

AN OLD FRIEND.

"There is no friend like the old friend—
Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome
No homage like his praise.

Fame is the scentless sunflower
With gaudy crown of gold
But Friendship is the breathing rose
With sweets in every fold."

—Holmes.

One hundred and four miles separate
us from the scenes of our childhood
and of the keenest joys and misfort-
unes of our life—the rocky little ham-
let of Grand Lake Stream Maine:—

"Remote among the wooded hills,
For there no noisy railway speeds
Its pathway, scattering smoke and
gleeds."
Yet the recollections of those scenes
are as clear as that of yesterday.

Of the "friends who shared our
youthful days" we have seen but little
since the occasion of our last visit 12
years ago. Some are there yet, while
the greater part have dispersed, some
to adjoining towns and over the border
into our Province, but the greater
number to the Great West. Of the
few who have come back to our Prov-
ince we had the rare pleasure of greet-
ing Mr. Arthur Armstrong, who with
his wife has been visiting his birth
place at Tay Creek and familiar scenes
around Fredericton and Marysville.
Mr. Armstrong has for some time been
domiciled on a good farm at Beacons-
field, Charlotte Co., eight miles equi-
distant between Oak Hill, N. B., and
Vanceboro, Maine. He has besides
making a good farm done quite a stroke
of business at lumbering and incident-
ly raised a family of five, the youngest
being 11 years old. We are sorry he
did not bring any of them with him.
We consider it very kind of him to
hunt us up in a strange town and his
one night's stay with us revived old
memories of the many happy days we
have had together.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The Flower of Kildee.

Down there where you hear the song
of the water
Over its pebbles in laughter—at
play,
Dwelleth sweet Kitty the old miller's
daughter,
Who holdeth my heart in her keep-
ing today.
Her eyes are as blue as the skies of the
summer,
And dreamy and deep as the beauti-
ful sea,
Her voice is as sweet as the brooklet's
low murmur,
She is queen of my heart and the
flower of Kildee.

REFRAIN.

Kitty, Kitty, blue eyed Kitty;
Always light hearted and free,
God knows how I love her,
Sweet, sweet Kitty Clover,
Little Kitty the Flower of Kildee.

While the miller is grinding the corn
for my horses:
And Kitty stands near me, dear
sweet little soul,
My arms steal around her and in spite
of her blushes,
I say now, sweet Kitty, just give me
back my toll,
Over this wide world wherever I
wander
Of all beautiful maidens the fairest
is she,
Oft I dwell on her and always grow
fonder
Of blue eyed Kitty the Flower of
Kildee.

REFRAIN.

DANA HARLOW.

Tom's Lament.

On a pallet o' straw in a cabin ole an'
poor
Lay a gray-haired ole negro at the
close of the day,
Far from his home on de ole Virginny
shore,

An' his life it wa' ebbin' fas' away.
Close by his side an ole wife sat alone
While the shadows dakrer fell with-
in the room
W'en de ole man spoke between a sigh
an' moan
"Mary, I am goin', I am goin' frum
you soon."

REFRAIN.

I shall nebbber, ah, no nebbber!
An' 'tis this wife tonight gives me
pain,
I am dyin', Mary surely dyin'
I shall nebbber see de cotton fiel's
again."

I've thought for many yeahs my sweet
Mary,
Again the dear ole southlan' we
would see
So I put by each yeah somethin'
dearie,

But for me, wife, alas! it ne'er can be,
In an ole stockin' neath my pillow
You will find enough to carry you
safe home
Over the wild an' stormy billow,
Take it, Mary, an' wait until I come.

For I shall nevah, ah, no nevah!
An' 'tis this wife tonight gives me
pain,
I am dyin', Mary, surely dyin'
I shall nevah see the cotton fiel's
again.

Heah are angels, dey are comin' closer
Mary,
An' de scales, dey are droppin' frum
mine eyes
Do not murmur, do not weep for Tom,
my dearie

I will lead you to my home in Para-
dise,
As he turned his pale face upon the
pillow
Fond memory still boun' 'im to the
past,

O Mary! we part but not forever,
Tell 'em my tho'ts were of the south-
lan' to the las'

But O, etc.

DANA HARLOW.

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