OLXXIV

CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, AUGUST 19, 1874.

THE NEW DEVICE ORGAN

"They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight;
They've got a chorister and a choir
Again my voice and vote,
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note."

To praise the Lord by note."

I've been a sister good and true

For five and thirty year,
I've done what seemed my part to do.

And prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick
I took the fork and led.

An' now their bold, new-fangled ways

Is comin' all about,
And I right in my latter days
Am fathly crowded out.

"To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I always liked that blessed hymn, l'spose I slways will, somehow gratifies my whim

In good old Ortonville, But when that choir got up to sing I couldn't catch a word; They sung the most dog-gonest thing
A body ever heard. Some wordly chaps was standin' near

And which I seed them girls,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in,
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right; When they was high then I was low,
An' also contra-wise,
An' I too fast or they too slow
To 'mansions in the skies,

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune,
Didn't understend, an' so
I started on too soon;
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas ! I found that I

Was singln'there alone.
They laughed a little I am told,
But I had done my best,
And not a wave of trouble rolled Across my peaceful breast, And sister Brown-I could but look. She sits right front of me, She never was no singin' book,

An' never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she always tried to do
The best she could, she said,
She understood time right through,
And kept it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh! I had to laugh or cough, It kept her head a bobin'so,

And Descon Tubbs-healt broke down, As one might well suppose,
He took one look from Sister Brown,
And meekly scrathed his nose;
He looked his hymn book through through An laid it on the seat,

An' then a pensive sigh he drew An' looked completely beat; An' when they took another bout, He didn't even rise, But drawed his red bandanner out At' wiped his weepin' eyes, I've been a sister good and true
For five and thirty year,
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track

An' never more come back; And when the folks get up to sing, Whene'r that time shall be,

I do not want no patent thing
A-squealin' over me.

Z

"Ay that I was and made a good lot. drove rowdies and loafers out of the "CAST YOUR BURDENS ON But I was foolish them days, and monte, country. These tales Jake supplement THE LORD."

champagne, and such like notions cleared with recollections of California, re-

COLLEGE BOAT BACES.

THE COMET DISSECTED.

ARLETON PHACE, GARLETON, AUGUST 19, 1964.

The results of the special control of the specia

Darling, 1st August, 1874.

The council met pursuant to adjourn ment, present the Reeve and Councillors Caldwell, McIlraith, and Murphy:

THE VICTORIA RAILWAY.

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