

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1894.

No. 163

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THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-

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and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications on 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 communi-

cation, although the name may be written

in a confidential signature.

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Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11

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at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday

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a. m. All the seats are free and strangers

welcome at all the services.—At Greenwich,

preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and

prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services

at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion

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a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30

p. m.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of T. meets

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Rev. Mr. Marshall. The

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

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Endorse
Them,
and
Physicians
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Them.

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How many people suffer constantly from the above diseases, which ultimately lead to nervous prostration, consumption and death. Mrs. Whitte-tomah for years, and found no relief until I took

Skoda's Discovery.
I have not had headache since. Skoda's Discovery purifies the Blood, cleanses the nerve centers and makes you well.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, headache, and dyspepsia. 50 cts. per box. Medical Advice Free.

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SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

Little Brown Dog at the Door.
Early and late you watch and wait,
Little brown dog at the door,
For a quick football and a boyish call,
For your master to come once more,
Nearer to follow, through field and hollow.

Wherever his feet may roam,
Content to stray if he leads the way,
Wherever he is, he homes.

But you never hear the whistle clear,
Nor the sound of the boyish call,
Nor the clatter of feet all these and more,
Down through the shadowy hall,
Though long you wait at door and gate.

For your playfellow of old,
With his eyes so blue and his heart so true,
And his hair like the sunshine's gold.

'Tis a year and a day since he went away
To a country beyond our ken,
And those who go that way, we know,
Never come back again.

Still early and late you watch and wait,
Little brown dog at the door,
But the voice is still, and watch as you will,
Your master comes no more.

—Dorothy Deane.

SELECT STORY.

BY ROSE TERRY COOK.

A LAY PREACHER.

This was exasperating; but he recorded to the honor of our friend's real honesty, that he accepted the rebuke, or at least shifted his ground thereafter, for all he said was, "Tell the deacon I can't go, possibly. I don't believe Mrs. Jones is so ill. She's been sick a great while, and I can't leave my sermon."

The deacon heard these words from without, for the day was still and hot as sometimes September days are, and the study windows wide open. It did not occur to Mr. Styles that he might have heard more; if he did, his own anxiety made him forget it. He called out loudly now—

"She's a dying' sure, Mr. Styles. She's dreadfully out to see ye."

And the underlined Deo put in: "Bible says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these,'—she stepped here, as if the alternative was too awful; but the minister's memory and conscience supplied the rest. He rose quietly, reached his hat, and in half an hour was praying by the widow's bedside like one who saw the heavens open.

"Never heard such a prayer in all my born days," said Deacon Parker to his wife that night. "Seems as though he see the Lord a-standing' right there and jest put Dely's hand right into his, so's to pass across Jordan."

Had Deo brought this learned man nearer to his Lord than that wise and studied sermon could do? Certain it is that when this discourse came to be delivered, it had a glow about it, an earnestness that made the fathers of the church open their eyes with more interest than ordinary, and one man asked another if there was not something unusual in that sermon for Mr. Styles; but neither could define it. Nevertheless, the Reverend Samuel told his wife that Deo was altogether too intrusive; that she seemed to have no respect for him or his office, and said she must speak to the girl and reprove her.

Mrs. Styles was not surprised, but she was grieved. She hated to hurt Deo, and contrived a thousand ways to make the matter pleasant, ending, as we all do, by speaking the plain facts to the girl, though in a kind voice. But it was in vain. Deo could not understand. "Bible said" was as far as her intellect could manage, and Mrs. Styles gave up the matter.

The children received this unintended education differently. Their childish souls were nearer Deo's level. She loved them so tenderly; she was so kind to them; she fed their hungry little hearts with such sweet words and caresses; such patient hearing and such prompt redressing of their small injuries; she was so true that they both respected and loved her, and what she said was to them authoritative. Children are legislators by instinct; it is all in vain to preach to them unless you also practice. It is idle to demand their love unless you are yourself lovable; there is no law of gravitation more cogent than the instinct of a child which draws it toward whatever is good, lovely, gracious, and sincere in its surroundings, and repels it from the

evil, unkind and untrue. When I

hear a woman complain that her child does not love her, I blame that woman and not the child. After a while it went home to the minister's heart that his children ran to Deo and away from him; that their religion was of her culture, not his. He heard, from his study window, many a colloquy between the little flock and their quaint teacher that opened his eyes slowly but surely. Once he would have forbidden these talks, as a great disturbance; now he listened to them eagerly.

"Eddy," said Joe, one Sunday noon, as they ate their pie and cheese on the kitchen piazza. "Papa said this mornin' God don't love wicked people. Deo says he loves everybody. Don't you, Deo?"

"I guess Deo know," replied Eddy between the mouthfuls. "Deo talks Bible all the time, and papa don't. Deo acts Bible, too."

"Honor thy father and thy mother," broke in Deo. "Bible says that, Eddy."

"But how about God, Deo?"

"Bible says God loves sinners; it says sin is an abominable thing. Guess he loves the people, Joe, and don't like their doin's. I love you, but I don't love to have you plague Kitty and pill Ed's hair."

"O—h! that's it!" breathed the relieved little theologian, but went on: "What does God let people be wicked for, Deo?"

Mr. Styles pricked up his ears. Here was the awful problem of all theology, over which men had labored and prayed and striven and gone mad, offered by one child to another. It was like seeing the stars brought down for a game of marbles, to the shocked yet curious divinity. He did not just remember who it was that set a little child in the midst of the disputing disciples, and made them become as such themselves.

Deo's face did not more from its Sunday calmness, as she said:—

"I don't know, Eddy. Bible says, 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' Deo can wait."

The Reverend Samuel Styles drew his head back from the window with a certain abashed expression. He had preached at least ten excellent sermons on the subject of faith; but he had never seen into it before, it seemed to him. His honest soul stood rebuked in the presence of his servant. Had he but recalled it, here was the old-new story of the little captive maid who preached the virtues of the Jordan to her Syrian master.

Nor did Deo use the Bible alone for admonition. It was her one resource, her ever-ready friend in trouble and she offered its help to those she loved as one child brings another to its own mother for aid or consolation.

She found poor Helen Styles in deep perplexity one day. Nothing went right with her; it was one of those days women have when their small world is all tangled, and they can only say: "Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

It was to such an overhead exclamation that Deo offered her sole remedy.

"Bible says: 'Ask and it shall be given unto you.'"

And Helen remembered that, in the day's confusion, her husband's absence precluding family prayer, without her own brief resort to God. He who bade us pray knew well how often prayer is its own answer, how the perplexed and stern-beaten soul, folding its wings for a moment in the higher regions of eternal sunshine, becomes tranquil and self-possessed, acquires a keener vision, a more dexterous poise of weapons, a loftier courage.

To rise beyond self, to have our eyes opened, and see the arm of God on our side, is often as powerful an aid as a miracle would be; and after Helen had so rested and calmed her soul the day lighted up, the skin unswelled and she achieved all that lay before her.

There are many people who regard prayer as a solemn set and ceremony only, a worship so uplifted that into its awful heights our daily woes and wants should never intrude; but these are they who do not accept the fatherhood of God. Deo knew him better; no want assailed her simple soul that was not uttered in her prayers, and so she taught the children. It started the Reverend Mr. Styles when one

night, his wife being ill and Deo gone

on an errand that was long in doing; he must needs see his boys to bed and hear them say their prayers, to have Eddy begin this wise:

"Our Father up in Heaven, I am sorry I struck Jack Roe to day. Please forgive me and help me to be good to-morrow. Please put it into Joe's head to give me half his marbles, and don't let Mr. Parker get vexed with me for nothing. Bless us all in this house and make everybody in the world good. Oh! and make mamma well, please. For Christ's sake. Amen."

"Mr. Styles was almost shocked and almost awed. His boy never came to him in this way. Not so did he ever go to God except in some great straits of life, and these had been few with him. His prayers were formulas, followed with faithful exactness.

"Do you always ask God for every thing you want, Eddy?" he inquired, as the child rose from his knees.

"Yes, papa. Deo says he takes pains about little sparrows, not to let them starve or get hurt; and I am bigger than a sparrow, you know, a lot. Besides, He's my Father and He has got time to 'tend to me. But you have to write sermons so much, papa."

There came back on Mr. Styles' mind sudden memories of the hours he had passed in his study—laughing, reading, sleeping; perhaps, while his children grew up almost as strangers to him, and were led to God by the hand of a stranger, faithless forms of prayer; of the Fatherhood he had publicly preached, practically denied. A little child had led him, far beyond commentaries, to the Spirit that giveth life.

"Deo!" said Eddy one day the next summer, "ministers ain't ever naughty, are they?" His father knew well what answered the question he had heard from that study, where he had already learned so many lessons.

"Bible says Peter denied the Lord three times; but Peter was good, and he preached, too."

"I shouldn't think they would be naughty and cross."

"Guess they have to be sometimes, so's to know how to be patient with other folks, Eddy. Bible says, 'We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like we are.' That was Jesus, you know. Bible says, 'He knoweth our frame.' Ministers are made just like other folks; but I expect they do try harder to be good."

As one year and another went by, Deo still stayed at the minister's. She was not a skilled servant; she had a certain dullness of perception that prevented her learning the deft ways of a trained cook. She could not combine, or plas, or organize. She was at best a pair of neat, faithful hands, needing a quick head to direct them; but the Styles family would as soon have parted with one of themselves. If ever children were literally brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," these were, and Deo did it. That they grew up honest, unselfish, pure-minded, and therefore well-bred, was the result of her training and influence; for they were thrown upon her hands by the long illness of their mother and their father's preoccupation. And both father and mother owned their heavy debt to her with a real gratitude; owing also to God in their hearts how far they had been set in the ways they knew not, of nearness to Him, of daily godliness, of patient self-sacrifice, by this unconscious spouse.

But Deo was not always to be left to minister in the outer court.

Mr. Styles had left Coventry with renewed health and renewed energy, after a four years' stay, and accepted the charge of a parish in Compton, a large New England town.

His preaching had undergone a thorough change in character since his renewed spiritual experience. It avoided doctrines and dogmas to wrestle with the daily problems of life, the needs and sorrows of humanity, the Almighty Helper, the lost flock and the Divine Seeker and Saviour. Deo delighted in the newness of spirit, unassuming in the newness of her own influence therein. She was happy in Compton, as in Cov-

entry, for her home and her Bible went

with her. But after a few years her strength seemed slowly to fail. That she could no longer work as usual pained her; but it was a far deeper distress that she could no longer go to church. A little cough tormented her; her appetite failed; she did not sing any more at her work. When Eddy asked her why, a vague, perplexed shadow stole over her eyes, and her voice was pathetic, as she replied: "Bible says, 'All the daughters of music shall be brought low.'"

She was always serene and helpful, rendering little services as long as any power remained in her feeble hands and slow-dragging feet; but before long her flesh failed indeed—she lost her strength so entirely that she could no longer keep up and about, but took to her bed in silence. This was hard for the once busy feet and active hands; but the patient soul received it with all calmness.

The minister came in daily to look at this household saint; and one day said to her, with that curious wish we all have to investigate the hearts of the dying or the ill, and forewarn ourselves of our own probable experiences in the like state:

"It is very hard on you to lie still here, Deo, isn't it?"

She opened her soft, languid eyes on him with the old look of patient wonder.

"Bible says: 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?'"

And the minister, finding himself answered as was Job's objectionable wife, went away in silence, feeling that he had indeed spoken "as one of the foolish women speaketh."

By-and-by Deo grew still weaker. She asked the doctor how long she was going to live, before he or any other had told her she was to die. Her faith was the true child-trust that lies down to sleep on a journey, not knowing where its waking may be, but sure that still its father's arms will be about it, confident that whar-er he is is home.

Dr. Martin answered her as quietly as she asked. He was not a religious man, and Deo was an astonishment to him. Here was no philosopher, no stoic, no strong-souled man, but a weak woman, going to death as she went out into life, without a dread or hesitation. He could not understand it, and first he was convinced of ignorance is the first step toward the acceptance of wisdom. Deo had preached more efficiently to him than all the sermons of a lifetime.

When she found her time was to be brief she wanted to kiss the children good-bye, and to be by one they came to her. She lay on her little white bed a figure of smiling peace. A few late crimson roses stood on the table, a plate of oranges was within reach of her hand. She had grown thin almost to emaciation; but her face was refined into strange beauty and her great grey eyes shone with a languid lustre as they fell upon her dear little flock. Eddy was a big boy now of 16, but he knelt down by Deo till his head was close to her own, and she kissed him as if he were still a child.

"You must have Deo's Bible, Eddy. Bible says: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

She did not say, "Remember me," but the boy never forgot her nor her Bible either. That was all Deo's legacy. After she had kissed the others and shared her oranges among them, and they had left her in a certain awed stillness, yet smiling back to her last lovely smile, Eddy and Joe stole back for one more look, and Joe, always the family inquisitor, must needs say—

"Deo, ain't you a bit afraid to die?"

Deo smiled wonderingly. "Afraid? No, Josy. Bible says: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Mine isn't." And her answer lived in these two hearts as long as she dwelt in memory.

Both the minister and his wife were with her when she fell asleep. She had her hand in Helen's, and, having said good-bye to them both, had closed her eyes and her faint, slow breath had almost gone, when suddenly those eyes opened. Their languish and languor were dispelled, and under the wan, white lids, these lucid spheres over-looked with clear and living brightness

like two drops of dew that from the

crystal depths return the level dazle of a summer dawn.

"Altogether lovely!" broke in a rapturous whisper from her pale lips. Then the dawn was clouded forever. The gentle breath had ceased in one faint sob. Deo was gone home.

Many people thought it strange the next Sunday afternoon to find a coffin set before the pulpit, and the minister's family grouped about it as mourners. It was not adorned with painted ornaments or stainless flowers, or open for curious eyes to inspect the chrysalis that its risen inmates had left behind; but on the simple pall lay wreaths of glittering oak leaves and bunches of wild sweet fern that sent a wholesome breath of perfume abroad through the church.

Mr. Styles preached from the well-worn text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," but instead of recording the testimony of the ages to the authenticity of the Bible, or vindicating its verbal inspiration, or extolling its literary merits, he discoursed only of its common sense and its vast capacity to be a guide and a help in all the daily wants of human life and in the dark and lonely hour of death, and he wound up his sermon in these words:

"My brethren, the saint whose mortal relics lie before our eyes to-day was a living example of these truths. Simple almost to the verge of folly, ignorant, poor and friendless, she came years ago into my house as a servant, and was, far more abundantly than any of us whom she there ministered to, a Christian man, able to minister to other men with acceptance of God, I owe, under God, to her unconscious influence. Her single talent was used daily and hourly, and the increase was twenty-fold. She lived with the Bible in her heart and on her lips; she taught it to me and mine as a living truth to live by, and she died to us with its speech for her latest accents.

"She has entered into her reward and rest, and left here a fragrant and gracious memory that few of earth's shining ones have ever given to their survivors. 'Bible says' was her rule, her comfort, her strength, and her obedience, her cheer, her faithful labor, interpreted to all who knew her what that Bible could be when received with a child's simplicity and faith.

"There are some of you here, dearly beloved, who think you owe your entrance into the new life to the help of my ministrations. I want to say to you now, in presence of the dead, who cannot shrink from the praise she would not have understood while living, that whatever good you gather from my utterances as a preacher I achieved long before you knew me and received slowly and ungraciously, as a rock receives the sun and rain, that at last disintegrates and makes it fruitful from the hourly and unconscious ministry of Deo Flint, whose body lies before you, to whose burial as her kindred in the Lord I invite you, and to whose life I recommend you as to the 'living epistle' which has preached the eternal Gospel of Christ better than my own lips or my own living. Having been utterly faithful over a few things, she has ceased to be a stranger and gone home.

"My dear," said Mr. Kiddle, "you are to say the least, very hard to please." "Oh, I don't know about that," she replied. "I married you, you know."

Coughing.

For all the ailments of Throat and Lungs there is no cure so quick and permanent as Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. It is palatable, easy on the most delicate stomach and effective.

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