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AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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THE ACADIAN.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. A. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9 45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7 30 p. m.

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REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector. Robert W. Stone, wardens. Geo. A. Pratt, organist.

REV. FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, 27, Main Street, in the fourth Sunday of each month.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 2, meet every Monday evening in their hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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An Revolt.

August breeze slowly quiver,

August breezes slowly ways,

August streams are slowly flowing

Far away!

Farwell, summer! Summer's dreamy days!

August birds are faintly singing,

August lilies brightly blaze,

August shadows shift and linger

Where they stay!

Farwell, summer!

Farwell, summer! Farwell, summer! Farwell, summer!

She was pale, but otherwise composed, and said at once,

"Have you heard I am going away?"

I stammered something, I knew not what; it must have been inaudible.

I had a sharp, choking sensation, and drooped my looks from hers.

"I have just got a letter from my father. I am to go back home immediately. See!"

So saying, she placed in my hand the small envelope which she had received from Munster in the morning. Seeing my puzzled look, she exclaimed:

"You may read it."

I did read it, in one quick, painful glance, I remember every word of it now. It was written in a large, bold hand, and ran as follows:

"MY OWN DARLING LITTLE MADIELINE:

"I have fallen upon my knees by my bedside, and am passionately kissing the lock of hair I begged from her last night. My heart seems breaking. All the world has grown dark for me to a moment.

To what new trouble is this that I am about to write, now that the one

ward me.

Prepared as I had been for the blow it did not fall so heavily as it might have done. I struggled with my feelings, and checked down a violent tendency to cry.

She perceived my consternation, and was herself moved. But there was a quick, strange light in her eyes, as if she were contemplating something far away.

"I have prayed many a night that my father would send for me," she said, thoughtfully; "and now he has done so, I scarcely feel glad. I am afraid there is something wrong at home. Shall you be sorry, Hugh, when I go?"

At this open question I broke down utterly, and burst into a violent sob.

She put her hands in mine, and looked earnestly into my face.

"I thought you would be sorry. None of them will miss me so much as you. We have been great friends; I never thought I could be such friends with a boy. I shall tell my father of you, and he will like you, too. Will you kiss me, Hugh, and say good-bye?"

I could not answer for tears; but I put my arms round her neck, and I did kiss her—a pure, true, loving boy's kiss, worth a million of the kisses men buy or steal in the broad world.

My tears moistened her cheek as I did so, but she did not cry herself.

She was altogether calm and superior, bowing down to my boyhood, compassionate and cherishing me; but in all possibility sharing little of my intense personal passion. She was nearer womanhood than I to manhood (girls always are more mature than boys); and she took my worship in gentle state. A Queen, kissed by a loyal subject, could not offer her cheek more royally than little Madeline offered her cheek to me.

Yet her manner was full of strong affection, too. She would miss me, I felt sure.

In the midst of my agony I found words to inquire how soon our dreaded parting was to take place. What was my astonishment to hear that she was to leave Munster at once.

"There is a ship to sail in two days, and I must go away to Liverpool tomorrow, early in the morning. My poor father! There is something very wrong indeed, and it will be many a week before we meet, though the ship should sail ever so fast."

As I write, recollection darkens, the sun sinks behind the little garden, the little shape fades away, and it is dark night. I seem to remember no more.

But what is this that gleams up before me?

It is the faint grey light of dawn, I have been in a very disturbed sleep, and am awakened by a harsh sound in the distance. It is the sound of carriage-wheels.

I start up; it is daylight.

I hear a hum of voices in the house below. Without awakening any of my companions in the room, I creep to the window, and look out.

How chilly looks the cold damp world outside! How pitiless and cold lie the dew on the leaves all around! I shiver, and my heart aches.

A travelling-carriage stands at the door, and a sleepy-eyed coachman yawns on the box.

Ha! I wonder from the house-orch comes Mrs. Munster, and by her side the little figure that I love.

The proud spirit is broken this morning, and the little eyes look soft and wet. Madeline elicits to her protest, and goes adieu to the servants, who look around to bid her farewell.

She does not look this way. Does she think at all of the poor friendless boy whose heart she has filled with beauty, and whose eyes are watching her so wildly from the curtained bed room window up above?

The coachman cracks his whip, the horses break into a trot, the little sea leaves out, and waves her handkerchief until the carriage rounds the corner and is hid from view.

Madeline! Little Madeline!

I have fallen upon my knees by my bedside, and am passionately kissing the lock of hair I begged from her last night. My heart seems breaking. All the world has grown dark for me to a moment.

To what new trouble is this that I am about to write, now that the one

ward me.

star of my life's dawn has faded away?

CHAPTER III.

The prologue over, the drama of my life begins. There is always a prologue of some sort, in which the keynote of life is generally struck for good or evil, pleasure or pain. Mine is the episode of little Madeline. Much of the spirit of what has been told will survive in the events which I am now about to narrate.

Madeline Graham faded at once and forever out of my boyish existence. I neither saw nor heard from her directly; but some months after her arrival in her distant home, there arrived a wonderful parcel, full of dried fruits, nuts, and other foreign edibles, addressed, in the hand I knew, to "Master Hugh Trelawney," at Munster.

My school-mates laughed wildly on its arrival. I tore it open, expecting to find some message in writing, showing me that I was not forgotten. There was not a line. With a somewhat heavy heart, I distributed the more perishable fruits among my school-mates, reserving a very little for myself—for I had no heart to eat. I stowed up many of the nuts in my trunk, till they were quite mouldy and rotten. When I was obliged to throw them away, I seemed to cast away at the same moment all my hope of seeing my dear little love again.

No other message—no other gift—ever came; though I wrote, in my round, boyish hand, a little letter of thanks and kind wishes. All grew silent. Little Madeline might be lying in her grave, far over the lonely waters, for aught I knew to the contrary.

I remained at Munster until I was fourteen. In all these years I never forgot Madeline, never ceased to mention her name every night when I prayed by my bedside, never relinquished the thought of some day sailing across the ocean, and looking on the dear, bright face again.

This intense and solitary passion became, if I may so express it, the secret strength of my life. It brightened the coarse and indigent experience of school-life, filled it with tender and mysterious meanings and associations; it made me inquiring and tender, instead of hard and mean; it determined my tastes in favor of beauty, and made me reverence true womanhood wherever I saw it. In a word, it gave my too commonplace experience just the coloring of romance it needed, and made the dry reality of life bloom with simple poetry, in a dim, roiling light from far away.

What wonder, then, if at fourteen, I found myself reading imaginative books and writing verses—of which early compositions, be certain, Madeline was the chief and never-wearying theme.

I had taken tolerable advantage of Munster's tuition, and was sufficiently well grounded in the details of an ordinary English education. I had, moreover, a smattering of Latin, which in my after struggle for subsistence, turned out very useful. I should have progressed still farther under the care of my schoolmaster, but at this period my father died, and I found myself cast upon the world.

It is not my purpose—it is unnecessary—to enlarge on my own private history, and I shall touch upon it merely in so far as it affects the strange incidents in which I afterward became an actor. Things were at this point when I one morning received the startling intelligence that my father was dead, and that I was left alone in the world. The first feeling which the news produced in me was one of very confused and dubious sorrow. Of late years I had seen very little of my father. Since I had come to Munster's I had been left there, never even going home for my holidays as other boys did. Munster was my home, and to all intents and purposes Mr. and Mrs. Munster were a father and mother to me. Still, for all that, the knowledge that I had a father in some remote quarter of the globe, who paid for my maintenance, and came to Munster's about once in six or eight months to spend an hour with me, had been a source of some satisfaction, and earned me now, for a short time or at least, to deplore his loss.

There came other and more complicated thoughts. If I had no longer a father to pay for my maintenance, what was to become of me; for, as far as I knew, I had no other relation in the world? Puzzled by these thoughts and seeing no solution to them, I could do nothing but wait in eagerness and dread for what was to follow.

The next morning when I was dressing, Mrs. Munster came into my bedroom and handed me a jacket with a crepe band on the left arm; she also pointed to a cap which she had brought with her, and said—

"You must wear this one now, Hugh."

Then she turned, but her kindly eyes upon me, and kissed my forehead and murmured, "My poor boy."

I ventured to inquire whether I was to see my poor father in his coffin or follow him to the grave. The tears came into the woman's eyes, and she took my hand.

"You will never see him again," she said; "never. He died in America, and was buried before we received the news. But you are a brave boy," she added "and must not grieve. It is sad for you, my dear; but trouble is sure to come, sooner or later. If it comes when one is young, so much the better, for one is better able to bear it."

"Mrs. Munster," I said, piteously, "what is to become of me?"

The good lady shook her head.

"I don't know, my dear," she replied; "your poor father hasn't left you a sixpence.....Hugh?" she added, suddenly, "have you any relations?"

"No," I replied, "not one."

"Are you sure?" she continued.

"Think, my dear."

I did think, but it was of no use. My brain would not conjure up one being to whom I could possibly lay any claim.

"No uncles, or aunts, or cousins?" persisted Mrs. Munster; when suddenly I exclaimed—

"Yes, Mrs. Munster; now I remember, I've got an aunt. At least I had an aunt; but she may be dead, like father."

"Let us hope not," said Mrs. Munster. "Well, my dear, tell me what she is like, and where she is to be found."

"I don't know what she is like," I replied. "I never saw her."

"Never saw her?"

"No; she never came near us; but I've heard father speak about her. She was my mother's sister, and her name is Martha Pendragon, and she lives at Cornwall."

"Martha Pendragon," repeated Mrs. Munster. "Is she married?"

I reflected a moment, and then I remembered having seen letters addressed to "Mrs. Pendragon," by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mr. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth, after an uneventful passage, I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Mianus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realising the fact that he was of tremendous height, that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat which reached to his ankles. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pipy voice—

"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mair's got a journey afore us, and we'm best awat be late!"

I moved aft, and pointed out to him my little trunk. He looked at it in much the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. Here we found a large van, and a fat, slony-looking man rose. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters,

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