#### THE SWEET OLD SONG.

I remember a song whose numbers throng As sweetly in memory's twilight hour, As the voice of the blessed in the realm of rest, Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower. 'Tis a simple air, but when others depart, Like an angel whisper it clings to my heart.

I have wandered far under the sun and star, Heard the rippling music in every clime, From the carol clear of the gondolier

To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime; I have drank in the tones which bright lips let fall To thirsting spirits in bower and hall;

The anthems bland of the masters grand Have borne me aloft on their sweeping wings; And the thunder-roll of the organs soul, Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings, Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping hills;

But none remain like the simple strain Which my mother sang to my childish ears,

As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft, She gently hovered to soothe my fears; I can see her now, with her bright head bent In the light which the taper so feebly lent.

I can see her now, with her fair, pure brow, And the dark locks pushed from her temples clear, And the liquid rays of her tender gaze Made eloquent by a trembling tear, As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all Like rose leaves over my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet song, Though silent the lips that breathed them to me, Like the chimes so clear which mariners hear From the sunken cities beneath the sea;

And never, ah! never can they depart While shines my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, that old sweet song! I gather it up like a golden chain, Link by link, when to slumber I sink, And link by link when I wake again; I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep rest Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, AND

### WHAT I SAW THERE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

#### JOE. MORGAN'S CHILD.

"There's nothing there Joe. What is the matter with you ?"

"I am sure I don't know, Fanny," and his teeth rattled together as he spoke, "I thought there was a great toad under the clothes,"

"How foolish you are?" yet tears were blinding her eyes as she said this. "It's only fancy. Get into bed and shut your eyes. I'll make you another cup of strong coffee. Perhaps that will do you good. You're only a little nervous. Mary's sickness has disturbed you."

Joe looked cautiously under the bedclothes, as he lifted them up still farther and peered beneath.

"You know there's nothing in your bed; see!" And Mrs. Morgan threw, with a single jerk, all the clothes upon the floor.

"There now look for yourself. Now shut your eyes," she continued, as she spread the sheet and quilt over him, after his head was on the pillow. his daughter Flora. "Shut them tight and keep them so until I boil the water and make a cup of coffee. You know as well as I do it's nothing but fancy."

"You won't let them hurt me, will you dear ?" said the poor frightened victim of a terrible mania. "Nothing will hurt you, father," answered Mary in a voice that showed her mind to be clear, and fully conscious of her parent's true condition. She had seen him thus before. Ah! what an ex-

perience for a child! "You'r an angel-my good angel, Mary," he murmered, in a voice 7et tre mbling with fear. "Pray for me, my child. Oh, ask your Father in heaven to save me from these dreadful creatures. There now !' he cried, rising up suddenly, and looking towards the door. "Keep out! go away! You can't come in here. This is Mary's room; and she's an angel. Ah, ha! I know you wouldn't dare to come in here-

· A single saint can put to flight Ten thousand blustering sons of night,""

He added in a half wandering way, yet with an assured voice, as he laid himself back upon his pillow, and drew the clothes over his head.

"Poor father!" sighed the child, as she gathered both arms about his neck. "I will be your good angel. Nothing shall hurt you here."

"I knew I would be safe where you were," he whispered back; "I knew it, and so I came. Kiss me, love.'

How pure and fervent was the kiss laid instantly, upon his lips! There was a power in it to remand the evil influence that were surrounding and pressing in upon him like a flood. All was quiet now, and Mrs. Morgan neither by word nor movement disturbed the solemn stillness that reigned in the apartment, In a few minutes the deepened breathing of her husband gave a blessed intimation that he was sinking into sleep. Oh! sleep! sleep! How fearfully in times past had she prayed that he might sleep; and yet no sleep came for hours and days-even though powerful opiates were given-until exhausted nature had yielded, and then sleep had a long, long struggle with death. Now the sphere of his loving innocent child seemed to have overcome, at least for the time, the evil influences that were getting possession even of his external senses. Yes, yes, he was sleeping! Oh, what a fervent "Thank God !" went up from the heart of his stricken wife.

Soon the quick ears of Mrs. Morgan detected the doctor's approaching footsteps, and she met him at the door with a finger on her lips. A whispered word or two explained the better aspect of affairs, and the doctor said encouragingly.

"That's good, if he will only sleep on." "Do you think he  ${f w}$ ill, doctor?" was asked anxious-

ly. "He may. But we cannot hope too strongly. It would be something very unusual."

Both passed noiselessly into the chamber. Morgan still slept, and by his deep breathing it was plain that he slept soundly. And Mary, too, was sleeping, her face now laid against her father's, and her arms still about his neck. The sight touched even the doctor's heart and moistened his eyes. For nearly half an hour he remained; and then as Morgan continued to sleep, he left medicine to be given immediately, and went home, promising to call early in the morning.

It was now past midnight, and we leave the lonely. sad hearted watcher with her sick ones.

I was sitting with a newspaper in my hand-not reading, but musing-at the "Sickle and Sheaf," late in the evening marked by the incidents just detailed. "Where's your mother?" I heard Simon Slade inquire. He had just entered an adjoining room.

"She's gone out somewhere," was answered by "Where?" "I don't know. "How long has she been away?" "More than an hour." "And you don't know where she went to?" "No, sir. Nothing more was said, but I heard the landlord's heavy foot moving backward and forward across the room for some minutes. "Why, Ann! where have you been?" The door of the next room had opened and shut. "Where I wish you had been with me," was answered in a very firm voice. "Where?" "To Joe Morgan's." "Humph!" Only this ejaculation met my ears But something was said in a low voice, to which Mrs. Slade, replied with some warmth. "If you don't have this child's blood clinging for life to your garments, you may be thankful," "What do you mean ?" he asked quickly. "All my words indicate. Little Mary is very ill." (to be continued) BOOT SAND SHOES At a Great Reduction. We are selling the balance of Spring and Summer Stock of GOOD TEMPLAR HALL Boots and Shoes at a great reduction, in order to make room for Fall Goods. We are determined to clear the whole stock out therefore Great Bargains may be obtained.

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83 KING STREET,

(Under the Waverly House.



Debates of the Assembly and Departmental Printing.

SEALED TENDERS. endorsed "Tenders for reporting the Debates of the Assembly," and addressed to the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works, will be received by the undersigned Committee of the Executive Council, at the office of the Board of Works. Eredericton, until the twentieth day of November next, at 12 o'clock noon, for the synoptic Reporting and Publishing the Debates of the House of Assembly during the continuance of the present House, according to the directions and specification on file in the Office of the Board of Works.

Also, separate Sealed Tenders, indorsed "Tenders for De-partmental Printing," for Printing and Binding the Reports of certain Departments and Public Offices of the Govern-ment, for the year ending 31st October, 1878, according to the directions and Specification on file in the Office of the Board of Works of Works.

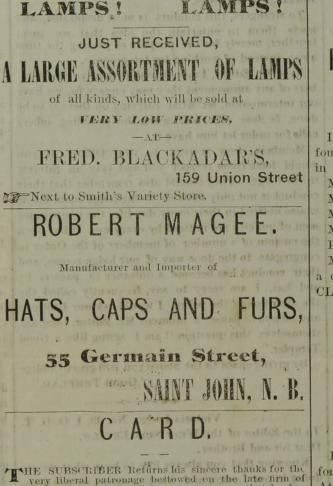
The Tenders in each case must contain the actual signatures of two responsible persons willing to become sureties, for the faithful performance of the Contract—otherwise the Tander will not be considered, and the Committee reserve the right to prescribe other provisions for the due completion of each Contract.

The Committee shall not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

In case of the adoption of any Tender for Reporting the Debates, it shall be subject to the approval, of the Assem-bly, and upon such approval, no allowance will be paid by the Government to any other person than the Contracter for the said service. WM. WEDDERBURN,

P. A. LANDRY, M. ADAMS. Committee of the Executive Department.

Fredericton, 22d Oct., 1878.



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Morgan closed his eyes firmly, and drew the clothes over his head.

"I'll be back in a very few minutes," said his wife, going hurriedly to the door. Ere leaving, however, she partly turned her head and glanced back. There sat her husband, upright and staring fearfully.

"Don't Fanny! don't go away!" he cried in a frightened voice.

"Joe! Joe! why will you be so foolish? It's nothing but imagination. Now, do lie down and shut your eyes. Keep them shut. There now."

And she laid her hand over his eyes, and pressed it down tightly.

"I wish Dr. Green was here," said the wretched man. "He could give me something."

"Shall I go for him.

"Go, Fanny! Run over right quickly."

"But you won't keep in bed."

"Yes, I will. There now." And he drew the clothes over his face. "There; I'll lie so just to you come back. Now run, Fanny, don't stay a minute."

Scarcely stopping to think, Mrs. Morgan went hurriedly from the room, and drawing an old shawl over her head, started with swift feet for the residence of Doctor Green, which was not very far away. The kind doctor understood, at a word, the sad condition of her husband, and promised to attend him immediately. Back she flew, at even a wilder speed, her heart throbbing with a vague apprehension. Oh! what a fearful cry was that which smote her ears as she came within a few paces of home. She knew the voice, as it was by terror, and a shudder almost palsied her heart. At a single bound she cleared the intervening space, and in the next moment was in the room were she had left her husband. But he was not there! With suspended breath, and feet that scarcely obeyed her will, she passed into the chamber where little Mary lay. Not here!

"Joe! husband!" she called in a faint voice.

"Here he is, mother." And now she saw that Joe had crept into the bed behind the sick child, and that her arms was drawn tightly around his neck.

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