THE ACADIAN

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications 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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunicctions to

DAVISON BROS.,
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Wolfville, N. S

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7 30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p m, on Wednesdays.

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ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the fourth Sunday of each month.

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NOTICE!

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Easing the Load of Life.

The camel at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest again.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knee
When daylight drawsth to a close,
And let the Master lift the load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet
With all to-morrow's work to do,
If thou the burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace the load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So shouldst thou kneel at morning dawn
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

Three years had made some changes in Dorothy. She was very beautiful still, and there was something more in the face which God's children always have after trial and suffering have purged the life within. Wilson noted in a glance the simple furnishings of the room, the unmistakable sign of economy.

He was struck, also, with the profound atmosphere of the first great trouble that had come into this woman's home. It was so positive that he felt unable to say anything commonplace by way of sympathy.

In the next room Malcom Kirk was walking up and down with his baby in his arms. The day had been very hot, and the upper chambers of the little house were stifling.

The Rev. George Wilson will never forget that sight this side the deathless paradise that all of the redeemed shall sometime enjoy. When Malcom Kirk turned and came towards the door where his wife and Wilson were standing, his classmate saw on his face a look of suffering which the strong, homely, marked features emphasized.

For three weeks he had hardly closed his eyes.

He had prayed, his wife beside him, every night, on his knees by this little crib, that their first-born son might be spared to them. But to-night, as the baby lay in his arms, he knew that the loving Father had some great reason unknown to them for taking to Himself this bit of humanity that for a few months had made the little parsonage on the prairie the very garden spot of all the world to them.

Dorothy, without a word, took the baby from her husband, and he, without a word, clasped his old classmate's hand, and the men stood there a moment praying.

"It's you, George?" said Kirk. "It seems good to see your face. We—"

Malcom Kirk sat down and buried his face in his great hands and sobbed. It was the first time he had broken down in the presence of Dorothy. The sight of his old classmate had revived his Hermon memories. He saw again the old campus, its great avenues of elms, the noble landscape of hills and woods, Dorothy's home across the campus, his own dingy little room, his love for the woman who now was sharing this great trouble with him. And he cried without attempt at concealment. For his heart was sore at the coming loss of the baby out of a home where God Himself had blessed the love of man and wife as rarely in human lives it has been blessed.

Finally he lifted up his face and spoke calmly.

"We've hoped all along, of course, but the long continued heat has been against his recovery. It's hard to part with the little fellow. See—" Malcom Kirk rose and took the baby again from his wife, while Dorothy sat down near a table and laid her beautiful head on her arms, but still she was without a tear. "See, the little fellow smiles at me still"

The baby opened his eyes, looked up into Malcom Kirk's gaunt, agonized countenance and a faint light went over its face.

"Malcom, oh, Malcom!" cried Dorothy. "I can't endure it!"

It was the first protest that had escaped her. Like him, the presence of this friend from the old loved place in the east, had stirred her heart, and even as she cried aloud in her anguish, the pent-up tears came, and she cried in sobs that rent her husband's heart even more than the baby's sad smile.

Wilson choked as he rose to go, and said, "Kirk, may God bless and help you at this time. I would stay and watch with you, or help in any way—"

"No, it will not be necessary. The neighbors and church people have been very kind to us. No one can do any more."

He went away to the hotel, promising to come in the morning to enquire, and the night grew on for Malcom and Dorothy. The doctor came in, a few of the most intimate church members, also, but no one could do any more, and Malcom Kirk held the baby with a tenderness that relieved its sufferings, for they had not been able to place its body in a restful position on a bed, and it had grown used to its cradle of long, strong arms.

It was towards morning, when no one was in the room except Malcom and Dorothy, that the baby died. It seemed to these two as they watched it go, that their hearts broke, and the world turned black and empty before them, when the last breath was drawn by that frail, trembling body. For a little while Malcom held him. Then he laid the body down on a couch, and kneeling there, with his arm about his wife, he joined with her in a moment of unspeakable anguish for the death of their first-born.

The sun came up dry and red, the heat of another day began to pour into the little room, and it seemed to the bereaved parents as if the earth was a great, dry, burned-up wilderness. The neighbors called. Wilson came, and his presence and silent sympathy were a blessing to Malcom and Dorothy. But when, later in the day, the baby had been laid in the little coffin and placed in the centre of the room with a bunch of white geraniums on its breast, brought in by the members of Dorothy's primary Sunday School class, Dorothy laid her head down on the table beside the casket, and her grief was very, very great. Malcom stood beside her, looking hungrily at his baby's face, and the people in the little room quietly went out and left them alone for a while.

Next day Wilson read the funeral service and prayed at the house, and after the simple service a little company went with Malcom and Dorothy to the cemetery just on the edge of the town, and the baby was buried there, and these children of the All Father went back to the little parsonage.

It was a great blessing to them at this time that Wilson was with them. He, seeing how they clung to his presence, stayed over Sunday and preached for Malcom. It was during this stay that he learned something of what Malcom and Dorothy had been doing. A short extract from a letter written by him to his wife in the east will show us something of the first three years of Malcom Kirk and his wife's attempt to make good their pledge to help redeem the lives of the people of Conrad.

"I cannot tell you what a profound sense of sympathy I have felt for my old classmate and his wife during their great trouble, but I am simply astonished to find how great a work they have done in the three years they have been here. This is a place of about two thousand people. It is having a boom at the present time.

"The agitation over the saloon is increasing, and I am told by Kirk and others that things are nearing a crisis, and in all likelihood the next legislature will pass a prohibitory amendment. The liquor men laugh at this probability, and scout the idea that such a law can ever be passed. There are ten saloons here in Conrad, and all apparently flourishing. Among other things that the whisky has attempted during Kirk's stay here has been to antagonize the business men in his church against Kirk, with some success. Kirk's wife has been a great help to him. I think I never knew a more happy union of workers in all my life. She has been the organist and the leader in Sunday School work, and her social influence in the town is very strong. The church membership has grown from forty odd to over one hundred, and Kirk has managed to gain a hold on a large group of young men. I think largely on account of their admiration for his unusual muscular development. I think it is probably true, from what I feel and hear, that already the influence of Kirk and his wife and their little church in this wild western town is the strongest influence that ever entered the place. They are very much broken up by the loss of their baby. It has been a tremendous disappointment to them. I am very anxious for them, as I think of what the result may be on their future work. The pay of a home missionary out here is very small, and for some reason Kirk has not been able to make much with his writing. I cannot help asking myself how the loss of their baby will affect their whole work here. Mrs Kirk seems to be stunned by the blow. I shall leave here Monday, and my greatest regret is that I cannot be of more help to my old classmate. He is at a crisis in his career, and everything depends on the way he accepts this death of his baby."

This is only a fragment of Wilson's letter, but the number of times he referred to the death of the baby as marking a crisis in the lives of Malcom and Dorothy revealed the depth of the impression made upon his mind by the manner in which they were affected by their loss.

He went away on the morning train, and Malcom, who had gone to the station to see him off, came slowly back to the parsonage and went into the little room next the kitchen which he had fitted up for a study.

Dorothy was at work in the kitchen, and Malcom sat down at his study table and looked out of the window across the prairie. It was unfortunate that he could see in the distance the little cemetery from that window. He finally rose and drew the curtain close down, and went back to his desk. He took up his pen and dipped it in the ink, and then sat there, thinking, thinking, of his baby. He recalled every little look, its smile, its new habits, added day by day. His heart swelled at the thought of all that he had dreamed for his boy's future. Was God good? Was it true, this gospel of comfort he had been preaching these three years? Why, then, was he not comforted? The baby had died Thursday night.

Three days now, and yet the world expected him to go on with his work, write sermons, make calls, attend to the thousand little details that must be remembered or someone would notice and begin to complain. How could he take up the burden of life and carry it? How could he regain his old enthusiasm or help Dorothy? Were they not both smitten to the dust by this heart loss? He found himself saying all this, and even half fearfully asking himself if Dorothy had not made a mistake to share her life with him. What could he offer her? What career was possible for them now in this little place?

The ink had dried on his pen, and he sat there holding it, unable to write a word. Dorothy had gone out to the well, and when he missed her step in the kitchen and glanced out of the other window to see her, she was sitting on a bench he had built under the cottonwood in the yard, the only tree in the place. She had left her pail at the well and sat there looking off towards the little knoll which he had shut out of sight when he drew down his curtain.

He sat down with a groan, and for a moment the world seemed utterly empty and useless to him. He had sat there for a long time, feeling all the while that his place was by his wife's side to comfort her, but hesitating for the first time since their marriage as to the right thing to do or say, when a knock at the door roused him. He knew someone must have knocked several times. He went through the sitting-room and opened the door.

A little, old woman stood close up to the door, and a farm wagon and horse were out in front of the fence.

"You don't remember me, Mr Kirk?" said the little woman, in a voice so thin and feeble that Malcom was instantly reminded of a call he had made in the spring on a family living on what was called "The Forks," eight miles from Conrad, in a very desolate ravine between two ridges of land that formed almost the only hill country for miles around.

"Yes, I do," he replied; "it is Mrs Barton, isn't it?"

The woman's face lighted up faintly.

"Yes; and I'm in trouble, great trouble, Mr Kirk, and I want you to help me."

Malcom stared at the shabby, dusty, worn out figure, and instantly it flashed into him that she had probably not heard yet that his baby was dead. His next words told him that was the fact.

"I've come straight here from home. My boy, Mr Kirk, have you seen him? He left the farm Saturday with the double team and a load of hay. I haven't seen him since. I know he is in some saloon, drinking or drunk, and the money for the hay all spent. Oh, Mr Kirk, for God's sake help me to find him and get him home again! For the love of your own baby that you expect to grow up into a good Christian man to comfort and bless you, help me to get my boy out of this hell and save him, for my heart is broken when I think of how he was once as innocent and happy as your own baby."

CHAPTER VIII.

For a few moments Malcom Kirk experienced a feeling of anguish on his own account that shut out entirely this other forlorn and bleeding heart. Then there sprang up in his soul a most tremendous and overpowering revolution of feeling. He said to a very dear friend several years afterwards, that as he stood there on the threshold of his parsonage, with the hot, dusty glare of that withering day smiting him and the figure of that old woman on the doorstep, he knew that perhaps the most important event in his own inner experience was taking place. For this appeal for help, this cry to him to share a burden while his own seemed greater than he could bear, revealed to him the Christ life in our human lives, and the glory of overcoming the world for His sake. Certain it is that as Malcom Kirk stood there that morning his soul felt the touch of a healing and beneficent love, and he looked at his life again as worth while and then began already to know that the fire of this own sorrow was destined to make him more servicable to others.

What he actually did the next minute after all this was to ask Mrs Barton to come into the house. He took her into his study, and then, after a single moment of hesitation, he went out into the back yard to Dorothy.

She was still sitting on the bench, dry-eyed and oblivious of everything around her, living over the last three days. Malcom came up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Dear," he said very gently, "will you come with me into the house? There is someone there who has come to see me, to see us both."

She did not know what he meant, or hardly what he said, but she rose and went into the house with him.

"Mrs Barton, this is Mrs Kirk. I want you to tell her what you have told me."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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