

Choice Literature.

STOPPING THE PAPER.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing—increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie, who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold and to-morrow the milk bill will be left. I owe Mr. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription to our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder"—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabbily booted foot went on.

Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before:

"I believe it will have to be done; of course I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard, but really I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I cannot do without; so I see no other way to begin saving but to write and stop the paper."

"She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. Jacob Willis; but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note, full of regrets but it said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said, as she closed the envelope, and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that as he was to take part in the missionary meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said.

"Stopped it!" he ejaculated blankly; why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice "embling, "and besides," she added gently, "You have said two or three successive years, when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a needless expense."

"Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the missionary meeting without the useful hints with which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbour ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment.

"I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful receipts such as you allowed me to copy once, and I knew you would spare it a few moments."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! Oh! well; never mind," and the neighbour departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbour appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known that we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jamie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday school lessons. Where's the paper? I'll get it."

"We have no paper to-night, Jamie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully; "so we'll try to get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jamie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh! dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do without it? I don't see what you stopped it for; I say it's real mean."

"You shouldn't say things are real mean which can't be helped," remarked Mr. Willis. "Ma and I know best about such things."

And Jennie was silenced but by no means convinced.

"And there's the story mother always read to us after the Sunday school lesson was learned," wailed Jamie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis impatiently, "don't let me hear any more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough. I'm surprised it makes such a fuss all around, just one paper."

No more was said that night.

The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good morning, Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?"

"Better sir, thank you, considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was feeling so smart,

to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said 'twould be good as a cordial any day to hear me read one of those nice sermons."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forth coming declaration.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the family were seated at their ample dinner; then Jennie asked a little timidly:

"Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment; then Jennie asked thoughtfully:

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have one nice story and a pretty lesson every week than to have plums in our puddings."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother; "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking; that will probably be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt, and when towards the last of the week the paper came, impulsive Jennie actually kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comments but afterwards, when only his wife and himself were in the room, he said:

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper. Absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbours and my own children knew more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future, do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction; and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford to have it."

And that was how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—*Golden Rule.*

THE ACADIANS BEFORE THEIR REMOVAL.

The removal of the Acadians was the result of influences that had been at work for forty years, and which had now mounted to a crisis. Abbé Reynal, who knew nothing of this people except from hearsay, has drawn an ideal picture of them, which later writers have copied and embellished, till Acadia has become Acadia. The plain realities of their condition and fate are touching enough to need no such exaggeration. They were a simple and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal, till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world, with little of that spirit of adventure which marked their Canadian kindred; having few wants, and those of the rudest; fishing a little, and hunting in the winter, but chiefly employed in cultivating the meadows along the river Annapolis, or rich marshes reclaimed by dykes from the tides of the Bay of Fundy. The British government left them entirely free of taxation. They made clothing of flax or wool of their own raising, hats of similar materials, and shoes or moccasins of moose or seal skin. They bred cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses in abundance, and the valley of the Annapolis, then as now, was known for the profusion and excellence of its apples. For drink they made cider or brewed spruce beer. French officials describe their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences, and scarcely supplied with the most necessary furniture. Two or more families often occupied the same house, and their way of life, though simple and virtuous, was by no means remarkable for cleanliness. Such as it was, contentment reigned among them, undisturbed with what modern America calls progress. Marriages were early, and population grew apace. This humble society had its disturbing elements, for, like the Canadians, they were a litigious race, and neighbours often quarrelled about their boundaries. Nor were they without a bountiful share of jealousy, gossip and backbiting to relieve the monotony of their lives; and every village had its turbulent spirits, sometimes by fits, though rarely long, contumacious even to the curé, the guide, counsellor and ruler of his flock. Enfeebled by hereditary mental subjection, and too long kept in leading-strings to walk alone, they needed him, not for the next world only, but for this; and their submission, compounded of love and fear, was commonly without bounds. He was their true government, to him they gave a frank and full allegiance, and dared not disobey him if they would. Of knowledge he gave them nothing, but he taught them to be true to their wives, and constant at confession and mass; to stand fast for the Church and King Louis, and to resist heresy and King George; for, in one degree or another, the Acadian priest was always the agent of a double-headed foreign power, the Bishop of Quebec allied with the Governor of Canada.

Nova Scotia, under the name of Acadia, had been ceded by France to the British crown in 1713. By the terms of the session, its inhabitants were to retain the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion. It was now more than forty years since they had become British subjects, and the greater part of the population had been born under the British flag. It is the testimony of the French themselves that the British rule had been an exceedingly mild one; that the colonial authorities, recognizing the value of a frugal and industrious population, had laboured to reconcile them to a change of allegiance which, on the whole, was to their advantage; that no burdens were imposed on them; and that they had not been oppressed or molested in matters spiritual or temporal. The British on the peninsula were, in fact, too few to

rule by force. Until the settlement at Halifax in 1749 they consisted only of a feeble garrison at Annapolis, with three or four others, yet feebleness scattered here and there over the country; and the Acadian population was left substantially to the government of its own priest. This population had its chief centres in the valley of the river Annapolis, and at Grand Pré, Cobequid, Pisiquid, and other settlements around the Basin of Mines, which forms one of the two heads of the Bay of Fundy.

After the cession of the country, the British authorities required the Acadians to take an oath of fidelity and obedience to their new sovereign. This, after a delay of many years, they did at last, with an understanding, as they alleged, that they should not be forced to bear arms against their former countrymen, the French. When war began again in 1745 many of them broke their oath, and sometimes openly, sometimes in the disguise of Indians, joined the French in attacks on British garrisons—while others acted as spies, or aided the enemy with information and provisions. When, in 1748, the war ended, the French officials prophesied some signal act of vengeance on the part of the British against the offending Acadians. On the contrary, they showed great forbearance, and only insisted that all the adult male population should take an oath of allegiance, without any reserve or restriction whatever.

This they would have done if they had been let alone; but they were not let alone. Another war was plainly at hand, and France meditated the reconquest of Acadia. To this end the Acadians must be kept French at heart, and ready, at a signal given, to rise against the English. France had acknowledged them as British subjects, but this did not prevent the agents of Louis XV. from seeking by incessant intrigue to stir them into bitter hostility against the British government. Before me are two large volumes of papers, about a thousand pages in all, copied from the archives of the Colonial Department at Paris. They relate to these French efforts to rouse the Acadians to revolt; and they consist of the journals, dispatches, reports, and letters of officers, military, civil and ecclesiastical, from the Governor of Canada to a captain of bush-rangers, and from the Bishop of Quebec to the curé of Cobequid. They show, by the evidence of the actors themselves, the scope and methods of the machination, to which the King himself appears, in his languid way, as an accessory. The priests of Acadia were the chief agents employed. They taught their parishioners that fidelity to King Louis was inseparable from fidelity to God, and that to swear allegiance to the British crown would be eternal perdition. Foremost among these apostles of revolt was Le Loutre, missionary to the Micmac Indians, and Vicar-General for Acadia under the Bishop of Quebec. His fanatical hatred of the English and the natural violence of his character impelled him to extremes which alarmed his employers, and drew upon him frequent exhortations to caution. He threatened the Acadians with excommunication if they obeyed the King of England. In connection with French officers across the line, he encouraged them to put on the disguise of Indians and join his Micmacs in pillaging and killing English settlers on the outskirts of Halifax when the two nations were at peace. He drew on one occasion from a French official 1,500 livres to pay his Indians for English scalps. With a reckless disregard of the welfare of the unhappy people under his charge, he spared no means to enmirel them with the government under which, but for him and his fellow-conspirators, they would have lived in peace and contentment. An entire heartlessness marked the dealings of the French authorities with the Acadians. They were treated as mere tools of policy, to be used, broken and flung away.—*Dr. Francis Parkman, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

SUPERFLUITIES IN WORSHIP.

Some churches seem to be experimenting in the matter of worship, with the result of producing an ambitious programme rather than an order of service. Parts are introduced or let into the service which have no relevancy at the time and certainly no claim to permanency. The chief temptation here, and the chief danger, is in the use of the choir. A glance at the "order of service" in such churches is enough to show that it was constructed with a view to the greatest possible use of the choir. The devices to this end are most ingenious. Sometimes a few verses of Scripture are introduced, to be read by the minister, as a rest between two elaborate pieces of music. Sometimes the strain from the organ which often follows the prayer announced on the "order" as a response, is prolonged into a solo, or duet, or general musical exercise, immediately after which the choir sing a hymn or an anthem. And sometimes the sermon is followed by music, prepared without reference to what has preceded, or the natural conclusion of the service. These words are not written as a protest against the use of choirs. The writer is a believer in choirs, not only as essential to the best congregational singing, but also as having perfectly legitimate and most impressive uses apart from the congregation. The protest is against these unmeaning repetitions, these interruptions of the natural order and flow of the service, these devices for introducing what is seen to be misplaced or superfluous. And the protest is urged the more freely because the fault is by no means altogether with the organist or choir. To our personal knowledge the artistic no less than the religious sense of some organists is offended by these devices. The fault lies where the responsibility lies—immediately with the Music Committee, indirectly with the better informed in the congregation, and to a certain degree, with the minister, who may hesitate about concerning himself in this matter, or who may not be competent to speak with authority. The reasons for the allowance of this practice are various. Now it is the cost of the music, it being expected that the service rendered will be conspicuous, and proportionate to the amount paid for it. Now it is the result of a compromise, some insisting that there shall be so much singing by the congregation, others that there shall be so much by the choir. Occasionally it seems to have followed, though quite necessarily, the suspension of the second service, the attempt being made to crowd too much into the remaining service. And in nearly all cases we suspect there is a latent feeling that