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THE ACADIAN.

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St. John's Church (Episcopal) Rev. Isaac Brock, D. D., rector. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

By FRANCIS (B. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daily, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 6.00 o'clock.

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Select Poetry.

The End of the Way.

My life is a long and weary journey,
In strife with the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am going
Will more than my trials repay,
All the toil of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward
I often am longing to rest;
But he who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is useful and best.
I know in his word his promise
That my strength shall be as my day,
And the tolls of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float on in my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day,
Yes, the tolls of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said, "Come,
So when I am weary in body
And sinking in spirit I say,
All the tolls of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
Faint are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
When I get to the end of the way.

Interesting Story.

Jennie's Mission.

"Oh, this dull round of small duties,
How tired I am of them all, how I
Wish some great mission in life would
Come to me!"

Jennie Orson, the pretty little school
mistress, leaned her chin upon her
hand, and gazed out over gray fields,
where dusty plowed furrows were
turning their rugged faces up through
the rapidly-disappearing snow-drifts.

"Why, how the snow has gone to-
day," she added mentally, as the
appearance of the fields struck her eye.
It was the last day of March, and all
winter long the snow had been heaped
in miniature mountain ranges by the
road-side, and on the fields and mead-
ows. During the last week warm
weather had set in, making rapid
mounds upon snow and ice.

The children came running under
the window where Jennie stood, play-
ing at "round the house." Then they
floeked off together towards the brook
that rippled by the schoolhouse a few
rods distant. Jennie watched them
absently. Her mind was not upon her
duties that day. Her plodding round
in a school-room seemed very dull and
mean to her.

She sighed for some great and lofty
mission.

"I could do some one great act,
noble and noble," she sighed to herself,
"I would be willing to die then. What
is life worth if I plod on forever like
this? I am no more than an ant, or a
spider, or a squirrel, with the life I
live! How gladly would I give up
the monotony of years of this routine
for one hour of sacrifice, heroism, and
then welcome death."

How she hated her homely life as
she looked back over her nineteen
unconquered years. She had always
lived in this dull country place, ever
since she was a wee child and her
parents had emigrated to the West.
She had received her education in this
same little schoolhouse, attended divine
services there—as the place boasted no
church edifice—and her knowledge of
the outside world was obtained by a
early visit to the city, fifty miles
distant, where the yearly supplies were
purchased, and from a few books and
newspapers. Now she was very tired
of it all—tired of her dull past, her
duller present, and her doubtless dull
future. Even the dull thought of her
fond true lover, Jack Kellog, who was
building the house where she was to
live, annoyed her to-day. How much
better it would be to perform one grand act
in this dreary fashion. It was a very
romantic girl who stood there in the
little school-room dreaming her discon-

tinued dreams, you see.

"Sudden as she saw by the noon mark
that it was time to call in her scholars,
She had no bell—this was in the
early days of Wisconsin history, before
the railroads had spread their great
iron spider-webs all over the State, and
Jennie's school was conducted on a
very primitive plan. She took the
great ruler, with which she inflicted
punishment on the palms of unruly
boys, and rapped loudly on the win-
dow. Then she opened the door and
for her pupils to come trooping in, not
with the regulation and order which
govern school-rooms in these days, but
helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, laughing,
pushing each other, and playing tag on
their benches.

"Oh, teacher, the creek is getting
awful high!" said Tommy Smith, as
he plunged into his seat. And Jennie
did not correct him for the improper
use of "awful," which proved in this
case to be more appropriate than teach-
er or scholar supposed.

"I suppose the snows are melting
and running into it," she answered
absently as she took her place at her
desk, and by another tap of her ruler,
indicated that the afternoon session
was now in order.

Then she ran her eye over the room
to see that no pupils were missing.

"Where is Ted Brown?" she asked.
"I do not see him here."

Ted was the smallest child in the
school, a little boy scarcely five years
old, who was placed in her charge,
not so much to learn his primer, as to
keep him out of his mother's way.
She was burdened with two smaller
than he, besides a babe in the cradle.

"I left him down by the creek," an-
swered Tommy Smith, "playin' throw-
ing pebbles into the water. I told him
school was called."

"You should have brought him
along. Ted is only a child," Jennie
said reproachfully to Tommy. "He is
him now; and hurry, for your lesson
in arithmetic comes on directly."

Tommy came back in a brief space
of time white and frightened.

"Ted is standin' on a stone and
cryin', and the water's all round
him," he said. "I couldn't get near
him at all."

The whole school arose *en masse*,
and Jennie at the head of a small army
led to the rescue of Ted.

Yes, there he stood on the stone
which a little time before had been on
the shore, but now, alas, was in the
midst of the rapidly-swelling stream
beyond the reach of any of that little
group.

"Mamma! mamma!" he called in
piteous tones, "come and take Ted.
Ted is 'raid. Come, mamma, come!"

Jennie looked over her little flock of
people who crowded about her. Not
one of them was large enough to wade
out and rescue Ted. The only boy in
her school who might have safely at-
tempted this had remained at home
that day to assist his father.

The water was rising higher every
moment. What was to be done was
to be done quickly, for the angry waves
would seize poor little Ted and sweep
him away down the swelling stream.

"John," cried Jennie, speaking to
the largest boy in the flock, "you stand
here on the bank while I wade out to
Ted. I shall want you to take him
out of my arms as soon as I have him
safe. Some of the larger girls must
hold fast hold fast to your coat so that
you need not fall into the stream."

Then Jennie plunged bravely into
the cold water, sinking almost at the
first step.

Slowly, slowly, she made her way
toward the crying child, the waves
rushing up higher over his feet every
moment.

The little flock on the shore huddled
together like frightened lambs, watch-
ing their teacher with wide distended
eyes and sobbing out their fear and
terror, as she slowly forced her way
against the huge waves.

Another effort, another plunge, and
she had him in her arms. Then she
tried to make her way back to the
shore, but the waters were growing
more furious every moment, as if
angered at the loss of their prey. They
swept her from her feet. They
dashed above her shoulders, and her
little burden screamed and struggled
with terror, making her task tenfold
more difficult.

"Just another step, teacher, and I'll
catch hold of him," cried John from
the shore, reaching out almost his
whole length over the waters, while
two sobbing girls held fast to the
skirts of his coat.

It was an exciting scene, a wild
moment of suspense. Jennie's face
was white as chiseled marble; her long
black hair had fallen from its fasten-
ings and floated back over the billows
like a dark mantle, her eyes were large
with fear, her mouth drawn with pain,
and her slender form wavered as if her
strength was well nigh exhausted.

With one last mighty effort she laid
her burden in John's outstretched
arms.

Ted was saved.

A wild shout of joy and triumph
rose from the excited band on shore,
and they flocked about the prostrate
form of the almost-inanimate child.

Just then a great wave swept down
upon Jennie, lifted her from her feet,
just as she was about to grasp the
shore, and bore her down the stream
like a light piece of drift-wood.

As she whirled away the whole
vents of her past life arose before her
—that life which only an hour before
seemed so poor and mean and dull to
her. Ah, how precious and
bright and beautiful it became. She
remembered her rash wish, that she
might be given one heroic act to per-
form—and then die. The act had
been granted her almost instantly, and
she had performed it heroically. But
now must she carry out the remainder
of her thought and "die." Oh, death
was so dark, so cold! The unknown
seemed so terrible, and she was so
young, and life was so sweet!

She thought of Jack, her lover, and
the half-completed house. Life with
him there, that an hour before had
seemed a dreary, monotonous waste,
was now to her like the departing
sun, whose rays were smiling fondly on
her face, and now I ask you
to do it."

Young Tommie to all the propo-
sitions as they were laid down, and
when the elder had finished speaking
he said: "I can give you a new leg,
and I will, but I want you to think a
little about it first. When the day of
judgement comes, wherever you are
buried, your old leg will find you out
and join itself to you, but if I give
you a new one, that will rise with you,
too, and the question is, whether you
would rather suffer the inconvenience
of getting along with one for a few
years or go through all eternity on
three legs."

The choice was quickly made and
Brigham Young's reputation as a mir-
acle-worker was saved.

Where Does the Sin Commence?

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a
sin; this is not denied. At what
point does the taking of strong drink
become a sin? The state in which the
body is when not excited by intoxicat-
ing drink is its proper and natural
state; drunkenness is a state of sin.
At what stage does it become a sin?
We suppose a man perfectly sober
who has not tasted anything which can
intoxicate; one glass excites him and
to some extent disturbs the state of
sobriety, and so far destroys it; an-
other glass excites him still more; a
third fires his eye, loosens his tongue,
inflames his passions; a fourth in-
creases all this; a fifth makes him
foolish and partially insane; a sixth
makes him savage; a seventh or an
eighth makes him stupid—a senseless,
degraded mass; his reason is quenched,
his faculties are for the time destroyed.
Every noble and generous and holy
principle within him withers, and the
image of God is polluted and defiled!
This is sin; awful sin; for "drunkards
shall not inherit the kingdom of God."
But where does the sin begin? At
the first glass, at the first step towards
complete intoxication, or at the sixth,
or seventh, or eighth? Is not every
step from the natural state of the sys-
tem towards the state of stupid in-
toxication an advance in sin, and a yield-
ing to the unwearied tempter of the
soul?

Character.

Character exhibits itself in conduct,
as guided and inspired by principle,
integrity, and practical wisdom. In
its highest form it is the individual

character who is always late. Eminent

character who is always late. Eminent