

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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### THE ACADIAN.

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

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The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in an over a fictitious signature.

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### POETRY.

**A Hymn for Harvest.**

Now, to Thee, gracious Lord of the Seasons, be honor and glory and praise, That again in the joy of the harvest our jubilant anthem we raise.

Though many the fears that beset us, though faith wax feeble and cold, Thy bow, with its promise unbroken, glitters still, as it glittered of old.

Though weary we grow in our watching the weeks of the drought as they pass, When the earth is as iron beneath us, and the heaven above us as brass,

Yet the showers come back in their season; once more in the land there is seen The brook bimming over with crystal, the grass as the emerald green.

Though troubled the spirit within us, when the mist upon valley and plain Lies thick, and the clouds in their armies return again after the rain;

Yet the sun cometh forth as a giant, and after the tempest the morn Is doubtless and fair, and the color grows golden and rich on the corn.

For seed time and harvest we thank thee, our fears as the shadows have fled; Thou hast given his seed to the sower; Thou hast given the eater his bread.

### SELECT STORY.

**HIS OPPORTUNITY.**

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

**CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.**

"Have you ever seen the crucibles?" asked Tam, suddenly.

"Yes."

"Well, you ken that they are made of black lead? After a few heats they become spoiled and are cast aside. You have seen the broken ones in the yard, mayhap?"

"I have," replied Chamberlain.

"It was always the custom to throw them away, after they had served their purpose, as unfit for further use. Lamson, however, head of a scheme that was employed in other mills for converting them into stove-pipe; so he fitted up a room in the old stone mill, and put a man at work there, grinding them to powder. Pretty soon he had another man, then another, till he had now had twenty men at work there."

"I should think it would be found out," observed Chamberlain.

"Who is there to find it out? These twenty men are out-bound. They are supposed to be at the regular furnace-work all night. Instead, they only put in about one-third of the time for the company and the rest for Lamson. They get the highest wages, and far from wishing to divulge the secret, they guard it with jealous care. I don't know what they would have done, had you knocked as you thought of doing."

"Is this polish weird?"

"Have you never heard of the Three X Polish?"

"I have seen it advertised."

"Well, that is it. All over the country it is sold, and the profits are very large. Lamson is a wealthy man."

"How did you happen to know all this?" inquired Chamberlain.

"It was a weary tale, I worked in the mill, and Lamson got his eye on me as a man who could be trusted. One day he tried by flattering promises, to get me to go to work at it. I always doubt me to go to work at it. I was told it was to be kept secret, I charged him with fraud to Robert Flint his employer. Oh, moan! How angered he was! I thought he would strike me. He waked up and down his office and looked as ugly as the Devil himself. He told me that he would be with me if I did not join with him, and I, foolish man that I was, dared him on."

"Did he ever seek to harm you?"

"He did that, and accomplished it, too. After he divulged the secret, I tried, as I told him I should, to get the ear of Robert Flint and to tell him of the whole affair, but found it impossible. During work-hours I was kept out of the office, and all letters that were sent to Flint were first opened by Lamson, and wherever I went I was dogged. At length he had his revenge. Do you note the scars on my face? on my hands? They are the marks of Lamson's vengeance."

"We must get out of this. The men have their noses in a little while, and it won't do for you to be seen. If Lamson heard of it he would get even with me in some way," said Sam.

"Lamson did it?" said he in amazement.

"Aye, he did it. He was permitted to do it. I bear him no ill will. He can harm me no more, for the Lord has raised up friends for me."

"Talking to yourself Tam?" said a deep voice, and Sam Putnam put his head into the little room. On seeing Chamberlain he came in with a curious look in his deep-set eyes.

"What is this boy doing here?" he said.

"This lad? Oh, he is George Chamberlain's son. I dimna ken what he wants here, except it is to talk with me."

"I suppose you know, young feller, that no one is allowed in this yard after nightfall?" said Sam.

"Then what are you doing here?" replied Chamberlain.

"That is none of your business."

"I tell you it is his business. He is George Chamberlain's son," asserted Tam.

"Are you?" was the answer with a piercing look.

"Yes, I am," said Chamberlain. Sam meditated for a few minutes. It was evident that he had first thought of him as merely a common workman, who, through love of adventure, or through mere curiosity, had scaled the fence to see Tam; but now he saw Chamberlain. Manifestly the news of Chamberlain's relationship to the chief owner of the works made him feel ill at ease.

"Are you at work here for the purpose of spying on the men?" he asked with a bitter grin in his voice.

"Putnam," said Chamberlain, "I came here to learn the business. My being in the yard to-night is to discover what kind of work is going on at night, when the villagers believe that the men are at the smelting furnaces."

"That is something you had better not find out. Let me warn you, it is dangerous."

"I have told him all. It is right that he should know. I am not out-bound," said Tam.

Sam knit his brows, perplexed and angry.

"There is another object in my being here in the factory," continued Chamberlain, "and that is to see if I cannot do some good. The terrible state that has brought about on Step Street is as plain to you as to me. There is a fearful daily misery, that calls to heaven for help. It is my honest belief that there are hearts on the street, that even now the Holy Spirit is striving with. It is my wish to point some of those souls to the Way."

Sam listened as if for life.

"Do you honestly believe that the story of the Cross is true,—that Jesus Christ was the Son of God?" he asked.

"I am sure of it. The manner in which he has answered my prayers, and the sweet peace that has filled my soul, assure me of it. There is room for no mistake. The very dignity of truth is in the story."

"You are right! You are right," said Tam. "Those who come to the Lord with carnal hearts do not doubt. Their lives are filled so full of His presence that their is no chance for it. They know His voice and He calleth them by name."

"Why did he not keep Temple from falling?" inquired Sam.

"That is more than I can tell. I believe that John Temple will yet be saved. I know he was in earnest. Perhaps it was that the North Church might have a lesson."

"Mighty little they have profited by it," sneered Sam, the hard tone coming back.

"I am not so sure of that. The church has voted to banish all wine containing alcohol from the communion table. I believe that Mr. Snow is fervently praying for the Street-street people, and I also believe that his prayers will yet be answered."

Sam was struggling with a deep doubt of it. His whole bearing showed that the Spirit of Truth might triumph. As he glanced at Tam he saw his lips move and felt that he also prayed. Just then the clock struck eleven.

"We must get out of this. The men have their noses in a little while, and it won't do for you to be seen. If Lamson heard of it he would get even with me in some way," said Sam.

"You will not harm the lad, Sam?"

said Tam, a ring of anxiety in his voice.

"No, of course not. His pious talk has made me chicken-hearted."

Following the giant, Chamberlain passed through the length of the yard, through the secret gate, and stood with him on the narrow foot path.

"I should like to ask you a question," said Sam, as they were about to part.

"Do you believe that a man whose whole life had been steeped in rioting and sin, who had done scores of things that he could never undo, who loved liquor more than anything else in the world,—do you believe that such a man could receive what you Christians call a new heart?"

"The Lord said, 'Whoever will, let him come.' That means just such a man as you describe, as well as any other. Repent and believe, ask for forgiveness, and turn from sin, and help is certain."

"I have believed ever since my wife died, years ago, but the turning from sin was what troubled me. I can't bear to expose others."

"A man cannot serve the Lord and the devil at the same time," said Chamberlain.

"Well, good-night. I think that you mean what you say, anyhow."

"Good-night, and God bless you," was the reply, and they parted.

Chamberlain had gone but a little way, when he heard his name called, and Sam came hurrying after him.

"There is one thing I forgot to say. You have made a discovery to-night that will change things here without doubt. I am glad of it, but I want it distinctly understood that if any penalty falls on the night gang, it falls on me as well. And, another thing, the little bit that I have talked about religion, to night, was not to do any of my misdoings. I am willing to face the music. Good-night."

### CHAPTER XX.

Those who are familiar with manufacturing, notice that the afternoon jar and roar of machinery has a deeper, heavier sound than in the morning. Possibly the cog, that shoulder another in ceaseless rotation, the whirling pulleys, the sweeping belt, weary with the day's labor, take this means of expressing a wish for relaxation.

Whether or not this be true, it is certain that the men grow tired, and their work moves more slowly. About four o'clock comes the maximum of this afternoon lull, which, as soon as it is appreciated, is followed by a "purge" that carries things along till six o'clock brings relief. It was in the midst of this portion of the working-day that Sam Putnam stepped into the outer office, and knocked at the door of Lamson's private room.

"What is it?" was the curt query from within.

"Can I see you for a few minutes?"

"Who is it?"

"Sam Putnam."

"I'm busy. Can't you come again?"

"Yes," was the reply.

So astonished was the agent at the quiet answer, that he pushed open the door and looked, a trifle anxiously, at his caller, who was already turning to depart.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"I guess not; but any time that you are at liberty I have several things of some importance to tell you."

"Come in now," said Lamson. Putnam entered and seated himself, waiting for the other to open the conversation.

"Well?" remarked the agent, impatiently.

"I wished to tell you that I am about to enter the service of another master."

"Who?" asked Lamson, in amazement.

"The Lord Jesus Christ," replied Sam, reverently.

The agent flushed scarlet, then turned white, and seemed, for the moment, completely confounded.

"You astonished me, Sam; I didn't know you cared for such things. You frightened me, too. Then it won't be necessary for you to leave me. You know I couldn't stand that," he said finally.

"I am not sure of that. My profession is to be an honest one."

"Undoubtedly. You have my heartiest sympathy. It is a wise and commendable step. How is that last fiasco?" There has been complaint that it is flabby," replied Lamson, attempting to turn the subject.

"For some weeks I have thought of this, and am now determined to carry it through. My belief in the saving power of the blood of Christ is genuine. It can save me, and has done so. It can save you," said Sam, keeping to the point with quiet calmness.

"Are you trying to preach to me, Sam? You forget that I am a member of the church."

"I remember it, but being a church-member is not being a Christian. That you know as well as I. Do you believe that you are saved from your sins?"

"Aren't you rather too young a convert to be questioning me? How long have you been in the service of this Master?" asked the lawyer, with a forced smile.

"Three days."

"And what has become of the polish-works?" asked Lamson, involuntarily acknowledging that Sam could not consistently continue to defraud the company.

"I dismissed all the men Saturday night."

The agent's face became livid with rage.

"How dare you?" he said, leaping to his feet. "What right have you to discharge any men waiting to be filled?"

"I hired the men, and therefore I am responsible for them. You recognize the fact that I cannot do that work any more, and I am glad of it. I would give anything if I had never consented to it."

"You remember your oath!"

"I do, but it is my belief that all of this will be found out before long, even if I hold my tongue, as I shall under the circumstances."

The agent sat for some minutes in deep thought. Resting his face on his hand, he appeared to study the opposite wall, but when unobserved he was slyly examining Sam's face. The shallowest physiognomist would have ascertained, with confidence, that the giant was in earnest. His open face was not a mask behind which lurked any kind of guile. On the contrary, it bore the impress of truth, honesty, and determination. Lamson, with keen eyes, saw all this, and wondered how he should again get the upper hand of this most valuable man. He had little time to decide, for Sam was even then waiting for him to speak.

"Did it ever occur to you that I might possess a conscience?" enquired the agent.

"I suppose every one has something of the kind," replied the other.

"Well, I most certainly have one, and, Sam, this crucible business has troubled me a great deal. I believe from the first a curse hung over it. There has been a quantity of polish sold, but almost no money has come from it. We sell at so small a profit that the bad debts eat up everything. I am sick of the whole affair, and am glad you dismissed the men. I shall inform our New York agents that after this they must get some other firm to manufacture for them."

"You really mean to give it up?" asked Sam, in surprise.

"I do. It was a temptation to me at first, and I yielded, which was very wrong, but now that you have started to do right, I am going to bear you company. Only, one thing for the sake of my mother, this must be kept a professional secret."

Sam, with genuine fervor, promised that he would breathe no word of the affair. To tell the truth, he had gone into the office with a prayer on his lips that the former partner in guilt might be influenced to turn away from his sin. And now it appeared as if the prayer was answered.

Accustomed, as he was, to manipulating all kinds of men, Lamson perceived that he had again gained Sam's confidence, and it occurred that here was a good opportunity to learn more of his plans. Putnam, when feeling well, was apt to be off his guard, and, on matters of minor importance, could be easily drained of information.

"Where are you going Sundays? It won't do for you to spend them in the engine-house, as formerly."

"I shall go to Chamberlain's mission, I expect," was the reply.

"Chamberlain's?" repeated his listener, having heard nothing definite of the scheme.

"Yes," was the reply.

"That is a grand idea of his, but it will cost something."

"Only for the settees, lamp, desk, and books," replied Sam.

"Ah!" thought the agent, "Chamberlain is going to fix his store over into a mission-chapel. That was why he refused to throw up the lease." Aloud he said,—

"Young Chamberlain is a fine fellow. I like him better the more I see of him. His efforts at doing good are most commendable. I wish I could assist him."

"Do you mean that?" enquired Sam.

"Certainly."

"Then give us a ten dollar bill to get some mottoes for the walls," said Sam.

With a look in his steely eyes that boded ill, Lamson wrote a check for the amount, and Sam went off highly delighted. As for Lamson, he looked the door and indulged in a long, silent temper-fit, from which he came out pale, smiling as ever, and several degrees more crafty and unscrupulous.

The confession that Sam had made to Lamson was hard, yet it was nothing compared with one he was already preparing to make. For so many years the leader of the Tigges, and so thoroughly identified with them in their various escapades, he knew that only a manly confession of faith could give the impression he was anxious to give,—could keep out