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HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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[ORIGINAL.]  
HAD NOT.

The world had clung too closely round  
our hearts,  
Through long and sunlit years,  
And life had been too beautiful to  
yield,—  
Had not our God sent tears.

The summer day had wearied with its  
length,  
Though swift its hours and bright;  
We had not known the freshness of  
the moon,  
Had not our God sent night.

The fierce glare of the noon day sun  
would blind,  
Had we no tempest rain;  
We should not seek our Fathers face  
did He  
Send down no mist of pain.

Life's road had been more rugged still  
and rough,  
More dull time's heavy hours;  
More weary still our drooping eyes and  
hearts,  
Had not our God sent flowers.

Sin would have been less deadly in our  
sight,  
Had not the fleeting breath  
Left the chill clay; and we had never  
looked  
With awe-struck eyes on death.

And life itself had been too hard to  
bear,  
The crown of heaven ne'er won,  
Had not the God of love looked down  
on earth,  
And sent to us his Son.

April 22d 1884.

## THREE DAYS.

### CHAPTER I.

There has been a silence for at least half an hour, rather a long time, considering our difference of sex. We are as far apart as possible. Jack reclining nonchalantly in an easy chair, reads a book upside down, and gnaws the end of his moustache. I, at the farthest extremity of the room, sit bolt upright, and embroider diligently. I detest embroidery, and I love conversation; but all the same I work silently. It is needless to say we have quarrelled. An hour ago, the low chair that I have abased into a footstool, sustained the weight of six feet of manhood, the embroidery rested happily upon the floor, and Jack's book adorned a distant table. In short; we were a pair of turtle doves, cooing, as befitted our situation, for Jack and I have come to the conclusion that two fools united may equal

a wise man, so we intend entering the bonds of matrimony. This is our first quarrel, and proportionately bitter. Jack knows my weak points, and I know his, consequently there has been no lack of fuel to our fire. Who has not felt the delight of saying cruel things when every word goes home like a dagger? Very cruel things we have been saying, and much we have been enjoying ourselves, but now we are getting cool we feel rather embarrassed. Jack had begun the quarrel, and this was the head and front of his offending. He had ventured to laugh at a ring which I wore always on my right hand, a common, ordinary little ring enough, but one which I prized highly as the property of my dead mother. Mistaking the cause of my righteous indignation, he had insisted on knowing who gave me my valuable ornament. Woe betide him who dares to insist on my doing anything. The vials of my wrath burst on his head, I refused all explanation, he all apology, and so it has come about that the length of the room is barely sufficient space to put between us.

Already Jack has begun to grow repentant. I can feel that he shifts the leaves of his book uneasily, and has eaten more of his moustache than is good for his digestion. But I do not turn my eyes in his direction, and my whole appearance denotes inflexibility of purpose. Not the humblest apology will sooth me now. His first remark, however, is not an apology, simply a truism.

"It is a disgustingly wet day."

Silence has become irksome to me, so I make reply.

"It is no fault of mine that I am aware of."

"It may clear up, there will be a new moon to-night."

"I am sure I have no objection."

Jack's anger boils up again.

"I think I had better go home," he says, hotly, "perhaps when you want me you will leave off imitating a poker, and send for me."

"Good afternoon," I return, without looking up; and off he goes.

I feel just a little uncomfortable, but I do not call him back. I console myself by peeping behind the blind, and watch him striding down the street in the rain, with his head well up, and

anger in every movement of his light cane. I am not sorry, oh, dear, no; but some feeling of tenderness makes me wait until he is out of sight, and there is rather a lump in my throat, as I turn round, and see his book standing on its head on the floor. It is something new for us to part like this. Not that it really matters. We are to meet again this evening at a large party. There it is my determination to hedge him into a corner, and show him the error of his ways. Very gentle I shall be, but very firm; nothing but utter self-abasement on his part shall induce me to smile; and of course he will abase himself when he understands how deeply he has offended.

So I resolve during the intervening hours, and eight o'clock finds me charmingly dignified and agravatingly condescending. My dignity has not prevented my attending to my toilet, neither has it objected to my wearing the flowers Jack brought me this afternoon. They are fresh and becoming, and it would be a thousand pities to sacrifice one's personal appearance to one's desire for vengeance. Jack is not there when we arrive, and so adds one more reproof to the lecture hanging over his devoted head. I punish him by engaging myself far on into the evening; hugging to my heart the pleasure I shall feel in handing him my full card, when he comes lazily to ask for his waltz. I am so far loyal that I spend the round dances in conversation, and very lively I am, but I am not particularly happy. At every sound I turn my eyes towards the door, and a sickening sense of disappointment comes over me at each fresh arrival. But with the advancing hours, comes a new mood. Jack objects to my waltzing with any one but himself; accordingly, I give myself to the arms of every man in the room. He is not there to see, but he shall hear of my noble revenge. Once my little sister came to me, with a wonderful look in her soft eyes, and asks—"Where is Jack?"

And I answer that I neither know nor care. Supper time finds me livelier than ever, fathoms deep in flirtation with my most frequent partner. And all the while there is a great pain in my heart: the music, the lights, the people, are all a confused dream, through which I am listening for a voice I know, and watching for a face I love. Not that I am softened; my anger is at boiling pitch; but I want his presence all the same, "Just

to prove to him how well I can get on without him," I argue to myself with a woman's contradiction. But he does not come, and things go from bad to worse. I dance three waltzes running with my supper partner, and as a culminating stroke, Jack's flowers find their way from my dress to his button-hole. My conscience does prick me a little as we drive home, but I snub poor Amy unmercifully when she ventures to ask what has become of those lovely roses. Once in my own room, I can leave off appearing to be happy. I do not cry; that is seldom my habit; but I look about as warm and soft as flint; my mouth is tightly compressed, and my movements are rapid and silent. Only once my indignation comes to the surface. I catch sight of the offending ring, and without a moment's pause, I dash it angrily across the room. Then I remember the thin finger where I saw it first, and I go on my hands and knees grovelling under the furniture in search of it. It is long before I find it and when I do I go to sleep with it on my hand.

### CHAPTER II.

This morning Jack will come and apologize. I feel firmly convinced of it, so I amiably determine that I will not see him. I will go and spend the day with a friend, and he shall feel for himself what it is to be neglected. For his further aggravation I leave last night's programme negligently on the side table. It will be a delightful little *bonne bouche* when he comes to eat his humble pie.

My friend is "delighted to see me," and I am "charmed to have a day to spare." She is not particularly fond of me nor I of her, but that does not make us the less friends. I do not enjoy myself in the very least. I look forward all the time to the evening, when I can hear what Jack said when he found that I was out. I leave a full hour earlier than I intended and walk home very quickly. Perhaps he will have waited to see me, and I begin to think I will be good to him. In the hall I find a lovely bouquet with a card attached. Then he has been! My hand shakes a little as I take up the flowers, but that is not the reason that I drop them so suddenly, on the card I read—"With compliments from Mr. George Clifford, trusting that Miss Willis is not over fatigued." My partner of last night! There is no harm in the man sending me flowers, yet I flush all over with a sense of insult. How willingly I would give them all back in exchange for those few dead roses I gave away so carelessly. Amy sits alone in the drawing-room, but I cannot trust my voice to ask for Jack.

My programme lies where I left it

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