

wars and revolutions, and is now silently ascending to loftier plans of usefulness; it looks to the heavens for its models, and in its work imitates the divine plan of nature. The sun draws in vapory tributes the moisture from the ocean; the invisible winds carry it in clouds over the globe, and distributes, in refreshing showers, the liquid treasures of the skies. In like manner Masonry draws its strength and resources from the deep sea of human sympathies, and relieves the sorrows of humanity. And now, before we return to our several walks of life, let the holiest aspirations of our hearts unite and cluster around the edifice which will arise above this stone; may the lightning and tempest spare its walls; may the music of happy voices, and the anthems of praise resound beneath its arch; may the voice of truth, faith and peace, like ministering angels, illumine its altars and shed their benign influence within its portals, and may the shadow of ages pass over this prairie land ere the eyes of man shall behold again the memorial of our work.

At the conclusion of the address, the National Anthem was sung, and the proceedings terminated with the Benediction by the Grand Chaplain.

A lunch was afterwards given by the ladies of the congregation, in Russell's Hall, to which about 150 sat down. Speeches were made by the Grand Master, M.W. Bro. W. N. Kennedy, P.G.M., and others. After the lunch the party embarked on the steamer *Victoria*, and enjoyed a pleasant sail on the Red River. The proceedings of the day were much enjoyed by all who took part therein.

#### London, Ont.

The following brief history of Freemasonry in London, Ont., taken from the *Free Press*, should have appeared in our last issue, with the account of the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple in that city:—

The history of Masonic progress in London is as interesting as the history of the city itself, and represents a long ladder with many rounds marked by the feet of the climbers. Under present circum-

stances a retrospective glance at the various places of meeting will be more appropriate than a resume of Masonic doings, as applied to influence and numerical growth. In looking up the facts hereinunder given, it was not an easy task to find more than two or three who had met together under mystic auspices in the primitive days, when the great portion of the city was as it had been left by the Hand of Nature. But at least two were found whose memory of what had been told them served to supply what was beyond their personal experiences, and it is but necessary to mention in this connection the names of Chamberlain John Brown and the venerable City Clerk, Mr. A. S. Abbott. Away back in 1832 the scene opens. A few of the pioneers of that year had banded together, and under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of England opened the old Mount Moria Lodge, in John O'Neil's "Boyle Traver's Mansion House," opposite the Robinson Hall, corner of Dundas and Ridout streets. The membership was limited to a mere handful, but associations were dearly prized, and every month saw fresh men at the altar. The meetings continued to be held in an upper room of this rude inn until the political events of the fretful '37 called most of the members into the ranks of the Militia. Communications were occasionally held, but for three or four years there seems to have been no thorough resuscitation from the devastation of the Rebellion. In 1842 a dispensation was granted from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, and Lodge No. 209 was formed, when the old Mount Moria handed over its charter and affiliated with the new organization. About this time the Masons thought a change of lodge room would do no harm, and for no particular reason beyond an invitation from the host, they moved eastward to William Balkwill's Hotel, on the lot now covered by the City Hotel. If Masonry is yet looked upon with grave misgivings by a certain class, what must have been the feeling towards the youthful 209 and its predecessors in those early days? But there is no time to guess out the conundrum. Business at the regular meetings did not overtax the Secretary, and the applications were not numerous. When the conflagration of 1845 wiped out the hotel, the paraphernalia of the Lodge was removed to Mr. Balkwill's residence, on what is now the corner of Talbot and Kent streets. The garret did not afford sufficient room for the brethren to assemble in comfort, and after about a year of crampings and perspirations, they turned their steps towards John McDowell's hotel, Ridout street, on the hill leading to Blackfriar's Bridge. John was a most devoted Mason, and with the Lodge furniture in his house, he felt as though he were living in a church. The Lodge room was the best