

Order of Rome and Constantine, Illustrious Bro. McLeod Moore was appointed by the Grand Sovereign Lord Kenlis, Representative for Canada and "Chief Intendant General" of the Dominion, also elected a Past Grand Viceroy of the Grand Council in England. This Christian Order is one of those classed amongst the Chivalric degrees, acknowledged by the Articles of Union of the Grand Lodge of England in 1813.

A long and gallant record of service in the cause of Light. In Ancient Craft Masonry, in Capitular, Cryptic Masonry, in the Chivalric Orders, and in the degrees of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, Illustrious Brother Moore has worked zealously and faithfully; and, especially during the earlier days of Masonry in Canada, overcame difficulties that would have daunted many a less determined, less enthusiastic brother. Ambition with him meant a laudable and determined desire to spread the three great principles of Masonry abroad in all his journeyings, and if honors in plenty have been conferred upon him, they have been honorably won, and have been used commendably as aids to promote still further the best interests of the Order.

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 II.

Slow and weary was the march of the colonial forces under Putnam, as they pressed onward, at times toiling through heavy drifts of snow until further progress was impossible, than retracing their steps and passing the obstructions by a circuitous route, only again to be half buried in some treacherous gully, which presented to the eye an unbroken surface. Now would they cross frozen rapids, scattering themselves that too much weight might not be concentrated in one point; then again coming together, would they ascend abrupt hills, through snow breast deep, or descend valleys equally obstructed. It could not be called a march—it was, more properly, a wallow through the snows of trackless forest and dreary waste, with the compass only for a guide. The forces in this command amounted to little over twelve hundred men one-third of whom were the savage sons of the forest. The moccasined, blanketed Indian and the uniformed soldier of the Crown plodded along together in the gloomy daylight, and at night slept side by side at the same watchfire, while at no time on their dreary mission was heard the cheering sound of drum or fife. As they toiled on, day by day, and came nearer and nearer the end of their arduous mission, the drooping spirits of the little army revived; the forests became less and less dense, and signs of civilization began to be seen. Here and there were the traces of once happy villages and hamlets which had been sacked and burned in