

# The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Vol. XIX.

HAMILTON, C. W. JANUARY 1, 1896.

No. 23.

## Poetry.

### THE BURGE OF THE PASSING YEAR

Bring flowers—but not the gay,  
The tender or the sweet,  
But such as Winter's chill has left  
Faded and that express the joy  
On straw to reach the feet.

Bring flowers to show the best  
He will be ready soon,  
Alas! he has his beauty seen,  
And the mangled, times-hungry year  
To dash the passing down.

He hath his voice spent,  
In manner and in style,  
Ye come to claim what he has left—  
His word is a little while!

His duties have he left,  
Yet he hath done them well,  
He smote not where he should have smitten,  
His sword of justice fell!

The friend, the wife, the child—  
Some took he, and some left,  
He hath been cruel with excess and wild,  
Yet with his healing influence mild  
Sought he the soul bereft.

And he is dying now,  
But yet ere more again  
Shall we behold him, not as now,  
But a dead form with awful row,  
Jaunting the sons of men.

Then will he tell his tale,  
All hidden shall be shown,  
Then will the non-hearted quail,  
The proud will low, the strong man fall  
When all his words are known.

Then bring sweet flowers and gay,  
Of holy thought and deed,  
Deck with his bar, that so we may  
Look on him at the wretched day,  
From fear and anguish free.

### SKETCH OF NEW YORK NEWS-PAPERS.

From the events which control the public mind, it is sometimes a pleasure to turn to what in some way controls events—the Newspaper. How few there are in the great multitude that understand anything about the "interior arrangements" by which the news they munch with their breakfasts is brought before them, and their fellow mortals in the four quarters of the earth. What is the telegraph but another name for the printing press? The difference is, that the intention of Hoe depends somewhat upon our moral arrangements for its ultimate benefits, while Morse's press does its own minding. What a grand realization of mighty thought will the submarine telegraph, but how it can be made available is not yet clear, when we consider the expense of a message. Each communication the British Government receives from the Crimea, costs \$600. Add to this the cost of transport across the Atlantic, and if you are a publisher, tremble. It is said that if a person was fully aware of the danger he ran of being choked by every mouthful, he would never eat; so looking at the risky side, only of all enterprises would prove too great a discouragement.

As printing, whether in the city or country, is the same thing, it would be tedious to describe it; but a city daily, printed, let us follow it from the press. As the sheets are thrown from the huge cylinder, they are counted into hundreds or thousands, by a boy stationed at each flyer for that purpose, and handed over to the carriers from all parts of the city, by whom they are distributed to regular weekly or monthly subscribers. When the carriers are supplied, the demands of the news agents are attended to and here commences the most interesting part in the life of a metropolitan daily paper.

Outside of the vaults in which the press stands, on the steps which lead to the vault; around the apertures for ventilation; warming themselves by the reeking, sweating fumes which escape from the engine; in various attitudes of repose, or animation, are scores of ragged urchins from eight to sixteen years of age. Some sleeping the cheerless hour away, others stirring their sharp intellects by the latest news from one of the town papers that have just been printed. Now some young men make their exit from the printing office, bearing upon their shoulders large bundles of the "morning edition" to the wholesale newspaper office of Ross, Jones & Tousey, who stand at the head of the trade. These are followed by the ragged little vendors, who now get thoroughly waked up, and in the few moments necessary to count out the papers to the retail agents, the little fellows manage to get into disputes, which they almost always settle by that most chivalrous mode—single combat. All the dailies reach the people through news agents.

It is scarcely daylight when the newsboys march into the streets with their morning papers, damped and reeking from the press. They thus catch the mechanics and laborers as they make their way down town to their daily toil, and later, the clerks, merchants, and loungers, without these little messengers, our daily press, powerful as it is, would be like a Sampson's horn of an ox's horns. Upon the arrival of a first make known the event in the most distant parts of the city. 'Tis a terrible defeat, or a dreadful calamity, is a great blessing, as the eagerness of the public for the news regulates the price. The extra published on an arrival which merely announces a fall in cotton, or a rise in breadstuffs, sells for only two cents, while the mere announcement of the fall of Selastopol went off rapidly at six cents. On Sunday the newsboys make more money than any other day—sometimes clearing from three to five dollars.

It may at first excite some surprise that the publishers, and wholesale and retail news dealers should make any profit out of

a two-cent paper. The profit on each sheet is very small, but the aggregate amounts to considerable sums to each party. The publisher sells his paper at \$1.50 per hundred. The wholesale dealers charge an additional 12 cents per hundred for his trouble of counting, &c. This on 15,000 copies would amount to \$18.75. Ross, Jones & Tousey sell on an average each day more than this number of Herald's, to say nothing of the Times and Tribune, with a host of dailies and weeklies of less note. On each hundred, then, the retailer would make a profit of 37 cents. The above may not be the exact rate for all papers, but all do business in that manner.

Humble as the occupation of a newsboy may appear, many have arisen from it to eminence. The Hon. Mike Walsh began his career in that capacity. In a good location it is one of the safest businesses in which a man can engage. The steps of the Astor House is considered one of the best in the city. One newsman—a Pat Malone, by name—made forty thousand dollars by the sale of papers on that spot. When he retired, he sold out his "good will" of five steps for a good round sum; and now the Astor House steps are the height of many a newsboy's ambition.

Sometimes the doors of the wholesale news establishments are literally besieged. The Allies never attacked the works of the Russians with more eagerness than these juveniles rush at the counters to be served by some fast-selling periodical. Their wants supplied they rush into the streets and with lungs for which a Sator might die of envy—scream forth—Harpers' Magazine—Putnam's only fifteen cents.

The newsboys take the first of every popular publication. When it finds its way to the shelves of regular dealers they drop it.

It is sometimes wondered how the daily know the number of copies to print when they have no subscribers names on their books. Things have resorted themselves into such a system that they can tell to a few copies how many to strike off. One of our daily papers has a circulation of fifty thousand copies. The carriers serve their weekly or monthly customers with 20,000. Should they want more one day than another, they leave an order at the office in the afternoon. The wholesale agents order at the same time, and pay for in advance the number they will take the next morning which probably amounts to 25,000. Four thousand are sent to subscribers at a distance. Four or five hundred they sell over the counter, and with the remaining four or five hundred they provide against contingencies.

### A TURKISH MARRIAGE.

There is nothing more simply or barren in incidents than a Turkish marriage. This is nearly what takes place: Esme has reached her twelfth summer—she has been betrothed since her fourth year to Bekir, who is now eighteen; it is time for them to be united. Bekir does not know Esme, or at least he has quite forgotten her features since the time when she came, a child, to visit his mother. Esme, on her side, has retained a still more confused notion of Bekir; for this reason she begs her mother, before renewing the contract, to let her see once again his features. The mother consents, and one day, when Bekir is visiting his future papa-in-law, Esme looks in from behind a lattice. Bekir is also impatient to know the person who is to be his wife. His mother has repeatedly praised her beauty; but can he believe her, when her heart is set on some marriage? He therefore applies to some skillful and discreet old woman, generally a Jewess, whom he requests to make her way by some pretext into Esme's harem, that she may see her and observe her closely. The ambassador returns next day or so, and does not fail to draw the most cutting portrait of the lady she saw—a moon of beauty, teeth like pearls, eyes resembling two stars, the eyebrows two rainbows. Bekir thanks God and the Prophet; then he pours into the hands of the duenna a handful of gold and sends his future wife baskets or vases filled with flowers, fruit, and confectionary. The offering which we call the *corbelle de nocces* follows immediately on the signature of the contract. The corbelle consists chiefly of dresses and jewellery, with the addition of a looking glass and a pair of embroidered bath cloths. This present is *de rigueur*. Bekir receives in return linen and towels, embroidered in gold, silver, or silk. The members of the two families also interchange presents. Several days, frequently weeks, intervene between the signature of the contract and the celebration of the marriage. The time is employed by Bekir in the payment of the dowry; by the parents of the girl in getting her trousseau and wedding apparel in readiness. The wedding lasts four days, from Monday morning to sunset on Thursday.

The first night of the nuptials is fixed for that day, which is considered more propitious than the others, because of the conception of Mohammed. The festivities in both houses are kept up by the men and women separately. They principally consist in banquets, the intervals being filled up with coffee, sherbet, confectionary, perfumes, and pipes. A grave hilarity prevades over these meetings, which are uninvited at times by bands of jugglers and story-tellers. Relations and friends are invited to pass alternate days in the two houses, and the long and wide sofas which adorn the selamlik and larem serve as beds for the guests by night. Every day is distinguished by a different ceremony. On Tuesday the lady's trousseau is carried in great state from her residence to that of her husband. On Wednesday she is taken to the bath, to which ceremony all the poor women in the quarter are invited. They, on arriving, deposit their ragged clothes in the first door, and find, on getting the bath, a new dress, with a sum of money proportioned to the rank and fortune of the husband. In Turkey clarity is universal.

On the next day, in the afternoon, the lady, accompanied by her mother, sisters, and servants, leaves her dwelling for that of her husband. The relations of both the families assembled, the men in the selamlik, the women in the larem. The relations, which are kept up till midnight, terminate in a supper. At the hour of the fifth Naxos, the husband, after kissing the hand of his father, and his elder brothers, glides mysteriously into the larem, where Esme is awaiting him, seated on a sofa, her head covered with a veil. On seeing her husband she raises his hand and kisses it in token of submission. Bekir is preparing to raise the master's veil, but the unduly old woman is still seated motionless in a corner, like a statue in its niche. The old woman is thrust out, after feigned reluctance, and the wife appears for the first time, before the eyes of her delighted husband.

### SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

An old convict in the Ohio Penitentiary has been confined there for thirty years, and was sentenced for life. He was sent from Butler county for murder in the second degree—and was in goal for two years before final conviction and sentencing. He is about sixty years of age, large frame and very portly. He has been a man of power, force and sinew. Perhaps the strongest man ever in the prison. But for the last ten years he has suffered to remain idle, and nurse himself in taking care of the bear, deer, peacock, and other fowls about the yard. He has been, up to that time, a very hard working man—chopped wood in the fields adjacent to the prison—and carried stone during all the time of building the new Penitentiary—and claims to have hosed the job. For several years his mind has been failing—his claims that the State owes him for all the work he has done—and says he will never leave the prison until it is paid—amounting by his estimate, to \$4,444. He insists that the State should board him until every cent is paid, and refuses to leave his old quarters.

He has occupied the same cell for many years, it has fixed up to suit himself with all manner of traps, including an old-fashioned suit of clothes, which he sometimes puts on, and struts about the yard in grand style with his cane, demanding a settlement of his accounts. He makes toothpicks of a very fine appearance, and is permitted to sell them to visitors. His hat is of the old fashioned bell crown high top—and when he gets on the citizen's coat and pants—the latter being quite too short and close fitting—he presents a ludicrous appearance. One day, a quail had got into the yard, and was caught by him—and he started to the office to show it to the warden—having never seen one for many years; it was a great curiosity to him. While in the office the warden whispered to the guard in tones just so that the convict could hear him, to lock the door, and keep him out, so that the State would get clear of paying the debt. In a twinkling, the old man was on his feet, and fleet as a deer, he fled through the door to his cell, before the officer was aware of his intention, saying as he went off that he never made a house that he could be locked out of.

He came to the prison under the name of John Phillips, but, for a number of years, has called himself Aaron Crowder, and lies into a passion the moment Phillips is mentioned. He is very healthy, though growing feeble, never is sick, never troubles the hospital—pretends to be a doctor, and often feels the pulse of the officers to see if they are well, and prescribes some simple remedy for them. During the cholera, brandy was prescribed in small quantities, for the convicts, but he will never taste a drop, and says he never will.

He gives an account of his arrest and conviction. He says it was all about a woman. Her man abused her—he took her and her things into a wagon to take her to her people; her man overtook them in the woods, and a fight ensued, in which her man was killed. Crowder says he could not help it, he would fight, and he was the strongest. That's all.

He knows of no relatives living—and has no accurate idea of his state after death. He is kind, docile, and rather inclined to be sociable, but has been sometimes a hard case to manage. Sometimes now, he gets a little wild and scolds bitterly—but an offer to buy a toothpick, or trade for anything, puts him in a good humor.

His case is a lamentable one, and it is questionable if he becomes better prepared for death than when sentenced—though he has suffered more than death in his thirty years of doing. It turned out fifteen years ago he would no doubt have believed himself to be some comfort to himself, and thought more about the future.—Ohio Statesman.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL. It is in connection with Sir Colin Campbell's recent visit to Windsor Castle, that a notice of the evening, her Majesty's presence on the sofa beside her, was noted to have been without him, and that he was not there. The gate at Windsor is said to have been closed, and it is supposed that his Majesty's kindly language as to his presence to come, and to have assured his royal hosts that he would do anything to please them. It is even said that he was not there at all.

THE OCEAN STEAMERS.—This wonderful line of British steamers are to resume their weekly trips in February, from Liverpool to Boston and New York alternately, we welcome again with pleasure the steady and comfortable service of these steamers, and hope that their future fate may be as good as the past, when there is no reason to doubt from the great care and attention which characterizes their management.

### A BEAUFORTIAN IN THE ARCTIC.

The results of a recent expedition, announced by the British Admiralty, are of a nature to excite the interest of the public. The expedition, which was commanded by Sir John Franklin, was a party of five hundred men, and was equipped with the most modern appliances for Arctic exploration. The expedition was successful in reaching the North Pole, and in returning safely to England. The results of the expedition are of great importance, and will be of great value to the world.

Considerable excitement was created among the citizens of Montreal, by the arrival of the American steamer at an English man by the name of James Stewart, and some one or five half-breed, who met the steamer at the wharf. The steamer was the expedition in February and has been absent up to the present time. We could not get any news from him, as his tongue seemed to be made lead and key, but we gathered the following from one of his guides.

Mr. Stewart, three Indians and fourteen half-breed men of the North, left Selkirk early in the spring, with three canoes. They had thought of making a lake, from there into White Fish river. Was one month on this river, sleeping on the shore. Entered the sea, upon which they were compelled to remain some days—fetched what is called Montreal Island, where they fell in with some Eskimoes, who informed them where the crew of the Terror (one of Franklin's ships) met their untimely fate. Gathered up the remains of a boat having the name of Sir John Franklin on it, a hammer, kettle, part of a blue flag, and other articles belonging to the unfortunate vessel.

Was informed by the Eskimoes, that they (the Eskimoes) reached the spot just in time to see the last man die of hunger, who was leaning against some object when discovered. He was too far gone to be saved. The wolves were very thick there, and no traces of the men could be seen—supposed to have been eaten by the wolves. The Eskimoes state that it is four years ago since the crew perished. The party left the sea on the 9th of August, at which time the ice was accumulating very fast. Among the party was a half-breed, a celebrated runner, who ran the race with Jackson, the American Deer, and other American runners.

### A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellence of her character than her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote a beautiful, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:

"I was grieved (he observes) in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a patient mistress, the most affectionate ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected me from all passions, and made me a man of moderation and self-control. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous and noble temper, she was not less prudent in her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, banished all dissipation, and she whipped my mind and irascible nature, she urged my industry to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was particularly anxious to subvert my vanity and conceit. By her I learned what I ought to know, and what I should be. In her self-denial for my interests, I never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no substance but her feelings. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placid, tender and affectionate. She was a woman who, when her excellent natural talents were fully in view, after eight years' struggle and struggle had found in that together, and we all our tempers to each other, when a knowledge of her worth had reduced my youthful love into friendship, and before age and decay had done their worst, she was the partner of my life, and the prospect of her death my bitter days."

### ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM-SHIP "PACIFIC."

FALL OF KARS.

NEW YORK.

The British mail per "Pacific" was not in time to leave to-night. The "Pacific" arrived at 4 o'clock. It was a letter from home, but no regulars, except General Kinloch and other officers, were on board. The ship was commanded by Captain Kinloch.

General Williams was sending a flag of truce, to the expedition, to be followed by the general staff, and that were only 2000 men, and they had to be sent to the assistance of Omar Pasha.

### THE ESCIMOXES OF THE ARCTIC.

Considerable excitement was created among the citizens of Montreal, by the arrival of the American steamer at an English man by the name of James Stewart, and some one or five half-breed, who met the steamer at the wharf. The steamer was the expedition in February and has been absent up to the present time. We could not get any news from him, as his tongue seemed to be made lead and key, but we gathered the following from one of his guides.

Mr. Stewart, three Indians and fourteen half-breed men of the North, left Selkirk early in the spring, with three canoes. They had thought of making a lake, from there into White Fish river. Was one month on this river, sleeping on the shore. Entered the sea, upon which they were compelled to remain some days—fetched what is called Montreal Island, where they fell in with some Eskimoes, who informed them where the crew of the Terror (one of Franklin's ships) met their untimely fate. Gathered up the remains of a boat having the name of Sir John Franklin on it, a hammer, kettle, part of a blue flag, and other articles belonging to the unfortunate vessel.

Was informed by the Eskimoes, that they (the Eskimoes) reached the spot just in time to see the last man die of hunger, who was leaning against some object when discovered. He was too far gone to be saved. The wolves were very thick there, and no traces of the men could be seen—supposed to have been eaten by the wolves. The Eskimoes state that it is four years ago since the crew perished. The party left the sea on the 9th of August, at which time the ice was accumulating very fast. Among the party was a half-breed, a celebrated runner, who ran the race with Jackson, the American Deer, and other American runners.

It is reported that immediately after the reception in England of certain plates said to have belonged to Sir John Franklin, and which were conveyed to the States by the way of Superior, the Governor of Canada sent a messenger to Selkirk settlement, and hired Mr. Stuart to undertake the expedition. The party started for Selkirk, carrying their canoes part of the way, and sailing the other part. They encamped along the shore until they fell in with an Eskimoes, who conducted them to Montreal Island, where traces of the unfortunate navigators were discovered. The story is plausible, but it is not sufficiently authenticated to remove all doubts.

From the St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat, December 12.

We enjoyed the pleasure yesterday, the 11th inst., of a lengthened conversation with Mr. James Green Stewart, a Chief Trader of the Hudson Bay Company, and learned from him interesting facts concerning an exploration of the Arctic region, lately made by a party under the joint command of himself and Mr. James Anderson, another employe of that Company.

On the return of Dr. Rae, the celebrated overland explorer of the Arctic region, in the summer of 1854, bringing with him the report that the Eskimoes of the extreme northern latitudes had in their possession relics of the Franklin expedition, the British government determined to make one further effort to penetrate the mystery which had so long enveloped the fate of that expedition, and which had been partially solved by the information thus gained by Dr. Rae.

In furtherance of this desire of the British government to follow up the clue thus unexpectedly obtained by the adventurous explorer—to rescue, if possible, the survivors of any of the party of whites who were reported by the Eskimoes to have been seen near the outlet of Back's river, in latitude about 68 degrees north, or at least to procure any records they might have deposited, the Hudson's Bay Company was directed to fit out a party of tried men, accustomed to the hardships of a polar life, to explore the region indicated by Dr. Rae.

Acting under this command of the home government, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 18th day of November, 1854, issued instructions to Messrs Stewart and Anderson, to man and equip a party for the purpose stated. Mr. Stewart, with a party of fourteen men, therefore, started from his post, the Carlton house, in 54° north latitude, on the 7th day of February, 1855, and proceeded to Fort Chipewyan, at the head of Lake Athabasca, in latitude 58° north, at which point they arrived on the 5th day of March.

It had been determined to make the trip to the Arctic sea by water, so far as was practicable, and the party therefore remained at this post until the 27th May, busily engaged in constructing boats, and making other preparations for their dreary journey. At that date the party left Fort Chipewyan, and journeyed by canoe on the Peace river, which connects Lake Athabasca with Slave Lake, some three hundred and fifty miles in a north-westerly direction, till, on the 30th May, they arrived at Fort Resolution, which is situated on an island in Slave Lake, about lat. 61 deg. North.

At Fort Resolution the party was joined by Mr. Anderson, who, with Mr. Stewart, had been appointed to the command of the expedition. Here another delay was made, for the purpose of re-organization, and making the last preparations, before attempting to penetrate the interminable frozen North. These arrangements completed, the party started out on the 22nd day of June, for the head of Great Fish river, or, as it is known on the map, Back river, in latitude about 64 degrees north. Thence they followed the course of the stream to the Arctic ocean. Mr. Stewart represents the navigation of

this river as exceedingly dangerous, being obstructed by over one hundred difficult rapids. Over all these, however, with nothing more substantial than birch bark canoes, they passed in safety, and arrived at its mouth on the 30th of July.

They met with Eskimoes, who conducted their party to Dr. Rae, and directed them to Montreal Island, a short distance from the mouth of Back river, as the spot where an anonymous minute expedition—of which the name was given to the party—was to be made on the 9th August, the day on which the two overland navigators of the Franklin expedition had been reported to have perished. We could not get any news from him, as his tongue seemed to be made lead and key, but we gathered the following from one of his guides.

Three times they prevailed upon a canoe of being hired, and Mr. Stewart expressed it to be his wish to go to the mouth of the river, and to be on the spot on the 9th August, when the two overland navigators of the Franklin expedition were reported to have perished. We could not get any news from him, as his tongue seemed to be made lead and key, but we gathered the following from one of his guides.

Among the Eskimoes were found from kettles, corresponding in shape and size with those furnished the Franklin expedition, and bearing the mark of the British Government. No bodies, however, were found, or traces of any. The report of the Eskimoes was, that one man died on Montreal Island, and that the balance of the party wandered on the beach of the main land opposite, until worn out by fatigue and starvation. They, one by one, had then perished and died.

The Eskimoes reported further that Indians had been seen by them, who had seen the ships of Franklin's party, and visited them, stating that they had both been crushed between the icebergs. Mr. Stewart took upon him to ascertain whether the party had come to their death by fair means or foul. But to every inquiry, the Eskimoes protested that they had died of starvation.

Gathering together the relics found, the party set out on their return on the 9th day of August last. The return route did not vary materially from that taken on their way out, but it was not until they had been some time since in reaching our city—having come by the way of the Red river country, and having been absent in all about two months. Mr. Stewart left St. Paul yesterday en route to the Hudson's Bay headquarters at Lac Seul, Canada, to submit an account of his adventures.

And, at last, the mystery is solved—Brave Sir John, whose fate has awakened the sympathizing curiosity of the civilized world, it is now known sleeps his last sleep in the arms of the frozen sea, through whose icy portals he had vainly sought his way. Four winters back, as the Eskimoes said, the whole party, after escaping from those dangerous seas, found release from suffering in death. Died bravely, too, as they had lived, bravely, like true Englishmen; this much we may believe, for consolation, that they met their fate as became spirits adventurous and noble. No traces were found by the Eskimoes to indicate that, even in their last extremity, they had forgotten their manhood, and prayed on one another.

The last party of generous hearts, who sought to carry out to the last end of the world, the noblest of the living, are returned, and the Arctic wastes are solitudes indeed! And, in view of the suffering endured, and the noble lives sacrificed in fruitless efforts to widen the bounds of human knowledge, we believed it to be the prayer of all men that so they may remain forever.

### FROM THE HAMILTON GAZETTE. MASONIC FESTIVAL, TO CELEBRATE ST. JOHN'S DAY.

The Freemasons of this City met together at Dinner, at the Hotel of Brother Charles Norton, on Thursday evening last, it being the anniversary of St. John's Day. John Osborne, Esq., W. M. of the Strict Observance Lodge, occupied the chair, supported by J. F. McCuig, Esq., W. M. of the St. John's Lodge, and W. Bellhouse, Esq., P. M. of the Strict Observance Lodge. The dinner was served up in Norton's best style, and was fully appreciated by the guests, to judge by the happy faces around the festive board. After ample justice had been done in that respect, the usual Loyal and Masonic toasts followed, the whole being received with that unanimity of jovial feeling which distinguishes the members of the order on such occasions. We have taken a jotting of these toasts &c, and may probably find time and space to give them in our next. It was a pretty late hour before the party separated.

Previous to the dinner the members of the St. John's Lodge held their regular communication at the Masonic Hall, when the following Brethren were installed as Officers for the ensuing Masonic term: Bro. John F. McCuig, Worshipful Master.

- W. " John W. Baine, Past Master.
- " Thomas Turner, Rev. Senior Warden.
- " William T. Thomas, Junior Warden.
- R. W. " Thos. Bird Harris, Treasurer.
- " Thos. Chandler Sterling, Secy.
- " Albert Drey, Senior Deacon.
- " D. McIntosh, M. D., Junior Deacon.
- " W. G. Crawford, Director of Ceremonies.
- " Rev. G. A. Bull, Chaplain.
- " L. Rosenband, Organist.
- " Thomas Foxley, Stewards.
- " R. R. Waddell,
- " W. J. Copp, Inner Guard.
- " John Morrison, Tyler.

The following is the list of Officers installed to serve in the Lodge of Strict Observance for the ensuing Masonic year: V. W. Bro. John Osborne, Worshipful Master.

- W. W. Bro. W. Bellhouse, Past Master.
- " Thos. Lee, Senior Warden.
- " S. G. Patton, Junr. Warden.
- " Rev. F. J. Lundy, Chaplain.
- " R. Benner, Treasurer.
- " D. Benedict, Master of Ceremonies.
- " Jno. Hogenson, Sen. Deacon.
- " W. H. Park, Junr. Deacon.
- " H. M. Melville, Organist.
- " A. Gordon, Stewards.
- " J. E. Dallyn,
- " Jno. Bruce, Inner Guard.
- " John Morrison, Tyler.

### FROM THE HAMILTON GAZETTE. A STARTLING CREED.

Our brother of the *Daily Colonist*, thus indoctrinates his clients and disciples: "Religion and politics are very different in their nature. By one we are taught to think only of our eternal welfare. By the other we are taught to think of our temporal happiness."

When did the *Colonist* become impregnated with such an overwhelmingly moral confession of faith?

It is unnecessary to say that he did not glean it out of the Bible. "That sacred record no where asserts the proposition, that by religion we are taught to think only of our eternal welfare." On the contrary, it assures us, in the most explicit and emphatic manner that godliness is profitable for this world, as well as for the world beyond the grave. It is as explicit with *substance*, with *rules of faith*. The deologue has as much reference to the duties which we owe to man, as to those which we owe to God.

Again, in what quarter did our poor brother pick up the notion, that by politics we are taught to think exclusively of our temporal happiness?

So touches the gospel according to Satan! Such is the essence of the dark, Anti-Christian, theology of the bottomless pit! It is by God, that Kings reign, and that senators declare Justice. His august hand regulates the sinkings of empires, and causes even "the maddest of the people" to accomplish his behests and purposes. "All things," including, of course, what the *Colonist* calls "politics," are working together for the glory of the supreme Jhu, and the good of the Church which he purchased with his precious blood.

"The time is not long past, when our country would have denounced, as stringently as we now denounce, the 'progressive' and 'material' heresies, quoted above. Twelve months ago there was not a paper in broad Canada, east or west, which did not manfully up for the doctrine, that all questions, whether relating to 'time' or 'eternity,' should be decided on the basis of revelation."

Whence the tolerable change which has been wrought in the views of the *Colonist*? Why is it that we now find this solemn striving to put asunder what God has been pleased to join together? Why these questions are easily responded to?

The *Daily Colonist* has been smitten to the very core, with the ghastly and corroding "lopyry of compromise and expediency." To be consistent, no longer "take heed" that of fabricating ropes from sand! Christ has declared that no man can, at one and the same time, serve God and Mammon, and our brother is striving to bond the knee to the frat, and cry "all hail!" to the other! Easy would be the task of the statesman, or the journalist, if it could be demonstrated that politics had nothing to do with religion! Comparatively powerful would be the dying pillow of the secularist if he could lay such a flattering anction to his shuffling slip!

But Premier and Editor must both stand at the great day of account, before the tribunal which awards eternal destinies. They will avail as little, as plans of compromise, coalition!

In all probability the *Colonist* will have returned what was last been announced, as a theatrical of doing nothing. Be it so! We console ourselves with the words of the highest of all authorities: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God!"

PHOTOS OF A FARM.—A farm in the township of South Dumfries is about to change hands at the price of \$100 an acre. The farm was purchased by the present proprietor in the spring at \$85 per acre, no bad profit as times go.

The concordat between the Papal and Austrian Courts, already mentioned, which had been closed.

BUSINESS LADIES.—A few nights back a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love; and a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected manner. "For instance," he continued addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say, Miss S, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is daily on the increase. Of all ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed I love you, and gladly make you my wife." "You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S, to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father." "Bravo!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Well, I declare," exclaimed the ladies. The lady and gentleman, good reader, are to be married in October.

At Medina, N. Y., a young man, 22 years of age, who had been deaf and dumb since his ninth year, was taken with violent spasms in the chest about a week ago, and after throwing up a small quantity of blood, found that his hearing and power of speech were entirely restored.