

The casket that contained the body was rosewood, with raised glass top, on the plate was engraved, *Wm. Mercer Wilson, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A. F. and A. M., Judge of the County of Norfolk. Born, August 24, A. D. 1813, A. L. 5813. Died, January 16th, A. D. 1875, A. L. 5875.* The corpse was clothed in the official dress of the Grand Master, and on the coffin was placed his regalia and a very handsome wreath of natural flowers, presented by the Hamilton brethren, and made by E. J. Townsend.

## LETTERS OF APOLOGY

The following letters of apology, for non-attendance, were read at the meeting of Grand Lodge:

FROM HON. ISAAC BUCHANAN.

Hamilton, January 20th, 1875.

FELLOW MOURNERS:—As the earliest acquaintance and friend in Canada of the late Judge Wilson, I may be allowed to unburden my heart on this mournful occasion, more especially as in doing so I shall but speak the sentiments of the whole of Canada: However much we may appreciate the great and deserved honors to-day heaped on his memory by the Brotherhood of Masons, I feel that the higher brotherhood of man is under even deeper obligations to speak in honor of the deceased, for the memory of the late Mr. Wilson is entitled to even a higher tribute of admiration and love as a loyal subject, a distinguished citizen, and most useful member of society, if his country and Masonry did all they could for him. He did more for them and sacrificed himself for them as few have ever done in any country, in any time. If he was a sample Mason, he was also a sample man, and that too with the disadvantage of his money means not being large enough in proportion to his great heart, as is too often the case in this world. Indeed, were we to guess what Masonry is from its exemplification in the character of our departed friend, we would say that to regard God and goodness to be our synonymous terms, must be the principle of Masonry, a principle common to all good men, whether Masons or not, whatever their ecclesiastical distinctions of name.

I have known the late William Mercer Wilson since ever he came to Canada in 1832. He was then 19 years of age, and I had come to Canada two years previously at the same age. He was a joyous, well educated youth when he arrived in York, (now called Toronto,) and when I arrived I had been more than four years in a great Mercantile West India House, in Glasgow, and came out as a partner of a branch firm which had been established in Canada. All present know that if ever the beautiful word "genial" had a truthful application, it was in regard to the character as well as the disposition and manners of our dear departed friend. While a perfect gentleman he was preeminently the kindly Scot. Affection may be pardoned the mistake when in our cemeteries it erects a broken pillar over the grave of one who seems too soon taken away; and certainly our late friend was more full of honors than of years; but it is for us to feel that it was God's time for him, although it was not ours. It has been well said that "in the heraldry of Heaven nothing is great but what is good," and tried by this test, the late Judge Wilson was truly a great man. In fact, we cannot but feel that "take him for all in-all we never shall see his like again," and from the bottom of our souls, alas! alas!

ISAAC BUCHANAN.

FROM PAST GRAND CHAPLAIN.

Peterboro', January, 16, 1875.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I am deeply grieved to learn by your telegram, just received, that the G. A. O. T. U. has removed our Grand Master from us. His place will not easily be filled: I do not mean simply as regards the position he held in our Grand Lodge, but in every sphere of life. Of course, when you telegraphed to me no steps had been taken respecting the funeral. I much fear, however, that it will be out of my power to show my regard and respect for the deceased, by attending his remains to their last resting place in the grave. Irrespective of the difficulty of access from home, for we are thirty miles north of the Grand Trunk at Port Hope, and our roads encumbered with snow-drifts. I really do not know how to get to Simcoe, never having been in the neighborhood of that town, and I have three important meetings to attend in Peterboro' on Wednesday. If it had so happened that I filled the office now I held for so many years, of Grand Chaplain, I should have started at once for Toronto, but I imagine that Bro. Innes will have no difficulty in finding his way from London and officiating on the melancholy occasion whenever the funeral may take place.

Yours fraternally, in haste,

To J. J. Mason, Esq.,

VINCENT CLEMENTI.