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# Weekly



# Visitor.

THE

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

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## IMPROMPTU.

Virtue distressed to Faith applied  
For strength her woes to bear;  
But Faith was weak, and turned aside  
With an half uttered prayer.

Hope o'er the sufferer bent awhile  
With wan and doubtful look;  
Shed the faint semblance of a smile,  
And her departure took.

Virtue despaired—but Charity  
In that dark hour appeared;  
Rise, sister, rise! Come, dwell with me—  
Lo! see my temples reared.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lady, there's not a harp in heaven  
But chants its lay to thee,  
To thee the immortal crown is given—  
For thou art Charity!

## THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XXXI.  
A SEA CAPTAIN.

By the dim light of a solitary lantern I perceived that I was in the hold of a vessel, apparently of some considerable burden; but I had neither opportunity nor inclination to make very close or critical observations. I remember only that the foul stenches arising from bilge-water, confined air, accumulated filth, and probably the cargo also, almost overpowered

me, and caused me to gasp with a sense of suffocation; and that the space was so confined that there was not room for standing upright.

Stooping over me were the burglar Kite and the dark visaged sailor.

'Now, look here!' said the former, shaking his fist at me savagely, and holding it close to my temple; 'if I had my will on yo to-night, 'tis precious little of this trouble you'd have giv us, and so I toll yo; and you may thank the Capling that you's alive and kicking now. D'yo hear?'

I did hear and my heart throbbed with gratitude to God who had put it in the heart of my unhappy father to show this mercy to me and had saved him from the guilt of further crime—and such crime!

'And there's another thing I've got to say,' continued Kite; 'you'll never be nearer death than you've bin to night. But you've got off this time; and what I say is this here; if you make a try to get away afore this here bark leaves the river, you'll taste powder as sure as you're alive now. And another thing, you're going off in this here craft on a wy'ge; and if you ever shows your face agin in this country—town or country—and I knows it you're a dead man. So now, then, Ned, out with the light.'

Accordingly, the candle was blown out, and I was left in solitude and darkness.

My first thoughts were those of thankfulness to God for the deliverance he had wrought for me, in restraining the malice, and wickedness, and wrath of these ungodly men. My next were directed to the future. But dizzy with excitement of mind, and the blows I had received, now that immediate danger seemed past, all power of thought suddenly left me;

I sunk back against the hard and rough side of the vessel, and I believe that I fainted.

For several days I remained in my now place of imprisonment, and saw no one but the dark complexioned sailor, who at long intervals brought me food, neither did I hear anything, except the occasional trampling of feet on deck, and the surging of the river against the sides of the vessel; while, half poisoned with the polluted atmosphere of the hold, I felt a deadly sickness creep over me.

This state of miserable suspense, however, was to have an end. Ere long the increased bustle on deck, and other symptoms of activity, made it evident that the vessel was getting under sail; and as her anchor was weighed, and, sluggishly at first, she quitted her moorings. A few hours afterwards I was released from my confinement, and was ordered to follow my conductor, the sailor whom I had heard addressed by the name of Ned, into the captain's cabin.

It was a dark, small place, fitted up ship-fashion, with sleeping berth and lockers; a small fire in an iron stove was dimly burning; and before it, with his legs extended, and his feet resting one on each cheek of the stove, seated on a chair the hind legs of which only rested on the floor, sat, or rather balanced himself, a tall, gaunt, hard-featured man, with grizzled hair and a deeply scarred countenance. He was dressed in a seaman's rough coat, and was smoking a large pipe, the fumes from which filled the entire cabin with a suffocating odour and an all but impenetrable mist. I must add, that a tin pot, like a shaving pot, was steaming on the fire, and a stone bottle stood on a little table at his elbow, flanked by a drinking glass and a sugar basin. Further

description is unnecessary, except that the entire man voice, face, manner, and language—was singularly forbidding.

'So, Ned,' said he, after a moment's pause, in which he had stared me full in the face, with a look in which cunning and low brutality seemed combined—'so, this is the young scoundrel, eh? a mutinous dog, I can see. Leave him here, I'll talk to him presently.' And in obedience to his superior, Ned left me with the captain as I suppose the master was by courtesy called.

For several minutes he went on smoking and drinking, without further noticing me, at last he turned fiercely upon me, and addressed me thus;—

'Now, then, young shaver, I guess you don't know who I am.'

'The captain of the ship, sir, arn't you?' I stammered.

'Captain! ay, and a trifle more than captain,' said he. 'I am *master* here, and a regular driver, and no mistake; so I give you notice. If you don't keep a good look-out for'ard I'm down upon you, mind, with such a tremendous smash as a streak of lightning will be a babby to it;' and saying this he took another long deep draught of the glass of liquor.

'And now,' continued he, 'do you know who you are?' and he glared fiercely at me.

'Yes, sir,' I began; but was stopped by a volley of abusive language.

'You do eh? you—(I leave out his wicked expletives) no, you don't; but I'll tell you who you are. You are a young runaway thief of an apprentice; you have broke your poor mother's heart, you have, by your rioting along with all the riff-raff of Lunnon—and she a poor widdy! And you'd have been had up before His Royal Highness, the Lord Mayor, you would, and been sent to the gallowes, if your good uncle hadn't had marey on you, and paid to have you sent to sea; d'ye hear?'

'Yes, sir,' said I, 'but if anybody ever said anything like that of me—'

'If!' thundered the captain, in a real or pretended passion; 'If!'—and he started to his feet, and laid his hand on a rope.

'I beg your pardon, sir?' I said, shrinking back: 'pray don't strike me, sir. I did not mean to doubt your word, indeed; but they that told you—'

'Yes, yes, I know all about it,' he went on, still in the same passionate tone; but he did not strike me; 'I understand you; I have heard all about it. You'll go to saying next that you have been kidnapped, and all that sort of thing; but I've sent for you to give

you warning in a friendly sort of way, mind, that if you come any of that nonsense, now you're aboard, and spin any of your yarns in the fokessell (forecastle) or anywhere else, it'll be the worst thing for your skin and bones as ever you did; and so I tell you.'

I made no reply to this extraordinary speech, for it was evident that the captain of the vessel was acting in concert with my late adversaries in Thieves' Castle, and that any remonstrance would bring upon me only ill usage. In short, I perceived that I was in the power of a man who would not scruple to use it tyrannically, and that my only present resources were patience and God's good providence. I ventured, however, to ask, 'Where are you going to take me, sir; and what are you going to do with me?' He answered more temperately than I might have expected.

'Well, there's no harm in your asking that, I guess,' said he; 'you are going where this craft is going, I reckon, and that's to old Warginny (Virginia, I presume he meant), where all men are free and equal, young'un. And this here craft is old General Washington, she is; and I'm her skipper, I am, and all you've got to do youngster is to obey orders, and do your dooty like a man, and then you'll fare well enough, but if you don't, you'll fare hard enough, I can tell you. If we pull together, you'll find me a clever fellow; if we don't you'll find me—never you mind what, you'll find out soon enough. So you may tumble upon deck, you may.\*'

I was not long in availing myself of this permission, and felt glad to escape. On deck I encountered the dark visaged seaman, with the other portion of the crew, consisting of some half dozen hands. A more unpromising set of men—setting aside those I had met in Thieves' Castle—I think I have never seen, than these sailors, but I will not attempt to describe them, except by saying in general terms, that they were extremely filthy, and that sullen, gloomy, brooding discontent was visible on every countenance.

The appearance of everything, both on and from the deck, was dreary and wretched enough. It was piercingly cold, and a drizzling mist of mingled rain and sleet was falling. The deck

\* I have given the above as a feeble sample of the character and conduct of this sea captain—one of a class not yet extinct. Any of my readers who have seen a book called 'Two Years before the Mast,' will perhaps remember a very similar speech made by a skipper of later days, and therein reported.

was dirty and alshy, and the wind rising and failing in fits and starts moaned mournfully in the rigging. A few sails were set, and the men were handling the ropes; but they evidently were not working 'with a will.' In fact, the only pleasant looking countenance I saw, was that of the pilot, under whose charge the vessel was slowly beating down the river; and he looked as though he would be glad when he would be done with so uncomfortable a crew.

The whole scene indeed was dispiriting. On one side, the banks of the river were hidden from sight by the thick mist; and on the other were the low flat Essex marshes, which, even under the most favourable circumstances, are gloomy enough, and at this time they were worse than gloomy. The river itself was not only rough, but dark and muddy. If I had taken this 'ry'go' with my own free will I should have felt my heart heavy; and it will not be wondered that, under the actual circumstances of the case, I was not only heart-laden, but heart-sick.

But not much time was given me for brooding over my private griefs and wrong. I had not been many minutes on deck when the sailor whom I had heard called Ned came up to me, called me a skulking, lazy lubber, struck me across the shoulders with a rope's end and ordered me to get to work. This was my first experience of the hardships of a sailor's life.

The miserable day passed away heavily; but night came at last, and I was permitted to go below—not to my former place of confinement, but to the steerage with the rest of the crew. I believe that the wind had chopped round and was dead against us, so the anchor had to be cast, and all but one of the crew were below; and surely a more wretched night I had never experienced than the first night in a steerage berth. At Whiskers' Rents, in my stable loft, in my prison cell, at Thieves' Castle, and even in the filthy hold of the vessel—in all these places I had had at least the negative blessing of being shut out at night from evil companionships; but now I was exposed to a full and unrestrained stream of blasphemy, impiety, and pollution. I strove in vain to sleep. But, not to dwell on this new and fearful trial, let me hurry on.

The next day and the following one, we were still beating down the river against a contrary wind; but on the third evening a more favourable breeze sprang up, and all sails were set. In the morning the wind again changed; but we were out at sea, and I found that the pilot had left us.

Until then, the skipper had not more than once or twice left his own cabin, now, however, he was his appearance on deck, and took the command of the vessel. He was evidently intoxicated and in an ill humour because of the shifting of the wind.

'We shall have a hot time of it now,' muttered one of the sailors when the captain in language which I shall no further describe than that almost every other word was an oath, gave contradictory orders, and then stormed that he was not obeyed.

I shall give no further account of that wretched day, exhibiting, as it did most appallingly the misery that flows from unbridled passions. I could not help, however, wondering at that time, both how men could be induced to sail under the orders of a brutal desperado like this captain, and why they did not combine to resist such flagitious abuse of almost irresponsible power. I did not know, at that time, the fearful penalties they would have incurred by resistance. Probably, also, if resistance had been offered, as many of the crew would have sided with the tyrant as with the victim. My first wonder would perhaps have been solved, if I had known all the circumstances relating to the connection between the captain and his crew.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## A STORM.—THE GOODWIN SANDS.—A SHIP-WRECK.

## "ALL HANDS ON DECK!"

I was roused from a troubled slumber by this order, shouted down the hatchway by one of the watch, and on obeying, a new experience opened upon me. The wind had risen to a storm, and was whistling through the rigging, and beating the sails against the masts with frightful concussions, the vessel was rolling and pitching, so that it was impossible that a novice like myself at least, to keep his legs, and it was strange that I was not at once swept overboard, for heavy waves were dashing furiously across the deck. The night was not very dark, but a blinding heavy storm of snow was falling, so that not only the sea and sky, but almost every part of the vessel was hidden from sight. The snow froze, too, as it fell, and every rope seemed to be encased in a coating of rough ice.

It did not take long to discover all this, but I was not to be a mere spectator of the storm, if that term may be allowed, where literary scarcely anything could be seen. I was holding,

on to a rope, when the sailor Ned stumbled against me, and the next moment, with a volley of abuse, I was ordered aloft to assist in reefing sail.

I had scarcely scrambled up the ratlines, when a sudden cry of 'breakers' reached me. I did not know what was meant, but the men who were already laying out the mainsail yard well enough understood the alarm; and it was echoed back by their lips in tones of terror which I have never forgotten. By this time, either the snow storm had partially lulled, or my eyes had become more accustomed to the misty light, so that, casting my eyes in the direction the vessel was taking, I fancied I perceived, within pistol shot of its bow, a long broad line of foam; and I was not deceived in thinking that I heard, above the turmoil of the wind, a sound like that of waves furiously dashing on shore.

'We are on the Good'ens,' shouted one of the men near me, sliding down as he spoke by a rope to the deck, and followed by another and another, who thus left the sail to its fate. I followed them more slowly, not the loss alarmed perhaps, that I was unconscious of the cause of their alarm, and was not fully aware of the precise danger close at hand.

On deck, all was confusion and dismay. The men were hurrying to and fro, slipping, falling, scrambling again to their feet, clinging again to ropes and filling the air with shouts of desperation, awful curses, and frantic prayers. The captain, more than any of the rest seemed to have lost all presence of mind: Fright had driven away intoxication; and amidst the terrible din I could hear him offering the most extravagant rewards to his men if they would save the ship and his life. Alas! no human power was available for this now.

One only of the seamen seemed to retain any degree of self-possession this was Ned, who sprang to the helm, which had been abandoned, calling on the others for assistance but none except myself, heeded him. Our united efforts were futile. Perhaps, if the danger had been earlier perceived, it might have been avoided, but I am not sailor enough to judge, as it was, we might as well have attempted to lift a mountain as to turn the vessel from its destructive course. On, on it bounded, then came a crash which seemed to shake and loosen every timber, and a shock which cast us with violence to the deck, and when I rose half stunned to my feet, the work of destruction had already commenced.

Yet in this moment of awful dread, and

when eternity seemed to be already opening to all on board, there was space and time left for consideration and prayer. I had left the helm and with Ned—for even his protection, or rather his presence, at that time seemed to give me some encouragement; (he, as I have said, was the only one who had not given way to despair)—wit Ned, then, I had rushed forward and was clinging to the foremast, when the captain staggered towards us. By this time the snow had so far abated, and objects were so far visible, that I could see that his (the captain's) countenance was ghastly pale.

'Ned, Ned!' he cried, despairingly, when he had recognized his only associate, and I fear his accomplice in many hidden crimes—'Ned, I can't die yet! I arn't fit to die, you know I arn't.'

'I reckon not, Captain,' said Ned, hoarsely. 'If you are, 'tis more than the rest of us is; and you must have had a mighty sudden change.'

'I tell you I arn't, Ned,' groaned the captain; 'I haven't repented, I always said I'd repent, I did; and I haven't got time now; you know I haven't, Ned.'

'You've got as much time as the rest of us,' replied the sailor, in a tone almost of contempt, as it seemed to me.

'I tell ye, I can't do it all in a minute, I can't, there's more to repent of than you know about. It isn't fair, it isn't, to cut me off like this!'—and then the unhappy wretch broke out into a strain of expression which curdled me with horror, and which I may not repeat. 'My father was a good man, he was,' he continued, clinging with desperation to a rope, and awaying to and fro with every roll of the fated vessel, 'yes, he was a good man, and he used to tell me I must pray, he did, and—and—'

'Why don't you pray, then, Captain?' demanded the other, with evident impatience.

'I can't, I really can't, Ned, the words won't come, they won't, I can't think of none on 'em, and I arn't fit to die, I arn't.'

'Please, Captain,' I said, getting as close to him as I could, 'say, Lord, save me or I perish, and if you say it with all your heart, the Lord Jesus Christ will hear you.'

'Ha! what's that?' shouted the unhappy man, 'I have heard those words before somewhere, I have. Did you hear 'em, Ned? But I can't say it; I tell you I haven't repented, I haven't; and tisn't of no use. Jesus Christ won't hear me; he won't save me; he knows I arn't fit to die; and it's a——it isn't right and fair it isn't, not to give me more time to repent

he can't do anything for me now, he can't. And he threw himself on the deck in abject helplessness.

'Oh yes, Captain, he can indeed,' I ventured to say, and for the moment I think I was unconscious of my own natural dread of death, and of the certain destruction which seemed to await me, "Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost." The Bible says so."

'I haven't got a Bible,' he shrieked, 'I haven't seen a Bible for years and years and 'tis no use telling me. I must live a little longer I can't die yet, I can't.' And he staggered once more to his feet.

Long as it takes to write this, it occupied but a very few minutes in reality, and it was amidst the heaving and surging of the furious waves, that sentence after sentence was uttered. But even while the despairing sinner was saying that he must live a little longer, that he he couldn't die yet, that he wouldn't, his doom was on him. A large wave dashed upon the part of the deck where he stood, and swept him away. For a moment his figure was seen in the water in a despairing attitude. Then came a mountain wave sweeping all before it, and another, and another, and when these had passed away, he had disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED.



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1, 1865.

### BRITISH GOOD TEMPLARS.

#### GRAND LODGE MEETING.

We hope a large attendance of delegates will assemble in Stratford next Tuesday, Nov. 7. Arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways for reduced fares, and as this session promises to be an important one, we hope all who can, will be present. On arriving in Stratford, delegates are requested to proceed directly to the Congregational Church, where parties will be in attendance to receive them.

### BRITISH AMERICAN TEMPLARS.

#### SHALL THERE BE UNION?

For the first time since the harmony of the Primary Lodges was broken in upon by the action of Messrs. Gillean, Gundy, Hopkins & Co., the representatives of those lodges in Canada West who have not already declared in favour of the Supreme Grand Lodge, will meet together on Tuesday first to approve or disapprove of their actions, and we hope that whatever sentence they may pass, such a policy will be adopted by them as will in future put such a check upon those in power as to prevent them from acting in such a high-handed manner as the company we have named have done during the past year. Many, we are aware, of the representatives will for the first time hear anything of the dispute in question, but after hearing both sides we hope they will ponder well. We also urge upon their attention the necessity of acting calmly and conscientiously, remembering that the eyes of not only their own Order, but of the whole temperance community are turned towards them on this occasion. In the discussions a great amount of sophistry will no doubt be used, as we know two of that famous Executive who have stated that if they were not sustained they would leave the Order, but we ask all to study the facts of the case and act accordingly. Let not the threats nor soft language of such parties deter you from doing your duty. Bear in mind the many they have by their acts separated, not only from your company, but from the Order and the temperance ranks altogether, and the many they will still separate should they be upheld. Let not our late Bro. N. C. Gowan's memory be tarnished by those who, though professedly friends, have been proved secret enemies. Find out if the Grand Secretary had received authority to publish in the London FREE PRESS about Bro. Gowan's suspension before or after he had done so; if before, ask Rev. Mr. Gundy why he condemned Mr. Gillean for the act in Mr. Strong's Hotel. Ask if Bro. Gowan did not request a special meeting of the Grand Lodge to be convened, by whose decision he was willing to abide in regard to all he had done. Find out if the whole disturbance in the Order has not been caused by personal enmity, and not for the good of the Order. Count the cost incurred by this famous Executive (we should say only part thereof) to sustain their position, and see if it would not have paid ten times the ENORMOUS tax claimed by the Supreme Grand

Lodge. Calmly submit, if possible, to allow such men to cast aside the decision of the last Grand-Lodge meeting by selling stock at almost half-rates, thus reducing (?) the funds to gratify their own passions. Consider if they have acted as becometh wise men entrusted with the guidance of a vast company. If not, give them their deserts, and once more let the Order take its true position under the Supreme Grand Lodge. This is the time in Canada West for those who have not already done so to take a stand. Shall we henceforth have the two Orders—the "British" and the "British American"—or shall we be reunited and once more work in harmony? We believe there are some who never will come under the Supreme, for the simple reason they would consider their dignity encroached upon, but if we mistake not the majority of those present will take for their motto UNION. Letters have come to us lately urging such a measure, and asking our influence, and to our knowledge several delegates to this meeting have received instructions to forward such a movement. Let us hear how such will act. Brethren procure a copy of the last Supreme Grand Lodge Report and read it; see if ought is there expressed that tends to keep friends estranged. Read the letter from Nova Scotia in this issue and reflect upon the influence which will go forth from your deliberations, and conscientiously act. In conclusion we leave these thoughts with you, hoping that you may be guided aright in your actions, and that henceforth but one Grand Lodge may exist in our province, having for its head the Worthy Supreme Grand Lodge.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Some time has passed away since I have seen anything to your noble little paper, but I hope your readers will not think that British Templarism is dying out in this County. I am sure if you or any of your numerous readers were down here they would not think so, especially if they should attend such a meeting as was held in Watertown Lodge last Saturday night. Since I last wrote you one more Lodge has been added to our number, viz., Chetwood Lodge, No. 375. Some of the people in that vicinity having joined Nassau Lodge, and being soon imbued with that zeal that all our Lodges have, and should be manifested in the whole temperance family, they stirred up the people to aid them in the work. A public meeting was held in the school room, at which addresses were delivered

by several of the members of Nassau Lodge, when thirty or forty gave in their names for a Charter to organize a new Lodge, and on Saturday, October 7, Bro. A. M. Phillips and M. H. Fieldhouse, organized the Lodge, but owing to the very bad state of the weather and a misunderstanding as to the night of organizing, only twelve persons were present. After organizing the election of officers was proceeded with and resulted as follows:—

- Bro. W. H. Little.....W C T
- Sister M. A. May.....W V T
- Bro. R. S. Young.....W C
- “ U. H. Hicks.....W S
- “ Chas. Young.....W T
- “ H. Young.....W F S
- “ Geo. Young.....W M
- “ Richard Griggs.....W O G
- “ Janes Delany.....P W C T
- Sister Adelaide Young...W D M

Bro. W. H. Little was elected Provincial Deputy for the Lodge, which meets on Tuesday evening, in the School House, Section No. 8, Murray, on the York road, about three miles west of Trenton village. All prospects are good for this yet becoming a large and influential Lodge. The right kind of persons to help it right along have given their assistance, and the neighborhood is one that is favorable to the temperance cause generally. So we have no fear but that this Lodge may yet add as great laurels to British Templarism as has its co-name sake, Nassau, and we hope that neither of them will ever disgrace the name of noble and lamentable Bro. N. C. Gowan, but long continue to be bright stars in the British Templar crown of the gallant Northumbrians.

On Saturday, September 30, our County Lodge met in Fair Albion Lodge as agreed upon, and was largely attended by representatives, officers and visitors from all the Lodges, in all about fifty was present. A splendid dinner was served up to the attendants by the members of Fair Albion Lodge, for which they received a cordial vote of thanks, after the dinner had been partaken of, the Lodge then proceeded to business which was varied and important. A committee was appointed with absolute power to thoroughly investigate the Temperance Act of 1861 and if possible to bring about such means as would insure its passage in this County. A Committee was appointed on Constitution, with power to petition the Grand Lodge, and also one to make Lodges more entertaining, useful and stable. A somewhat spirited and lengthy discussion arose on

the much vexed Cider question, but the Lodge failed to arrive at any definite conclusion, and I think that the Grand Lodge ought not to let this question slip at its next session, but bring a definite distinction between apple juice and cider before the several Lodges, so they will know how to act and decide in the matter. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

- Chief—A. M. Phillips, Watertown Lodge.
- Vice—Bessie Waldron, Mount Zion Lodge.
- Chap.—J. C. Squier of Fair Albion Lodge.
- Lecturer—H. Brisbin, Pride of Northumberland Lodge.
- Counsellor—A. H. Pettet, Watertown Lodge.
- Secretary—J. Chapman, Fair Albion Lodge.
- Treasurer—J. A. McColl, Nassau Lodge.
- Financier—B. Moran, Mount Zion Lodge.
- Recorder—M. H. Fieldhouse, Nova Britannia Lodge.
- Marshal—S. Simmons, Mount Zion Lodge.
- Dep. Marshal Janet McColl, Nassau Lodge.
- Inner Guard—L. Brock, Nassau Lodge.
- Outer Guard G. Skinkh, Nova Britannia Lodge.
- Past Chief—J. Clindennin, Pride of Northumberland Lodge.

All of which were installed by the County Chief. Great improvement has been made in the order in this County since the last session, every thing now seems to be on a firm basis. The expenses of the County Lodge is all defrayed by the usual capitation tax without any additional tax on the Lodges. Our County has been highly favoured, especially the people of Brighton, by a visit from the Supreme Chief, which unfortunately was so short that it was not satisfactory to us, nor could not have been to him, but we must be like faithful Pat—thank him for this and wait for a better one at a more favorable opportunity.

Yours in F. H. and C.,  
A. M. PHILLIPS.

Bro. Chapman, Co. Secy., will accept our thanks for his kindness in sending us a full report of the above meeting, but the account has been condensed by Bro. Phillips. We need only say that from seeing a list of the different committees appointed above we believe the several matters have been placed in good hands. The next meeting of this County Lodge will be held at Pride of Northumberland Lodge 371, on last Saturday of November, 1865, at 1 p. m.

Votes of thanks were passed to Bro. J. A. McColl and Cyrus Teal for the dinner at their Pic-nic last July, and to Fair Albion Lodge for free dinner to the County Lodge at this meeting.

NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

TEMPLARISM IN NOVA SCOTIA.

MR. EDITOR,—Representatives from the various Primary Lodges in Nova Scotia met in Halifax on the 9th instant, to hold the Annual session of our Order. As the rebellious party (holding the reins of government up to this time,) had stated that here was the place for all to meet and settle the existing differences, and that they would abide by the decision of a majority of those present, the loyal lodges made preparations at short notice to send their representatives also, and although a number of such failed to do so, yet some forty representatives were present from strictly loyal lodges, besides a number of loyalists from lodges which had not yet decided the question. The seceders had some thirty-five or thirty-seven representatives holding their views present at the first session, (more than half of which came from a certain nest of lodges located in Hants County, and supposed to be largely influenced by the W. P. C. and W. P. S. there residing,) which was increased to forty-one the next day by additional arrivals. So here all were met together loyal Supremists, wishing to adhere to the principles and teachings of their first formation, and Secesh Anties bound only to follow a certain clique in Canada West by whom their leaders were first misled. The Provincial Chief being “secesh” a packed Committee on Credentials was appointed, which reported, disfranchising all those representatives whose lodges had not for the past quarter sent in their returns and per capita tax to the P. G. S.—those lodges not caring to send such to men who had broken their solemn obligations, but they had sent their representatives here with proper credentials showing their legal appointment. A question arose as to who were to vote on the adoption of this report, which the Chief decided should only be those who were reported favorable of in the report, so their names were called over and their votes taken, forty-one to three in favor of themselves. Had the Supremists here recorded their votes it would have stood forty-one to forty-six, and they then could have taken charge of the meeting. This, perhaps, is what should have been done, and the question then been settled; but not wishing to create a disturbance they refrained from thus acting and were ingenuously (?) allowed to remain with the right of speech on the Supreme question. For this purpose solely did they



continue to sit among such an illegal faction. As the Prov. Chief talked of acting Constitutionally he was asked what constitution he considered binding on the Order in Nova Scotia, and in answer held up a copy of one put out last spring by a part of the Executive (a bare majority,) but never adopted by the Provincial Grand Lodge. This was demurred to by several, and most strongly by Lawyer Blanchard of Truro, but without avail, and so the Prov. Grand Chief continued to act by and enforce a constitution forced upon the Grand Lodge without their consent being asked, or even considered necessary. Late in the afternoon the Supreme Lodge question was taken up, and H. B. Mitchell, of Chester, opened the subject in a practical speech of one hour and an half, rapidly running through all its various phases and developments from 1862 down to the present meeting, and adducing many plain and tangible proofs on the following points, viz.—

1st.—That the Grand Lodge of Canada West by its action in 1862 looked to the formation of a Supreme Lodge.

2ndly —That in October, 1863, said Grand Lodge did proceed with such formation by electing a sufficient number of Supreme Lodge Officers to form a working Executive Council, and appointed N. C. Gowan, Esq., to frame its Constitution, and though a part of the officers of said Supreme Lodge were left for Lower Canada to fill up, no clause is inserted showing that if this be not attended to the whole formation to be null and void.

3rdly —That in 1864 the Grand Lodge of Canada West in a number of resolutions acknowledged such Supreme Grand Lodge, spoke of Rev. Wm. Savage as Worthy Supreme Grand Chief Templar, appointed representatives to THE Supreme Grand Lodge (not including N. C. Gowan. Why? For no other reason than that being a Supreme Grand Lodge Officer he needed no other appointment,) and chose N. C. Gowan, Esq., to visit the Grand Lodge of Canada East, to present the fraternal greetings of Canada West, and "to devise means for the more efficient working of THE S. G. L." And yet they make no appointment of time for THE Supreme Grand Lodge to meet, showing plainly that such appointment emanated from another source, nor can the time be found in any part of the journals of that session.

4thly —That the Provincial Grand Lodges of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, were all organized under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Grand Lodge, and did severally acknowledge its existence; that the

two latter were represented at its last January session, their representatives taking part in the business thereof, becoming Supreme Lodge Officers, and on returning home reported themselves as such. And

5thly.—That the existence of the Supreme Lodge cannot be doubted by any sane mind, when he could prove by those present that it held a session in Charlottetown, P. E. I., in July last, when upwards of forty representatives attended from the Provincial Grand Lodges of C. W., P. E. I., N. B., and N. S.

He also alluded to the much better position the Order in New Brunswick occupied than it did in Nova Scotia, the former calmly pursuing the even tenor of its way and true to its first formation, whilst the latter is torn with discord and disaffection. Much more he brought forward both of argument and information, touching some eighty or more different points as he passed rapidly through the subject. William Imlah, (*alias* the "faithless one," of Halifax, came next in reply. He probably took about the same length of time, and is the very man required to handle his side of the subject. He hesitates at nothing—takes up one journal and document after another, and pronounces everything that interferes with the position he assumes as false and unworthy of belief. His chief proofs of the non-existence of a Supreme Lodge were taken from extracts read from the journals of Canada East favoring his statements, but he carefully kept back those showing that instead of attending to their duty as British Templars in Canada East they were coquetting with the 'Sons' and 'Independent Templars,' with the idea of amalgamating with one or other of those bodies. Many bold, hazardous, and false statements Mr. Imlah made throughout, but did not attempt to explain how it was that even after his return home from Canada he wrote Bro. Gowan, plainly acknowledging the Supreme Lodge, while now he pretends to say that before he left Canada he knew there was no Supreme Lodge, and yet he returned to Nova Scotia and reported himself an officer thereof. Sheriff J. N. Freeman, of Queen's County, next took the floor, and occupied about the same time as the previous speakers. He gave Mr. Imlah his true character as a person hereafter unworthy of any credence whatever, and proved from his own statements that he had most sadly blackened his own character, and proclaimed himself destitute of all moral principle. He then took up the subject and handled it in a masterly style, taking up what the Anties consider their

strongest points and utterly destroying them with clear calm reasoning. His arguments were logical, forcible, and convincing. Rev. D. M. Welton replied in brief, and as it was getting late in the evening, here the debate ended. The Supremist party had yet a dozen speakers in reserve prepared to take up all the various points in dispute, and anxious to do so, but time forbade. They, however, presented a written protest against the legality of the proceedings of the persons who, working under a changed title, and altered seal, still assume themselves to be the Provincial Grand Lodge of the Order in Nova Scotia. This protest was signed by forty legal representatives, who after its presentation retired in a body. After their departure such havoc had been made in the ranks of those remaining by the arguments they had heard that I understand those of the Executive present could not get a resolution passed to sustain or adopt their conduct of last March, but had to be content with a motion leaving the matter in abeyance until after the meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Canada West, with the understanding that the action there taken is to be followed by Nova Scotia. What a position to occupy! First to be formed and work under the Supreme Lodge. Next after a few months existence to break off, ignore the existence of its parent, and try to act as an independent body, and again, after a few more months, have to confess themselves in doubt as to whether they were right in ignoring the the Supreme Lodge or not, and resolve to wait and see what Canada will do, so as to follow their leading. And this is generally the result of all such hasty, crude and ill-advised conduct as was here pursued.

In the selection of their new officers, to add some little additional respectability to their party they elected some not present to office, Rev. James Hill for one, and he not near them during their whole session, but it is doubtful whether he will accept of office under them, and yet they lay such stress upon the necessity of all officers being installed thereto. They also elected and I suppose installed into office a Grand Counsellor, an officer not recognized by the Constitution they profess to be working under. But such incongruities must take place in such an illegally acting and assumed body. 'Tis true, as yet the great mass of the lodges in Nova Scotia lie in innocence and ignorance professedly with the seceders, a great many lodges having been formed recently by their agents, using stock of Bro. Gowan's, dishonestly kept (unpaid for) by them after leav-

ing the Order, and those lodges never informed even of there being questions in dispute. But a spirit of enquiry is abroad; lodge after lodge is discussing the matter, and will assuredly (as many have already done,) assume their proper position as under the Supreme Grand Lodge.

The loyal Supremist party met in Doran's Hall, where Rev. J. Jordan took the chair, read a Rescript he had received from Rev. Wm. Savage, W. S. G. Chief of our Order, appointing him Special Supremo Deputy for Nova Scotia, and organized the Second Annual Session of the Provincial Grand Lodge of British Templars of Nova Scotia. The three sittings held were conducted most harmoniously throughout, and while it was regretted that a number of the loyal lodges were not represented at all, and others by but one representative each, and also that several respected clergymen expected could not be present as anticipated, yet with upwards of forty legally qualified representatives in attendance, largely composed of those of talent, ability, and respectability, the usual course of business was well disposed of. (It may here be remarked that Rev. Mr. Angwin, of Halifax, came to the first meeting, as he supposed, an Anti-Supremist, but not long did conscience allow him to so remain, until he seen the falsity of his position, and changed sides.) The officers chosen for the ensuing year, all chosen from those present and duly installed by Rev. Joshua Jordan, special Supremo Deputy, (himself being installed by Provincial Grand Chief Freeman,) are as follows:—

- J. N. FREEMAN, Esq., High Sheriff for the County of Queen's, Liverpool P. O. .... Chief
- Rev. Joshua Jordan, Truro . . . . . Lecturer
- Ellhu Woodworth, Esq., Lower Horton. Counsellor
- Rev. J. G. Angwin, Dartmouth..... Chaplain
- Mrs Charlotte E. Mitchell, Chester.....Vice
- FREDERICK A. LAWRENCE, Esq., Truro .....Secretary
- Charles A. Masters, Esq., J.P., Kentville. Treasurer
- John F. Chandler, Esq., Windsor.....Financier
- Stephen Sheffield, Esq., Canning.....Recorder
- Nelson Hardenbrock, Esq., Wolfville . . . . Marshal
- Miss Sarah Michener, Canning . . . . . Dep. Marshal
- Miss Gould, Wolfville. . . . . Inner Guard
- Henry Mitchell, Esq., Kentville . . . . . Guter Guard
- John Murray, Esq., Windsor..... Past Chief

The Third Annual Session was appointed to be held with "Gowan" Lodge at Truro, on the second Wednesday of July, 1866, at which session representatives will be appointed to the Worthy Supreme Grand Lodge session, to be held in the City of St. John. New Brunswick, in the following month of August.

In F. H. and C.,

A SUPREMIST.

Nova Scotia, October 16, 1865

I. O. GOOD TEMPLARS.—GRAND TEMPLE.

This body is to meet in the City of Kingston on Tuesday, 14th November, at ten o'clock a. m. We will announce further when we hear of arrangements being made for delegates. In the meantime let Temples select their representatives.

GRAND DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The next annual session of this body is to be held in the City of Ottawa in the beginning of December. It is to be hoped that as the necessary arrangements have been made with the different lines of Railway, and for board, at reduced rates, every Division will be well represented.

Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock our readers will please remember is the hour for opening the Temperance meeting in the Temperance Hall, and govern themselves accordingly.

FREEDOM.

When liberty first sought a home on the earth,  
No altar the goddess could find,  
Till Art's greatest triumph to printing gave birth,  
And her temple she reared in the mind.  
The phantom of ignorance shrunk from the sight,  
And Tyranny's visage grew wan,  
As widely he erased in the volume of right,  
The pledge of redemption to man.

All hail the return of a glorious day,  
When Freedom her banner unfurled,  
And sprang from the Press the Promethean ray,  
That dawned on a slumbering world.  
When science exulting in Freedom and right,  
Unveiled to the nations her eye,  
And waved from her tresses refulgent in light,  
A glory that never can die.

Great ark of our freedom the PRESS we adore,  
Our glory and power are in thee,  
A voice thou hast wafted to earth's farthest shore,  
The voice of the great and the free;  
The slave's galling fetters are burst by thy might,  
The empire of reason is thine,  
And nations rejoice in the glorious light  
Which flows from a fountain divine.

"PRESENT ARMS."

Sweet Amy asked with pleading eyes,  
"Oh! Charlie, teach me, will you?  
The words I've heard your captain say—  
I should so like to drill you."

"What! little one, you take command?  
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing,  
In such a company as yours  
I can't have too much drilling:

Now, Amy, smartly, after me—  
[You're sure, dear, it won't bore you?]  
Forward quick-march-half-front-right deep—  
There—now I'm close before you;

"'Present arms'—Well—it does look odd—  
Oh! don't believe I'd trifle,  
We hold our arms out just like this,  
In drill without the rifle;

"Now say, 'Salute your officer.'  
'Oh! Charles, for shame, how can you?  
I thought you were at some trick,  
You horrid, cheating man, you."

Charles "ordered arms" without command,  
She smoothed her ruffled hair—  
And pouted, frowned, and blushed, and then  
Said softly, "As you were."

"ROW ON."

'For the first five years of my professional life,' once said a gentleman to us, 'I had to row against wind, and stream and tide.' 'And what did you do?' was our question. 'Do,' replied he, 'do? why I rowed on, to be sure.' And so he did row on, and to a good purpose too, until he came to open sea, took favorable breeze, and brought his voyage to most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for wisdom, and impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived and obtained an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the memory of thousands. His remark deserves to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all is to 'row on' with unflinching courage and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties, and almost every individual meets with discouragements. The only way, therefore, to go ahead is to 'row on.' Decision of character, determination of will, the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track or in pursuit of a good and honorable end, this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound.



THE SONG OF WATER.

I come in the dew,  
When o'er the starry blue,  
The soft winds of evening creep,  
I steal into the bowers,  
Where the thousand summer flowers  
Have folded their blooms in sleep.—  
When the morning dawns  
Along the sparkling lawns,  
The rose wears a brighter sheen,  
And the primroses pale,  
And the lilies of the vale,  
Bloom fresher where I have been.

I come in the rain,  
To cheer the thirsty plain,  
That pants for me sad and sore,  
And my steps as they pass,  
Waken up the drooping grass,  
And the daisy smiles once more,  
The leaves of the trees  
Dance lighter in the breeze,  
And their branches bourgeon green,  
And the dark forest shades,  
And the bosky tangled glades,  
Grow gayer where I have been.

I come in the rill  
That dances down the hill,  
From the cavern deep and cool,  
The timid deer and sheep,  
That browse on crag and steep,  
All drink in my crystal pool;  
And the jaded steed,  
In its hot thirsty need,  
The kine on the swelt'ring lea,  
The traveller on his way  
Through the burning, dusty day,  
Rejoice when they look on me.

I come in the stream,  
Whose ripples flash and gleam,  
Rolling onward to the sea,  
And I come too in the tide,  
When the vessels rock and ride,  
And the waves are bounding free.  
Wherever I go  
In air or earth below,  
My mission of love's the same;  
I bear the seeds of wealth,  
Of beauty and of health,  
And water's my stainless name.

R. P. S.

A drunken Dutchman by the name of David, staggering through the streets one day, was asked if he was the man who slew Goliath. 'No,' said he, 'I ish de man what got slewed.'

If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given to him.

WHEN you hear of any one making a noise about himself, his merits, and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

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NEW BRUNSWICK.

JAMES McNICHOLL, Esq. .... St. John.  
CAPT. A. SIMPSON. .... Shediac.

BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The TORONTO CITY Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.  
J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The QUEEN CITY Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings, at 8 p. m., in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.  
W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The JESSE KETCHUM Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7:30 p.m., in the Coldstream Hall, Brock Street.  
J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The CRUSADE Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.  
P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.