

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1895.

Only 50 Cents per annum

The Acadian,

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

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

News 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 7 A. M. TO 9 P. M. Mails
are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A.
M.

Express west close at 10.35 A. M.

Express east close at 5.20 P. M.

Kentville close at 7.30 P. M.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on
Saturdays at 12, noon.

A. DEW. HARRIS, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.

Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath
at 3.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M.

Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,

Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00
A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9.30
A. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30
P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Bur-

gess, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at
11.00 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sabbath School
at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7.30 P. M.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, WOLFVILLE.

Divine Worship will be held (D. V.) in
the above Church as follows:

Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M.

Evening and Sermon at 7 P. M.

Wed., Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 P. M.

Sunday-school commences every Sun-
day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on
Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.

The HALL, HORTON—Divine Worship
will be conducted in the above Hall as
follows:

Sunday, Evensong and sermon at 3 P. M.

J. O. Ruggles, M. A., Rector.

Robert W. Hudgell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly,

P. P.—Mass 11.00 A. M. the last Sunday of
each month.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,

meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7.45 o'clock P. M.

J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets

in Caddell's Hall, on Tuesday of each
week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. or T. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall,
Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets

every Saturday evening in Music Hall at
1.00 o'clock.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and
LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 32. Sept. 19th 1894.

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Select Poetry,

By the River.

Only the low wind wailing
Among the leafless trees;
Only the sunset paling;
Only the grey clouds sailing
Before the western breeze.

The girl beside the river,
With strained ear and tired eye,
Nor saw the crimson quiver,
Nor heard the willows shiver,
As the low wind swept by.

For sight and sense were roaming
Across the barren moor;
Oh, was he never coming,
Through the dull Autumn gloaming,
As in the days of yore!

Oh, bright blue eyes that glistened,
Oh, happy blush that rose,
Oh, foolish heart that listened,
To the faithless heart that christened
His love the "wife he chose!"

How oft he turned on leaving
For yet another kiss!
How he soothed the girlish grieving,
And swore that no deceiving
Should ever cloud their bliss!

He left when summer sunlight
Was full upon the stream,
He made his truth her one light,
And in the autumn dim light,
She faced her broken dream.

She knew her idol shaken,
She knew her trust was gone,
What hope dead faith can waken?
Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,
The woman stood—alone.

Hushed was the bitter weeping,
As o'er her closed the night;
When dawn on dark was creeping,
The morning breeze was sweeping,
Where broad, and pure, and white,Sorrow lay hushed in death.

The lilies swayed to cover
The fair pale face beneath;
Where, pain and passion over,
Freed from a faithless lover,
Sorrow lay hushed in death.

—All the Year Round.

Interesting Story.

The Beauty and Sublimity of Nature.

AN ORATION, BY E. W. H.

What soul is there so phlegmatic as
not to awake in willing response, and to
be led in sweet captivity, in the
contemplation of the sublime and
beautiful in Nature's fairy creation?
The very first discovery of beauty
spreads delight through all the facul-
ties of the mind!

Beauty is an all-pervading presence.
It unfolds in the numberless flowers of
the spring. "It waves in the branches
of the trees, and in every green blade
of grass. It haunts the depths of the
earth and sea, and gleams out in the
hues of the shell and of the precious
stone. And not only these minute
objects, but the ocean, the mountains,
the clouds, the heavens, the starry
jewels of immensity, the orient and
occident god of light—all overflow with
beauty. The universe is its temple;
a holy God is its author; and univer-
sal mankind its ardent admirer.

"Full many a glorious morning have I
seen
Flatter the mountain-top with sorran
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly
alchamy."

In the temple of Beauty, every
grassy meadow is an open book; ev-
ery painted flower has a lesson upon its
leaves; every murmuring streamlet
has a soft and silvery accent; every
whispering wind has a tongue of thrill-
ing eloquence. The opening of the
dewy rose-bud; the chanting of the
forest choir; the falling
of the autumn leaf; the sparkling
of the snowy crystals; the gushing of
the falling star; the shining of the
solar fire; a thousand forms above, be-
neath, behind, before, reveal to our
enraptured gaze the sublime beauties
of Nature's fairy land.

"The mountains and the hills break
forth into singing, and all the trees of
the field clap their hands for very
joy."
Well might blind Milton lament
his privation.

"Thus with the year—
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or
noon,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summers rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

With what profound delight and all-
absorbing attention we listen to Nature's
most lofty and impassioned strains of
harmony. Her music is like the holy
verses of an angel choir, coming
amidst the discordant sounds of earth
to charm away her fears and to inspire
with new-born hope, gently breathing
on our souls Heaven's peace and bene-
diction.

"It comes o'er my ear like the sweet
sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

He who formed the ear to hear, has
He not made us capable of understand-
ing the music that surrounds us? He
who made the eye to see, has He not
also made the earth beautiful to be-
hold? O, yes!

Fair Nature is lavish of her gifts,—
"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

Above and beyond us tower the
snow-capped mountains in majestic soli-
tude—sublime monuments of beauty!
Around us stand erect the stately trees,
save where yonder weeping willow
bends its lowly head to drink of the
refreshing stream—majestic ornaments
of beauty! Beneath us are those vine-
clad gardens laden with a thousand
variegated blossoms—perfect form of
beauty! See here, lying in scattered
profusion at our feet, are these tiny
leaves and tinted flowers peeping their
rain-bow-colored heads from beneath
the green carpet of the earth—minute
perfections of beauty! See yonder
cloud and mist wreath and vapor veil
—glorious reflections of beauty! Here
is a sparkling diamond, and there a
massive rock, and yonder stretches the
distant ocean with its pebbly shore and
sandy beach—O, are not all unfathom-
able mines of beauty?

But the highest, most perfect, most
attractive form of beauty in Nature, is
the human frame,—this wonderful
mechanism of a delicate construction—
especially when it is made beautiful by
religion, virtue, intelligence, culture,
and education! What a piece of work
is man! How noble his reason! How
infinite his faculties! in form and
moving, how express and admirable!
in action, how like an angel! in ap-
prehension how like a god, the beauty of
the world, transcending the most per-
fect of all other forms of beauty.

When from out the darkness of chaos
the Divine Creator spoke the fairy
earth into being, he pronounced it to
be "good"; but when man stood in the
presence of his creator, reflecting in his
person the divine glory and image, then
God pronounced his creation to be
"VERY good," and Nature confirms the
testimony of revelation that man is
born in the image of Deity.

I stood one morning in early sum-
mer in the fairy-like glen of Eccles-
bourne, in the south of England. It
is a most romantic spot, down which
the merry streamlet leaps and frolics
among the moss-grown boulders that
lie scattered in its bed. The rocks on
either side rise to a great height and
are diversified and crowned with em-
erald foliage. The opening of the
extremity of the glen reveals in hazy
blue the distant ocean, and a narrow
strip of sky overhead stretches away
in the direction of the sea.

I thought, surely nothing can be
more exquisitely beautiful than this!
But while I stood there, enchanted by
the romantic scenery, and inhaling the
exhilarating sweetness of the morning
air, suddenly a thick cloud which had
screened the sun passed gently away
and the dazzling rays of sunlight came
darting down into the shady glen,
scattering its bright sunbeams in every

direction, painting afresh the charm-
ing wild flowers whose pretty heads
peeped from out the crevices of the
rock, till the colors all glowed again
with dazzling beauty. The streamlet
sparkled and threw its silvery spray
around the rocks like a thousand care-
less diamonds, and the purple and
golden crags shone out like precious
jewels from their setting of emerald
foliage!

How often, as I lean upon some
rustic, wooden bridge, and meditative-
ly watch the murmuring streamlet
flowing gently on and on, or as, per-
chance, with measured step and slow,
I wend my footsteps through this class-
ic town of Wolfville, fond memory will
recall that fairy scene in all its intense
and beautiful reality. It seemed to
me that in less than the twinkling of an
eye, the ever-varying rays of the sun
transfigured that charming spot into
something transcending the powers of
human language to describe, and paral-
ysing the most imaginative faculties
of the human intellect to conceive.

Again I thought, ah! surely nothing
on earth can surpass this for simple
beauty of scenery; but whilst I mused
there came a gentle voice whispering
into the ear of my inner conscious-
ness,—"The highest development of
beauty in Nature is the human form!"
And what is it that makes the human
form so transcendently beautiful? I
eagerly asked. What is it that con-
stitutes its peculiar charm? I anx-
iously interrogated; and there came
back the reply, It is the "SOUL" in
man; the immortal nature! the divine
image! the spiritual life! the religious
spirit! the breath of God! and it is
this that makes a man a beautiful
creature in contradistinction from all
other forms of existence.

It flashes out from the eye; it sits
gracefully upon the fairy brow; it
lurks upon the rosy lips, and smiles
upon the blushing cheek; it is seen in
the light of genius; it is felt in the
glow of sympathy; it is manifest in
the life of purity; it is perceived in
the action of a noble heart; it forms
the white robes of the pure and holy in
Paradise; it wreathes the brow of
every son and daughter of Adam; it
adorns every honest face; it shines in
the life of virtue; it sparkles in the
brow of wisdom; it flashes in the spirit
of piety. The "SOUL" is a beauty
that perishes not, though the human
frame shall put off her rich garment of
beauty. It is a flower that never shall
fade; it is a light no cloud can shade;
it is a blossom no chilling frost can
blight; it is a bud of perpetual bloom;
it is a beauty angels wear; it is the
Tree of Perfect Beauty—the Tree of
Life immortal.

When the footsteps came.

Step! step! step!
It was his footsteps—her lover's.
The echo might have been lost to you
or me in the rumble of traffic, but to
her—never. To you or me all foot-
steps might have sounded alike. To
her there was as much difference as in
the sound of human voices. And she
waited and listened, and the footsteps
came and went, and the months passed
by.

Step! step! step!
It was his footsteps—her husband's.
The echo became a part of her daily
existence. To listen for it became one
of the objects of her life. When that
echo caught her ear a smile flitted
across her face, her eyes grew brighter,
and a wifely kiss was on her lips. And
she waited and listened, and the foot-
steps came and went, and the years
passed away.

Step! Step!
But the footsteps had ceased, and
the echoes had died away forever.
They bore him away to sleep with the
numberless dead, and she was a widow
from whom the sunshine had gone
forever. She wept and grieved and—

listened.

Step! step! step!
How her heart throbbed for an in-
stant! So much like his, and yet she
knew that he slept beneath the willow.
Not once, but a dozen times a day she
felt her heart stop its beating as the
echo of a footstep caught her ear.
And she waited and listened, and the
echoes came and went, and she whis-
pered to herself:

"Some day I shall again hear his
footfalls and know that he has come."

The years went by, and a grey-haired
woman looked out upon the setting sun
and knew that it was her last night on
earth. Friends wept at her bedside—
she had no tears. They spoke to her
in tearful tones—she made no answer.
She seemed waiting and listening, and
of a sudden, as the first shadows of
twilight began stealing into the room,
she whispered:

"Hark! I hear it!"
Step! step! step!
"It is his footsteps—I feel the echo
in my heart! He has come back to
me—my husband!"

All listened as they kept their eyes
fixed upon the dying woman's face.
Step! Step! The echo brought the
old wifely smile to her face. Step!
step! Her face grew radiant at the
thought of the meeting. Step! step!
step! The echo gave her strength to
rise up and stretch forth her arms as if
to clasp some one, and she sank slowly
back they heard her whisper:

"I knew his footsteps—he has come
at last!"
But it was that he might guide her
safely through the valley of the sha-
dow.

"MISSING."

"Throb! throb! throb!"
As regular as the beat of the heart—
more regular than the human pulse. It
is the revolution of the steamer's screw—
something heard from end to end and
side to side of the great ship.

From dawn to dark—from dark to
dawn—never missing a beat. Let the
great ship's heart miss that beat—let the
jar cease for a moment in mid-ocean, and
the chill of fear will strike every passen-
ger's heart. They know that only a
single plank separates them from the
relentless waters—that a rod—a pin—
a bolt—a crank—may snap at any mo-
ment and render the huge ship as helpless
as a log.

There is treachery in the waters when
they lap and gurgle and run softly up on
the sands, and break so still that a sleep-
ing infant would be soothed to deeper
slumber. There is fire aboard. Under
the boilers down in the dark hold—in the
cook's galley—in a half a dozen other
places lurks a fiend who may spring up
at any moment and clasp the huge ship
in his fiery arms.

The sky is without a cloud, but an
hour hence may bring a hurricane which
will vex ocean and land until every living
thing cries out in supplication. Puff!
Puff! Puff! It is the exhaust of steam.
It is steam controlled by watchful eyes
and experienced hands. Let it but secure
the mastery for a moment and the
heavens will be rent by an explosion.
Straight ahead in her path, but miles
away, is a ghastly obstruction. It creeps
—creeps—creeps—moved by some mys-
terious current. It is an iceberg of such
dimensions that the great steamship is a
button compared to the monster fly-wheel
of a 200 horse-power engine. On the
starboard bow is a bark under full sail—
on the port bow a steamer coming head
on.

Throb! throb! throb!
And the men and women and children
go to their beds and sleep in peace and
dream sweet dreams. Bye and bye a fog
creeps up—coming without whisper or
footfall—coming as a deadly scourge
enters a city and silently marks its vic-
tims with the touch of death. The man
on the bridge reaches for a better glass—
seems a trifle uneasy. The lookouts rub
their eyes and start up as if half suspect-
ing they had slept for a moment, and a
hand is raised to the fog-whistle.

"Boom! boom! boom!"
Here and there a nervous sleeper may
Concluded on fourth page.