

THE ACADIA

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DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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Select Poetry.

"THE PENNY MEANT TO GO."

There's a funny tale of a stinky man,
Who was none too good but might
Have been worse,
Who went to his church one Sunday night,
And carried along his well filled purse.
When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was dim with the candle's light;
The stinky man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.
It's an odd thing how that guinea should be known,
So like unto pennies in shape and size,
"I'll give a penny," the stinky man said,
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."
The penny fell down with a clatter and a ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stinky man,
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."
Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stinky man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late.
"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me,
They lend to Him who give to the poor,
It will not be so bad an investment here."
"Na, na, na, na," the chuckling sexton cried out;
"The Lord is na cheated—He keeps na these well;
He knew it was only by accident,
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell!"
"He keeps an account, na doubt for the pit;
But in that account, He'll set down to thee,
No mair o' that golden guinea, my moon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gie!"
There's comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.
A comfort to think that the good Lord
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in this account,
For all the pennies we long "to gie."

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The sunlight lay warm and glowing in the quiet recess of farm-valley through which they rode, and in sheltered hollows in the woods where the snow was gone, velvet mosses and trailers peered through the brown leaves to catch a glimpse of Spring's sweet face. Of the laborers below the road, and at the farm-house doors, they began to inquire. All answered negatively. But in this the searchers were not much disappointed, as they knew that Will's flight through that locality must have been in the darkness. But receiving the same unvarying "No" from so many lips, grew to be rather disheartening, after a time. Yet they plodded on, making inquiry at every door, and of all whom they encountered. One man, who was heading logs by the wayside, remembered having seen a boy go along that morning in the direction from which they came, but he had forgotten entirely how he looked, or how he was dressed. This perplexed them somewhat, but they kept on, bound to obey the Doctor's orders, and go as far as Willowvale.
"How much farther have we to go?" Grant asked, when they had left the heaver of logs far behind.
"It's as much as five miles further to Willowvale," said Harris;—"at this rate we shan't get there before sundown!—stopping at every house, so I believe there's a stretch of two or three miles where there are no houses,—at any rate, I hope so!"
Grant took heart, thinking that there were yet plenty of chances to find his friend, if five miles still remained unexplored. But from the persons who answered his knock, he received the same invariable stare; the half-wondering—"No; we haven't seen nobody"—and then would follow the torrent of questions, such as—"Has he been stealing?" "Run away from his folks?" "What's he been doing?" "Did he live in the city?" and one motherly old lady, who followed Grant out to the gate, gave it as her sincere con-

vinction that "Boys like run away, never'll make nobody's garden!" for which Grant thanked her, and hurried on to the next house.

Now the afternoon began to wane. The straggling farm-houses straggled still farther and farther apart, till the road began to descend into a hollow between the abrupt hills, and there they ended entirely. Cool, purple shadows lay about the hillsides. In the ravine, where the cedars grew plentifully, everything began to whisper of nightfall. Harris plied the whip in a manner that would have terrified the Doctor had he seen how his favorite horse was lashed. By-and-by they rolled smoothly over a bridge where a sombre river rushed away into the purple dusk, neither of them little thinking that Will had stood on its edge, and gazed into the black depths, and wept because of his desolation.
"Up the hill," said Harris, as they whirled along, "is Willowvale."
And soon the Doctor's nag brought them high enough to catch a glimpse of another farm-village, whose windows glittered with dying sunlight. Here all the landscape lost the murky shadows that hovered in the hollow, and was still sunny, bright and cheerful. The sun's rim was not yet below the horizon. At the first two or three houses they met with the old answer—"No." At the next, a man was splitting wood by the roadside, opposite his door. He looked up when Harris reined the horse to his wood-pile and uttered an energetic "Whos!"
"Good evening," he said, touching his hat.
"Good evening," said Grant, leaning out of the carriage. "We're trying to get some information of a boy who left his friends last Wednesday night, and ran away. We suppose that he came this road. Have you seen or heard of such a one?"
"Well, now," said the man, with axe poised in air, ready for a blow,—"that's cur! How big a boy?"
"About my size and age," said Grant.
"Exactly!" emphasizing the word with a tremendous blow;—"I can tell you where he is this minute."
"Where?" said two voices at once.
"In my house. He's been there."
"Where is your house?" interrupted Grant, in an ecstasy of delight.
"Well, you're right in front of it, I reckon. Say!" as Grant sprang out of the carriage—"he hasn't been stealing, has he, nor nothing else?"
But Grant left all explanations to Harris, and ran across the road to the little gate. The roadside widows beamed as cheerfully upon him as they had upon Will, only now they were sunset rays instead of candlelight. The sweet-voiced woman answered his rap. She glanced at the carriage, then at Grant, and comprehending the whole, said pleasantly—
"Come in!"
Will was sitting before the fire, and evidently had heard neither knock, nor opening door, for he did not look up till he felt two strong arms around him, and a voice cried—
"O, Will! I've found you at last. What did you run away for?"
Then, when he saw Grant's kind, happy face beaming upon him with such gratification and relief,—felt the warm press of his hands, and knew that it was really him, and no vision, he burst into tears. The sweet-voiced woman walked quickly to the window, partly to hide her own face, partly to leave the friends to themselves. A fragment of the sun's rim still lingered, and burned redly through the trees.
"There! I don't cry any more, Will, said Grant pleasantly,—"you'll make yourself sick. You look ill already. Come, it's a long way back to the Institute, you know, and nightfall's ready."
Will shrank away from his friend.
"I can't go back there!" he said, "everybody despises me!"
"There, there," said Grant, soothingly, "don't talk like that. Do you suppose I'd come so far after you, if we didn't want you back again?"
The sweet-voiced woman left the window and came to the fire, smiling brightly upon them.
"Will," she said, "I would go back to school with my friend, if I were you. That'll be the best way—the manliest way! Just think how much

happier you will be if you face all these troubles and overcome them, than if you run away and let them conquer you."

"Do you really think so, Mrs Field?" asked Will.
"Yes; so does your friend!"
"Then I'll go," said he.
Overcoat and cap were brought, and he was quickly ready. He bade Mrs Field a sad good-by.
"If it were not for you," he said, "there's no knowing where I should have been by this time. Not on my way back to school, I know!"
But the sweet-voiced woman declined all thanks; bade him not catch cold while riding home; shook his hand heartily at the gate, and bade them both come and see her as soon as possible.
"She's an angel upon earth!" said Will, as he got into the carriage; and then they drove away.
The moon had pushed its great gold rim above the hills, and was gilding everything long before they arrived at Murray Institute.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESULT OF MANY TROUBLES.

Dr Murray, exceedingly gratified with the result of the search at Willowvale, called Grant to his study after he had been down to supper.
"Westerly," he said, "I'm very much indebted to you for what you've done. Is there anything I can do for you that will show how much I consider myself under obligation?"
"These were very unusual words for the Doctor to utter, even when in his pleasantest moods. Grant thanked him, and said—
"I don't want anything, sir, myself. If you will allow Will to start fairly again, sir, and give him his old rank in the class, it would be all I could ask. I'll answer for him, if he ever runs away again."
"Well, well," said the Doctor, "that's fair. I agree to that. Will shall have his old place to-morrow, as though nothing had happened. I will speak to Walsh about it, myself. Is that all I can do?"
"For me—yes," said Grant, and he withdrew from the Principal's august presence with a light heart.
It was getting late in the evening, and he ran up to his room, hoping to spend a few minutes at his books. But he had hardly got seated at his table, when he happened to remember that he had not informed Will that he must be prepared to take his old rank in the class. Leaving his books, he went to his friend's room. Pushing open the door, he found that Will had thrown himself upon his bed without removing either overcoat or cap.
"Are you asleep, Will?" said Grant, in some surprise.
"No," said Will, "after a time,—"come in."
Grant obeyed.
"Are you sick?" he said, as he approached the bed.
"No; but I'm hot, and tired, and stupid. I don't know what makes me, I'm sure."
Grant suddenly discovered that his friend's cheeks were hot and flushed, and as Will looked up he perceived that his eyes were wild and brilliant.
"Why, Will," he said, "are you ill?—your cheeks are like coals!"
Howth shifted his head uneasily upon the pillow.
"Something ails my head, Grant," he said,—"it feels strangely enough!"
Grant, unused to illness of any kind, looked on in doubt. Will, meanwhile, complained of the growing closeness of the room, and moved his propped and feverish head from one cool spot to another.
"I really believe you're sick, Will!" said his friend,—"at any rate you ought to go to bed. Come, let me help you take off your overcoat and boots."
Will demurred at first, but finally allowed Grant to assist him in removing his clothes. Then he went to bed, and speedily sank into a broken slumber.
"I wish I knew what to do!" thought Grant;—"it's almost nine, and soon everybody will be abed and asleep. I'm afraid he's going to be ill, and it won't do to leave him all alone here."
Irresolute, he sat down by the side of Will a few minutes, thinking he

would stay till the clock struck nine, at any rate. While he lingered, the sleep suddenly awoke. Half-awakened on his elbow, he gazed vacantly around the room, up at the ceiling, and finally his wild eyes rested on Grant.

"What's the matter, Will?" said Grant—"want anything?"
"Will stared steadily, but made no reply. In alarm Westerly got up, passed his cool hands over Will's hot brow, saying—
"What's the matter, Will?—why don't you answer me?"—and then he tried to persuade him to go to sleep again.
But nothing availed, and at last made conscious that Will did not know him, he hurried out of the room. His first thought was of the Doctor and Harris, and accordingly to the study he ran. He found Harris just opening the study-door to take his departure for the night.
"Harris!" he said, hurriedly,—"
"How is sick, sir," said Harris;—very sick, Grant says. And somebody is to go after a doctor, he says."
"Yes!" said Grant, impatient of delay, "some one must go right off!"
"Then," said the Doctor from within, "saddle Ivory, and go for Doctor Leigh, Harris. Call up the third teacher, and let him stay with Howth till the doctor comes. Now don't let the grass grow under your feet!"
"I'll call the third teacher," said Grant; "so you can start instantly, Harris!"
Harris went off to the stables, Grant waiting impatiently to hear the clatter of Ivory's hoofs. Pretty soon horse and rider came around the corner of the Institute buildings, and after one last "Hurry, Harris!" Grant shut the hall door, called the third teacher, and then ran up to Will's room. He found him in the same position, half-reclining, and still without any light of reason in his eyes. In vain he called his name, smoothed his hot forehead, questioned and pleased. Will did not know him. Sometimes a few muttered sentences escaped him, but Grant could find no meaning to them. When the third teacher came in, Will started up as if in fear, but sank back upon the bed again, where he lay regarding him with his wild, brilliant eyes.
How long the minutes seemed! Would Harris never return? and what if the doctor should be absent, or unable to come! These thoughts tormented Grant so much, that he moved from the bedside to the window, to watch. How calm, and fair, and beautiful lay everything without! The moon's great golden circle, now riding triumphantly in the sky, shined glory everywhere. All over the yard was drawn the shadow lace-work of the oak branches, and far down the city road, where Harris had gone, the broad avenue was barred with mingled light and shadow from the guardian trees. But in field and meadow the moon had her own way, and wrought wondrously. Grant strained his eyes again and again down the long view of road, but saw no returning horseman. All was calm, quiet, and silent.
"Perhaps you had better go to bed, Westerly," said the third teacher; "I'll take good care of him."
Grant shook his head.
"I want to be here when the Doctor comes, Mr Monk," he said; "I'm not tired at all."
The third teacher did not press the matter, and the two waited silently. By-and-by Grant caught a glimpse of Ivory's white neck; then horse and rider shot across a patch of moonlight into shadow again, and listening, Grant caught the rattle of the Doctor's carriage a little way behind. Soon both horseman and doctor drove up the avenue, and the watcher exclaimed, gladly—
"They've come, at last!"
Grant ran down to the hall to pilot the doctor up. He was a tall, well-wrapped, elderly gentleman, with a grave, but pleasant face, and was not an unusual visitor at the Institute, by any means. He gave Grant a grave nod, and a keen look from under his

eyebrows, and then walked up-stairs. Dr Leigh, amid his cool, business-like examination, was not unmindful of the eager eyes that were fastened upon his endeavoring to read his opinion perhaps, and when he turned away from the bedside, he said—
"Is this your brother?"
"No sir," said Grant,—"a friend."
"Ah,—a friend. Well, perhaps you can tell me then, what brought this on. Has my patient, here, over-studied, or has he been under great excitement, or what?"
Grant could think of no better way of explaining matters than by relating the whole story of Will's misfortunes to the doctor, which he did.
"But really, doctor," said the third teacher, "you don't think that has anything to do with his illness?"
Dr Leigh arched his eyebrows expressively.
"I do," he said; and presently—"the boy is evidently of a very excitable temperament, I judge; his school troubles have been too much for him!—Now," to the third teacher, "I will give you the directions concerning the medicine."
Here Grant heard no more, for he stole out of the room, intending to intercept the doctor in the hall! He had not long to wait. After a few more directions, Dr Leigh made his appearance, stopping, however, as Grant stepped forward.
"Will he be very sick, doctor?" he asked.
"He is very sick," said the physician—"quite sick enough; but he'll be worse before he's better!" and on he passed.
Grant heard Harris intercept him in the lower hall, and a low, short conversation followed, too low for Grant to hear what was said, and then Harris went to the study, and the Doctor rolled away in his carriage city-ward.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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