

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1884.

No. 19.

"REMEMBRANCE."

Like a mournful wail of music, a tender,
sad refrain,
The memories of other days are coming
back again;
In slow, harmonious measures, in notes
almost sublime,
The melody of music beats against the
bars of time.

Down the aisles of long ago, with a slow
and solemn tread,
Walking to the sacred ashes of the loved,
the lost, the dead;
From the buried past, dead faces that I
loved with tender smiles
Come to bless me, and caress me, in these
memory lighted aisles.

Oh, the past, the dreams of passion,
down the aisles of long ago,
Clasping hands and kissing faces that I
loved and trusted so!
Some were false, and cold, and cruel,
but their memory to-night
Shall not come to cast a shadow, shall
not come to bring a blight.

Many a white-sailed ship has drifted
o'er the ocean far and wide,
And compassless, and rudderless, went
down beneath the tide;
And many a ship that sailed the seas,
and drifted far away,
To-night in beauty lies at rest upon a
moonlit bay.

I look far off across the blue, I see no
mist, no tears:
I only see the shadow of the swiftly
coming years,
The past—oh, let the dread past rest,
and hide the grave with flowers!
Strengthen my hand, and nerve my heart
to meet the coming hours.

THROUGH WIND AND RAIN.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

(Continued.)

"May I hear, before I deliver this, of
my cousin Will's health and welfare?"
asked Captain Warder, putting his arm
through the Squire's and sauntering
with him into the next room, Miss Agnes'
letter in one hand. I didn't pre-
tend to go on with my figures, for every
word they uttered reached me through
the curtains, and presently I understood
well enough who was making Mr. Will's
absence fatal to the dear old home.
From that very hour the end followed
so naturally, in spite of its mystery,
that I seemed to have been expecting
it all just as it came.

That very night, when I was sitting
alone in my room, fancying the whole
household was in bed, my door was
softly opened, and Miss Agnes came in
in her white dress, far more like a ghost
than—She came in, I say, almost with-
out a sound, and dropped upon her
knees at my side just as she might have
done if I had been her mother, and she
—broken-hearted. I couldn't say a
word; I only put my hands upon her
soft dark hair, and tried to keep back
the tears; old women are so silly about
their tears.

"This is good-bye," she said present-
ly, raising her white face; and at that
moment the steadfast light within her
eyes was sad to see. "Good-bye. This
life is over for me—from to-night."

"My dear," I cried, as I took both
her chilly hands in mine, "what is that
you mean, Miss Agnes?"

"I am going." Her voice sank to
a very whisper at the last word, so no
wonder I could not feel sure I had
heard aright. Yet not for anything
could I ask her again, because I seem-
ed to understand it all so well, after
those suspicions of Captain Warder's
which I had overheard.

"I am going—to-morrow," she whis-
pered, her wide eyes meeting mine with
an unuttered longing in them. "I am
going because—my uncle has lost—his
trust in me. He thinks I would ruin
—his son's—life. I ruin it! I have
an old friend who will receive me—I
think. She is poor, but I—will help
her. I—need not be—a burden."

"Where is she, Miss Agnes?"
But no, not by hinting or asking, or
even entreating, could I win that infor-
mation. She would not leave me the
power of telling Mr. Will where she was
gone.

"But tell him," she whispered, very
softly, "please tell him—only this one
thing; that kneeling here, just as I
might kneel at my own mother's side,
I pray he will do as his father wishes.
I shall be quite happy—presently. His
father has been as my father, and I
have no word to say to-night, or ever,
but—God bless him."

I don't know whether I answered at
all; I fancy not; but I held her to my
breast and—well, never mind that.

Strange to say, it was on the next
morning, just before Miss Agnes left
us, that Lord Luxleigh brought his

daughter to Wesmede; then of course
I guessed that both my master and
Captain Warder had been yesterday
aware of her return. I was lingering
with Miss Agnes in the hall—just mak-
ing tasks to keep me beside her—when
the two young ladies met. I was a poor
judge of course, but I did think that
the frail, sad girl, who was going alone
into the world for the sake of Mr. Will,
was far better worth his love, than the
girl who with her foreign voice and
dress and manners, was come to win
what my dear was resigning. Quite
courteously the Squire introduced his
young cousin to Miss Luxleigh, but
somehow his voice sounded all differ-
ent.

Ah! how the minutes fled till she
was gone, then how they crept by us,
bringing us never the music of a girl-
ish voice and willing step: bringing us,
even no word from the outer world to
tell us of her. Though I could see
that the Squire missed her more than
words could say, he never even uttered
her name. Captain Warder did wisely
not to leave him alone just then know-
ing what the empty rooms would be for
him, after the bright companionship of
his adopted daughter. The intercourse
between Luxleigh and Wesmede became
very close. Perhaps Miss Luxleigh
enjoyed the Squire's perpetual narra-
tives of his son's perfections, and per-
haps adulation of every kind was wel-
come to her. In any case she came
very frequently to Wesmede, and so
aided Captain Warder's attempt to keep
Mr. Capleton from being solitary.

So time went on till Mr Will's return.
Of course I knew nothing of what
passed between the father and son, but
I happened to meet my young master
on the stairs just afterwards and he
passed me without a word or glance,
his eyes burning, and his lips drawn
tight upon his teeth. Later on when I
was tired of hearing him pacing to and
fro in his own room, I ventured in to
him, to give him the welcome I'd al-
ways given in old times when he had
come from school or college. At first I
thought he was going to turn away
from me, but quite suddenly (as if he
remembered that his secret lay in my
keeping) he turned and greeted me.
It was a good while, though, before I
trusted myself to give him Miss Agnes'
message, and almost as soon as ever I

repeated it—he, standing, in utter still-
ness to listen—the door opened, and
Captain Warder came in with his
greeting: a greeting far to loud and
cordial to be quite honest from him.

Mr. Will looked down with silent
contempt upon his cousin's outstretched
hand, then he turned to me as if he was
not even aware that any one else stood
there. "Old friend," he said "I am
going away again, to fetch my cousin
Agnes back to Wesmede; so you see
I must answer your welcome by another
good-bye."

I was looking straight into Captain
Warder's face, but I could not find out
whether his surprise was real or feigned.
"Your father found himself deceived
in Agnes Capleton," he said, "and natu-
rally he will never consent to her
return here."

Shall I ever forget my young mas-
ter's fierce reply, or the savage gloom of
Captain Warder's face when he left the
room?

Mr. Will had a long interview with
his father after that; and from what
he told me afterwards, when he came
to see if I could help him by the faint-
est clue to Miss Agnes' present home,
I understood that my master had said
if he could not return to marry Miss
Luxleigh he need never return at all
and had strictly forbidden him to bring
Miss Agnes to Wesmede. From that
—even without being told—I could
guess that Captain Warder had been
present at the interview in spite of
Mr. Will's earnest wish to see his father
alone; but I did not wonder the
father should fear trusting to himself
this refusal of his son's anxious prayer.

Not for months after Mr. Will's de-
parture did the Squire betray any sym-
ptoms of having taken to heart the
defeat of his scheme or the absence of
his son; and so the people grew to say
he didn't care, and that Captain War-
der was as good as any son to him; but
I knew better. Sometimes, wandering
to his door late in the night to be sure
that all was well, I would hear the old
man weeping like a girl; and a year
afterwards I found those letters of Mr.
Will's, which were never answered,
worn to shreds, as a century could not
have worn them had they lain in the
Squire's desk instead of—where they
did lie.

(Continued on Fourth page.)