

The Dying Templar.

To such of our American grand Lodges, or contemporaries, as suffered themselves to be hoodwinked by the representations of certain officials of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, as to believe that it was not politically separated from Quebec, and was still entitled to jurisdiction, we now present the best evidence in the world on that head. On the 22d December, inst. Mr. Blake, the new Premier of Ontario, addressed the Parliament of that Province, then in session at Toronto, as follows; as reported in the New York papers of next morning:

He contended that the Provincial Governments should take a position of neutrality in regard to the Dominion Government. There should be neither alliance nor hostility. Ontario should not interfere with Dominion affairs, nor with the affairs of any other Province, except when her rights were infringed.

After that there is not much more to be said. We have been right from the beginning.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

THE DYING TEMPLAR.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

The Templar's pilgrimage was nearly done;
And as he lay, in silence on his cot,
His faint breath struggling as the clouds of death
Came stealing round his pillow, while his brow
Was damp with vapors of approaching night,
His mind roamed back, through the enclosing mist,
And saw the scenes of old that he had loved.

The active life, and the sweet intercourse
Of friendly hearts with his in the brave strife
That ever contemplated human good,
And all the graces and beatitudes
That lay about him in fraternal paths,
Where brother's hand by brother's hand enclasped,
Fought the good fight in grand community,
Came up before his eye, that veiled its beams
To things of sense, and through the spirit saw
The spirit of that Past in brightness lit.

And mid the scene that met his inner sight,
Were those that made life beautiful: whose steel
Had crossed with his in knightly courtesy;
Whose hearts had throbbed in kindly sympathy
With his, in sympathy for all, whose forms
Had long since hidden from his mortal ken
Who smiled a welcome to his nearing foot
Just treading on the borders of that realm,
A purer, brighter pilgrimage to run
In airs of joy and everlasting peace!

And there above him, in the pendent clouds,
Rich in the glory of supernal light,
Swung the broad banner, underneath whose folds
He'd waged the warfare of the good and true,
Bearing its rare device, that knightly trust
Has ever cherished as its guide and hope;
Then, as his eye embraced the symbol high,
His face grew luminous with wondrous light,
A smile about his mouth in transport played,
And, casting up his hands as if to grasp
The blest memento that gave life to faith,
He murmured "*In Hoc Signo Vinces!*" when
The life-strings snapped in twain, and quietly
The Templar in his triumph passed away.

—*Flag of Our Union.*