American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

MEMORY'S DREAM.

BY R. A. DETHUNE.

It bringeth back on joyous wings,
My childhood's happy home,
The mountain vale, the winding stream,
And paths I loved to roam;
And many a tree with beauty bright,
And friendship's cheering tone,
With words which I may ne'er forget,
Though gone—forever gone.

It bringeth back, a distant way,
The treasures of the past,
The by-gones of my early youth,
Too exquisite to last.
The book of love, which oft I met,
And approbation, too,
That look divine, I see it yet,
From her the friend most true.

It bringeth back the vernal hours,
When first I learned to love,
When earth was bright with thornless flowers,
Pure as the stars above;
And then, the change which always comes,
Within this vale of tears,
Of cherished blossoms, early blight,
Of mingled hopes and fears.

It bringeth back the welcome days,
When first my spirit found,
The paths of peace, in wisdom's ways,
And heard the joyful sound—
Hol every one that thirsteth, come
Unto the fountain pure;
Who drinks shall never thirst again,
But live forever more !"

WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE.

BY CHAS. SWAIN.

O ! what a world it might be,
If hearts were always kind,
If Friendship, none would slight thee,
And Fortune prove less blind !
With Love's own voice to guide us—
Unchangingly and fond—
With all we wish beside us,
And not a care beyond.
Oh ! what a world it might be !
More blest than that of yore;
Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,
To love each other more.

Oh ! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man but did his duty,
And help his brother man !
Then angel guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old forgotten springs.
O ! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man !

Miscellaneous.

A TIGER HUNT;
OR,
LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMAS.

About forty miles from Manilla, near a long range of mountains which take their rise on the sea coast, and extend through the island of Luzon, is an extensive jungle, which is thickly studded with a dense growth of small trees or brushwood, and long dried grass, where hundreds of animals lay sheltered during daylight, and come forth at night to seek their prey, and make such mean hideous with their howls and roars of rage and hunger.

[The remainder of this column and the following columns contain the continuation of the story "A Tiger Hunt," and other articles including "Curious Facts," "JULES GERARD, THE LION-KILLER OF ALGERIA," and "An Incident in California."]

GOD HELP THE POOR.

From the New York Churchman.

Darkly the winter day
Dawns on the moor;
How can the heart be gay,
Who can endure?
See the sad, weary wight,
Wanders from noon to night,
Shelterless, homeless quite;
God help the poor!

Our Daughters.

Are the hope of our country's future. Their physical moral and domestic education, are of an importance which no array of figures can express, which multitudes of ponderous tomes could not adequately portray.

PATRIOTISM OF THE BIBLE.

The following article from the Louisville (old school) Presbyterian paper reflects so vividly the principles we have advocated during the present canvass that we are induced to insert it entire:

Prespiration.

Female Beauty.

Brilliant to the Last.