

they will forward us such reports, *post paid*, we shall be but too happy to give them a place in our columns. From the craft at large we are ever ready and willing to receive anything and everything which may be "for the good of masonry." Respecting our statement that the "Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of correspondents," we beg to differ from our Kingston friend most materially. For instance, he might entertain the idea that masonry was entirely a Jewish institution and write as such, while on the contrary we might as readily prove its christian connection, and *vice-versa*, nevertheless, our assertion is borne out by the *London Freemason's Magazine*, which says, "The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by Correspondents," so that we have in reality followed an excellent example; this, we trust, will quiet our worthy brother's feelings. Evidently our friend is not aware that no R. A. Chapter at present exists under the Grand Chapter of Canada, both Chapters now in existence here holding from England, and have not as yet acknowledged allegiance to the Grand Chapter of Canada; we trust our contemporary is aware that all Chapters are subordinate to one Grand Chapter, and really gave him credit for a little more foresight, advising him at the same time not to write so hastily or to correct so vigorously, but with that temperance which doubtless characterizes him as a man and a mason.

A FREEMASON'S WIFE.

Ingleby Scott is writing a series of papers on Representative Women' in *Once a Week*. One tale he tells us is so touching that it should be preserved among your choicest notes, and I forward it accordingly.—J. J.

"We have some of us heard a story lately full of solemn sweetness—as animating as it is mournful, of a wife with her husband at sea. Each age has its own mode of disclosure of the moral greatness of the men and women of the time; and in this case, through the ways and circumstances of our century—of even the latter half of it—we see in Mrs. Patton the mind and soul of the best wife of the noblest Crusader of six centuries ago.

"One February day, four years since, the people who happened to be on the Battery at New York, saw that a sick person was being carried in a litter from a ship to the Battery Hotel. Beside the litter walked a young girl, as a careless passenger might have supposed; but others were struck by the strangeness of such youthfulness in one with so careworn a face. She was also obviously near her confinement. She was twenty, in fact, and had been married three years to the man in the litter. She had been brought up in gaiety and indulgence in a prosperous home in East Boston, and had married a gallant young sea captain. In the first days of the honeymoon, Captain Patton was offered the command of the *Neptune's Cat*, a ship fitted out for the circumnavigation of the globe, and delayed by the illness of the commander. Captain Patton declined this great piece of professional advancement, on the ground that he could not leave his bride, for so long a time, at an hour's warning. He was told she might go with him, she was willing, and they were established on board within twelve hours from the first proposal being made.

"They were absent a year and five months; and from the outset she made herself her husband's pupil, companion and helper, to his great delight. She studied navigation, and learned everything that he could teach her, and was soon habituated to take observations, steer by the chart, and keep the ship's reckoning. In August, 1856, they sailed again in their beloved vessel for California, making sure that the ship they were so proud of, and so familiar with, would beat two others which started at the same time. The race which ensued disclosed to Captain Patton the evil temper and desigus of the first mate, who was evidently bent on defeating his purpose, and, for some unknown reason, on carrying the ship into Valparaiso. Before Cape Horn was reached, the Captain was suffering from anxiety and vigilance. There it was necessary to depose the mate; and under the toil of supplying his place, Captain Patton's health gave way entirely. A fever was followed by congestion of the brain; but he had had time to put his wife in full possession of his purposes. The ship was by no means to go to Valparaiso; for the crew would desert, and the cargo be lost before the consignees could arrive. His honour and conscience were concerned, he said, in going to the right port. This settled everything in his wife's mind. The ship should go to her destined port, and no other.

"Her husband became hopelessly delirious; and the mate seized the opportunity to assume authority. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Patton, warning her not to oppose him, and charging her with the responsibility of the fate of every man in the vessel, if she presumed to interfere. She replied that her husband had not trusted him while he was well; and she would not trust him now that her husband was ill. She assembled the crew, told them the facts, and appealed to them. Would they accept her authority in her husband's place, disregarding the first mate, and work the ship under the orders of the second? Every man of them agreed, and she had nothing to complain of from them. They did what they could to sustain her. They saw her at her studies, as they passed the cabin windows, and regarded her with reverence and pity—a young wife, soon to be a mother, alone among men, with her husband to nurse and control, the crew to command, and their lives to preserve by her learning and professional skill! There she sat at her desk by lamplight,—now studying medical books which could instruct her on her husband's case; now keeping the reckoning, and making entries in the log. At noon and at midnight she was on deck, taking an observation. She marked the charts, made no mistakes, and carried the ship into port in fine condition on the 13th of November.

"Captain Patton was a Freemason; and the Freemasons at San Francisco were kind, sending them back to New York by the first ship that could take them. They arrived wholly destitute,—the husband, blind, deaf, delirious, dying;—the wife grave and composed, but bent on reaching Boston before her confinement. This aim she could not accomplish: her husband is too ill to be removed, and her child was born in a strange place. The New York underwriters immediately sent her 1000 dollars as a gift; and the owners of the vessel and cargo at once took steps to testify their sense of her conduct. Under singular extremity, she had considered the interests of the crew, and saved a vast amount of property to the owners; and the valour and conscientiousness of this lonely young creature were thoroughly appreciated. The truth was, it was to her husband that she devoted herself. She wrought out her purpose, and saved his honour.

"From the verge of the grave she disappears from sight. We may never hear of her again; but we scarcely need to know more. What could we ask further, after being presented with the true image of a perfect wife, heroic in proportion to the extremity of her trial? I, for one, am thankful to know that a Mary Patton has shown the full glory and beauty of wifehood in our day.—*Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror*.

Difference between a Persian and a Turk—one worships the Sun and the other the Daughter.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

Now dismiss me, while I linger,
For one fond, one dear word more.
Have I done my labor fairly?
Is there nought against my score?
Is there one in all our circle,
Wronged by deed, or word, or blow?
Silence speaks my full acquittance.
Nunc dimittis; let me go.

Let me go—I crave my wages;
Long I've waited, long I've toiled;
Never once through work days idle,
Never once my apron soiled—
In the chamber—where the Master
Waits with smiling to bestow
Corn and wine, and oil abundant,
Nunc dimittis; let me go.

Let me go, but you must tarry,
Till the Sixth days close has come;
Heat and burden patient bear ye,
While your'e absent from your home;
But a title, and the summons
Waits alike for each of you;
Mine is sounding—springs wait me—
Nunc dimittis; let me go.

Oh, the Sabbath day in Heaven!
Oh, the joys reserved for them,
Faithful builders of the Temple,
Type of blest Jerusalem!
Oh! the rapture of our meeting
With the friends 'twas bliss to know!
Strive no longer to detain me—
Nunc dimittis; let me go.

Hush'd that voice its fond imploring:
Faded is that eager eye;
Gone the souls, of labor wearied,
To rejoice eternally.
But the memory of his service
Oft shall lighten up our woe,
Till the hour tear too petition—
Nunc dimittis; let me go!

The Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Canada was begun and holden in the Town of Belleville, on Wednesday, the 20th instant, and its deliberations brought to a close on Friday.

Thursday, at noon, was the time set apart for the election of Officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows, viz:

M. E. Comp.	John C. Franck, Grand Z.
R. " "	H. Heathfield, " H.
" " "	W. B. Simpson, " I.
" " "	T. B. Harris re-elected Grand Scribe E.
" " "	Geo. W. Whitehead, Grand Scribe N.
" " "	Thos. J. Angel, Grand Principal Sojr.
" " "	D. Curtis, Grand Treasurer.
" " "	L. H. Henderson, Grand Registrar.
" " "	E. J. Sisson, Grand 1st Ass't. Sojr.
" " "	Thos. McCracken, Grand Sword Bearer.
" " "	Mauget Northrup, Grand Steward of
" " "	Donald Macdonie, Director of Ceremonies.
" " "	A. M. Munro, Grand Organist.
" " "	J. M. Rogerson, G. and Pursuivant.
" " "	Thos. McMuller, Grand Janitor.
V. " "	Jas. Scymour,
" " "	Geo. L. Earl,
" " "	E. H. Parker,
" " "	G. T. Moorhouse.

GRAND SUPERINTENDENTS OF DISTRICTS.

M. E. Comp.	Thompson Wilson, London District.
R. " "	Thomas Duggan, Hamilton District.
" " "	Francis Richardson, Toronto District.
" " "	George F. La Serre, Central District.
" " "	L. H. Robinson, Eastern Townships.

The Grand Chapter, having been called from labor, were handsomely and luxuriously entertained at a Ball and Supper, got up under the auspices of the Companions of the Moira Chapter, in honor of the Grand Chapter.

All passed off with great eclat, and to the satisfaction of all present.