

eth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. Build for character and the Order's sake. A mechanic who neglects his work and takes his pay is a dishonest man. And a Free Mason who is dishonest, or untruthful, intemperate, selfish or rude, is a disgrace to his name, his profession, his religion and his degree.

May we, then, follow in the footsteps of our great and worthy brothers, celebrated in Holy Writ, in the archives of history, in poetry and song, until at last we come to that eternal temple in the Heavens, after which all that art can beautify and morality adorn, are but patterns sketched by the Grand Geometrician and Supreme Architect of the Universe, and as it is recorded of our Lodge meetings throughout the whole world, "all distinctions of rank are laid aside, all differences in religious and political matters forgotten, and peace and harmony prevail. Every one strives to give happiness to his brother and men seem to recollect for once that they are sprung from one common origin and are possessed of the same nature," so may love and truth and honor follow in the wake of every man who has cast in his lot with us. May the world be benefited; and our responsibility be fully met, so shall we be advanced to that highest of all degrees to sit in the "Temple not made with hands eternal in the Heavens."

Excursion from Belleville to Stirling.

The occasion was a festival given by the Masons of Stirling in aid of the funds of the Church of England in that place. The time was St. John's Day, and the means of getting there from Belleville was by the Grand Junction Railway. The novelty of a ride on this road, in the prosperity of which the people of Belleville have a deep interest, was sufficient to attract a large crowd. At half past ten the train, consisting of a locomotive, three excursion cars and a van, started from the station amidst the cheers of the spectators. The cars were uncomfortably filled, and many were left behind for want of room. It was a gay and happy crowd—men, women and children, numbering probably three hundred souls. Being the first passenger train over the Grand Junction, it attracted considerable attention all along the road. Nothing of special interest took place during the journey. The train was in charge of a careful driver and conductor, and had the advantage of having on the locomotive Mr. Alex. Brown, the contractor, who has been engaged for some time past in ballasting the line. And although the engine thundered along the line sometimes at the rate of 20 miles an hour, there was no apprehension of danger,

for every one felt that the right man was at the helm.

After leaving Hayden's Corners the road runs through a fine section of the country. On either side for some distance lie well cultivated farms, the comfortable dwellings, and commodious barns and out buildings giving evidence of thrift and prosperity. Crossing the Moira near Reed's mill over a substantial truss bridge, the train plunges into thick woods, from which it shortly emerges, crossing the line between Thurlow and Sidney, then presenting a magnificent view of the Oak Hills, the rich settlement lying at their feet and skirting their sides, and of the fine scenery around Wall-bridge's mills. About two miles from Luke's we come to the point where the North Hastings Railway forms a junction with the Grand Junction Railway, then keeping more to the west we skirt along the north side of the Oak Hills, pass by well-tilled fields, whose luxuriant growth gives promise of well-filled granaries and crowded barns, thunder over substantial culverts and bridges, and after an hour and forty minutes' ride we reach Stirling, where from the appearance of the crowd that lined the sides of the road, and that gathered at the stopping point, it would seem as if all Rawdon had turned out to greet the arrival of the first locomotive. As the train came up it was the signal for a general cheer from the people, many of whom we were told had then seen for the first time a locomotive. The work of disembarkation was but a moment, and the crowd wended their way wherever fancy led them—some to hotels, others to the Masonic Hall, and the great mass to the grove at the west end of the village, where a sumptuous dinner had been provided.

The assemblage at Stirling was probably the largest ever seen in that village. From all parts of Rawdon, Madoc, Huntingdon, Marmora, Belleville, Campbellford and Hungerford, Masons and others had come to do