

those who knew him best and valued his worth the most. But there must be an end to sorrowing.

"Weep not for him who dieth,
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth,
Is the green earth's quiet breast."

FUNERAL OF THE GRAND MASTER.

"ART is long, but time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

All that was mortal of the late Grand Master was consigned to the tomb on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 20th, at Simcoe. The event gave occasion to the largest gathering of the fraternity probably ever seen in Canada. A special train, with brethren from various sections, left Hamilton in the morning, and another from St. Thomas with the representatives from the respective Western Lodges. By half-past one o'clock, the time named for the meeting of Grand Lodge, there was a very large assemblage, but it was after that time when the door of Norfolk Lodge closed on those who were not members of the Grand Lodge, and more than an hour passed before the Grand Officers started for the late residence of the deceased. At this time the streets were filled with persons anxiously looking for the movement of the procession, among whom were a large number of ladies. It seemed as if the entire County of Norfolk was paying tribute to the memory of one who held the highest place in the esteem of his fellow townsmen and neighbors of the surrounding country. From the highest to the lowest, all vied in doing what honor was due to the remains of the respected Judge, for in that capacity he had endeared himself to thousands, and won the hearts of the people. Nearly every place of business was closed for the afternoon, and it was truly a day of mourning for the good town of Simcoe. Badges of mourning were worn by almost every one, and the scene of the late Judge's labors, the beautiful Court House, was surmounted by a flag at half-mast. Knots of people stood at the street corners, discussing the merits of the deceased, and a general feeling of sorrow pervaded the town.

It was past three o'clock when the *cortege* started on its mournful course. Taking the route of the main street, it proceeded in the direction of Trinity Church, headed by the band of the 39th Battalion, the brethren following in the usual order. The funeral was under the direction of the Grand Lodge, the acting Grand Master, R. W. Bro. Kerr, presiding. The following were the other representatives of that body:

R. W. Bro. B. E. Charlton, Grand Senior Warden.	" " " F. R. Despard, Assist. Grand Secretary.
" " " D. McLellan, Grand Junior Warden.	" " " Dr. Clark, M.P.P., as Assista't Director of Ceremonies.
" " " Rev. Canon Innes, Grand Chaplain.	" " " J. M. Clement, as Grand Sword Bearer.
" " " Henry Groff, Grand Treasurer.	" " " A. Hurd, as Grand Organist.
" " " Judge H. Macpherson, as Grand Registrar.	" " " C. A Sippi, as Grand Assist. Organist.
" " " J. J. Mason, Grand Secretary.	" " " Hugh Kerr, as Grand Pursuivant.
V. " " John F. Lash, as Grand Senior Deacon.	" " " J. Heron, as Grand Tyler.