MEMORIES OF IT IN THE HOME OF MANY YEARS AGO.

Pastor Felix Recalls the Scenes of His Boy-hood in the Family Circle—They were all Singers, and the Songs They Sang are Sweet to All of Us.

What celestial virtue is in vonder star that it should magnetise my thought, or that its alluring sparkles should wing my spirit, and send her away on another track from that on which my body is traveling? There is a chill in that night air; and the heavy river-mist has been clinging around me, with ghostly suggestiveness, over all this lonely road. A tired man-for this is the Sabbath evening; and what trail-bodied preacher has not spent his nerve to tedium, or perhaps exhaustion, by them? I throw myself under the cover of my old carriage, and let Dinah, if she will, wander into the land of dreams.

I am home, that is, I am in Acadia, and the region of its most richly dowered of nature, most favored of the poetic and the historic muse. Is it not strange I should get there so quickly, and without in the least disarrangeing present concerns on the road, or leaving my mare without her

And still see thy tender cys.
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"How swift is a glame of the mind! Compared with the speed of its flight, The tempest itself lags behind, ... And the swift winge! arrows of light, When I think of my dear native land, In a moment I seem to be there,"— \*

But, indeed, I am not very far away; this very soil on which I tread was once called Acadia!

Those Sabbath evenings at home! Out of that past which never comes, but yet is always coming, or seeming to come, their voices break melodiously; and moves over into clear vision their beautiful semblences, most precious memory of childhood, with into clear vision their beautiful semblences, chastened, sainted, and filled with holiest light. The hours when the shadows fell waters that "run softly": and the lamp was lighted, fled away on wings of music. A brother describes the scene, and shows how cares were banished and sorrows consoled:

I see my father in his chair
With his two babes upon his knee,
While grandly on the evening air
Roll out the strains of old "Dundee," With reverent hearts, we happy boys Would, soulful, join the strain divine While "Ocean," or "Auld Lang Syne," Would swell the ocean of our joys.

And one sweet voice there was, which rose In tenor musical and clear, Such as from harp solian flows; And evermore thy voice I hear In cadence softing thro' the years,

rocking in its harmonious cradle, chanting with breaking voice, when at 80 years. caress the floor at sound of a violin even since she ceased to be a maiden. Her ear was just as true as the pitch-pipe. Her peculiarly effective rendering of the funereal and yet sympathetic "China," lingers with me yet—that score some one has declared to be fine enough for the use of an angel.

Siloa's brook that flowed Fast by the oracle of God. ‡

While former things remain, and the treasures of the past are dear unto us, these words and the accompanying air will not lose their music:

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

† Mansfield's American Vocalist.

† Miansheld's American Vocaties.

† His eye, looking down from the Temple Mount, would rest on the contrasted sweetness of the softly-flowing waters of Siloan, which bubbled up noise-lessly at the foot of the hill, and after filling a double-pool, glided on to the south, till they lost themselves in the king's gardens—Cunningham Geltie.

WHAT THE SALOON IS.

A True Picture Drawn by Mrs. Mary A.

Livermore.

"The saloon is a place with screened windows and closed doors, a place where the tread of a woman's foot is her everlasting shame. It is a place where for childhood to enter is everlasting wreck and ruin. It is a place where men gather only, where they shut the eyes to their world outside. It is a place where the cool, keen, sober, voracious, designing villian on one side of the bar sells for greed of gain his liquor to reeling brains on the other side of the bar. It is a place where no man can enter for an hour and come out as good as he went in.

can enter for an hour and come out as good as he went in.

"It is a place that unfits a man to be the husband of a decent and virtuous wite, that destroys a man for being a clear brained, steady nerved father for his children. He goes there to his degredation, prostitutes the name of God. He disgraces his mother, his wife, his sister, and comes out demoralized, obscene, less than ann and less than a brute because he has not fulfilled the designs of Providence. The saloon does not do that sometimes; it does it always. It cannot live without it. The saloon does not do that probably or may be. It must do it. The saloon never lives except by feeding on moral carrion—on dead souls and bodies."

Has his hands full—The man whose employees are on the spree.—Light.

of a great speaker. In conversation, he frequently uses original and striking metaphors. A few years ago, speaking to an English statesman, he compared the French of policy in Africa to a fiery steed galloping across the desert of Sahara and finding the ground much heavier than was expected. It is now five-and-twenty years since I had the honor of being first presented to Prince Bismarck, but the conversation I then had with him made such an impression that, though followed by many others, not a word of it has faded from my memory. Various subjects were discussed. Speaking of the I know he has not changed, that although and I know he has not changed, that although and I know he has not changed, that although and I know he has not changed, that although and the country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German langue of the Country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German langue of the Country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German langue of the Country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German langue of the country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German langue of the Country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German langue of the Country was greater than ever the country was greater than ever the country was greater than ever the German mind. He did not believe that the work of any considerable German poet, from the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach to the songs and ballads of Uhland, was at all widely or properly appreciated in England. "Nations," he said, "have not yet been drawn closer to the said, "have not yet been drawn closer to the said," have not yet been drawn closer to the said of the country was greater than ever the country was greater

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