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Thoughts from Tennyson. And We iven I was strolling one day by the sad sea

And dreaming such dreams as I frame, When 1 try to forget what this world

really is, And how much of our love it should claim. And wandering thus, I thought of the

And its memories, some bitter, some

When the wind, as it carelessly played 'round the beach, Tossed a little white scroll to my feet.

stooped for the page, like myself an

exile, Of the hour in this wild lonely place. And I thought p'rhaps the hand was mouldering new That its dimm'd letters did trace.

My eye scanned the lines, 'twas fragment,

"And the stately ships go on To their haven, under the hill, But, oh I for the touch of a vanished And the sound of a voice that is

Twas all, but my memory whispered the rest, "Break, break, on your crags, oh sea, But the tender grace of a day that is,

dead Can never come back to me."

It seemed a voice from long past years, Spoke through that little scroll Ah, Poet I there's sorrow great as thine Weighs many a lesser soul.

There's many a heart, of idols robbed. That once its shrine did bless And, oh ! the void their absence leaves One feels but can't express.

And round the wretched ruin roams The ghosts of former years. And scenes long acted, forms long dead, I've viewed through gathering tears.

Ah well may weary Nature sigh, The soul's great void to fil, Well, yearn for the "touch of a vanish-

ed hand, And the sound of a voice that is still." TANER COMPAKE

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

For three days a terrific gale drove before it the ship Pembroke, bound to only obtain food for you-even provid-Liverpool from the Sandwich Isla Under bare poles, with every timber groaning and creaking, with the tall masts bending like reeds, with heavy seas and blinding spray sweeping her decks fore and aft, the vessel boomed on, rolling, plunging and quivering in her desperate struggle with the tempest, At midnight, just before the ending of the third day, a fearful cry, not loud, but hoarse and deep, went through the ship: ""We have sprung a leak !" "Then the light from the two lanterns hung up on the main and mizzen shrouds fell upon the sturdy forms of seamen hurrying to rig the pomps. Soon the dismal clang was heard as the stout fellows toiled and toiled, but all to ho purpose. opto "Oh, Henry, what shall we do ? The idea leak is gaining upon us !" oried despairingly the young wife of Mr. Rogers, the first mate.

returned, "it is all up with us I to There must be a big hole in the ship, as the water in her is already about seven feet A look of dismay settled on every

face. "Get the boats ready !" said the skip-

While the men were obeying the order, the ship's hull, settling lower and ower, was soon nearly enguited in the rushing, roaring seas. The sailors had barely time to put a

bag of sea-biscuits, a couple of cans of prepared meat and a breaker of fresh water in each of the boats, when, with a sidelong sheer, the vessel leaned half way over to leeward, as helpless as a log, preparity to going down.

The mate and his wife, with eight men, took to the long boat; the rest of the shin's occupants, amounting to ten sailors, entered the quarter-boat.

Just as the two light vessels put away from the doomed craft, the latter plunging her bows under, a dull report was heard, as the hatches were burst open bp the rising water in the hold. A minute later, elevating her stern, the ship sank out of sight in the stormy

ocean. and a smoothw has whis In the darkness and amongst the heavy seas, the mate's boat became separated from the other in a short

time. At dawn no sign of the latter could be discovered by those who looked for

Keeping the boat all day before the wind, the mate, with his companions, vainly watched for a sail.

Thus, day after day passed, until nearly a week had elapsed, by which time the scanty allowance of sea-biscuits having given out, there was nothing left to eat in the bosh, while in the breaker (a small cask) there remained hardiy two quarts of water.

Three days later, neither land nor a sail having yet been fallen in with, the sufferings of the people in the boat, reduced almost to a state of starvation; were terrible. "Oh, Harriet," gasped the mate, on

the morning of the tenth day after the ship had been abaudoned, "if I could ed the rest of us had none-it would be a great comfort to me." "Nay," auswered the young woman is a faint voice, while tears streamed down her hollow, flushed cheeks, "you shall have my share, Henry. I could manage to wait for a sail, which I trust we will soon behold." Later in the day, a wild, fierce ex-pression gleaned in the eyes of the

"Ay, ay, men," said Mr. Rogers ; 'I will soon be ready !" His wife flung herself upon his bosom "Never! never shell they tear you from me !" she cried, twining her arms about his neck. "But, Harriet" he said, "it is neces-

sary. It is only fair that I should die." "You must not; you shall not," exclaimed the young woman. "We can all go without food some hours longer, during which we may see a sail."

"No, no, no," cried Rogers' shipmates simultaneously. "We must have food now."

Hunger had driven them to desperation

Their teeth wore clenched, their eyes wild and blood-shot, their faces more like those of woives than of human beings.

"Let me go, dear Harriet." said the young man to his wife, "Let me bid. you good-bye, and may Heaven bless vou !"

Some of the men advanced towards Harriet, who still held her husband in an embrace from which he could not disengage himself. Turning towards the sailors, she said :

"Back, back, never shall you tear me from him. But, if you must have a human life, take mine instead of my husbands."

At this the men drew back. Even at that dreadful moment they could not endure the thought of killing a woman.

The first officer, who had watched his chance, now by a sudden movement, taking advantage of his wife's head being turned, and nerved to additional strength by the harrowing thought that his shipmates might at length come to the conclusion of accepting Harriets proposition to sacrifice her life, broke from her intwining arms and ran towards the bow of the boat.

There he was quickly joined by the other men, one of whom now placed himself as a barrier between the young woman and her husband, whom she was making frantic efforts to reach.

Perceiving that she could not pass the man, she fell upon her knees, and. in a voice of the most heart-rending agony, again begged the others to take her's instead of her husband's lite.

But her supplications were vain.

trated will, blended with heavenly supplication, that the rough men drew back with mingled respect and awe, trembling under a sort of supernatural influence. 1000 el

A moment the young woman stood thus, and then from her parted lips came her voice, full of strange, wierd power, making the blood leap in every vain:

"Oh. Heaven ! a sail ! a sail !"

The words were simple enough, but the manner in which they were uttered thrilled her listeners to the heart.

Instinctively they all glanced around upon the ocean, as if expecting that. the prayer would be an swered.

North, south, east and west they looked, but they saw no sign of a ves-

When about five minutes had bassed. however, Bruno was seen pointing towards the strip of fog, which, slowly rising like a curtain, revealed a sail. Yes, there it was sure enough, and with a cry of wild joy on seeing it, Harriet, no longer kept from her husband, flung herself upon his breast, while the others gave expression to the ir feelings by hoarse shouts, sobs, and frantic laughter.

Signals were made, the vessel bore down upon the boat, and the occupants were soon on deck, to be kindly treated by the captain of the bark Java, bound to London.

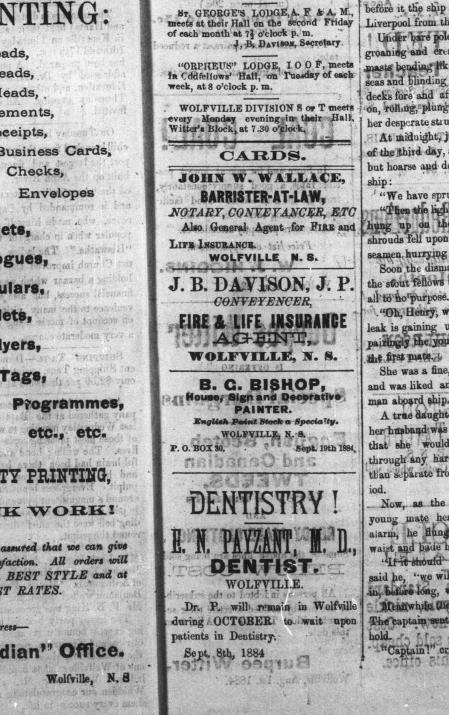
The half-starved men were agreeably surprised to find aboard this vesse their shipmates of the quarter boat, which, it seems, had been picked up four days previously.

In due time the vessel arrived at her home port, where the sailors related to their friends how Harriet Rogers had saved the life of her husband.

Some of the men insisted that fifteen minutes before she uttered her prayer there had been no vessel at the point where it was discovered.

Of course they were mistaken, having doubtless looked in some other direction; but this they firmly denied with the common superstition of seafaring men, declairing that the sail appeared just when and where it did, in answer to the "Wife's Prayer."

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that an ox, in a sum-mer's day, could drain it dry. It steals



She was a fine, noble-looking woman. and was liked and respected by every man aboard ship. A true daughter of Eve, her love for her husband was so deep and absorbing

that she would have followed him through any hardship or peril sooner than separate from him for a long per-

Now, as the sturdy, good-looking young mate heard his wire's cry of aiarm, he flung an arm round her waist and bade her be of good cheer. "If it should come to the worst,'

said he, "we will in all probability fail in, bifore long, with some other crait." Meanwhile the leaf, steadily gained. The captain sent his carpenter into the hold. "Captain!" cried the latter, when he

Stat Real T

They exchanged significant glances but at the time said not a word.

Each, however, guessed the horrible thought that had entered the mind of every sailor, although he hestated as yet, to express it.

At last a man named Michael Bruno -a half-breed between an English and a Portuguese-let loose the dreadful

"It must be done," he almost scream-"I wo hours more without food will put the death seal upon us. One of us must die." us must die." "Oh, no, no," cried Harriet. We

can wait still. We shall see a sail before long. I feel sure that we will." But all her pleadings were in vain. Some paper was cut into strips, and these being held by Bruno, the drawing of lots to see who should die was commenced, it having been arranged that he who drew the shortest strip was to yield up his life for the benefit of the

As pale as death Harriet sat watching the drawing. A moment later she beheld her husbaad looking at a small bit of paper in his hand, while the hoarse voice of Bruno grated on her ear:

"Mr. Rogers has drawn the short slip! He must die !"

the total and a set of a sold adapted

She saw her husband leaning back prepared to die, while Bruno proceeded to snarpen his knife for the dreadful work on one of the hoops of the breaker.

Having at length prepared the weapon he stooped over the young man to cut his throat, while a companion stood by with a cup to catch the blood.

"For mercy's sake wait," she cried, Look first and see if there is not a sail in sight."

The men obeyed her request. They scanned the ocean far and near, but no sign of a sail was to be seen.

"How do you know there is not one hidden by that mist?" she enquired, pointing toward a small fog bank, a league to windward.

"There is none," one of the men an swered. "I feel sure ; I looked at that very spot before the fog settled there about fifteen minutes ago."

"No, no; you may be mistaken. I conjure you, I implore you to wait until the fog clears up, when you may see the sail."

The men exchanged glances.

"It's no use," cried Bruno ; "but to satisfy you, we will wait a few minutes before we take your husbaud's life." At this Harriet started up.

With her hands clasped and her long hair streaming down her back, she stood, her eyes turned toward the sky.

In this position there came upon her face an expression that had never been seen there before.

It was almost divine, filling the countenance with an unearthly beauty lighting the eyes with such a radiant gleam-a look of such strong, couccn. Whom I. I. S. Starts M. Shinks

its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads, out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more thana hundred villages and cities, and many thousand culivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more then half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Missis-sippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient to Him, shall roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land,

shall lift his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill -a rivulet-a river- an ocean bound-less and fathomless as eternity.

Every one should try to better his condition if he can. The poor man should try to increase his means; the sick man to improve his health; the ignorant man to acquire knowledge; and the foolish man to get understand-

In such matters, the great question is whether the desired improvement is within reach

To long for what we cannot attain or to grieve because it is unattainable, is simply to play the part of a child that cries for the moon. Let us know ourselves and our position. Let us know what we have and what we want; and let us next inquire whether what we want can be got by striving for it. If it cannot be got, let us think of it no more, or endeavor to compensate for the want in some other way.

A short man may wish io be tall, but he cannot add an inch, any more than a cubit, to nis stature. He may, however, be a very worthy and resp.c.-able man for all that, if he conducts himself with propriety and simplicity, and does not, as short men sometimes do, render his diminutive size more conspicuous by conceit and affectation.