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## THE ACADIAN.

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The professor was roused at last.

## Select Poetry.

**THE "BEST HAND ON THE FARM."**

Up with the birds in the early morning—  
The dew-drops glow like a precious gem;  
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,  
But she's never a moment to look at them.  
The men are wanting their breakfast early;  
She must not linger, she must not wait;  
For words that are sharp and looks that are surely,  
Are what the men give when the meals are late.

Oh! glorious colors the clouds are turning,  
If she would but look over hills and trees;  
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—  
These things must always yield to these.

The world is filled with the wine of beauty  
If she could but pause to drink it in;  
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty  
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;  
Oh, for an hour to cooler head,  
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!  
But she must get dinner and made her bread.

The boy men in the hay-field working,  
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,  
Would call her lazy, and call it shirking,  
And she never could make them understand.

But after the strife and weary tussel  
When life is done, and she lies at rest,  
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—  
Her sons and daughters shall call her best.

And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,  
The rarest bliss of eternal life,  
And the fairest crown of all will be given,  
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

## Interesting Story.

**THE LITTLE PROFESSOR.**

Carl Leyfert was sixteen years old, and quite too old to cry; at least, he had supposed so. But he was lying on the floor of his little room, and struggling with something very like sobs.

"Oh, I did want to go so much!" he moaned. He had no mother to tell his troubles to, poor child! He had only a stern father, who had just refused him a pleasure. Carl had just rushed home from school, and by rare good fortune, finding his father alone, had begged permission to attend a base-ball match, with all his soul in his eager eyes. For an instant Prof. Leyfert hesitated. For an instant Carl had hoped.

"No, you can't go," he said at length. Noticing the intense disappointment in his son's face, he condescended at once to give a reason.

"You had your practising for the concert. There is none too much time. Did you want to go so much?"

Carl knew his father too well to take advantage of the softened tone, and try to tease him. He turned away without a word, and had flown up here to battle with his disappointment as best he could.

"He might have let me off for once," he muttered, angrily. "That old concert! I never can do as the other boys do!"

Ah! but perhaps Carl could do something which the other boys could not.

At the very moment when he was thinking hard and somewhat rebellious thoughts of his father, the professor was giving a strong proof of his affection for him. A friend had come in by one door as Carl dashed out of the other.

"I have another scholar for you, Leyfert."

"And I have no room," returned the professor.

"You must make room. It's that Macdonald I spoke of to you. He's very anxious to take lessons of you; would come in the evening. Give him Carl's hour, can't you?"

The professor looked up.

"Shemak's children should not go unshod," he said, drily.

"Well, they generally do," laughed the other. "Oh, the boy can't be very far advanced. You can hand him over to one of the younger teachers."

"That is very good nonsense. You are no musician, or you would not say that. I give my boy my best."

"Come now, Leyfert, we understand all that. Of course your hours are full. That's well for your dignity and reputation, but you can make room if you try. Macdonald has a great deal of talent; he will make it worth your while; pay double if necessary. Give him the evening hour."

The professor was roused at last.

"He cannot haf it!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Not if he was von prince! Bah! you haf no prince here. Vell, den, not if he was—*Andelsohn himself!*"

In the meantime, Carl, ignorant of any sacrifices except his own, had dried his eyes and taken up his violin. He did not hear that any grudge; it had been his comforter in many a lonely hour. He rested his cheek against it and drew the bow softly across the strings, trying to catch the air of a fantastic he had heard the night before.

This was rather a stolen pleasure. If his father caught him playing without his notes!

Carl stopped short, with a sudden thought. And he thought aloud, as he had formed the habit of doing from being much alone.

"There! I must correct Willie's exercises. It would never do to forget them." For Carl had a little pupil of his own, a boy of ten, who looked up to him as wonderfully wise, because he was a few steps further on in the long climb which music exacts from its votaries. He took a book from the table, and examined a blurred and blotted page with a frown that made his boyish face look oddly like his father's.

"I wish Willie would ever remember his parallel fifths," he said, presently. Then, with an amused look, "I wonder what my father would say to this! He'll be after me some of these days, if I'm not more strict with him; but, somehow, I can't bear to be. Oh! it does well enough. Willie wouldn't do anything at all with a cross teacher. He's very easily discouraged as it is, and he gets no end of petting and praise at home. How they did like that duct! They seemed to think Willie did it all."

Carl was making rapid corrections as he spoke, and either Willie had been more careless, or he was more critical than usual.

"I wonder if I have my exercises of this grade," he exclaimed at last. "I mean to look." A vigorous ransacking of an old trunk produced the desired book, and Carl's face showed pardonable pride as he compared the two. There certainly was a good deal of difference between the achievements of the boy who was studying music as an accomplishment, and the one who hoped to make it a profession.

But then Carl shrugged his shoulders, remembering his own training, which had also been different. Long hours of hard practice, rigorously exacted; the utmost care and effort always insisted upon; and sundry severe scoldings; that had wendy-severed his heart, for Carl was an affectionate boy and docile in the main. And, even yet, though he was seldom careless, Carl was not free from the dread, on days when he was more than usually stupid, or his father more than usually worried, of a sharp cuff or two which hurt his dignity far more than his ears. Half his short life had been spent in this way.

"And I don't know anything yet," he said, sadly; but that was a sure sign that he was learning.

So far the boy's ambition had been merely the reflection of his father's; it would not be long before he would be working for work's sake, with a keen desire to excel as any one could possibly have for him.

The coming concert would be quite an event in Carl's life; his first public appearance, in fact. But he did not think much about it, except that it was a great bore and abridged his play-time.

He did not dread it at all, having often played at the pupil's concerts. To be sure, when one stopped to think of it, it was different; a regular professor's concert; and very few knew that the name opposite the violin solo was not that of a grown-up person as any of them.

When the evening actually came, and Carl found himself in an inner room of the concert-hall with the other performers, he was conscious of a new feeling of excitement. Boy-like, he could not stay there.

In the course of his explorations he came upon a capital hiding-place under the stairs, where he could peep at the audience, himself unseen. He stayed there some time, and found it very amusing at first. But the music sound-

ed strangely there; everything looked weird and unnatural; and at last it seemed to the boy's excited imagination that he was not looking upon human faces like his own, but upon a horrible many-eyed monster, such as he had read of in fairy tales, that could only be charmed into quiet by the sounds of sweet music.

How he roared whenever the music ceased! Carl began to tremble at thought of being himself the charmer.

"Pahaw!" he said, with a little impatient shake. "As if I'd never been at concerts before! There isn't such a crowd as there was the night Ole Bull played. It was just packed that night, and I know he wasn't afraid."

There was not quite as much consolation in that thought as Carl had hoped. He was trembling all over now. "Oh, I can never do it!" he exclaimed. "I shall fail. I know I shall, and be disgraced forever!"

Poor Carl did not realize, as he would in after years, how small is one atom in God's great universe, or how few of the strangers before him would ever think of him again, whether he did well or ill. Terror mastered him so completely at last that he dashed up-stairs, determined to brave his father's anger, which would be terrible enough, and beg to be let off.

The inner room was crowded now, and not very well lighted. Carl could not at once distinguish his father, and he shrank into a corner and waited. Fortunately, he waited long enough to hear his own name spoken.

"I wonder you are not afraid to have Carl do that, he's so timid. Could it be his father who replied with a ring in his tone? 'Ach! you do not know Carl. He will not fail me! He will not do as well as Carl's days; it is not to be expected. But he will do his best.' He added a sentence or two in German. 'Carl has practised faithfully. I am very proud of my boy.'"

No, Carl would not fail him—not now. He glanced at the programme in his hand. There was yet time for a hasty retreat to his hiding-place, to shed a few excited tears of joy. Why, the boy had never dreamed of such a triumph as this!

He had seen his father chiefly in the light of a hard task-master. Never before had he realized the strong bond of affection between them. He shook his fist at the unconscious audience.

"Yes, I will play for you now," he said, with an excited little laugh.

When his time came to play, Carl was on hand, tuning his instrument with as much apparent composure as if he had been going to take a lesson.

"Steady now, Carl!" said his father, in a low voice, as he searched the pale face with his piercing eyes. He did not know what to make of the smile that answered him.

He thought it childish bravado, for he knew the lad too well to doubt that he was afraid. But there was no time for further encouragement, even if the professor had been the man to give it. They went on the stage together.

And the audience, to him like a horrible monster, roared again, a louder and more terrible roar than ever before, at sight of his youthful victim. Carl's blind, unreasoning terror came back. Ah! he could never do it!

Happily, his father was to accompany him, and the rippling notes of the soft prelude sang these words in the excited boy's ears, "I am very—very—very proud of my boy," over and over—and over again.

Nerved by thought, Carl summoned courage to begin, and once launched upon his theme, it was not as hard as he had feared. He played with a coolness that surprised his father. True, he made some mistakes, but they were such as only the trained ear could distinguish, and he did not falter. The audience was charmed quite as much by the performer's youth, and his grave intoneness, as by the sweet music that came from his violin.

"That youngster is used to this sort of thing," said some one not too well-bred to whisper. "He'll look as old and grave as his father, in a couple of years," said some one else. And that was all they knew about it.

The little pupil was there, with a huge bouquet, which he was anxious

to present with his own hands. Twice, during a lull in the music, he stepped forward, but retired in great confusion, on finding that Carl had not finished.

Those near the platform were much amused at this, but Carl knew nothing of it. They would have been still more amused if they could have known the running accompaniment of his thoughts.

"That wasn't so bad—there goes a sixteenth! Father won't like that—now if I can only get this andante—gracious, I'll never play again!"

It was over at last, and the flowers duly presented. Poor Carl did not know roses from cabbages, just then. He resisted a strong impulse to hurl the bouquet at Willie's head, and he thought it very unkind of him to give him that clumsy thing to hold, and add to his difficulties.

But surely the ordeal was past. Ah no! for the crowd were clapping vigorously. The applause rose and fell, and rose again to a perfect tumult. Carl was obliged to go forward, and bow his thanks. It was not a triumph; it was torture to the sensitive child. A sudden fear seized him lest he might have to repeat. But his father was neither so hard nor so unobservant as Carl fancied. He had his own anxiety, and dismissed the lad promptly and went on with the programme in spite of repeated calls for the "little professor."

To his great relief, Carl found himself once more in the inner room. But there were people there, too, and they crowded around him, and they were saying—oh, he did not know what! He bowed and shook hands mechanically enough.

"How unresponsive that boy is!" exclaimed a young man who had tried to compliment him.

"Do you wonder?" asked some one with more discernment. It was a distinguished pianist, who had left his own first appearance far behind. But he had not forgotten it. He followed Carl as he retreated to a corner, and talked kindly to him a little while about anything and everything except his own performance.

He did not get much response either. But the boy's eyes followed him when his turn came to play.

"And I wish him very good success," muttered Carl, from the depths of his grateful heart. And now the boy could do nothing but watch anxiously for his father. He came at last, but he took no notice of Carl, beyond giving him a formal order or two about the music.

The lad was disappointed. He had not expected much, but surely his father would say something. He knew he had not failed entirely. When they were once more alone, the professor suddenly seemed to remember his existence. He went up to him and put both hands on his shoulders. But he did not smile. Carl trembled a little, remembering those mistakes.

"Good, my boy," said his father, gravely, "and we will do better yet next time."

It was cold praise, but Carl was delighted. His father had spoken in German, his heart's language, and that, of itself, meant warm approval.

"He's afraid to say much," the boy said to himself; "he thinks it will make me vain, but oh, I can work twice as well now!"

Ten years later, Carl was a professor in earnest, just returned from Germany and giving concerts on his own account. He met with unexpected popularity, but he had a private ambition, not yet gratified. "I ought not to want that so much," he said to himself one day.

"Ah, well, never mind!"

"No endeavor is in vain, its reward is in the doing; And the capture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain."

But Carl's old longing smouldered under this dash of philosophy. Returning one evening from a concert, a friend ventured to criticize his choice of music.

"That sonata was quite thrown away on the public," he said. "People generally don't appreciate such music; I doubt if they tolerate it. You are quite the rage now, but not well established enough to indulge in eccentricities."

"I had an object in that," returned Carl, briefly.

"Leyfert, if I could play as well as you do, I should be perfectly happy. I suppose you were wedded to your art, and nothing could tempt you from it."

Carl gave a short laugh. "There are times when I am as enthusiastic as the next one, but this has been rather a hard day."

"Of course you take a holiday before an effort of the sort?"

"Not precisely. I've been teaching all day. We're crowded at the school, you know. I was trying to persuade the dullest scholar I ever had not to trip more than every other bar; the flute-master was going it overhead with his foot; some girls were playing a duet in the class-room next mine; there were five-finger exercises racing up and down on the other side; vocal practice in the room below; a hand-organ came along and played 'How Can I Leave Thee!' I declare, Griswold, I thought, for a while, I could leave it all, easily."

"It's too bad!" exclaimed the other. "You ought not to be bound down to such drudgery."

"Drudgery is good discipline," was the answer. Carl was very weary. When they reached his door, it was a relief that Griswold refused to enter. He had not been alone long when his father entered in a very unusual state of excitement. He shook hands warmly, and his face was radiant.

"Vy, how did you get here? Vere did you go? I did miss you, and I could not wait—I wanted to tell you—I congratulate you, my boy! It was a great success!"

"I'm glad you were pleased," stammered Carl, feeling sure he was dreaming.

"I am delighted! You haf beaten us all, and it is not I who shall be jealous. Dat sonata—I haf heard it many time, fairly vell, but you—you did manage dose runs like rippling water. Ach! It was fine! And the encore, Carl? I haf not heard dat before; it is your own, is it not? Tell me."

"Yes, sir," said Carl, smiling. "It is mine, such as it is."

"Vell, sir, I am getting too old to tell good music, or it is of the best. Look, now! You say dere is nothing like Leipzig—they do not keep all the talent dere! Ve vill show them! Vait a once!"

The young man colored with pleasure as he had not for any compliment that evening. It was a new experience to see this cold, impassive man marching up and down in excitement, lavishing praises upon him; it seemed that having once begun, he could hardly say enough. At last he came close, laid a hand on his son's shoulder, and spoke to him in German, in a tone tremulous with feeling.

"Ah, Carl! Do you think I do not know what it has cost you? People do not understand; they think it is all knack. It is no such thing; it is hard work—all day and every day—maybe you feel like it; maybe you don't. I know. You have always been faithful. I am very proud of my boy."

"Thank you, father," said Carl, earnestly, "that last is the best of all."

"Vy is dat?" asked the professor, a little startled at the intoneness of his gaze.

"Father, I have been working all these years for that. I heard you say it once, and I hoped you would say it to me some time. Listen." With unconscious pathos in his face and voice, Carl told his father how those very words had spurred him to his first success.

"Vell, Carl, I did mean it den, but it is tenfold true to-day, and I vill say it as often as you like."

Carl was deeply touched and gratified. He