

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1885.

No. 12.

Vol. V.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on Friday at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

#### TERMS:

**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.  
The **ACADIAN** JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.  
Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.  
The name of the party writing for the **ACADIAN** must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors and Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sundays, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M.  
Evening and 4:30 on at 7 P. M.  
Sunday school commences every 8th day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.  
J. G. Higginson, M. A. Rector.  
(Divinity Student of Kings College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

#### Masonic.

Fr. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M. Meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.  
J. B. Davidson, Secretary.

#### Oddfellows.

OPHELIA'S LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets in O'Connell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

#### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION OF T. M. Meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

The **ACADIAN** will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

### DIRECTORY

**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.**

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and Dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. E.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

CODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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PERRIN, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REIDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, and News Dealers.

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville, where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

### Silent Poetry.

#### AFTERMATH.

When the Summer fields are mown,  
When the birds are fledged and flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the path;  
With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow,  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours;  
Not the upland clover bloom;  
But the rosen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds  
In the silence and the gloom.  
—H. W. Laughlin.

#### THE QUAKER POET'S FAITH.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened palmist, own  
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long;  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of unmet and surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And so, beside the silent sea,  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His Love and care.  
—J. G. Whittier.

#### Interesting Story.

### Rachel.

A TRUE STORY OF WESTERN FARM LIFE.

Concluded.

The father raised his hand as if to strike his child, then, as she did not drop her eyes, he turned and left the room.

July came, but the Stillman girls did not go to the picnic. Tom and the "hands" went, and Mrs. Lansing and her boys stopped at Stillman's on their way and offered the girls seats in their wagon, but the offer was not accepted.

"The women folk," Mr. Stillman said, "had to get ready for the harvest hands, and there was more cooking and churning and washing as the days went on. No wonder Mrs. Stillman grew weaker, until even Mr. Stillman noticed it and brought her a bottle of bitter, and told the girls to keep "mother out of the kitchen," which they, indeed, tried hard to do. But the mother could not rest. There was so much to do. The girls could not get along, and Elizabeth was not well, she knew, for the patient elder daughter seemed drooping, and a hopeless look had settled on her face as if for life.

At last there came a morning, about the middle of July, when mother did not rise to breakfast.

"Hadin' to better send for Dr. Lewis, father?" said Elizabeth.

"Oh, no, your mother did not sleep, it was so hot last night. She'll be up directly. Keep her out of the kitchen, and see you have a good dinner on time. We'll have to work to finish today, an' I am expectin' a storm; the air feels lik' it."

Twelve o'clock came. Dinner for a dozen hungry men was on the table, and still Mrs. Stillman was in her bed.

While the men were eating Rachel slipped in to her mother. She found her awake, but her flushed cheeks and bright eyes startled the girl.

"O, mother," she cried, "you must have the doctor, you are so sick."

"No, no, dear," the mother answered, "father is too busy now, he could n't take time. You run over to Mrs. Lansing after dinner. I'm not much sick, but I would like to see her."

Rachel returned to the drawing-room.

"Take that fly-brush, Rachel," said her father, "Susy's no account." Poor, tired little Susy crimsoned to the roots of her hair as she handed Rachel the brush.

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Replacing his hat on his head, he returned toward the house, and to his surprise saw the well-known figure of Dr. Lewis on the porch. "Driven in by the rain," he thought; "guess I'll get him to see mother."

"Well, Doctor," he said as he stepped up on the porch, "how are you? Just got my wheat in in time; lucky, wasn't it?"

"Very," said the doctor, gravely, "but I just came from your wife's bedside, and she is, I find, very ill. I ought to have called long ago."

Mr. Stillman was startled. "Why," he said, "doctor, you can't think her dangerous. It's the weather's weakened her so."

The doctor was silent a moment. Then he said slowly: "Mr. Stillman, it is my duty to tell you that your wife can live at the farthest but a few days."

For once in their lives the men at Stillman's ate a cold supper and did the milking. Mrs. Lansing took the superintendence of everything on herself. John and his wife were sent for and came, and before morning Jim Lansing, who had learned the state of affairs from one of the "hands," quietly hitched the horses to a wagon and went for Martha and her husband.

Poor Martha, who had not seen her mother for more than a year.

All night Mr. Stillman watched by his wife's bedside or walked restlessly up and down the long back porch. It could not be. His wife was not dying; she was only tired. Yes, that was it; Mr. Stillman; she was tired, and rest was coming.

When Martha came the mother, who had so longed for her, did not recognize her.

"Mother! mother!" cried the daughter in anguish. The mother looked at her with dim eyes that saw no more of earth, and murmured as she tossed upon her pillow: "Hurry, girls! oh, hurry, it's almost twelve, and father will be in soon."

Then she grew quiet, only her rest, less hands, which her daughters vainly strove to hold, kept reaching out as if trying to grasp at the unknown land she was soon to enter. Just as the sun arose in the morning Mrs. Stillman "entered her rest."

Her husband seemed stunned by the terrible shock. With haggard face and trembling limbs he bent over his dead wife. "I loved her so," he said, "how could she leave me?"

Ah, Mr. Stillman, you are by no means the first person who has failed to care for their beloved ones until too late.

Life went on as usual at Stillman's after the mother had gone; for a little while the father had been kinder, but as the time went on old habits were resumed. Elizabeth went listless and, evidently failing in health.

Margaret was growing every day more defiant toward her father and constantly quarrelled with Tom, who, now that his gentle mother's influence was no more felt, grew every day more meddlesome and overbearing toward his sisters.

The summer following Mrs. Stillman's death, Mrs. Lansing's eldest son Frank took unto himself a wife, and late in the fall the neighborhood was electrified with the entirely unlooked for marriage of Mr. Stillman to Mrs. Lansing. Her boys on learning of her intentions had remonstrated earnestly with her, but she said: "You boys do not need to know and those girls are going to destruction. Think of Rachel saying, 'God had nothing to do with her mother's death, and she didn't think He

careed anything for women 'anyhow. He just created them for men's convenience.' And then look at little Susy; the child's face haunts me."

"Well," said Jim, "I know things are in a bad fix 'over there, but it isn't Susy's face that haunts me by any means."

His mother laughed. "I shall take good care of Margaret," she said, "the poor girl needs some one to look after her, she and Elizabeth are both being worked to death."

Time has slipped four years more over the heads of the Stillmans—years well improved by Rachel and Susy at the academy in the village near their father's farm—years which gave Margaret's happiness into Jim Lansing's keeping, brought Susy to the verge of womanhood, and made Tom a young man of whom his sisters were extremely proud. Even Elizabeth's van face looks as if life might still hold a little happiness for her, for under the new wife's skillful management life at Stillman's has taken on a different color. The spare room has metamorphosed into a pretty sitting-room for the young folks. "We don't want them always with us," says Mrs. Stillman as she shows her husband the change she has made. This is one of her peculiarities.

She does what she thinks best without talk, taking it for granted that Mr. Stillman will view matters in the same light that she does.

As for Rachel, she enjoyed fully the change for the better; but now to the feeling of bitterness she cherished against her father was added a touch of contempt. "See," she thought, "how this wife can flatter and bend him to her will. If mother could have seen that she might have been alive still."

Rachel was mistaken; the new wife did not manœuvre or flatter, but knowing her place she maintained it as mistress of the home, not as a sort of upper servant to be snubbed or praised according to the master's humor. And another summer had been added to Rachel's nineteen years when Tom came home from town one evening and hurrying into the dining-room where she was arranging the supper table, said: "Rachel, do you remember old Grey, as I used to call him, that taught our school one winter about six years ago?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, I met him in town to-day. He is one of the lawyers in the Sanders case, and he knew me right off; he's coming out this evening, so look your prettiest, for I tell you he's a smart one. I heard some of the lawyers talking about him."

"Rachel," said Susy, as they arrayed themselves for the evening, "you are so hard to please this evening; what all you? You look so excited."

Rachel smiled. "I was thinking of old days," she said; "that is all."

And she enters the little parlor where Mr. Stillman and the guest are seated in a perfectly self-possessed manner, saying as she extends her hand:—"Good evening, Teacher. How goes the world with Apollon?"

And the young lawyer springs to his feet exclaiming: "Rachel! is it possible? And he holds her hands and looks into her eyes so long that Susy and Mrs. Stillman declare he fell in love then and there.

However that may be, it is certain Mr. Grey shows a wonderful interest in the Stillman district during his stay at Maywood. The trial is tedious, but his patience never gives out, and when some of the lawyers propose night sessions of court to hasten matters he opposes it earnestly. "Too hard on the old Judge," he says.

But all things must end, and the case was at last decided in favor of Mr. Grey's client. As Rachel congratulated him on his victory, he said with a look that brought the color to her face:—"How long must I stay in Doubting Castle, Rachel?"

"Dear me," she answered, "I did not think a promising young lawyer, as father calls you, ever got into that dismal place."

Then Susy came in and the young man bade them good-bye, but he watched an opportunity to whisper in Rachel's ear a promise of speedy return, and as he travelled homeward

those wonderful eyes seemed to haunt him persistently. "Who would have thought," he said to himself, "she could have become such a woman? No wonder I never could find a girl to suit me when she has been my ideal."

You see he was trying to persuade himself that he had thought of her ever since that winter term of school; perhaps it was true. Maybe all unknown to him those eyes had held him. At any rate he says they did; and when time after time they drew him back to Stillman's he at last succeeded in making Rachel believe it, and then with the little "key of promise" she delivered him from 'Doubting Castle.'

Let us take one more look two years later at the Stillman homestead.

There is a family gathering and all the girls are present—Martha and her two little ones, Margaret with her two boys, and Rachel with her baby. Susy, a proud young aunt, sits to and fro, now teasing one and now another of the children. Elizabeth, with unworldly brightness in her eyes, looks on and even laughs a sweet, low laugh at some of the merry mischief. "Well," says Margaret, "it does seem odd to think of Lizzie's lover coming back after all these years."

"Yes," answered Margaret, in the same low tone, "and how happy she seems. I suppose the wedding will be soon; they have been separated so long."

The husbands are all present in the evening, and the old house is full of light and gaiety. Rachel steps off upstairs to put baby to bed. As she sits in the room where in her childhood she had spent so many unhappy days, her tears fall thinking of them and the dear mother who had suffered and died, and the old bitterness rises in her heart.

Baby drops asleep, and laying him gently in the cradle in which she herself had been rocked, she kisses two dainty lips and goes down-stairs. Some impulse prompts her to enter the sitting-room instead of going into the parlor, where she thinks all the family are gathered. As she opens the door, she sees her father sitting by the table, where the lamp stands as of old, and half turns to go out again, but something in his attitude touches her. He is not reading his newspaper; he is looking at something he holds in his hand. She notices how gray he is getting, and how age is tracing lines in his stern face. Drawing near, she says: "Are you sick, father?"

"O, no," he answers, "I was thinking of your mother, Rachel; and he handed her a faded daguerrotype of the fair young girl who had been his bride in the days of his youth.

"How like Susy, father," she said, with tears dropping on the lovely face.

"Yes, only she was prettier," he answered.

"I have been thinking of her so much lately, Rachel," he went on; "I am going to do something I think will please her if she sees. I bought that pretty little farm of Perry's the other day and I am going to put Martha and her husband on it. Dick's an industrious fellow, but it's hard getting on on a rented place, and Martha is worried too much. You don't think any of the rest would object?" and he looked anxiously in her face.

"Oh, let it! Why, father, they will all be glad," and dropping her head on his shoulder she puts her arms around him for the first time in her life, and as she slips the little daguerrotype in his hand, a sweet peace fills her heart as she thinks, "The bitterness has gone, and love takes its place."

After a while she joins the group in the parlor. They are singing, while Susy plays accompaniments on the organ. "Sing 'Coronation,' Susy," she says, as she sits down beside her husband.

"What is it?" he asks. "You look unusually happy?"

"Ah!" she answers. "I have had a vision of the land of Boulah, and love is its king."

As the voices joined in singing the old familiar hymn, Mr. Stillman came quietly in and sat down to listen. So let us leave Rachel and her sisters, hoping that whatever may befall them in the journey of life, "love, for them, may always be king."

### C. A. PATRIQUIN

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August 18th.

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JAMES B. MARTIN } Admr.,  
JOHN L. MARTIN }  
Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885. tf

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water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens  
for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and  
illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a  
5-cent stamp and this slip. A. W. KIMNEY,  
Yarmouth, N. S.

at last there came a morning, about the middle of July, when mother did not rise to breakfast.

"Hadin' to better send for Dr. Lewis, father?" said Elizabeth.

"Oh, no, your mother did not sleep, it was so hot last night. She'll be up directly. Keep her out of the kitchen, and see you have a good dinner on time. We'll have to work to finish today, an' I am expectin' a storm; the air feels lik' it."

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All night Mr. Stillman watched by his wife's bedside or walked restlessly up and down the long back porch. It could not be. His wife was not dying; she was only tired. Yes, that was it; Mr. Stillman; she was tired, and rest was coming.

When Martha came the mother, who had so longed for her, did not recognize her.

"Mother! mother!" cried the daughter in anguish. The mother looked at her with dim eyes that saw no more of earth, and murmured as she tossed upon her pillow: "Hurry, girls! oh, hurry, it's almost twelve, and father will be in soon."

Then she grew quiet, only her rest, less hands, which her daughters vainly strove to hold, kept reaching out as if trying to grasp at the unknown land she was soon to enter. Just as the sun arose in the morning Mrs. Stillman "entered her rest."

Her husband seemed stunned by the terrible shock. With haggard face and trembling limbs he bent over his dead wife. "I loved her so," he said, "how could she leave me?"

Ah, Mr. Stillman, you are by no means the first person who has failed to care for their beloved ones until too late.

Life went on as usual at Stillman's after the mother had gone; for a little while the father had been kinder, but as the time went on old habits were resumed. Elizabeth went listless and, evidently failing in health.

Margaret was growing every day more defiant toward her father and constantly quarrelled with Tom, who, now that his gentle mother's influence was no more felt, grew every day more meddlesome and overbearing toward his sisters.

The summer following Mrs. Stillman's death, Mrs. Lansing's eldest son Frank took unto himself a wife, and late in the fall the neighborhood was electrified with the entirely unlooked for marriage of Mr. Stillman to Mrs. Lansing. Her boys on learning of her intentions had remonstrated earnestly with her, but she said: "You boys do not need to know and those girls are going to destruction. Think of Rachel saying, 'God had nothing to do with her mother's death, and she didn't think He

careed anything for women 'anyhow. He just created them for men's convenience.' And then look at little Susy; the child's face haunts me."

"Well," said Jim, "I know things are in a bad fix 'over there, but it isn't Susy's face that haunts me by any means."

His mother laughed. "I shall take good care of Margaret," she said, "the poor girl needs some one to look after her, she and Elizabeth are both being worked to death."

Time has slipped four years more over the heads of the Stillmans—years well improved by Rachel and Susy at the academy in the village near their father's farm—years which gave Margaret's happiness into Jim Lansing's keeping, brought Susy to the verge of womanhood, and made Tom a young man of whom his sisters were extremely proud. Even Elizabeth's van face looks as if life might still hold a little happiness for her, for under the new wife's skillful management life at Stillman's has taken on a different color. The spare room has metamorphosed into a pretty sitting-room for the young folks. "We don't want them always with us," says Mrs. Stillman as she shows her husband the change she has made. This is one of her peculiarities.

She does what she thinks best without talk, taking it for granted that Mr. Stillman will view matters in the same light that she does.

As for Rachel, she enjoyed fully the change for the better; but now to the feeling of bitterness she cherished against her father was added a touch of contempt. "See," she thought, "how this wife can flatter and bend him to her will. If mother could have seen that she might have been alive still."

Rachel was mistaken; the new wife did not manœuvre or flatter, but knowing her place she maintained it as mistress of the home, not as a sort of upper servant to be snubbed or praised according to the master's humor. And another summer had been added to Rachel's nineteen years when Tom came home from town one evening and hurrying into the dining-room where she was arranging the supper table, said: "Rachel, do you remember old Grey, as I used to call him, that taught our school one winter about six years ago?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, I met him in town to-day. He is one of the lawyers in the Sanders case, and he knew me right off; he's coming out this evening, so look your prettiest, for I tell you he's a smart one. I heard some of the lawyers talking about him."

"Rachel," said Susy, as they arrayed themselves for the evening, "you are so hard to please this evening; what all you? You look so excited."

Rachel smiled. "I was thinking of old days," she said; "that is all."

And she enters the little parlor where Mr. Stillman and the guest are seated in a perfectly self-possessed manner, saying as she extends her hand:—"Good evening, Teacher. How goes the world with Apollon?"

And the young lawyer springs to his feet exclaiming: "Rachel! is it possible? And he holds her hands and looks into her eyes so long that Susy and Mrs. Stillman declare he fell in love then and there.

However that may be, it is certain Mr. Grey shows a wonderful interest in the Stillman district during his stay at Maywood. The trial is tedious, but his patience never gives out, and when some of the lawyers propose night sessions of court to hasten matters he opposes it earnestly. "Too hard on the old Judge," he says.

But all things must end, and the case was at last decided in favor of Mr. Grey's client. As Rachel congratulated him on his victory, he said with a look that brought the color to her face:—"How long must I stay in Doubting Castle, Rachel?"

"Dear me," she answered, "I did not think a promising young lawyer, as father calls you, ever got into that dismal place."

Then Susy came in and the young man bade them good-bye, but he watched an opportunity to whisper in Rachel's ear a promise of speedy return, and as he travelled homeward

those wonderful eyes seemed to haunt him persistently. "Who would have thought," he said to himself, "she could have become such a woman? No wonder I never could find a girl to suit me when she has been my ideal."

You see he was trying to persuade himself that he had thought of her ever since that winter term of school; perhaps it was true. Maybe all unknown to him those eyes had held him. At any rate he says they did; and when time after time they drew him back to Stillman's he at last succeeded in making Rachel believe it, and then with the little "key of promise" she delivered him from 'Doubting Castle.'

Let us take one more look two years later at the Stillman homestead.

There is a family gathering and all the girls are present—Martha and her two little ones, Margaret with her two boys, and Rachel with her baby. Susy, a proud young aunt, sits to and fro, now teasing one and now another of the children. Elizabeth, with unworldly brightness in her eyes, looks on and even laughs a sweet, low laugh at some of the merry mischief. "Well," says Margaret, "it does seem odd to think of Lizzie's lover coming back after all these years."

"Yes," answered Margaret, in the same low tone, "and how happy she seems. I suppose the wedding will be soon; they have been separated so long."

The husbands are all present in the evening, and the old house is full of light and gaiety. Rachel steps off upstairs to put baby to bed. As she sits in the room where in her childhood she had spent so many unhappy days, her tears fall thinking of them and the dear mother who had suffered and died, and the old bitterness rises in her heart.

Baby drops asleep, and laying him gently in the cradle in which she herself had been rocked, she kisses two dainty lips and goes down-stairs. Some impulse prompts her to enter the sitting-room instead of going into the parlor, where she thinks all the family are gathered. As she opens the door, she sees her father sitting by the table, where the lamp stands as of old, and half turns to go out again, but something in his attitude touches her. He is not reading his newspaper; he is looking at something he holds in his hand. She notices how gray he is getting, and how age is tracing lines in his stern face. Drawing near, she says: "Are you sick, father?"

"O, no," he answers, "I was thinking of your mother, Rachel; and he handed her a faded daguerrotype of the fair young girl who had been his bride in the days of his youth.

"How like Susy, father," she said, with tears dropping on the lovely face.

"Yes, only she was prettier," he answered.

"I have been thinking of her so much lately, Rachel," he went on; "I am going to do something I think will please her if she sees. I bought that pretty little farm of Perry's the other day and I am going to put Martha and her husband on it. Dick's an industrious fellow, but it's hard getting on on a rented place, and Martha is worried too much. You don't think any of the rest would object?" and he looked anxiously in her face.

"Oh, let it! Why, father, they will all be glad," and dropping her head on his shoulder she puts her arms around him for the first time in her life, and as she slips the little daguerrotype in his hand, a sweet peace fills her heart as she thinks, "The bitterness has gone, and love takes its place."

After a while she joins the group in the parlor. They are singing, while Susy plays accompaniments on the organ. "Sing 'Coronation,' Susy," she says, as she sits down beside her husband.

"What is it?" he asks. "You look unusually happy?"

"Ah!" she answers. "I have had a vision of the land of Boulah, and love is its king."

As the voices joined in singing the old familiar hymn, Mr. Stillman came quietly in and sat down to listen. So let us leave Rachel and her sisters, hoping that whatever may befall them in the journey of life, "love, for them, may always be king."

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