good as they were once, or the closet was dark. And, then, it being a darling hobby of his to frown upon ruffles and ribbons, puffs and trimmings, he considered it a sacred duty to give a lecture on the folly of these vanities before giving his daughter the wherewithal for procuring them. He was doomed to a great trial. He hadn't taken three steps into the room before thirteen pairs of eyes were fixed upon him, with all the horror and severity that twenty-six eyes are capable of expressing.

Mrs. Stanley feebly ejaculated, "James!" Two of the divines forcibly

remarked, "Ahem! ahem!" and one of the reverend's wives added in a stage whisper, "Mercy on us!" Then Mr. Stanley, following his eyes to his feet, stood spell-bound. There he was arrayed in a garment unrivalled even by Joseph's coat of many colors, I verily believe and bedecked in the most wonderful and fantastical manner ever perceived by mortal man or woman. There were those three beloved garments he had tenderly yielded to Kittie's fashioning, and evidently about five times as many more made into one. There was a huge striped patch, bound with yellow, on one knee, and a checked one, bound with green, on the other. A strip of blue extended up one leg, and a strip of white up the other. An attempt had been made to lengthen them, and around one ankle was knife-plaiting of black cashmere; around the other a ruffle of grey poplin, both headed by a puff of gay calico. Little gay-ribbon bows and streamers were generously distributed over the garment, and a lovely little pocket of wine-colored velvet, edged with white lace, stitched on one side, completed the 'mending.'

The deacon stared, and the more he gazed the more his wonder grew, and, overcome by the sight, he pulled his bandana out, mopped his face, exclaimed, "Gracious me," sank helplessly down in the nearest chair, and fell to gazing at himself again. It was quite evident he had made a mistake in the garments; but where those came from was entirely beyond his conception. I don't know but they would have set staring at the deacon until this time if the minister hadn't laughed. Laughter is wonderfully contagious, especially among divines, even if people do think otherwise, and a few seconds of this healthy exercise brought back the deacon's scattered ideas, and his first ejaculation was, "Where is that Kittie?"

But Kittie wasn't to be found, and, somehow the minister explained to them all that it was a joke of Kittie's, and the deacon had just got into the wrong garments, and they all knowing the deacon's peculiarity accepted in wonderful good nature.

As Kittie did not return, Mrs. Stanley sent the minister over to Susie Lee's, where Kittie was most likely to be,

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