

## HONORS TO A HERO.

On the 5th of May last, the officers and members of the M. W. Grand Lodge of British Columbia assembled at Nanaimo, for the purpose of unveiling the monument to the memory of the late Bro. Samuel Hudson, who lost his life in the noble attempt to rescue the imprisoned miners in the Vancouver Co's coal mine on May 3rd, 1887. The monument is described as being a beautiful piece of work, and was furnished by the Nanaimo Marble Works. It is erected in a prominent position in the Nanaimo Cemetery. The procession left Ashlar Lodge room at 3 p. m., in charge of the W. M., Bro. Marcus Wolfe, assisted by P. M's M. Bate and R. Craig, and Bro. J. Mahrer. The procession was an imposing affair. On arriving in the cemetery the Grand Master and his officers took their respective positions. A hymn was then sung; a young lady played the accompaniment on an organ. The usual impressive services of the Masonic ritual were then proceeded with. At the conclusion of these the Grand Master delivered the following eloquent and impressive address.

In beginning his remarks it was evident the esteemed Grand Master was much affected by the impressiveness and solemnity of the occasion. He began by saying that the ceremonies we perform this day are not unmeaning rites, nor the amusing pageants of an idle hour. We assemble to dwell in pensive reflection on the virtues, to record the worth of one whom we loved while living, and whose memory we cherish. Beneath this monument lies the body of Bro. Samuel Hudson, a member of Ashlar Lodge, No. 3, who was a native of Durham, England, aged 34 years, and who nobly sacrificed his life in the attempt to rescue the miners who were entombed in the mine on the night of the explosion which occurred on the 3rd day of May,

last year. Hearing of the disaster, he hastened in from Wellington, and with others formed a search and rescue party, went down the burning mine and venturing too far from the air, was caught and suffocated by the deadly after damp. He was brought to the surface, but all efforts that human hands and fraternal endeavor could do, proved unavailing—his noble spirit had returned to its Maker, there to receive its reward. One year ago your citizens drank freely of the cup of sorrow and quaffed its bitter draught to its very dregs. Deep was the sorrow and heavy the gloom that fell upon this fair land, when the wires spread the news of the great calamity that had befallen you, that so suddenly, without a moment's warning, had overwhelmed in death so many of your bravest and honored citizens. We gather here to-day not to display our regalia or to dazzle the eye with a glittering host; we come not simply to repeat our ritual or exhibit our forms, but in the broad face of day to perform our solemn duty to the honored memory of our departed Brother. Masonry teaches and commends the practice of every quality, the possession of every heroic attribute, that her votaries may be the truest and noblest in the land. Our dead are not forgotten; the memory of them shall not perish. We this day consecrate this monument under auspicious circumstances as a perpetual memorial of our heroic dead. It bestows upon this material symbol of devotion, fortitude and sacrifice, its consecration and benediction. May the monument here stand completed without accident, be a credit to your city, and a lasting symbol of heroic deeds. May it stand harmed by no bolt from the heavens, torn by no devastating gale, shaken by no earthquake, while generations come and go impressed in their passing with the heroism of yesterday and the gratitude of to-day. May it stand and become a centre of interest and of local pride, a monument, indeed, to the generosity, wisdom and gratitude of the living, and to the devotion and sacrifice of the dead. It is meet that we should commemorate the virtues of our dead. It is proper that the living should know that a tribute is due and is paid to those who have been worthy, but are yet voiceless to demand it. It is right that the actors in the grand drama of life should feel and recognize that after these strange, eventful scenes are over, that those who witness the play do render their plaudits to him who has performed his part well. Who that believes in the immortality of the soul, who that has faith in the bright, better world, who that looks beyond the horizon of time to a reunion with the good and the pure, does not value such a tribute, and aspire by his devotion to charity