A JUBILEE SONG.

Mr. Clement Scott is the author of the following lines which have been set to music by the veteran composer, Mr. Henry Russel,

OUR EMPRESS QUEEN. Victoria! Queen of a nation Victorial Queen or a nation
That governs the heart of the world!
Thy Empire of love is the station
Where Liberty's flag is unfurled.
What son would not die to defend thee, Who ruleth our love and our lives?
The heart of our manhood we send thes;
The blessing of mothers and wives.

Victoria! Hark to our singing. Awake to our Jubilee song! At the foot of thy throne we are flinging.
The hearts that have lov'd thee so long. The children of Time that surround thee, The cup of thy joy shall refil!,

A maid in thy beauty we found thee!

As mother we honour thee still. Victoria! Name that a nation Has written in letters of gold, Lock down from the pride of thy station The wealth thou hast gather'd behold! It is rarer than jewels or treasure, It is pure as the starlight above,

Victoria! star of our atory!
Thou light of the days that have been! We cheer for thy reign and its glory, We pray for our country and Queen!

The hearts of a people who love !

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It seems like a hundred years ago That we travelled once through the drifted To meet round the Christmas tree. You were a child, with a fair, round face, And you hung on the tree, with a shy, sweet

Your Christmas present for me. Twas a scarlat, beaded pincushion heart, Brilliant and shiny—a triumph of art— With a bead bird on it—a dove. Twas bought of a "equaw" (who spoke with a

brogue),
And you said in your note—dear little rogue—
That you gave it me with your love. Well, that little red heart has been with me Through distant countries far over the sea, Crossed river, mountain and lake;

Though never a pin have its tough sides known, For the heart was as hard as Pharaoh's own, But I loved it for your sake.

We're very much older and wiser now, We meet with a formal word and bow, And many more things we know; We don't hang our hearts on trees, I believe, Nor wear them either upon our sleeve; Is it better, I wonder, so?

The tree is laden with gifts tonight,
And the colored tapers are gleaming bright,
And the Christ-child floats above; But my hoped-for gift isn't on the tree,
I want a heart—will you give it me,
As you did before, "with your love"?]

—[Bessie Chandler, in the December Brook-

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby Against the cottage wall.

A lily grew at the threshold, And the boy was just as tall.

A royal tiger lily,

With spots of purple and gold,

And the heart of a jewelled chalice

The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the bluebirds whistled High up in the old roof trees, And to and fro at the window The red rose rocked her beer; And the wee pink fists of the baby Were never a moment still, Snapping at shine and shadow That danced at the lattice sid.

His eyes were wide as bluebells. His mouth like a flower unblown; His little bare feet, like funny white mice, Peeped out from his snowy gown; And we thought with a thrill of rapture, That had yet had a touch of pain, When June rolls around with her roses We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber, With the sunshine shut away, Through tears that fell like bitter rain, We measured the boy today.

And the little bare feet that were dimpled And sweet as a budding rose, Lay side by side together,

Up from the dainty pillow, White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling
With the light of Heaven thereon; And the dear little hands, like rose leaves Dropped from a rose, lay still, Never to catch the sunshine That crept to the crowded sill,

We measured the sleeping baby With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood cacket
That waited him below;
And cu: of the darkened chamber We went with a childless moan To the height of the sinless angels Our little one had grown,

EVENING BRING U3 HOME. Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold, The sweet young grasses wither on the wold:

And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy
fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumble, and the rocks the brown lichen whitens, and the Watches the straggler from the scattered

flocks; But evening brings us home. The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat Their pitiful complaints; oh, rest is sweet When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts; Our eyes are heavy, and our hearts Search for Thy coming; when the light

departs, At evening, bring us home. The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no Rises to guide us. We have wandered far. Without Thy lamp we know not where we

At evening, bring us home. The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts

thicken.
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps At evening brings us home.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought! Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it no "Twas fought by the mothers of men!

Nay, not with the cannon, or battle or shot, With sword, or noble pen; Nay, not with elequent words or thought, From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled up woman's heart-Of women that would not yield,

Ah bravely, silently bore her part—

Lo! there is that battle field,

No marshalling troupe, no blvcuac song; No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh! these battles, they last so long— From babyhood to the grave !

Written on the Death of Mother, by Mrs. M. A. M., of Norton, King's Co.

Sudden and swift the summons came From the kingly courts on high,
And she rose in haste to the master's call
And bidding a long good bye To the loved ones near, with a warm embrace, And words that must comfort give, Though the conflict was strong between life and death
And her time was short to live.

Ah loved and dear, ah kind and true!
Thou hast passed the mystic gate
Where the footsteps of mertals nee's may

We can only pray and whit;

Praying our faith may stronger become

As the sun of life sinks low,

Waiting the resurrection morn

When we shall our loved ones know.

Shall we greet them with joy that our hearts ne's knew, Unmingled with sorrow or pain? nited, no more to be severed by death Or blighted by sadness again?

Then happy art thou, to have gained the bright shore, And met with leved ones above, While we, who remain will remember thee And speak of thy kindness and love, T'ws the time of flowers when she passed

away From the brightness and sweet perfume, And they blended their incense above her And the grave closed oe'r their bloom. New the winds of autumn sweep oe'r the place And withered the grasses lie,

But her spirit we trust is in manaions fair In the Father's home on high. (Written for the Free Press.)

DEATH IN THE SOUDAN. Founded on the march of Lord Wolseley's vanguard to the relief of Gordon or the gallant 1500 under General Stewart from Gakdul to

What is that little spec we see, on Afric's desert plain? That bloody rift in yonder cloud, all red with gory stain?

That lonely star, now twinkling forth, to cheer the corphing cloud. That lonely star, now swinding to the scorching gloom,
Now flashing lightning's deadly bolt, now rolling thunder's boom?

'Tis Briton's noblest sons of earth; the boast of friend and foe, In freedom's cause (a brother's fate) they strike

the fearful blow. Or brave the seas or sweeping tides, of far off rushing Nile,
To face the desert's burning sands, or grapple death with smile. To Britons, terror yet unborn, nor numbers, block the way;
Like tempest through the embattled host, or victory crown the day. Nor hid beneath the brazen shield, nor, neath the ramparts lie, But bare the breast to meet the fates, advanc-

ing, win or die.
At Abou Kles, see! they come, the gathering storm survey! The star is dimmed, the rift is closed, and darkness broods the day—
Alas! the sky is tempest toss'd, the clouds incessant fly;
The lightning's flash! the thunder's roll! behold! one spec espy.

Like on the ocean's breaking waves, the far off

ship appears;
'Tis Briton's heroes bursting forth through clouds of Arab spears. The gallant Stewart, alas, he falls! the horse, no rider, slain. He mounts again, amid deafening cheers, to urge the deathful rein.

Now here, now there, on every side, he rings the loui commands, Or pile, or drive the swarthy host athwart the bloody sands, Each hero's fury partly curb, or all had been

As through the clouds, like noon-day sun, the gittering phalanx burst,
O'er heaps of dead the living drive, or fixed as
O'iou shine, And clastered constellation gleam along the blazing line Again, the lonely star bursts forth to cheer the Again, the lonely star pursus forth to cheef and desert gloom,
Through yonder rift, all red with blood, behold!
the heroes come.
Once more, the star in darkness hurl'd, by clouds in wild dismay
Where Mahdi's host, entangled dead, exclude

the first.

the British way, Near Shebakat, the gallant Stewart, alas! once more he falls; Nor death shall rob a hero's breath, whilst brother freedom calls, Behold him! borne on gentle arms, like child of tender years,
Whilst bravest hearts, in sorrow melt, diffused in scalding tears. in scalding tears.

The dashing victor, yet shall live, his Queen and country's boast

Shall live to fame, a brother free, shall scatter

Mabdi's host;

Brave Wilson mounts the madden'd breach to cheer the vengeful band,
And death and Arabs, heaped around, to glut Hark! yonder boom, behold! the flash, some heroes still remain; In tempest toss'd or stubborn die, or drenched with leaden rain.

'Tis noble Beresford's gallant few, where Cochrane's forty braves.
In mounds of dead, Zareba flanked, to cow the swarthy slaves, While comrades, round like torrents sweep, and heap'd new wrecks of dead Till hero, clasped to hero's breast, or tears ununbidden shed,
Hark! o'er the din, that British cheer, that roll of freedom's drum; 'Tis Briton's noblest sons of earth, behold ! the heroes come. Once more the gleamiof Briton's star, relights

the far off Nile, And Gubal's rugged arms embrace, the con-querors with asmile; That bloody rift, no more we see, the clouds tempestuous fly,
Three thousand Arabs stretched in death, and thousands left to die; Alas! one hundred British sons, on desert sands In glory wrapt, immortal names ! o'er Britain's

O. K. STUART. Father and Son Both Killed.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT TO TWO HALIGONIANS IN COLOBADO MINES. (Special despatch to the Balif x Herald.) Antigonish, Dec. 7 - P. Floyd of this town has just received a letter from his brother in has just received a letter from his brother in IdahoiSprings, Colorado, announcing the death in the mines there November 23, of a father and son named Stevens, belonging to Tangier, Halifax. They had just gone to work at six p. m. and were loading a hole with giant powder when it expleded. The boy never knew what happened to him. His brains were blown out and his body torn to pieces. The father was blown about thirty yards, had legs and arms broken and face smashed. He lived six hours and leaves a widow, two boys and two girls, the eldest six years. A native of Antigonish was killed in the mines at the same place a few weeks ago.

Talking is said to be conducive to longivity. Silence kills some women. It is the lack of silence which finishes the men. Ten years ago there were nine vessels engaged in the Prince Edward Island fisheries;

now there are 53 vessels with 700 fathoms of Seven Sutherland sisters sit in a shep win-Seven Sutherland sisters sit in a shep win-dow in Fourteenth street, New York, and comb most luxuriant hair as an advertisement of a hair restorer. Neighboring dealers want them locked up for street obstruction, because

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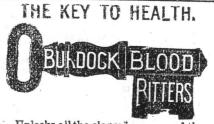
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(A. F. MILES,

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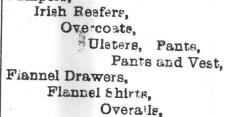
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THE MOUNT

VOL.

BY 3 [The "Mount of

cipal mountain of rado, is 14,176 feet cross is located ne and consists of two summer and winte 50 feet wide, and the cross is some 1 the cross is some 1 zontal arm 700 feet a distance of 30 or The ccean divided,
And a newly-born
Like furrows uptur

The mountain chai had trod, And their towering Turned their terri day, Like sentinels guar Lest the contact of The ocean was van born. Its headlands flung more, The sun from the tr 'Till the hills by th kissed. And the Winter Ki To hang on each white;

Then arose the loud As it called back its tain side,
"O soul of my soul,
Return to the hea alway;
The sun and the silve
By day and by night
O loved of my boson Come back to the But a sound like all

Come down through

the sun.
Like music from far

For the crystals can wand, And the soul of th

Till earth, air and spell;
"Be silent, ye water
All motion is only to In my breath the sing, "Twas mine to crea mand The land to the ocea give
True worship to me
Lo, I leave on the m

A type of the union of An emblem of anguing For they who would The roar of the ear heard,
The land from its sol
The breast of the m shock, And a cross was rev one hand pointing gales blow,
And one to the kingd
While its face turned

from afar, Ere Jordan had rolle

The harp of the elem In the wild chime of Around it the hair curled,
Against it in fury his
And the pulse of the face
Till the snows were I tain's cold bres As spotless and white Then the spirit of Sam with the smile of the mouth, And breathed on the the hills, While the snow ripple

the rills. The winter was gon

there,
Towering mutely and

Where the morning sh

of its birth, Till the last cross is

It cannot grow old w From the lips of the l dawn, While heaven's pure dews, And with garlands of fe It was there when the Were drifting in sands Nile, And it still shall point truet, When pyramids crumbl It shall lean o'er the peace, Till discord and war Till the red sea of Time And the years like white the shore.
As long as the incense for To weave its bright woo

akies,
As long as the clouds int
That cross shall gleam h
heart. A TRAC A soft breasted bird Fell in love with the And it wheeled round the wing,
And floated and cried lik
It brooded all day and it
But could win no look light.

For the flame had it Afar with the ships It was thinking of wives, nd darkness and dange t the bird had its ten On the glass where at las The light only flick

But the bird lay de