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Newspaper 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 name may be written in a fictitious signature.

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MISSION HALIFAX.—Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 1:30 P. M.

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Faith and Love.

The darkened chamber held the maiden dead.
Her name was Faith. Of long neglect she died.
And now men rose and shook themselves and cried.
"Oh, Faith, come back,—come back ere Hope be fled!"
But she lay silent on her solemn bed.
And men grew pious at their prayer denied.
They said, "No more is man to man allied;
We fall seunder—and the world," they said.
And while they talked, behold a gracious form,
And Love beside the pillow bending low:
"We live and die together, she and I."
So then he kissed her, and her flesh grew warm:
She woke and faced them with a ruddy glow.
If Love be living, Faith can never die.
—Edward Craeft Lefroy.

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. BIRLDON.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

She did not attempt to reason with herself about the interest she felt in Malcolm's Kirk's appearance. Tho-

platform, she turned her head to look over the chapel, and her eyes met those of Francis Raleigh. He smiled and she returned the smile, while a slight color deepened on her face. And he thought to himself it was certainly more interesting to glance now and then at a face like Dorothy Gilbert's than to stare steadily at a tall, solemn young man on the platform who was talking about the Philosophy of the Prophetic Idea and its evolution in the Old Testament.

The programme was finished at last, and the friends of the graduates huddled about the platform congratulating the different speakers. Very many of the visitors came up and warmly greeted Kirk. Among them was one alert, middle-aged man who said he wanted to see Kirk especially on a matter of importance. So the two went up to Kirk's room and the stranger explained his business briefly.

CHAPTER II.

"I'm superintendent of missions for Kansas. I want you to take a church out there. You're just the man I've been looking for. Don't say no, for I must have you."

Kirk looked at the superintendent thoughtfully. Was this the second call he had mentioned?

"There's this scholarship. I feel the need of the training abroad."

"All right. Go on with that. But there's a church that will be ready for you at the end of the year there. It's in the growing town of Conrad, and a great opening for hard work. The man there now will leave at the end of the year."

Kirk said nothing. He looked out of his window. Right across the campus stood the beautiful residence of Dorothy Gilbert's father. It was not the first time he had looked in that direction.

"Of course," continued the superintendent, briskly, "you understand the church is a home missionary church and cannot offer you a large salary. They can raise, perhaps, four hundred or possibly four hundred and fifty dollars. The society will grant two hundred or two hundred and fifty. You could count on about eight hundred dollars, probably."

Kirk was silent. He turned his head away from the window and glanced around his room. The shabby-backed books, the simple pieces of furniture, the carpet, the meagre furnishings, all smote him keenly. It was not the first time his poverty had thrust itself upon him coarsely, but it seemed to feel it more deeply than ever.

As he faced the superintendent, who was waiting for a reply, Kirk had a most astonishing and absurd feeling come over him. He was not thinking about his German scholarship or about the superintendent. The superintendent would have been smitten into bewilderment if he could have read Kirk's thoughts. What Kirk was saying to himself was "How can Dorothy Gilbert and I live on eight hundred a year in a home missionary church?"

"Well," the superintendent spoke with a slight trace of impatience, "what do you say? Give me a favorable answer. You can make your mark out there. Plenty of hard work, but a good field. Tell me you'll take it."

"Very well. I promise to take the field if it is open when I finish my studies abroad."

Kirk spoke quietly, but his lips closed firmly, and he turned his head and looked out over the campus again. There was a little more talk between

them, and the superintendent went out. The minute he was gone, Kirk pulled down his curtains and looked his door. It was a little after noon, and the regular commencement dinner was served at one. He walked up and down his darkened room, talking to himself. His future was at last decided, at least, for a time. He had some place in the world. Someone wanted him. He was ambitious as a Christian gentleman could be. He wanted to do great things in the kingdom of God on earth. Could he do them in that little home missionary church?

It was not at all contrary to his regular habits of life that he knelt down and prayed. It was a prayer of thanksgiving and also one of petition. He knew with perfect clearness as he knelt in his darkened room that he loved Dorothy Gilbert with all his might. The complete absurdity of his position had nothing to do with the fact that he loved her. She was rich, she was accomplished, she was beautiful, she was of an old and distinguished family, but he loved her. He was poor, he was plain looking, he had no prospects beyond his scholarship and seven or eight hundred dollars a year in a home missionary church, but he loved Dorothy Gilbert. It made no difference that his Christian training seemed to rebuke the choice of one so far removed from him in every way. That did not destroy his feeling for her, and did not change it. In his prayer he cried for wisdom, he asked to be led by the Spirit.

He was not the man to wreak a life of Christian service on a passion of the heart, even if his hunger were never fed. But when he arose and went over to the Alumni Hall to join the class there at the final banquet, he carried with him the knowledge that the future for him must have Dorothy Gilbert with it if he could do or do all that he felt he had a right to pray for.

The week that followed Commencement Day at Hermon found Kirk almost alone in the Seminary building. He had been employed by one of the professors in doing some special copying of a book manuscript. In a few days this would be finished. He had fixed on the following Thursday to sail for Liverpool. He had determined to begin his studies as soon as possible. He had been to see the president of the faculty about his scholarship, and to his great relief found that he was largely free to study in the way that seemed of most value to himself.

"You see, it's this way, sir," he had explained to the president. "It will do me very little good to go to a German university and take some special course in language or history. I feel the need of another method of study. If I can use this scholarship to study human conditions in large cities, going to the people for my material at first hand, it will be of infinitely larger value to me and to the Seminary than a course in lectures and books."

"You are free to mark out your own methods of study," replied the president. "According to the terms of the scholarship, the only condition is a year spent abroad in some regular course of study, with a report of it to be made within six months to the Seminary."

So Kirk was happy in his thoughts of the year's work; and when the treasurer had given him the check for the \$700, and he had gone to Boston and engaged his passage in the intermediate cabin, he felt as if he had a very interesting year's life before him.

He had come back to his room and made his final preparations for leaving. They were very simple, necessarily.

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He was going light-hearted, to live in the most frugal, economic manner possible. It was now Tuesday evening. His vessel sailed Thursday afternoon. He was all ready to go, and yet he had an irresistible longing to see Dorothy Gilbert before he went.

He fought against the inclination until eight o'clock, and then did what he knew he would do all along—he dressed in the most careful manner he knew how, and walked straight across the campus to her house.

As he went up the steps he heard the piano. Dorothy was playing. When he was in the hall he glanced into the parlor and saw Francis Raleigh standing there.

Then a fit of timidity seized him. Something in Raleigh's face and manner made him feel that it was impossible to see Dorothy Gilbert with the gifted artist. He asked the servant if Mr Gilbert was at home, and said he wanted to see him a few moments.

It was the nearest to a lie that Malcolm Kirk ever approached. However, when the servant ushered him into Mr Gilbert's library, he was not sorry to have a talk with the publisher.

Mr Gilbert had been abroad. Kirk asked him several questions about cities and people on the continent. He grew every moment more interested and stayed for more than an hour. Mr Gilbert insisted on presenting him with two or three copies of Backer, and followed him out into the hall when he finally rose to go, wishing him a successful year of study.

The piano had stopped and the door into the parlor was closed, but Kirk could hear voices, and it seemed to him that they were unusually earnest. He imagined he could detect a tone of pleading in one of them.

He went out into the night and walked the seminary campus under the grave clims for two or three hours. He felt disappointed. He went over his prospects. He viewed from all sides his position as a man with a career, and before he let himself into his dingy room he had gone down into a depth of self-depreciation that measured a valley of humiliation for him.

But when he awoke the next day he determined, with a dull obstinacy that was a part of his character, that he would see Dorothy Gilbert before he went away. And when evening came he walked over to the house again.

She was playing the piano again, but this time alone. She turned around as Kirk entered and smiled as if she were glad to see him, and before he had time to think of any possible shyness, he was talking about his prospects, the places he expected to visit, the methods he was planning to use.

As the talk went on, Dorothy Gilbert grew more interested. Kirk's voice had something to do with it. But aside from that he was at his best while talking about his life work. Dorothy forgot that he was a theologian. Several times she was startled at her response to his enthusiasm. He had planned an original trip abroad, and the details of what he intended to do roused her native intensity to new results.

But right in the midst of his explanation of what he expected to do in

London, Kirk paused.

"I heard you playing the Transmere when I came in, Mr Gilbert. Will you please play it again?"

Dorothy looked surprised at the abrupt change, but without a word went to the piano and began. Kirk knew enough about music to know that she played well. Better than anyone he had ever heard.

When she finished she turned about and said, "You will hear some good music while you are abroad, Mr Kirk. The Germans, especially, furnish the people with the very best music in the parks and gardens at a very small price."

She suddenly colored deeply, as she thought he might imply that she was thinking of his poverty, of his inability to hear expensive music in expensive places. If he thought of it, he made no sign that he noticed. But he said: "I shall never hear any better music than I have heard to-night."

"The minute he said it he felt the same timidity seize him that came over him the evening before. But it passed away quickly, and to his relief he felt a certain inward strength and indomitable courage fill him. Dorothy was at first amazed at the compliment, then she was suddenly excited by it. Kirk was as simple-hearted as a child. He had revealed his secret in the tone and manner of his words. It was the last thing in the world he had expected to do when he came. But greater and better and wiser men than Malcolm Kirk have done as he did.

He rose at once and walked straight over to the fireplace. On the mantel was a miniature of Dorothy, painted by a New York artist, a young woman who was famous for such work.

"I have no right," Kirk spoke without a tremor, "but if I take this and keep it for an eye, sacredly to guard it from every eye but my own and never to speak of it, and then return it when I come back—"

She was so surprised that her self-possession failed her. Kirk's hand was on the miniature with a mastery that Dorothy noticed even at that moment. "You are not unwilling? I make no claim. I have none. I simply shall keep it for a year. Perhaps the constant sight of it will prove to me how hopeless—"

The man paused and looked straight at Dorothy. There was something so hungry and at the same time unaffected in his look that again Dorothy was speechless. He took the picture and lay it in his great palm a moment, and then his fingers closed slowly over it. He looked up at her again. She had turned away, and was nervously tracing lines with her fingers on the table.

"I have no excuse to offer for what I have done," he said, and there was that in his voice that made Dorothy look up.

"I realize all the distance between us. It will do you no harm to let me have the picture, and may do me good."

Dorothy at last found her voice. "I have not let you have it. It seems to me you have taken it, say way."

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