

Officers of Victoria Columbia Lodge, B C, installed by M W Bro. Eli Harrison, Sr, Grand Master, and the Grand Lodge officers: J Teague, W M; W Trickey, S W; J Wilson, J W; C C McKenzie, Secretary; H L Jones, Treasurer; E J Salmon, S D; F Davey, J D; R Laing, Steward; J Bray, I G; F O'Connor, Tyler.

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

Old Memories.

The scent of sylvan groves after a summer shower;
 The sound of the curfew bell at the evening hour;
 The lowing of peaceful kine on the meads below;
 The murmuring stream as it on to the sea doth go;
 The welcome musical note of the cuckoo heard
 'Neath umbrageous branches of trees, where no wind stirred;
 The carol of the gay lark as it upward soars,
 And at heaven's gate its psalm of praise out-pours;
 The old song heard once again, or the cadence sweet
 Of the madgal chanted by voices for angels meet:
 These draw a sigh from the heart for the days gone by,
 As they touch the forgotten chords of memory.

—*Emma Holmes, author of "Amable Vaughan."*

A Lady Spy at a Masons' Meeting.

A lady correspondent writes from Manora to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Kurrachee:—There is a little building here called Lodge "Endeavor," in which the "Masons" are going to assemble on the 22nd inst. They meet in it every month. Why they call themselves "Masons" I do not know, but this I do know, that they are very queer people, and do some very queer things. Their commander, whom they style Worshipful Master, is our worthy Master-Attendant, Captain Parker. On one occasion when they had assembled in the "Temple," I, out of sheer curiosity, went and stood on one side of the building, where no one could see me, and I can assure you, Mr. Editor, I was very much frightened. I distinctly heard the "Master's" voice call upon his "brethren" (that's the word he used in addressing them) to do something, and shortly afterwards there were a series of terrific *knocks*, as if they were nailing down the lid of a coffin. They were single knocks—nearly two dozen, I think; then there was a short pause,

after which double knocks assailed my ears; they were given with redoubled force, and then I heard somebody whisper,—“murder her.” This was enough for me; my knees trembled violently, and I felt my blood creep again, I assure you. With one powerful effort I recovered myself, and ran to my “Nest” as fast as I could. There was no sleep for me that night, believe me, and the following day I could hear nothing but knocks all around my room, and the awful words “murder her” rang in my ears. I fancy the sentinel who, I hear, has to stand at the door of their “temple” and watch, must have seen me! Never again shall I approach the “Lodge”; that's certain. I should very much like to know, dear Mr. Editor, why people are allowed to do such terrible things in a quiet place like Manora? And why should such a dear, good man as Captain Parker join them? People say they have some dreadful secrets. No wonder ladies are not permitted to join their fraternity. There can't be any good in their secrets, I am sure. Some insist that there is a great deal of good, but if this be the case, then, to say the least of it, it is very ungracious on their part to exclude ladies from their meeting, though, for my part, I wouldn't join them for all the world.

LONDON.—The Fraternity in this city has lost three members by the stroke of death, within the past few days, W. Bro. Wylie of Kilwinning Lodge, No. 64, who was the oldest but one, of the Past Masters of that Lodge; W. Bro. J. C. Bennett, a member of St. George Lodge, No. 42, who had filled all the subordinate offices in that Lodge until he finally reached the honorable position of Worshipful Master; and Bro. Lewis Hessell, a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 209, since 1864 when he joined that Lodge. The funerals of the three Brethren named were respectively conducted with the Masonic ceremonies.