

Selected for the American.

THE ARAB STEED.

"My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck,
And dark and fiery eye,"

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all
thy winged speed.

I may not mount on thee again—that
art's sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff
not the breezy wind.
The further that thou findest now, so far
am I behind.

The stranger hath thy bridle riap—thy
master hath thy gold.

Fleet, limpid and beautiful! farewell!

"thou'ret sold, my steed, thou'ret sold!

Farewell! Those free unfurling kins fall
many a mile must roan,

To reach the chill and wintry sky which
cloths the stranger's home;

Some other hand, less fond, must now
thy corn and bed prepare.

Thy silky mane I broided once, must be
another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but
never more with thee,

Shall I gallop through the desert paths,
where we were wont to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and
o'er the sandy plain,

Some other steed, with slower step, shall
bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go. The mild, free breeze,
the brilliant sun and sky,

The master's house—from all of these my
exiled one must fly.

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud,
thy step become less fleet,

And vainly shall thou arch thy neck, thy
master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
gazing bright;

Only in deep sleep hear again that step
so firm and light;

And when I raise my dreaming arm to
check or cheer thy speed,

Then must I, starting, wake to feel
that thou sold my Arab steed!

An! rarely then, unseen by me, some
cruel hand may chide,

Till form-wreaths lie, like crusted waves,
along thy panting side;

And the rich blood that's in thee swells,
in the indignant pain,

Till eyeless eyes which rest on thee may
count each starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—

but no, it cannot be,

They set so swift, yet easy curv'd; so
gentle, yet so free;

And yet, if happy, when thou'ret gone, my
lonely heart should yearn,

Can the hand which casts thee from it
now, command thee to return?

Return! Alas! my Arab steed! what
shall thy master do,

When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast
vanished from his view?

When the dim distance chests mine eye,
and through the gathering tears,

They bright form for a moment, like the
false sunrise, appears?

Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with
weary step along,

Where, with fleet step and joyous bound,
thou oft hast borne me on,

And sitting down by that green well, I'll
pause and sadly think,

"It was here he bow'd his glossy neck
when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw him drink! Away! the
fever'd dream is o'er.

I could not live a day, and know that we
should meet no more.

They tempted me, my beautiful! for
hunger's power is strong—

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I
have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? who
said that thou wert sold?

"Tis false—"tis false, my Arab steed! I
sing them back their gold!

Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and
sear the distant plains;

Away! who overtakes us now, shall
claim thee for his prize.

THE OLD FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God some of us have had an
old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of
the period, enamelled and painted, with
her great coiffure, her curls, and bustle,
whose white jewelled hands never felt
the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear,
old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with
eyes in whose clear depth the love light
shone, and dark hair just threaded with
silver, lying smooth upon her faded
cheek. Those dear mothers, worn with
toil, gently guided our tottering steps in
child-hood, and smoothed our pillow in
sickness, ever reaching out to us in yes-
terdays tenderness. It floats to us now, like
the beautiful perfume from some wood-
ed blossoms.

The voice of other voices may be lost,
but the enchanting memory of her will
echo in our souls forever. Other faces
may fade away, and be forgotten, but
hers will shine on us. When in the fitful
pauses of busy life our feet wander
back to the old homestead, and crossing
the well-worn threshold, stand once
more in the room so hallowed by her
presence, how the feeling of childhood
innocence and dependence comes over us,
and we kneel down in the molten
sunshine streaming through the open
window—just where long years ago we
knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our
Father." How many times when the
tempter lured us on, has the memory of
those sacred hours, that mother's words
her faith and prayers saved us from
plunging into the deep abyss of sin.
Years have filled great drifts between her
and us, but they have not hidden from
our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish
love.

"Now, Willie, dear," says Fanny, "do
have a little courage; when I have a
powder to take I don't like it any more
than you do; but I made up my mind to
take it, and I do." "And when I have
a powder to take," replied Willie, "I
make up my mind not to take it, and I
don't."

ATTENTION!

S. R. SLEEP.

Desire to call the attention of the
people of King's to the fact that he is
selling off a large stock of

STOVES,

the remnant of stock manufactured by

THE ACADIA IRON FOUNDRY,

at exceeding low prices. Parties wish-

ing to purchase will do well to call and
inspect as the stock must be sold even
at a sacrifice.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville Oct. 1st, 1884.

**6 Horse power Engine,
8 " " Boiler,
No. 4 Fan,**

Almost as good as new.

Sweeping Reductions

In SUITS made by me

For 1 Month.

Holding a large stock on hand I
wish to clear out to make room for
New Stock.

A. MCPHERSON,

KENTVILLE

Sept. 25, 1884.

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**The New York
Wonder Lamp**

Is beautifully finished, is the near
est approach to the

ELECTRIC LIGHT!

yet invented, and is superior to all other
Kerosene Lamps in the market, in

Nickle Plate or Gold Lacquer

\$6.00 EACH.

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R. PRAT,

AGENT

N. B.—Beware of cheap imitations.

Wolfville, Dec. 16, 1884.

**William Wallace,
TAILOR,**

Owner East and Water Streets,

WOLFVILLE.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Having for the past six years done
a successful business throughout Nova
Scotia and the adjoining Provinces, I
have ESTABLISHED NURSERIES at

ROUNDHILL, Annapolis County; KINGSTON, SOMERSET; CAMBRIDGE; KENTVILLE and GRAND PRE, King's Co.; HANSPORT, FALMOUTH & MILFORD, Hants Co.

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SPRING TRADE

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HOME GROWN TREES!

One and two years old at prices
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Hold your orders until you see my
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J. E. Moffit, J. W. Foster,

R. H. Warner, John A. Shaw,

W. T. V. Young, J. E. Marion,

B. F. Coughlin, Geo. S. Hoyt,

W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Winter Arrangement—1885.

Commencing Monday, 1st December.

GOING EAST.

Accm. Daily. Accm. P.M. Exp. Daily.

A. M. A. M. P. M.

Annapolis Levee 6 15 1:30

14 Bridgewater 7 10 2 13

28 Middleton 8 10 2 58

42 Aylesford 9 15 2 37

47 Berwick 9 25 2 52

50 Waterville 9 50 4 66

52 Kentville dep. 5 40 11 15 4 40

64 Port Williams 6 00 11 35 4 65

66 Wolfville 6 10 11 44 5 03

68 Grand Pre 6 25 11 57 5 13

72 Avonport 6 40 12 10 5 54

77 Hantsport 6 58 12 26 5 59

84 Windsor 7 50 1 20 6 05

118 Windsor June 10 00 3 45 7 28

120 Halifax arrive 10 45 4 30 8 05

GOING WEST.

Exp. Daily. Accm. term. M.W.F. daily.

A. M. A. M. P. M.

Halifax—leave 7 00 6 15 2 30

14 Windsor Jan. 7 45 7 15 3 30

45 Windsor 9 03 10 05 6 28

53 Hantsport 9 28 10 37 6 63

58 Avonport 9 43 10 55 6 28

61 Grand Pre 9 54 11 10 6 33

64 Wolfville 10 03 11 25 6 46

66 Port Williams 10 10 11 35 6 55

71 Kentville 10 45 12 25 7 10

80 Waterville 11 02 1 02

83 Berwick 11 10 1 17

88 Aylesford 11 25 1 40

102 Middleton 12 05 3 00

116 Bridgewater 12 47 4 00

130 Antigonish Arive 1 30 4 55

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