

plarism were discussed with freedom and brotherly courtesy. We have to report prosperity in our ranks; an increase of 116 members since last County Lodge meeting, and prospects of greater increase in the future. The next meeting will be held at Nova Britannia, 374, on the second Saturday in May, 1866.

JOHN CHAPMAN, Co. Secretary.

ADDRESS OF THE PROVINCIAL GRAND CHIEF.

To the Officers and Members of the County Lodge of B. O. of G. T., of the County of Northumberland, greeting:

Dear Sisters and Brothers,—Finding it impossible, from a pressure of ministerial duties, to be present with you in your County Lodge session, I deem it a duty and privilege to address you, tho' it be but briefly. The cause we have espoused is in deed and in truth a noble one, having for its object the honor and glory of God in the promotion and extension of a great moral reform in this corner of His universal domain—the prosperity of our country, in endeavouring to wipe from the page of its history the records of crime, the dark deeds of blood, the destruction of life and waste of treasure, which through intemperance has been a foul blot on her fair escutcheon—the good of our race, by reclaiming from the haunts of vice the poor inebriate, drying up the scalding tear of woman worse than widowed, restoring comfort, hope, and joy to the bosoms of thousands of children to whom orphanage would be a rich boon—by lighting the torch of temperance in many a dark home where the murky clouds of dissipation and drunkenness, with attendant poverty, wretchedness, and degradation reigned—by instilling into the minds of the young and rising race these principles of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, which are destined, through this important channel, to permeate society, and bring about such an era in the history of our race as will astonish and confound our enemies and make our world jubilant with pleasure and delight.

In the prosecution of this great and glorious work let us not be surprised if we meet with great opposition and discouragement. What good cause—what great moral reform—has ever been proposed and carried out in our world without opposition? Our enemies are numerous, they are powerful, they are determined. Moreover they are selfishly interested, many of them, in their violent opposition to the temperance movement, and we must expect to fight hard for every inch of territory wrested from them. Still we fear not for the final issue. If true to ourselves victory is certain, for the God of Hosts is with us. In the name of our God we set up our banners. We fear more from false and pretended friends than from open and declared foes; internal strife and divisions must be carefully avoided, we have had, alas, sufficient proofs of the baneful influence of such in the short history of temperance organizations in general, and with regard to the late very painful, and still existing rent in our own

and more immediate ranks. We have to mourn its sad consequences. And while on this topic, let me urge on you, as a County Lodge, and on the Primary Lodges under your immediate control, the duty of conciliatory action towards those, who were a little while since, one with us, and whom we sincerely hope will be so again ere long. Be slow to take offence, and careful to give none. Do all in your power to extend the Order further and further in our beloved Canada. I would also advise that you endeavour to make the weekly Lodge meetings pleasant and profitable, by introducing profitable, intelligent readings, selections from standard authors, original poetry and properly conducted debates and discussions, so that we may not only draw into our ranks, from the mere excitement of novelty, but keep among us those we catch. Praying that he who dwelt in the bush may abide with and among you, and by his counsel guide you, and by his almighty arm protect you.

I am dearly beloved,

Yours in F. H. and C.,

DAVID CANTLON,

W. P. G. C., B. O. G. T.

Peterboro, Feby., 1866.

✠ We are obliged to postpone inserting the County Chief's Report, as well as the address to Primary Lodges, until next issue.

THE YOUNG MILLER.

Fairest among the rich mountains of Alsace, are the environs of Moisheim. The verdant pastures that surround this little town are watered by the river Bruch, and scattered hamlets and highly cultivated fields diversify the scene, while the cold mountain range of the Vosges, lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape alternately rude and wild, each moment arrests our attention by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden cornfields and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with the dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet, this sombre-back ground serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening: the little gardens richly kept, and the road shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little wayside inns, used not so much for resting places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighbouring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans of amusement, the middle-aged to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous movement proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might be easily recognized by the care he took to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man in the hey-day of life, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than a workman. He had just called for a bottle of Cherry Brandy, with which to regale his companions, when one of the party looking up the road, exclaimed, "Bring another glass, my friend, here is father Solomon!"

"The old Anabaptist!" was re-echoed on every side.

"Oh! let us make room for him by all means," said the giver of the treat; "I must have a glass with Old Wisdom."

The new comer, whose advance had been thus hailed, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which in those parts is peculiar to the Anabaptists. He walked with a firm step, which denoted neither haste nor slothfulness, leaning the while on a staff from the knotted vine. His countenance was venerable though full of cheerfulness. As soon as he came within hearing, all the guests began to call upon him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

"Good day to you, Andrew," said the old man in a friendly tone; "and good day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath day?"

"And you, father Solomon," inquired Stephen, "from what Church are you coming through the meadows?"

"I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children. Even from that whose increase is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation."

"That is to say, you are coming from your fields," replied Andrew. "Well, sit down there now, good father and tell us whether your wheat looks well."

"Tell me, first of all, how you happen to be in the country just now?" replied the old man, as he seated himself in the place which had been left vacant for him, "How long has Mr. Ritter's mill been able to get along without you?"

"What are Ritter and his mill to me?" exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened