

During the past two years the membership of Victoria Lodge, in the City of Sherbrooke, has been largely increased, consequently the labours of the Master and officers have been very severe. Anticipating continued prosperity in the future, a number of the members of the Victoria have deemed it advisable to form a new Lodge in the City of Sherbrooke, to be called the "Prince of Wales Lodge." I shall present their petition at the present Annual Communication, and I have much pleasure in recommending that its prayer be granted, being firmly convinced that "Prince of Wales Lodge" will be an honour to the craft.

In conclusion, I am happy to be able to state that harmony and prosperity have attended all the Lodges in this District during the past Masonic year.

The whole respectfully submitted.

JAMES ADDIE,

D. D. G. M. St. Francis District.

The Grand Chaplain, R. W. Bro. H. Nye, then delivered the following discourse:

*Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Quebec:*

In addressing you for the fifth time as your Grand Chaplain I cannot pretend to advance anything very new, as the field of Masonic ethics has been pretty thoroughly explored in previous discourses by myself and my worthy predecessors in this office. The utmost that I can hope to do is to clothe some of the old familiar truths in a new garb, and to re-awaken your interest in subjects which by reason of their frequent repetition, may, perhaps, have grown tame and wearisome.

One of the most striking and attractive features of our order is its social character. It is its high privilege and duty to go forth into the midst of a dark and selfish world as the herald of a broader charity and more active benevolence. Freemasonry not only inculcates the principle of love and benevolence, it seems to give them an actual and living presence in all the occupations and intercourse of life, so that wherever the lot of a good Mason may be cast the invisible but helpful arms of his order may surround him to protect him from danger and to help him on his wanderings through this many world.

Like the fabled deities of ancient story, Freemasonry surrounds all her children with her fostering arms, watching over their struggling footsteps with maternal care, in the hour of peril, sickness or distress, revealing her heaven-born beauty and power. By her gracious ministration the weary pilgrim's load is lightened, his path cleared before him, and should death overtake him on his journey, away from kindred, home and friends, her soft hands smooth his dying pillow and wipe away nature's last bitter tear. This, my brethren, is no mere rhetorical picture conjured up by the speaker's fancy, of a Utopian institution such as the world has never seen;