

named the Moore Rose Croix Chapter, in compliment to Ill. Bro. Col., McLeod Moore, 33°, of La Prairie. This Chapter, with Bro. Marshall at its head is in full working order, and has upon its roll of members some of the most influential of the fraternity. Bro. Marshall was recently elected a member of the Supreme Council of England and Wales 33°, the first and only one in New Brunswick.

In February 1869 he received the degree of the Imperial Ecclesiastical and Military order of the Knights of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, and was subsequently appointed an Inspector General of this distinguished order for New Brunswick. Through Bro. Marshall this Christian order was introduced into Canada, Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore being the head in this jurisdiction.

In May 1870 Bro. Marshall was appointed the Representative of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Louisiana, near the Grand Council of New Brunswick.

Bro. Marshall's masonic career conclusively shews, that from the date of his initiation down to the present time, he has perseveringly endeavoured to extend and establish the various orders of Masonry in New Brunswick. He is essentially a hard working mason, possesses strong tenacity of purpose, and in his exertions to advance the interests of the Fraternity, has fully exemplified the maxim, "that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." The faithful discharge of his masonic duties has been his constant aim, and the success that has attended his efforts, must be as gratifying to him as it is to all those who delight to hear of the progress of masonry, no matter in what portion of the globe it may be.

THE MYSTIC SIGN.

A MASONIC TALE.—BY ROBT. D. HOLMES.

[This beautiful story was originally written for the *New York Dispatch*, and for which we are indebted to the *Evergreen*.]

CHAPTER III.—[Continued.]

A murmur of disappointed vengeance ran through the savage throng. It gradually grew louder and louder, and was coupled with wild gesticulation and fierce menace. Brantor saw the threatening storm, and stooping to the earth, took up his weapon and strode to the spot where the language was most vehement and the gesticulation most violent. In a moment all was hushed; for the half-breed stood, with weapon aloft in the attitude of command, and none knew on whom the terrible blow might fall. He then spoke in the turbulent accent of the Iroquois, and as his wild emphasis fell on the ears of his savage hearers, the mutinous determination which had been depicted on their faces faded away. They yielded to their chief, and Putnam and Rouelle threw themselves into