# GUIDE & NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

-AT-WATFORD, ONTARIO At the very low price of \$1 00 Per Annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; POSTAGE FRFE

JAMES C. TYE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

#### TIME TABLE.

CANADA SOUTHERNRAILWAY

ST. CLAIR DIVISION.

WEST.		EAST
MAIL. Sunday excepted	Stations.	MAIL. Sunday excepte
3.40 р.м.	LevSt. Thomas Arr.	9.05 A.M
3.55 "	St. Clair Junction	
4.00 "	Air Line Crossing	8.45 "
4.14 "	Southwold	8.35 "
4 25 "	Delaware	8.25 "
4.48 "	Melbourne	8 07 "
5.00 "	G. W Crossing	7.59 "
5.10 "	Ekfrid	
5.34 "	Walker's	7.34 "
5.44 "	Alvinston	7 24 "
6.05 "	Inwood	
6.28 "	Oil City	6.50 "
7.00 "	Ar Petrolia Lv.	6.20 "
7.30 "	Lv Petrolia Ar.	
8.09 "	Brigden	5.26 "
8.40 "	Ar Courtright Lv	

Trains pass St. Thomas, goint East, 7.00 a.m., 9.10 a.m., 4.40 p.m., 4.50 p.m., 3.30 a.m. Going West, 5.15 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 5.00 p.m., 5.05 p.m. Through tickets to all points in United States on sale at St. Thomas. For information apply to J. B. REID, Agent Alvinston, Ticket and Express ice, River Street, next door to Drug ore. Parties moving to Manitoba or West, for rates address M. C. ROACH, or FRANK E. SNOW. Passenger agent, St. Thomas. Detroit, Mich

Alvinston Business Directory.

A. F. & A. M. Alvinston Lodge, No. 323, A. F. & A. M. Meets every Tuesday, following full moon.

C. W. MARLATT, W. M. ALEX. LUCUS, October 16th. 1878. 1 vr Secretary

MONEY TO LOAN. \$12000 to loan on real estate at from

7 to 8 per cent. No expense. No delay. Apply at once to
ALEX. LUCUS, Alvinston. October 16th, 1878.

E. DONNELLY. PLASTERER, and dealer in Lime, Hair, Plaster and Water Lime. Orders for Plas tering etc., promptly attended. River St.,
Alvinsten.
October 16th 1878.

THOMAS CAHILL,

BAILIFF and General-Collector for Brooke Township and County of Lambton. Sheriffs business promptly attended to. Bils and notes collected. Charges moderate. Office

C. W. Marlatt, M. D. Member of College of Physicians and Sur geons, Oat. Member of Royal College of Surgeons, England. Office and resilence site South Side School Grounds, Alvin

RICHARD CODE,

CONVEYANCER and Accountant. In surance and Real Estate Agent. Commis sioner for taking affidavits in B. R., Alvin

October 16th, 1878. SAMUEL CRUTHERS.

GENERAL CARPENTER and Builde Contracts taken at reasonable rates and sat isfaction guaranteed. Residence, Rive Street south of railroal, Alvinston. October 16th, 1878.

MRS E HEALY Millinery, Mantles and Dress-making

Hair combings done over. Fancy Goods and children's Toys. River street, opposite Post Office.
Alvinston, November 13th 1878.

ALVI'STON MEAT MARKET Pavey & Patterson, Proprietors. Highest Cash Price paid for Hides, Sheep

October 16th, 1878, lyr. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Apply at John A. McKenzie's Store. inston, Nov. 20th, 1878.

Wild Land for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale, Lot 11 or 4th con., of Brooke, crntaining one hundred and eight-five acres of land. For terms &c. apply to ALFRED WALLACE, Alvinston, or to ADAM McGREGOR, Dawu Mil's.
Alvinston, Dec. 25th, 1878.—3m.

REVERE HOUSE

ALVINSTON

FRED BENNER,

MANAGER. Alvinston, October 16th, 1878, 6-m

ALVINSTON HOUSE

OPPOSITE BRANAN'S BLOCK, RIVER ST.

This House has been recently refurnished class hotel, and is the most convenient for farmers. Good accommodations for Com-mercial Travellers. The Bar is stocked with

Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Good stable room and an attentive in attendance. Also in connection with hotel is an enclosed yard suitable for stock, and a Fairbanks weigh scales Char-ges moderate. A call is respectfully solicited.

A. McCALLUM, Proprietor. October 16th, 1878.

# THE WATERD GIDE & ALVISTANINS.

VOL. V.-NO. 9.-WHOLE NO. 217.

WATFORD, ONT., FRIDAY MARCH 28, 1879.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I .- NO. I.

Let me think, said Margaret.

She looked steadily over the green

most as pale as Granny's in vonder bed

No one. At least, they say there's

not, so it comes to the same. It is

but an old dance, either-one you must

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KOLUM OF KOMIC'S.

the church steps, wiping his melancholy

features with a red bandanna. A

carriages were drawn up behind it.

The notes of the organ floated out of

The old sexton gravely bowed his

The old man again wiped his brow,

"What complaint?" asked the in

Solemnly placing his bandanca in his

hat and covering his bald head, the old

"There is no complaint. Everybody

"Ah, well," said the provost, "and

A little fellow has just begun going

to the public school. His mother, to

stimulate him to attention to his les-

" Charley, if you study hard, you may

some day become President of the Unit

"Don't talk to me about being Pres

ed States, like George Washington

sons, said to him, the other day :

want to be President "

beasa of Brazil.

and gave the name of the deceased.

stranger came along and said :

" Enneral ?"

head. It was.

"Who's dead?"

quisitive stranger.

sexton made answer:

s entirely satisfied."

of the steenle.

turn round too?"

remember Rita

### Watford Business Directory.

MONEY TO LOAN. Farmers in want of money on easy terms,

ill consult their own interest by calling on A. D. Elliot, Watford. Watford, October 16th, 1878. 2-m

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeous, On-

Office—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Wattord.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. For Night bell at the hall door.

Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at

Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week. Watford, May 5th, 1876.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY, PHYSICIANS SURGEONS, ETC.

LEANDER HARVEY, M. D. Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner or the County of Lambton. Office and refor the County of Lambton. Of sidence, Front Street, Watford.

URIAH M. STANLEY, M. D. Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick, Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m. Office and residence. Front Street Watford. October 16th, 1878.

HAIR DRESSING. IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. To the Ladies of Watford.—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting Watford, Oct. 27 1876

WM. H. STEWART, Township Clerk, Conveyancer, Com-

missioner in B.R., For taking Affidavits. Money to Loan on Farm property. Office and Residence, Lot 6, Con, 1, S. E. R., Warwick, P. O. March. 14th. 1879.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.

orth of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK. Watford, Jan. 12, 1877.

# PETER RENIER.

Watford Emporium of Fashion Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed

WEST MAIN-ST. WATFORD. Watford March 25th, 1875.

W. & T. J. HOWDEN.

BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS. Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford

and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of ad kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.

JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty. ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be

W. & T. . HOWDEN. Watford, March 10th, 1875. 6-v

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE W to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great

TAILORING BUSINESS IF YOU WANT A

NICE SUIT well got up and finished, call on NUA IL SUE A E E FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Watford, Feb. 4, 1875, EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS.

(ESTABLISHED 1875.) CARMERS, INSURE your Property in Your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more eco-

JOHN DALLAS, President. GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President. J. D. ECCLES, Manager. ROBERT KING,
WILLIAM COLE,
R. F. MARSHALL,
Directors. PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer. T. DOHERTY, Secretary. Watford, April 6, 1878. ly

AGENTS, READ THIS We will pay Agents a salary of \$100 per nonth and expenses, or allow a large con ssion to sell our new and wonderful inven tions. We mean what we say. Sample free.

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich. Watford, Feb. 21st '79.

## POETRY.

MAKE IT UP,

How slight an affront will oecasion The swift introduction of strife; Cold looks, and remission of friendship, And even a war to the knife! While each from the summit of rapture To the depth of discomfort descends, Because one will not say to the other : "Come, let us make up and be friends

For scorn of this gracious petition, The love they so madly reject, Full many a life has been wasted, Full many a heart has been wrecked. For much of the comfort of living On this little fairy depends. Who says to the quarrelsome giant:

Before time has widened the chasm, Until you no longer can reach Across it, or seck a re-union With the sweet interlacings of speech,

Be swift to make ample amends, And say, with a hearty confession, "Come, let us make up and be friends! Would God that no words I have spoken Should leave any scar on the heart; That no blessed bond of affection By me should be broken apart : So if I have erred, oh, forgive me

he paused a moment and gazed furtively around—this Margar. et Clantrey, beautiful enough for any king's daughter, with the peculiar nything done in the hair dressing line. king's daughter, with the peculiar I have a few switches on hand which I something that most people admit to tain sumptuousness, if the word is not months she supported her father. Ma- hold on life.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED and brilliant girl have to do with that chanced to find him out - Richard Ash- sunken eyes. You're a grand lady, now to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of poor young woman on the other side burton. He had gone very late to col- we hear, breathed the dying wamon:

lump in her throat-Lina was always garet has been an angel here.

strong, sweet voice, cried, Lina! Lina? ly ! lamented Mrs. Ashburton.

Oh !- with a start of surprise and a blue eyes -Oh! it is not you, Margar.

Yes it is Margaret. Lina, I have not forgotten those old days when you and your mother were so good to us. I must forget papa before I can forget

But you are-so different now, said Lina du Puy, drawing back in sudden

trey, in her silk, and velvet, and er- Lina, whom she had loved with a child's mine, and the long white plume trail- fervour. ing from the hat that crowned her curls of gold; the other, in her brown dress and plaid shawl, and shabby black vel-J. M. is-now prepaired to carry on all the vet bonnet, with some faded leaves and flowers. As to the two faces they might have been a study for a painter

> wanting contrasts. Possibly Margaret Chantrey has as good blood in her veins as the proudest dame can have. Her father was that brilliant, successful artist. Paul Chantrev, who, in rare moments of boasting would say that he traced his descent backward through generations. He was just a Bohemian, as are many other artists; perhaps their want of success makes them so. He did not paint many works. Those few were rare and beautiful; yet the public did not avpreciate them until the daises had blos somed above the grave in which lav the poor worn man. Then fine judges said. Here was, indeed, a genius! If he had been more persevering, or ambitious, or industrious-anything but idle and poor, and proud. But Paul Chantrey was not idle, he painted and sold when he could find buyers. But he never asked a favor of any man. He was too gentle, and sensitive, and deli- evening. cate to push his way through the turbulent crowd rushing up the hill of suc. I must see her once again. ness and his death,

and no friends to help her. Mr. Chan- of luxury were the dream. trev lost caste when he married her though she was lovely as a poet's dream, and inherited the grace and culture of home? generations of refinement. Her tenderness to him failed to ennoble her in the eves of strict, pure souls who never one moment. knew cold or starvation, or hunger or that worst of all agony-the linger-

ing death of loved ones, when a tithe of the gold lavished by us upon a single luxury would have saved them. Being Lina. nothing but a stage singer, of course she was quite beneath the notice of well-"Come, let us make up and be friends ! bred people.

Paul, himself then long an invalid, with lay Madame Du Puy. a face of ghastly whiteness, and a small For a yielding to weakness and folly lips. During her exertions that even- apoligized Lina.

Ere yet the death angel descends ! This side the dark river of Jordan, "Come, let-us make up and be friends."

# LITERATURE.

PAUL CHANTREY'S DAUGHTER.

stone flagging, the maid behind her. Chantrey's last, one whom he had roses to put in her coffin.

Margaret saw her; saw the pale, of the world; while unsuccessful Paul or ceased to care for Lina. worn face, the eyes that bore traces of was starving and dying.

No. she said to herself, with passion- weakness. I know I shall find her so good to me. It would be shameful | So Richard Ashburton carried the

Then, bidding the maid stay where once loved Paul Chantrey like a son. she was, she flashed across the street, Yet it must be confessed that she caught the cold fingers from under the shrank somewhat from this little danc so hungrily that the pale girl wavered coarse shawl, her own warm and rosy ing girl, whose mother had been a stage for a moment. How could she bear to from their nest of ermine; and in a singer. If Paul had but married wise

However, they carried away the girl look of consternation rid of the heavy to their country house, and educated hea, and brought her up to wealth and refinement. That was three years ago-Margaret was seventeen now, but older than her years, the result of her early Bohemian life. Just now they had

journ, and Margaret, chancing to be out alone, met Lina. Margaret came out of her momentavr trance. She was wondering whether There was certainly a great dissimi- anything besides wealth made the diflarity between them. Margaret Chan- ference between herself and dear, noble

> But I'm glad to see you-so glad, with a long quivering breath. And you are in trouble-vou have been crying! How is-Granny?

That is my trouble, Margaret, answ. ered Lina, and the tears flowed afresh I've been to beg off, but couldn't. Tonight is Mademoiselle Arline's benefit. and they will not give me up. Oh, Mar garet, thank God every day of your life that you are not a dancer. We must dance, even if it be on the graves of

There was a passionate anguish in

light frame. It seems that I would give half my own | to-night. life to stay with her till she dies.

Do you mean-dying now? To-day. The doctor thinks she will last till | And they would not-Oh, Lina, Lina, take me with you.

cess; and then came his lingering ill. The young girl clung to her friend. while I am dancing she may be dying. thinking about breakfast. She was not afraid of her silks, her vet. Not to hear her last word; not to kiss about oyster bed,"

His wife was a noble and impover- vet, and costly ermine being contamin- the poor lips as the last breath of air flut ished Italian lady. She went upon the ated. For somehow the old life was ters out of them. stage for support, having no means strong upon her, and these three years

> But Margaret-Miss Margaret, I ought to say-what will they think at her face flushed, sometimes it was al It seemed to her one of the wrongest Nothing ; they won't be angry.

> and saddest und cruelest things that Mrs. Ashburton may wait for me for Lina should have to leave her dving Running across the street to the maid mother at the closing hour. who waited, Miss Chantrey told her to can take your place for one single night go home, that she was going to see a

sick friend, and went back again to Lina? They hurried along. It was noona bleak, dreary March day. Up stairs in a foreign-looking place, just ready to She was brought home one night to fall into decay, here in the garret room

She liked it better because there was scarlet stream issuing from the pallid no one to make a noise over her head,

ing, dancing for the sick husband that The house had been built by some was at home, and the poor little child, aristocratic man who had a Dutch she had broken a blood-vessel. Paul taste. Even this upper garret was sold the picture in which he had inter- large. It had two great dormer winwoven the love and ambition of his dows, one of which was filled with vines whole life, for a mere pittance where- and flowers-a perfect greenery. The with to give her a decent Christian bur | place was scrupulously neat, though the ial. Some kind humble friends came furniture was old and worn. A bright to take care of Paul then-Mrs. Chan- fire burning in the stove an atmosphere trey's French friend, Madame du Puy, of warmth and faint perfume, an air and her daughter, Lina, Bohemian, also of quaintness unusual. Margaret

for Lina was a dancer on the stage. paused in astonishment. From that time Paul Chantrey never In the bed, under a snow-white cov did a stroke of work. Ho was not er, lay a wasted, shrunken figure. But able to do it. But he must live Margaret knew it at once, and was Good Modame du Puy, who had noth- kneeling beside the couch a moment but her daughter's earnings, could not later, her great eyes full of tender pity, keep him much. It was decided that her own fair face flushed and tearful be the pre ogative of birth and breed the little Margaret should go upon the and her plump, warm hands clasping ing, an indefinable air and grace, a cer. stage, and dance too; and for twelve those shadows that had nearly lost their

too important to apply to seventeen, dame du Pay nursed him, for it was a You don't know me, Granny, bu blossoming in the tender sunrise of long, lingering illness and death, and I'm httle Rita Chantrey. You used to Margaret earned the pittance that kept | call me Rita you know. I have never She, with her elegance, and refine them. The girl went to and fro with forgotten you, nor how you held poor ment, and rich attire,; her dainty feet, Lina, who was some years the elder. | mamma in your arms all that long that seemed too ary for the common | On the very night that was Paul night, and how you brought some white

What could this bright and fortunate known well, but had not seen for years, Granny looked wistfully out of he lege, and then made nearly the tour Not so grand that I've forgotten you

A sweet stedfast smile shone on the weeping the shabby attire. Should she You'll save my child, my darling face. Poor Lina! she has so few friends Dick I be said in the tremulous death now Now I'think How the feeble voice quavered

ate eagreness, choking down a great mother an angel in heaven, and Mar- through the words. Rita's heart was full of tenderest sympathy. Child! touching Lina, you are going peor girl home to his mother, who had to stay with me this one evening

You may stay! The slowly-moving eyes questioned

I am so glad, so thankful, murmured Madame du Puy. No. I knew they Who knows?" would not grudge just the last evening to your dving mother. Lita, I am go- ident!" exclaimed he; "everybody's ing-to-the far country, will there going to be President. When we go to be any place for a poor old woman like school, the first thing the teacher does

There will, said Margaret, clearly and they all say, 'President.' I don't some to town for a month or two's, so-

I sometimes think-but I never could understand all their doctrines. A parson comes in sometimes, and the prayers are sweet. But looking back on my life, I can see that I have done many wrong things.

Granny, said Margaret, you have fed the hungry and sheltered the homeless You did not give a cup of water only, but the best you had, and sometimes all you had. Do you think God will not remember it, and be merciful?

Be merciful! That's it. Merciful to me a sinner! Ay, ay. He was so merciful that he sent His Son to die in our stead. Can't you say a little prayer, Rita? Our father. That was His

prayer. You know, Margaret clasped her hands and repeated it, in a low, faltering, reverential for her first husband, and a little one

the girl's tone. A sob that shook her had a talk to themselves, interspersed hard times force home lessons of rigid They regarded the collection as being with many tears.

She has not suffered for anything, der girlhood. Margaret could not finish her sen- explained Lina. Only since she got tence, but looked at her friend with worse, when she feared that she might an awe-stricken face. She had always die at any moment. This going away alled good old Madame du Puy Granny of mine twice a day has been dreadful. pet of England is probably the dandy-Granny-my poor mother-is dying Once or twice I have got off the rehearsaid Lina. I have been, as I tell you, sal, But I couldn't get off the other. get excused to-night, and cannot. It brakes my heart to leave her alone tine. Spain's favorite dog is the Hes-

Lina broke down sobbing convulsively.

No, it spoils the piece. I am a good "I don't think there's anything to equal dancer, you know, and have to take a a feather-bed." chief part. But, oh! to think that

GUIDE & NEWS

ADVERTISING RATES.

Eight cents per line for first insertion and four cent: per i e for each subsequent inser-tion wil be cha ged for transient advertise-

Business cards, not exceeding six lines, \$5 er year.

Local Notices, ten cents per line first inserion, five cents each subsequent.
Advertisements measured by a scale of solid brevier. Special contracts for lengthened periods— Rates made known on application.

# SUNDAY READING.

WE can fly from men but we can't scape from events.

WHILE We are reasoning concerning sky for many moments. Sometimes life, life is gone .- Hume

If you wish to be always well received, approach others with a smile.

What sweeter enjoyment than to confer a little happiness on those around

Is there no one at the theatre who HE who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest of knowledge. WITH most men life is like backgamman, half skill and half luck .-

> THERE is nothing of which men are so fond and withal so careless as life .-

WE are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded One day the sexton was standing on with a sleep. - Shakspeare.

Man spends his life in reasoning on the past, complaining of the present and nearse stood near, and three or four trembling for the future -Rivarol.

As riches and favor forsake a tren we discover him to be a foel; but nothe window with solemn effect. A body could find it out in his prosperity.

WE too often speak of the ravages of iutemperance as confined to the ignorant and degraded class. But its havoc is just as fruitful among the rich and the cultured. A gentleman who lately left one of our inebriate asylums, says that he met there as fellow patients twelve lawyers, fifteen physicians and

five ministers of the Gospel. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, the philanthropist, in the early part of his career, thus wrote :- "Often, when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in Recently, when a church-steeple was the true sense of the word, I was not a n the course of erection in a Scotch christian. I laughed, I sang, I was town, the provost had a conversation apparently gay and happy; but the with the architect, and pointed out the | thought would steal across me, -What danger which he supposed might arise madness is all this, to continue in a from the action of the wind upon the state in which a sudden call out of the weathercock, the great size of which world would consign me to everlasting surprised him when he saw it before it misery! This thought led him to a was put up. He thought it would be careful study of the Bible; at length apt to disturb the stone in the pinuacle his eves caught the words-Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall "Oh, there is no danger!" said the find. Let me, he said, test this state architect, "You see the weathercock ment. Any one may do so. I willturns round with the wind, and never God has promised to give His Holy presents a great surface to it. There Spirit to them who ask it. I will go is, nothing fixed but the cardinal down on my knees and ask. He did not pray in vain; his earnest search was rewarded by blessed peace and joy, and he consecrated his life to the glory couldna ye mak' the cardinal points of God and the welfare of his fellow men. Reader, how have you settled this question ?

THERE is a little story that has gone

the rounds of the American press, that made a great impression on me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and, it being a hot day, he lay down under & beautiful shade tree. The child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying, Pretty, Pretty! At last the father fell asleep, and while he was she call the names of all the little boys sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was Where is my child? He looked al A widow owns and occupies a cottage around, but he could not see him. He under the shadow of a church-steeple, shouted at the top of Lis voice, but which is supposed to be in danger of all he heard was the echo of his own falling when a high wind blows. At words. Running to a little hill, he midnight, a few nights ago, when the looked around and shouted again. No wind blew fiercely, she got up and response. Then going to a precipice at dressed, called the children up and some distance, he looked down, and dressed them, and folded her arms, with there, upon the rocks and briars, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. "Now, then, if that steeple falls and While he was sleeping his child had kills us, people will know that we were | wandered over the precipice. I thought a respectable family, anyhow. George, as I heard that, what a picture of the you brush up your hair a little more; church of God! How many fathers and, Sarah, you take your feet off the and mothers, how many christian men fender, and pin your collar more to the are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice, right A far-sighted miss of seventeen sum- | into the bottomless pit? Father, where mers has concluded to marry a big man is your boy to night? D. L. Moody.

AT a late meeting of the Presbytery for her second, so that she can cut the of London the committee appointed to After that she seemed to doze. Lina clothes of the first down, and make examine the proposed hymn book suband Rita went over to the window and them over to his successor. Thus the mitted their opinions to the Presbytery. economy and practical sense upon ten- altogether to meague; the metres of a character calculated to exclude the old The lily is the national flower of congregational tunes; and the views expressed not doctrinally correct. The China, though one would suppose it members present individualized hymns, would be the China-aster. The floral in which the sentiment was not in accord with either common sense or the lion. The patron plants of America doctrines of the church. Rev. Dr. are the columbine, samphire and eaglan-Proudfoot referred to the words, angel's wings. He could not find in the whole paniel, and the donkey is the sacred Scriptures a single reference to the wings of angels, and thought that the idea would be more correctly expressed "Really, said Brown, as he woke in if the words had been with reference to the morning, after a splendid night, the wings of the Seraphim. Many other passages were criticised. It was finally resolved to accept the report and "Ain't there ?" replied the still small voice of Jones, who was already up and reappoint the committee to further ex amine the hymns, and report during the meeting of the Synod.