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HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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SOLITUDE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its
mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure of all your
pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar-
ed wine
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Fast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by,
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

FRIENDSHIP.

MAGGIE NAISMITH, HOLSTEIN ONT.

What is this friendship of which bards
have sung and poets raved almost from
time immemorial? Is it—
But a name, a charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

Far be the thought! Friendship,
Firm and steadfast, may be rare, it is
rare, yet even in this world of empty
pride and base deception, we may find
that which merits the title, Friendship
the sweet word and sweeter bond. From
the earliest infancy each has had a bosom
friend; one near and dear, to whom
he has been confided every joy—every
grief. While as time rolls on and with
changing years change early ties,
there will be one who, nearer than
others, may claim that chosen
friend.

Are we wrong? Are there those
who tread "life's thorny way" friendless
alone? "None to love, none to
care." None to care whether fortune
smiles on them and life seems as a glad
summer; or whether theirs are
sad smiles, and "the burden
upon them is more than they
can bear."

Cheerless thought! Could joy un-
shared be joy! Could there be sorrow
and none to sympathise? None to
speak a kindly word or lend a pitying
glance? Oh! depth of earthly woe!

Bowed thus in sorrow, do they not
know that there is one ever ready
to help? One "Friend that sticketh
closer than a brother." No grief is too
small for His notice—no care too trif-
ling. Precious "refuge in time of
trouble!" Why will not all seek com-
fort there?

But even humanly speaking, are
there not sweet ties of friendship, and
which constitutes a true friend? Is
there one who bravely, yet gently, tells
us our faults; who tenderly distangles
our feet from the meshes of evil and
points us to the straight and narrow
way; who chides without harshness;
who loves without servility? Then
such would we gladly call our friend.
Only one who is faithful and true could
venture to administer a reproof, know-
ing that it would inflict pain, for whose
inward spirit would not feel chafed to
see their faults exposed to the glare of
even friendly criticism? Yet we are
told in the *Book of all books* that "the
wounds of a friend are better than the
kisses of an enemy."

"True bliss, if man may reach it, is
composed of hearts in union mutually
disclosed." What care is there when
fellow-feeling will not lighten? How
often, when downcast and sorrowful,
have we felt the soothing influence of
friendly sympathy? Think of our sad
experience had there been none to con-
fide in. Would we not be still mor-
osely brooding over our ills, magnified
tenfold by nursing them, whereas we
can see now the silver lining peeping
through the clouds, and life once more
seems bright and beautiful? One
friendly word worked this metamorpho-
sis and enabled us to see all in a new
light. Who can estimate the value of
a true friend? Little do we realize
how much our companions make or
mar our lives. Many a bright boy
leaves the home of his childhood—his
father's restraining influence and his
mother's tender care—goes to fight life's
battles, totally ignorant of the snarls
and pitfalls which await him. Distance
lends enchantment, the world seems
full of beauty and sunshine; he does

not dream of danger, when, perchance,
the serpent lurking in his path will
steal upon him unawares. He does
not recognise a foe, who, skilled in de-
ceit, comes in the guise of a friend, and
ensnares the unsuspecting youth. All
are not endowed with the same will
power. Some have a yielding and pli-
able nature and may be readily influ-
enced for good or evil. How many,
looking back when years have fled,
may trace their present condition to the
timely influence of a friend?

Parents should study the disposition
of each child, and as far as possible
keep them from being contaminated by
evil companions. Beware lest the
tempter come in the disguise of friend-
ship and steal from your garland its
sweetest blossoms.

Ah! could you but have foreseen the
dire consequences—your boy filling the
drunkard's grave, or chained with the
convict's fetter, would that subtle de-
ceiver have found a place at your fire
side? No! And now when goaded
by misery you spurn him from you, it
is too late. He only mocks at your
sorrow—he, who ruined your darling
while claiming to be his friend, yes—
friend—as Brutus was to Caesar—as
Delilah was to Samson.

Can friendship exist between two of
different tastes and habits; must there
not be thoughts and feelings in common
—only sufficient diversity of disposition
to avoid monotony, yet such agreement
that their lives will blend harmoniously
together? "Two souls with but a
single thought—two hearts that beat
as one."

How true it is that "a whisperer
separateth chief friends?" Are in-
stances of it not of every day occurrence?
Strange it is that we value our friends
so lightly, that we would let a mere
scandal-monger come between us and
them. It is only when they are gone
—parted by a proud, unforgiving spir-
it—that we feel our loss. Mayhap, we
do not realize it till they are gone from
us to another world. Then, in vain
would we recall each hasty action, in
vain wish for a reconciliation when too
late.

We did not appreciate their true val-
ue when here, and now 'tis vain to sigh
for

A friend "whose every breath

May blend and mingle with our own,
Whose heart with ours in joy may meet;
Whose eye with ours in pain may meet;
For dear to us are those who wait
Around our couch with kindred pain:
The long familiar friend or mate,
Whose softness woos us to complain,
Whose tear meets every tear that flows,
Whose sympathy relieves our woes."

HOW TO BECOME A MILL- IONAIRE.

You must be a very able man, as
nearly all the millionaires are.

You must devote your life to the
getting and keeping of other men's earn-
ings.

You must eat the bread of carefulness,
and must rise up early and sit up late.

You must care little or nothing about
other men's wants, or suffering, or dis-
appointments.

You must not mind that your great
wealth involves many other in pov-
erty.

You must not give away except for
a material equivalent.

You must not go meandering about
Nature, nor spending your time enjoy-
ing air, earth, sky, or water, for there's
no money in it.

You must never embark in any en-
terprise that will build up the place
you live in, but wait until the public-
spirited men have built railroads, etc.,
then buy the stock at a discount.

You must never give to the widow
or orphan a thought, or consider that
they have any claims upon your hu-
manity or charity.

You must make money your god,
interest your faith, and large possessions
the heaven you covet. And when dy-
ing give a few pence to heaven.

You must not distract your thoughts
from the great purpose of your life
with the charms of life and literature.

You must not let philosophy or re-
ligion engross you during the secular
time.

You must not allow your wife and
children to occupy much of your valu-
able time and thoughts.

You must never permit the fascina-
tions of friendship to inveigle you into
making loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambi-
tions or purposes; and, finally—

You must be prepared to sacrifice
ease and all fanciful notions you may
have about tastes and luxuries and en-
joyments during most if not all, of your
natural life.

If you think the game is worth the
candle, you can die rich—some of you
can.

He who knows most, grieves most
for wasted time.