

projecting excrescences or rough corners needed to be broken off by the moral application of the Gavel. Some prominent members had contracted the habit of intemperance, and, the reformatory measures adopted by the Lodge proving of no effect, they were expelled. The people, with few exceptions, indulged freely in spirituous liquors. Intemperance prevailed everywhere; each neighborhood had its distillery. Potato whiskey was the staple commodity, and during the winter numerous teams were constantly employed conveying it to Montreal market. It flowed through all departments of society; in all assemblies, whether for business or conviviality, liquor was indispensable. The social visit, or friendly call, without a display of glasses and decanters, would have been considered uncourteous indeed; and even the solemn funeral obsequies were deemed incomplete, until the decanter yielded its genial influence among the mourning relatives and disconsolate survivors.

In such a diseased state of society, will it be thought wonderful, or even incredible, that this bane of social order, and of all that is noble in man, should, under the specious name of *refreshment*, invade the sanctuary of the Lodge?

It was argued that it was then a conceded point by all the wise and learned, from the physician to the divine, that wine was one of the creature comforts, bestowed by the beneficent Author on his offspring man, which, temperately used, contributed much to health, to social enjoyment, and to physical force; that man, especially in his decline, needed some kind of stimulant; that since alcoholic beverages had become fashionable and general among the refined and polite of every nation, it was far more commendable for Masons to drink in retirement and among gentlemen, than to mingle with the heterogeneous mass of bar-room tipplers.

More to be regretted, and still more painful to record, was the case of Past Master ———, who, admired, esteemed, and venerated by all, unfortunately and unawares, stumbled