

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

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Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

Select Poetry.

THE CITY AND THE SEAS.

I sat at my casement window,
And gazed on the faring town;
Men raved here and men raved there,
And the stars looked coldly down.

I sat at my casement window,
And gazed at the starlit sky;
Silent their flight though the noiseful
night,
And a train dashed screaming by.

Oh, din of a world too near me;
Oh, peace of a life too far!
As in vision I seem to hear ye,
Thou city and thou lone star.

From the city a shout ascending
It stumped as it hurried by,
Wild grief and loud laughter blending,
The widow's, the worldling's cry.

With the passionate sob of sorrow,
And the passionate shriek for gold;
With the first low wail of the infant's
breath,
And the last faint cry of the old.

And the star! Oh, the star! What said
it!
I listened and caught the chime
That they sing as they move in their
constant groove

From beginning to end foreordered;
Of a law, and a course foreordered;
Not freedom, but God's control;
And nothing they know of the lawless
woe,
Or the weight of a burdened soul.

But as messengers bearing tidings,
They post on their pathway sure;
With speed never hearing, and fire never
wasting,
Forever serene and pure.

Then I turned from my casement window,
And I prayed for the peace Divine;
For the city is rife with jars and strife,
But the way of the stars be mine!

Eor the good here on earth too short is
done,
We dream and it will not stay;
But somehow the dream is more than a
dream,
Yet, oh, it is far away.

Interesting Story.

UP AT WINDOW'S.

[CONCLUDED.]

"My!" cried his wife, "you're terrible starchy. As I was a-sayin', the ole man is wuss!"

"Has he had any supper?"

"The sweet milk, you know; don't you remember?"

"Couldn't he eat no cake?"

"He don't want nothin'—can't hardly swallow milk, a-layin' there smilin' 'n' talkin' to somepin I can't see. It gives me the creeps to hear him. Waint he'd 'rouse 'nough to say who he is."

"Mebbe he'd go 'up an'—Here, I'll take a cup up; vittals rouses men. Mebbe he'll eat for me; then I'll get outen him who he is, an' where he lives at. Hey?"

"Yes, do; it'll do you good to see a fuller-critter lonesomer'n you." She put one of the cakes in his hand, and he went up the stairs to the left. When he was quite out of sight, the cheeriness faded from her face. "God help me!" she said. "It wasn't Ben that wronged him; 'twas me, all alone. I'd promised to be his wife!" She feebly wrung her hands. "Oh, why does Ben bring ever that up now when there's so much to warrant me? For will they let me an' Ben be together in the parlor? Young 'n' old I'm a burden an' a pain to them that loves me!"

"She was afraid to make any outcry; she sunk down before the fire and hid her head in her hands. She could hear her husband up in the loft, calling to the unknown man they had taken in two weeks ago; she could distinguish a feeble laugh, a cracked voice pattering away in little dribelets of speech, interrupted now and then by a hollow cough. Her husband's footsteps fell heavily on the boards overhead; there must be a sort of skuffle going on up there.

"Ben's a-tryin' to undress him," she muttered apathetically; "but he can't do it. Queer how strong the old man is. Hope Ben won't worry him; what's dress or undress to the like o' him?"

"Her husband came to the stairs. "Mariar!" he called, sharply. She arose at once, standing herself before she ascended the stairs. Window awaited her at the top; his face was ghastly, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"I don't like his looks," he said; "there's a big change since mornin'." We uns must find out who his folks

is—at least his neighborhood. I tried to take off his coat, thinkin' he'd feel easier; but he fit me—look how he scratched me."

There was a long welt on the back of his head.

"Let him be," she said, "let him be." She passed by her husband and went up to a truckle-bed in the middle of the room. A pair of feverish blue eyes confronted her, an old grizzled face was raised to hers. She sat down on the side of the bed, and reached and took the bony hand that clatched the coverlid.

"Friend," she said, softly, "won't you tell me your name? Your name? name?"

The blue eyes closed, and a smile passed over the sallow face as the lips moved:

"Them lights! Them lights! Is it mornin'!"

"Why no, friend," she answered, "that's the sunset. The sun, you know."

"Sunset. Sun, you know. Haint that there heaven where the sun is?"

"Oh! yes, friend. An' shinin' angels is there, an' the Lord, too. An' your wife—your wife," bending to hear his reply—your wife."

There was no reply.

"An' your children," she went on. There was not a word from him.

"Your child—your little gal, your little boy."

But, as before, there was no awakened interest.

Window stood at the foot of the bed, his eyes glittering and fixed on the man they had taken in.

"Try him w' some one he loves, Mariar," he said.

His wife understood him.

"Friend," she said, stroking the hand she held, "up there in heaven is some one you love."

"Love!" the blue eyes opened wide.

"Try him furder, Mariar."

"Friend, what's his name—that one you love?"

"Her name?"

"It's a she," Window said in a tired voice.

"Yes, friend," his wife went on, "her name? your name?"

"Name." The eyelids dropped.

"Mariar," began Window, when she interrupted him.

"Friend," she said, "the one you love is awaitin' for you."

"Where?"

So strong was his voice, with such energy was his hand withdrawn from hers that she arose to her feet.

"Where?"

"Here," she said, Window coming closer. "She wants to know yer name—your folks."

The blue eyes fixed themselves upon the husband now.

"The only name in heaven and earth by which men can be saved," the unknown muttered. Then, "I know she's there; I see her last night. I see her a-many nights. Trampin' round I see her; I follow her every where, an' she calls my name."

"Your name—that is?"

"Yes, my name. Only she shall not jest me; she leads me like a child. I've tried to be faithful; I don't swear; I don't lie; I try not to do them things the Good Book tells you you had'n't order. I'm like that there young man Christ spoke to an' he said he done them things, an' yet when Christ says, 'Foller me,' that young man couldn't, 'cause he was rich an' had great possessions what he loved. I'm rich; I'm got great possessions, an' I'm a-tryin' to be good. An' fer why?"

"Fer why?"

"Just to meet her in heaven, where she's awaitin' for me."

"She?"

"Yes."

"What does she call you? John?"

"I'm Thomas, that wouldn't believe tell he'd teched the Lord's wounds. John believed an' was loved. I was n't never loved much in this world."

Window impatiently moved aside.

"No use," he said; "he don't know a word you say to him."

His wife stooped and folded the coverlid over the shrunken form still attired in out-door garments. Then husband and wife went to the stairway.

"There!" cried a rapturous voice. They looked back into the loft,

The old man was sitting bolt upright on the side of the bed, his eyes directed to the little window and the western light flowing in.

"There—there she is. Her wings is of the light o' the mornin', like a silver dove—like the dove o' Pentecost. There! there!" He was on his feet tottering to the window. Husband and wife ran to him. He had hold of the window-sill, eagerly gazing beyond over the hills. "There!" she says, "Foller me," like Christ said to that rich young man. An'—an'—oh! she's went away, down behind them gold hills, a silver dove wif' wings o' gold."

He swung himself around and faced Window. "I haint no pauper; I'm rich, with a thousand gold dollars; I worked for it all my life. An' I won't be undressed—I won't. I've guarded it all my life; I've starved to save it, been homeless to save it; an' I won't be undressed."

Window's lips were pressed tightly together. A thousand dollars! could it be true?

"Ef he's got any money he's a hid-in' 'bout him," he whispered huskily; "that's the reason he won't hev his clo'es offen him."

"Speak o' money now!" his wife returned; "this is death."

The old man was looking from the window again, holding so tightly to the sill that they could not loosen his grasp.

"I'm a-follerin' 'er to heaven," he cried, piteously—"to heaven. She's lonesome there wifout me, 'cause I love her. Don't you pull me back! Don't! don't!"

"Water!" Mrs Window said. Her husband fetched the pitcher from the corner. She dipped in her hand and laved the old man's forehead.

"Friend," she said, soothingly, "come to bed; there's a dear, come to bed."

"Bed!" he repeated; "my bod's where she's buried; she—she calls me. An' I haint no pauper; I'm rich—I won't be undressed. Oh!"

The cry he uttered as she held her face to his, her eyes to his, rang in Maria Window's ears even when she had torn his hands from the window-sill and dragged him back to the bed. He lay there shuddering.

"He's a goin', Ben," she said, kneeling on the rough floor; "it's too late to try to find out who he is. Look at him, all alone, wifout 'em that don't know him near him. When you die, Ben, I'll be wif you—I know it. Then be comforted; we uns is allow to thank er. And O Ben, kneel, man, kneel; a soul is passin' to its Mak'r."

Then, in a fervent voice, she was saying, "O Lord! hear this tired soul beyond the pain o' life, beyond the penalty o' sin, beyond the knowledge o' want!"

"Amen!" Window laconically struck by which men can be saved," the unknown muttered. Then, "I know she's there; I see her last night. I see her a-many nights. Trampin' round I see her; I follow her every where, an' she calls my name."

"Your name—that is?"

"Yes, my name. Only she shall not jest me; she leads me like a child. I've tried to be faithful; I don't swear; I don't lie; I try not to do them things the Good Book tells you you had'n't order. I'm like that there young man Christ spoke to an' he said he done them things, an' yet when Christ says, 'Foller me,' that young man couldn't, 'cause he was rich an' had great possessions what he loved. I'm rich; I'm got great possessions, an' I'm a-tryin' to be good. An' fer why?"

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"Just to meet her in heaven, where she's awaitin' for me."

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"Yes."

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"No use," he said; "he don't know a word you say to him."

His wife stooped and folded the coverlid over the shrunken form still attired in out-door garments. Then husband and wife went to the stairway.

"There!" cried a rapturous voice. They looked back into the loft,

"God take me!" she cried, passionately, raising her arms on high, broken of heart and spirit alike.

There was a moment's pause, and then the belt fell to the floor, the glittering pieces rolling out before their feet.

"Take it from me, Mariar," gasped Window, "take it from me; the temptation is too great. Take it away! take it away! I've spected ever since he came, an' wouldn't hev his clo'es offen him, that he must hev money 'bout him. I'm d-sp'r'te—I come up wif the cake a-purpose to get the money ef he had any; I called you up to keep me from takin' it. Take it away! take it away! I'll sting my soul to death!"

He had caught her to him, when she saw a paper lying on the floor. She stooped and picked it up.

"Here!" she said; "this must 'a' drapped from the belt; mebbe it'll tell who he is. Read it! read it right away; find out who his people is, an' take the money to 'em to-night—this hour—this minute!"

He trembled as much as she did when he took the paper over to the window.

The shadows were falling fast; the west held but a narrow ribbon of color; the face on the pillow of the truckle-bed appeared almost young in the small light.

"I can't read not a word," Window said; "E'm a-tremblin' too much."

"I ken, then," his wife cried, and took the paper in her own hand. "The money must go to his folks to-night; it dare not be in this house—it dare not. Take it to Lawyer Slame of you can't find his folks; but it dare not be in this house. Porehouse, but not thieves! Porehouse, but not thieves!"

She tore open the paper, glanced at it, and leaned up against the wall.

"Read!" she commanded; "read!" and held the paper steadily before him.

It was a will made years ago, properly signed and witnessed. It bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars, all that the testator possessed, to the girl he loved and who had jilted him, Maria Window, the wife of Benjamin Window. It was signed, "Charles Beldon."

In the dimness the woman pointed to the bed; "Look how young he looks! I know him now—it was his blue eyes that made me take him in. An' he knowed me—when he got that big cry he knowed me, an' it kill'd him. Our hums is saved by the man we uns treated bad, an' that earned us!"

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Getting 'Ligion.

Describing the concluding ceremony of a negro camp meeting in North Carolina, a correspondent of the *New York Commercial* says:—

The procession finally halted on the hillside, a great circle of humanity. The preachers entered it; at their order all faced inward. Exhortations from several brethren were addressed to the impatient, the ministers resumed their places, and then there was a count-march in single file, a circle within a circle, until each had shaken hands with every other, all singing and swaying to the music as before. Finally the head of the procession emerged from the ring and started for the arbor, the directing preacher and most of those who followed having fallen into a not ungraceful dancing step. They entered, the ministers and elders unarched to the platform, their tune and steps growing livelier all the while. Some fifty of the women rushed into the open space, while the others hastened to the benches and mounted to them. Those dancing in front of the platform grew more and more excited; they glided back and forth, expired themselves like test-tubes or leaping several feet from the ground, all keeping time with the music, which waxed louder and louder. The preachers were moving in every joint, patting their hands on their knees and stimulating the excitement. Some women dropped from exhaustion, and were carried out; all were pallid, their breathing was labored and spasmodic. Even the preachers showed signs of weakening, when suddenly one of them raised his hand. Almost immediately the singing ceased, and he managed to say in a voice scarcely audible, "All kneel and pray." The request was obeyed. In the midst of a quiet and hush, in strange contrast to the previous noise and whirl, a voice was heard, clear, calm and not overloud, asking God's blessing on their farewell.



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