

"Would you have thought it?" said Julia, looking up into her husband's eyes, who had been called in by her loud exclamations of wonder and surprise. "Who would have dreamed of this, dear?" The clergyman smiled. "'The blessing of the Lord,' Julia," he said at length, "'maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.' Those who fearlessly do their duty at all times and under all circumstances, actuated by pure and good motives, have little to fear from poverty and disgrace. As a Mason and a Christian I visited him in sickness, asking and expecting for myself and family only the Mason's and the Christian's reward. But lo! we are made rich by the MISER'S GIFT.—*The Evergreen.*

### "FROM LABOR TO REFRESHMENT."

Under the above heading in the August number of the Freemason, R. W. Bro. Gouley of St. Louis discourses pleasantly upon a rapid tour made by him recently through these parts. We regret that the arrangements made by our esteemed confrere would not admit of a stay in this city, especially as we have not yet had the good fortune to "come across" our "true and trusty friend"—the following extracts from his "Notes by the Way" will, we doubt not, prove interesting to our readers.

Not being willing to spend all our limited amount of cash in one town, (Niagara Falls) we left for Toronto, Canada, via Lewiston, where we met the steamer crowded to death with a lot of people trying to celebrate "Dominion Day," (which somewhat corresponds in its festivities to our Fourth of July,) and having at last got aboard under a hot sun, we set sail across Lake Ontario and had a very pleasant trip, enlivened by a speech from "Gen. Gaines," and the discordant notes of a blind fiddler. The breeze on the lake was very cool and refreshing, and the scenery was delightful, as our struggles to see land were only interrupted by the presence of one sloop, two schooners, and a steamer, until we reached Toronto, which city we found lying flat on the shore, behind a long island. According to directions, we sought the Queen's Hotel, an old-fashioned establishment, which they say well represents the English-Canadian character. It was here we began to appreciate the adage "shoemaker's children always go bare-footed," for in this climate of eternal winter we found it more difficult to get a sufficiency of ice than one would experience in New Orleans, where they have to make it by ethereal evaporations. The whole city was shut up on account of "Dominion Day," and with the thermometer at 98° we tried to get an idea of things generally, but found it hot work, and came to the conclusion that Toronto was a slow coach. Armed, however, with a letter from Grand Secretary Bro. T. B. Harris, we called upon Bro. J. Kirkpatrick Kerr, R. W. D. D. G. M., and found him all that he had been represented, viz., an eminent barrister, a well posted mason, and a perfect gentleman. To him, the next day, we were indebted for a general inspection of the city, and especially of the buildings, of which the city may well be proud. The University of Toronto will rank among the first institutions of any country. To Bro. W. H. Fraser, also, and other friends, we are under many obligations for genuine courtesies, which we will revenge some time when we have a chance. The Masonic bodies here, as elsewhere throughout Canada, had "called off" during the summer, and we had no opportunity of seeing the work, but had the pleasure of instructions from well posted brethren. Having "done" Toronto we set sail on a fine steamer for Montreal, and halted at many points of interest on the way, including Port Hope, a flourishing city sixty-five miles below Toronto; Coburg, seven miles further down; Kingston, founded by the French in 1672; Oswego, with a population of 15,000; Sackett's Harbour, forty-five miles from Oswego, founded by a Mr. Sackett in 1799. Below Kingston we entered among the famous "Thousand Islands," while in fact here are not less than eighteen hundred of these "emerald gems in the ring of the wave." They have furnished in the past, materials for romance and poetry, and are to-day objects of delight and interest. At Prescott we met the Governor General, his wife and suit, who, with an immense amount of baggage, almost took possession of our new boat, (for here we had to change steamers,) and as this was our first experi-