

ingly spare my readers the recital of what passed before my disordered senses on that wretched evening.

At length, as I partially remember, the vaulted chamber was gradually deserted by the guests, until only the stranger, Sloppy Stevens, and my treacherous guide remained. I remember, also, making a feeble attempt to reach the door, and feeling myself prostrated as with a touch. I know that I tried to implore those in whose power I was, to release me; to tell me why I had been thus introduced into their secret counsels, but I believe that the words were unspoken, for a heavy weight seemed to hang upon my lips and my tongue refused to obey my will. I think, too, that I furnished matter of mirth to Sloppy Stevens, by the impotency of every effort I made, and that gradually I sank into a deadly torpor from which I was only partially aroused by feeling myself conveyed unresistingly into the cooler air of the passage above.

I remember more distinctly, and at times even now with terror, the fearful sensation which overpowered, for the time, the deathlike effects of the drug I had unconsciously swallowed, when, on reaching the yawning chasm of which I have spoken in the previous chapter, I witnessed, by the dim light carried by my guide, that preparations were made for lowering me into the black and horrible gulf below. I remember that I struggled with the agony of despair and begged for mercy; and that only a mocking laugh was returned. I remember how I gradually descended lower and lower, until I reached—not the dark surface of the water which was rolling sullenly beneath, but the firm substance of a boat, and how, when I again recovered some degree of consciousness, I looked upwards and around, and saw that the stars were shining brightly above me, and that the stranger was rapidly skulling the boat up the river. And then, once more, my wavering senses sank into the oblivion of sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The following lines altered from the original to suit our fellow-townman, will apply to all who want their photographs taken in good style:

Your beautiful photo,
For others to quiz,
To many would be quite a feast,
Then pocket your dollars,
And go to O'Connon's,
At 121 King St. East.

A sight-seer on horseback, meeting a lad not far from Edinburgh, asked him, 'Am I half way to Edinburgh?' 'Please sir,' said the boy, 'I dinna ken where ye cam' fra.'



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11, 1866

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H W B, Montreal—Received for vol. viii.

J O, Newmarket—Received for 11 copies of vol. ix.

W B, Lindsay—You are correct. You are paid to end of vol. ix.

W S, Mount Forest—Received for vol. ix.

J F, Creek Bank—You are paid to end of vol. xi.

W G, Leith—Received \$1.50 for vol. viii.

E W F, Napier—Have changed your address, and sent you a complete set of vol. viii.

M M, Clinton—Received \$1.00. Names all correct for vol. ix.

F A L, Truro, Nova Scotia—Received for fourteen copies for one year, ending September 30, 1866. Many thanks for your exertions in our behalf.

R R, Montreal—You are paid up to the end of vol. ix.

We hope our readers will not forget the Musical and Literary Entertainment of the Crusade Lodge on Tuesday Evening, October 24. The programme promises to be an interesting one. Tickets are placed at 10c.

Our readers seem to forget that there is such a meeting held regularly as the Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting. We beg to remind them that from 3 to 4 p.m., every Sabbath can be spent very profitably by those attending who are not otherwise engaged. If but one-half of those who listened so attentively during the fine days to the lectures in the Park would but go to the Temperance Hall it would encourage those who during the summer months kept this meeting in operation.

NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

BRITISH TEMPLARS.

A GREAT VICTORY.

MR. EDITOR,—I dare say our brethren in Canada, are anxious to hear how we are prospering in Nova Scotia. The chief trouble here was the having all our Lodges supplied with bogus Charters by the seceding part of our Executive before legal ones came to hand and the mass having Charters for their Lodges were too easily contented and less disposed to take up the question, but enquiry has been in progress and most of the Lodges at all in the way thereof, are seeking information. Bro. McDonald, of Wolfville, a strong Anti-Supremist, finding his arguments fail him, went to P. E. Island just before the Supreme Lodge met, to have them strengthened and there to see the Supremists confuted, but after hearing both sides of the subject discussed in full, he could no longer deny the truth, conviction forced him to acknowledge that a Supreme Grand Lodge was formed in 1863 and did really exist, and after remaining on the Island for some weeks he returned to Wolfville and has since been making amends for his former error, by doing a good work in diffusing information to the several Lodges of the County, (Kings). His own Lodge with upwards of 100 members shortly took action in favor of the Supreme, but two members dissenting, three other Lodges in vicinity soon followed, and unanimously, while others had their majorities convinced but delayed action. Bro. Elder, P. G. W. O., and Bro. Welton, P. G. W. S. being the leading seceders, were always invited to, and generally attended at, the discussions, but their words appears to be to endeavour to keep the Lodges in the dark and quiet as long as possible. Crystal Fount at Trentville, after discussing the matter for four successive evenings, having Bro. Elder present at one of them, finally, at their last meeting took a unanimous vote in favor of the Supreme, one Bro. (supposed to be Anti) having left the Lodge just before the question was taken. The County Lodge of Kings met at Wolfville on the following day (Sept. 27,) ten Lodges out of thirteen in the County being represented. A large number of members and visitors attended to hear the matter discussed, and decide whether they should or not acknowledge and work under the Supreme Grand Lodge, if such a body existed.