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The Acadian has Department of a constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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The name of the party writing for the Acadian will invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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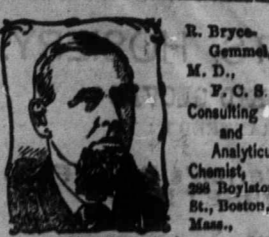
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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

POETRY.

The Angels' Song.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"To peace on earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woe of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years that bring
And man, at war with man, bears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-during years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

SELECT STORY.

A Ten Dollar Christmas.

ADELE Chester had never spent a Christmas in the country before; neither had she ever felt quite so desolate. Mother and father were in Europe, in search of health for the father, and Adele, who had been left in charge of Aunt Martha, had herself decreed that she would go nowhere for Christmas.

"I can't be happy and frolic when papa is sick," she said; "and as for the country, if Aunt Martha can live there all her life, I think I can endure one Christmas." So she had staid; but it must be confessed that the world looked dreary to her that wintry morning, with nothing but snow to be seen from her window. She almost thought she would have been wise to have taken the Hamilton coach. "At least there would have been a chance to spend my Christmas money," she murmured gloomily, as she tapped on the frosty pane with restless fingers. "I'm sure I don't know what I can buy in this little tucked-up place."

The "tucked-up place" was really a nice town with about three thousand people living in it, but to Adele, whose home was in Toronto it seemed almost to call it a town. Aunt Martha's farmhouse was only half a mile from some very good stores, where Adele had found a few things to suit her during the three months she had spent there, and on the whole she had managed to be quite happy. But she did not feel like being suited with anything this morning. Such a queer Christmas for her! She had her presents, as usual—a new fur cap from Aunt Martha, a writing-desk well furnished from Uncle Peter, a lovely ring with a real diamond in it from mamma, and a new chain for her pretty watch from papa. What more could a reasonable girl want? Truth to tell, she wanted nothing but the dear home, and mamma's kisses, and papa's arms around her. The ring and chain were beautiful, but they did not seem like presents from them, when she knew they crossed the ocean weeks ago, and had been lying in Aunt Martha's bureau drawer waiting for this morning. She valued the letter more which had arrived only the night before, and she drew it from her pocket and kissed it, letting a tear or two fall on the words, "My Darling Child," as she read them once more. "Papa and I are so sorry to be away from you to-day," the letter read; "we have tried to find something suitable to send on so long a journey, and planned to reach you on the very day, but have failed; papa has not been well enough to look about much for a few weeks, and I could not go alone. At last we decided to send you a fifty-dollar bank note and bid you go and spend it in the way which would make you happiest."

"The idea!" said Adele, smiling through her tears, as she reread the letter, "just as though I could find anything here to buy to make me happy! Mamma must have forgotten for the moment where I was. Yet I want a few things, some Christmas bonuses, at least, if they know the meaning of the word in this little place

and above all I want a brisk walk in the snow. I shall take ten dollars of my fifty, and go out and spend it; I won't waste another cent on this old town. I wonder what I can do with ten dollars to make me happy?" She laughed half scornfully. Ten dollars seemed so very little to this girl, who had always spent money as freely as water, and done a little thinking about it as she bided her time over the spring holidays.

In a very few minutes she was wrapped in furs and out upon the snowy road. Aunt Martha offered her the sleigh and the driver, and her "joggings" and woolen mittens, but she would have none of them. She was a good walker, and had been used to miles in the city. She hid her nose in her muff, because the wind over this wide stretch of snow was very keen, and sped along "like a snowbird."

Aunt Martha said, watching her from the window. And then she sighed, this dear old auntie whom the country satisfied. She saw the shade on the face of her darling this morning, and was sorry for her, and wished so much that she could do something to brighten her Christmas day.

The little town was reached in due time, and the streets were gay with Christmas cheer; the stores were open quite generally, to catch the belated Christmas buyers. In an hour or two they would close for the day; but the custom in this thriving manufacturing town was to give the tardy ones a Christmas morning chance. Adele went from one store to another, disinterested, disconsolate. Nothing suited her. The truth is, when a girl does depend on earthly things, and yet is sometimes rather difficult to suit, she had at last before a show window and looking at the bright shawls displayed there, she saw a tiny baby's Hooper, which came out with ten cents to buy now, but for the day of the dinner. Adele turned from the window, jostled against her, and looked down upon "beatie." She seemed not more than eight yet there was a wise, grown-up look in her eyes which held the homelike old man's attention.

"Are you trying to make Christmas too? What do you see in the window you like?"

"Everything," said the little girl simply.

"Do you? You are fortunate. Are you going to buy them all?"

"Oh, no! not altogether. I couldn't."

Adele, looking closely at her, was seized with a sudden impulse. "Suppose you could buy one thing, what would it be?" she asked.

"The little girl eyes flashed. "Oh! I would buy that shawl—that soft grey one with pussy fringes—it looks just like mother's."

It was a dainty little shawl, shawl, of the kind which can be bought for two dollars. "Does your mother need a shawl?" asked Adele.

"Oh, yes! she needs it badly enough; but we are not going to get one, not this year, we can't."

There was a decision and composure in the tone, like a woman who had settled the whole question, and put it beyond the range of argument. Her manner amused Adele.

"That was for your mother," she said; "what would you choose for yourself?"

"Me?" said the child surprised.

"Oh! I don't know. I might take that brown coat, maybe, or some mittens, or—I don't know which I would take. What's the use?"

She was turning away, but Adele's gloved hand detained her. The little girl's eyes were much too shrewd for so cold a morning.

"Wait a minute," she said gently. "Tell me, what your name is, won't you, and where you live, and what you came out for this cold morning with so thin a shawl?"

"I'm Janey Hooper; we live down there on Factory Lane. It wasn't far to go, and my shawl is worn out, that is why I'm so thin; but it will do very well for this winter. I came out to buy the Christmas dinner."

"Did you, indeed? Aren't you very young to go to market?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! I'm turned nine, and the oldest of four and father's dead. Of course I have to do all I can. I know how to choose a lumpy soup bone."

"Do you? Are you going to have soup to-day?"

"Yes, ma, a big kettle full; I've got ten cents to buy a bone with. I generally get a five cent one; but we thought for Christmas we would have it fine. My brother is to be home to dinner; he is most twelve, and likes soup."

There was a mist before Adele's eyes that the frosty air did not make. She brushed it away and settled her plans. "Come in here with me a minute," she said; "I want your help about something." The child followed wonderingly, with eyes that grew every moment larger as the thick brown coat which hung on a wire frame was taken down and deliberately tried by the smiling shop girl on her quaint little self.

"It fits to a T," said the girl; "Janey has a pretty figure and that just suits her."

"It is warm, at least," said Adele. "Did you say it was two and a half?"

"You know, and Santa Claus sent it to you. Now that shawl's shawl."

A moment more, and it was in Janey's astonished arms. Her eyes sparkled, but she made an earnest protest: "Oh! if you please, I don't think I can; I am afraid mother would not."

"Your mother cannot help herself," interrupted Adele. "Don't you know I told you it was Santa Claus? He does what he likes always. Come along, I'm going to market with you; I want to see you pick out a soup bone. Is it to go in that basket?"

She picked it out with grave care and with skill, Adele and the child, a stout boy who had also stopped, Adele turned as the freckled boy nodded.

"Who is this? Is he a friend of yours? Well, Bobby, Santa Claus wants you to go on an errand for him, will you? He will give you four of those red-checked apples if you will."

The boy laughed good-naturedly, and said he didn't know much about Santa Claus, but he would do whatever she wanted.

"Very well," said Adele warmly; "I will take that basket which hangs up there. Can you lend it to this boy for a little while?" The market man declared his entire willingness to do so, and kept Bobby hovering waiting for her home while he filled that basket with everything which Adele's eyes could discover, which might add to a Christmas dinner. There was a plump chicken, a roast of beef, a serving of sausage, some potatoes, apples, onions, turnips, a great bunch of celery, and, in short, whatever the market man suggested, after the girl's skill was exhausted.

"Is that too heavy for you?" said Adele.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" Bobby assured her.

"Very well; I want you to take it to this little girl's mother's house, and tell her Santa Claus sent it to go with the soup, and that he has given him a happy Christmas to do so. Will you remember to pay the bill."

"I've spent every cent of my ten dollars," she told Aunt Martha an hour later. "I haven't even enough to buy you any Christmas bon-bons; but I have obeyed mamma's directions; I was to buy something to make me happy, and haven't felt so happy in weeks as I do this minute. When I got my things put away I'll come down and tell you all about it."

Aunt Martha watched her bound up the shawl, a glow on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes which they had lacked when she went out; and whatever the purchases had been, she was grateful.

As for Janey Hooper and her mother, as for nothing of Bobby, who took dinner with them, you must imagine how they felt.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY OLIVIER FRASER.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A sternish man, with steel blue eyes and red whiskers, dressed in a suit of faded blue, wearing lines that bore the stamp of travel, was walking up the main street of a New England factory village. With an air of easy assurance he looked around at the neat cottages of the laborers, at the carefully-kept gardens, at the rows of shade trees that adorned the level road. Stepping in front of a cottage, a trim more pretentious than the rest, he spoke to a man who was busily pruning a tiny hedge.

"Is this the mill-village of Steelville?" he inquired.

The person to whom this was addressed straightened up, and said, with good nature,—

"Yes, sir; that's just what it is."

"I never should have known it," said the stranger. "I was tolerably familiar with the place ten years ago."

"Perhaps you know me; most of the people in the village did. My name is Sam Putnam. Did you ever hear it?" said the other.

The other shook his head slowly, saying,—

"I have a poor memory for names."

"But I have an excellent one," returned Putnam. "Might I inquire yours?"

The stranger drew from his pocket a solled card, and handed it over the fence. Upon it was printed "Mr. J. Winslow Smith, Phrenologist."

With a look of contempt, Sam handed it back.

"What was your name ten years ago," he asked.

The stranger started, but recovering himself, said, with gentle suavity,—

"I was then J. Winslow Smith, book-agent. Ten years of study in foreign lands have fitted me to practise my vocation. Having some acquaintance in Steelville, and being on my way to the great metropolis, I concluded to make a call upon this, my old home."

"What were the names of your friends?" inquired Sam.

Mr. Smith made no reply. Instead, he signed deeply and glanced toward the spire of the church showing faintly through the trees.

"There have been remarkable changes here," he said.

"Well, I should rather think so. This doesn't look much more like old, dilapidated Steel Street than the New Jerusalem looks like the City of Destruction."

"It must have cost something. How was it done? Who paid the bills?" inquired Smith, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Oh, the Erie Company in part, and the people in part," said Sam, answering the last question. "As you no doubt remember, the old settlement was on a steep hillside,—so steep that people had to wear spikes in their shoes to keep from sliding down into the river. There was no chance for gardens, nor room for anything out doors but children and goats. Mr. Chamberlain, who had just taken charge of the flour-works yonder, saw for the more useful, level village that was ever laid out. It was, to be sure, covered with trees. He had away from the main road. He had away from the land surveyed into house-lots, the land surveyed into house-lots, and had the roads cut off, and began to put up cottages. These he rented to the help. Might glad they were to get them. As fast as the old tenement houses were emptied they were pulled down. 'Bug Palace,' the worst of the lot, burned one cold winter night."

"I suppose he built the church," said Mr. Smith, with a snort.

"He helped, but the people did most of it."

"Step-street people build a church?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"I should as soon think of Satan preaching the Gospel. Why, they were the most drunken, degraded, unchristian set that were ever drummed together."

"I know they were, but it was rum that did it all. When that was removed, the people were all right."

"Wasn't it a difficult thing to stop the drinking?"

"It was that. It took two years to get it fairly under, not to speak of the two years that Mr. Chamberlain put in before that, under old Lanson," said Sam.

"Who was this Lanson?" inquired J. Winslow Smith, with interest.

"He was the agent, who took charge of the mills after the death of Robert Flint."

"Was he smart?"

"Not very; he was too much of a hypocrite. He had an idea that he could cheat the Lord as easily as he could his fellow-men; but a judgment fell on him. He got found out, and had to leave the country."

"Good enough for him!" was the pious rejoinder.

For some minutes after this, neither of the men said a word. Putnam resumed his work, and the clipping of the huge shears was the only noise that broke the stillness.

"Would it be possible for a person to get a little liquor for medicine, here?" finally asked Smith.

"No, sir! Not a drop of liquor can be obtained in the village. Why, the people hate it now worse than the young boys do. I believe they would mob a man for bringing a quart into town!" was the emphatic reply.

"I don't understand how this came about," said Smith, with a ring of sincerity in his tones.

"It is a problem that a good many gave up," replied Putnam. "Lots of people think liquor-drinking cannot be successfully banished, either by law or by moral suasion. Mr. Chamberlain's experiment with this village has proved them wrong. He made use of both. Where persuasion would not avail, he substituted the strong arm of the law. This is now a gospel temperance, prohibition town. It has its schools, its library, its debating club, its literary circle, its church, and not a single liquor-saloon. This village has risen in answer to prayer; not that we prayed, and did nothing else, but prayer and work went hand in hand, and God blessed them, as he always does."

Mr. Smith was somewhat uneasy under this temperance lecture. He fidgeted as if it made him uncomfortable. When it was finished, he asked one more question.

"Are the flour-works making money?"

"More than ever before. The goods that are now turned out are first-class—the best in the market, and command a good price. Orders are 'way ahead' of last year, and there are few men that possess the honest purpose, and the real ability, that Boss Chamberlain has."

Thanking the good-natured giant for his information, Dr. Smith walked slowly on through the village. As he neared the next iron bridge that led over the river to the flour-works, a buggy drawn by two spirited horses passed him. It was a gentleman and lady and a little boy of five or six. The gentleman, with all the courtesy of a village king, bowed to the stranger who looked so eagerly and keenly at him. The salutation was not returned. The benignant doctor, his heavy brows lowering with an ugly frown, strode across the bridge, by the busy factories, and out of sight.

In the steady study of the old Flint mansion sat Tom Chamberlain, older than when he last saw him, thicker set, but still young, vigorous, prosperous.

"Miriam," he said, addressing the lady who was reading near him, "whom do you suppose Putnam declares he will in the village to-day?"

"You're sure I cannot tell."

"You're sure I cannot tell Lanson paid us 'ys our old friend Lanson 'What is 'a want?" asked the young wife.

"I imagine he—"

found Steel Street as he'd at first graded as ever. He is 'y and de- the country as travelling phreabout calling himself Doctor Smith. 'a, nam's opinion is that he expected to examine heads here, but finding rum and ignorance had departed, had not the courage to practise his quackery."

"It could not have been he," said Miriam. "Putnam must be mistaken."

"I think he is right, my dear. He never forgets faces, or voices, and he is very positive in his assertion."

"How fortunate that his poor, dear mother can never know! Do you remember, Tom, how her last prayers were for her boy?"

"I know it. The mother-love never changes. Perhaps those prayers were for her boy?"

"How can it be possible that he has fallen so low?" mused Miriam.

"I suppose it is an old-fashioned belief that such things come as judgments, yet I cannot but think that Lanson's failure is directly traceable to wrong-doing in business. The opportunity was given him to raise fallen Steel Street. None knew the right way better than he. Deliberately, he turned his back on it, and the Lord is an unpartial officer. This sin of neglect seems to be one of the greatest, as well as the most common. In punishment is as sure as those of other sins. Even in this world, swift retribution overtakes it.

THE END.

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