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THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

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THE BROKEN EMBLEM.

The fashionable season was at its height, and all the places of fashionable summer resort were thronged by visitors, seeking health, rest, or to amuse themselves by mingling with the multitudes that flock together from all parts of the fashionable world.

Lake George was not behind other similar resorts in the number and variety of its visitors. Sherill, the pleasant and affable host of the Lake House, was in his glory. No man ever kept a better hotel than Sherill, and no hotel ever had a better landlord than the Lake House.

And no landlord ever kept a hotel in a place more calculated by nature, to attract and please, than the pretty little village of Caldwell, hidden away amid mountains that surrounded the head of that most beautiful of all sheets of water, "not excepting the celebrated Como," Lake George. 'Twas the middle of July, when in the great cities the church doors had been closed for a little season, that the weary servant of God might flee away to the country for a short respite from his labors, and catch a breath of air untainted by the dust and heat of the city.

When the busy bustling merchant had deserted his counting room and left his business cares to his tried and trusted clerks, and he had gone down to the old home amid the hills of the country, from whence he came a few years ago to seek his fortune in the busy whirl of the metropolis; when the judge and the lawyers had left the court rooms in silence, while they sought a holiday in the green woods far away; when, in short, everybody who could, had fled from the heat and bustle of the city, and sought for a time rest and quiet in the country.

At such a time, no matter how many years ago, the crowd of visitors at the lake house were assembled on the upper galleries, that extend around the house, in the evening, amusing themselves in almost every conceivable manner, when the attention of nearly all was attracted to the street front of the house, by the arrival of a carriage from Glen's Falls, bringing two new guests to the Lake House. Sherill was at the door ready in his bustling good humored way, to bid them welcome. The new comers were a gentleman, apparently about thirty years old, and a little girl certainly not more than five.

The gentleman was tall and slender, had very black hair and eyes, wore a suit of plain black, but of costly material. He was very pale, as if in ill health. His countenance wore a sad and sorrowful expression, indicative of a grief of long standing, but of a never yielding character.

As to the little girl, my pen utterly fails in an attempt to describe her. Suffice it to say she was in all things the perfection of childish beauty, making one, as he looked upon her, think that the days of angel visitation to earth had not ended, and one, as he gazed upon her innocence and beauty, almost expected to see the bright angelic wings unfold, and the little one take flight to a world more congenial than this. Taking the girl by the hand, the gentleman entered the office of the hotel and entered upon the register in a business like hand writing, the name of Lawrence Clark and daughter, leaving the place of residence and destination blank.

As soon as a room was assigned to him, he retired with his daughter whom he called Belle, and was seen no more until at the supper table. After supper, he called the landlord aside and inquired if he could recommend to him some female of kind and gentle disposition, to whose care he could safely entrust his little daughter for a few days, while they remained at the hotel. Sherill replied in the affirmative, and conducting the stranger to the public parlor he introduced him to his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Sherill a young lady of some eighteen years, who readily consented to take the charge of little Belle for such time as the father might desire. These arrangements having been satisfactorily completed, and little Belle placed in charge of her new friend, Lawrence Clark wandered away by himself until bed time.

Days flew rapidly away, and Lawrence Clark remained the same retiring and lonely stranger to all the company of visitors at the hotel as when he first came among them. He neither sought nor accepted any companionship, except that of little Belle, for whom he exhibited an idolatrous love, and whom he daily took for an hour or two from the care of her friend Miss Sherill, and wandered with her down beside the blue waters of the Lake, or took her to ride with him upon their calm bosom. No one knew even whence he came, and no one showed any desire to intrude upon his privacy or ask him questions concerning himself or his antecedents. Mr. Clark, after spending his mornings as above described with his daughter, was in the habit of leaving the hotel after dinner and wandering away by himself until supper time; and frequently remained out until nearly bed time. Some three weeks had thus passed away, when on one bright and beautiful day, after taking little Belle to ride upon the lake in the morning, Mr. Clark walked off in the direction of French Mountain, telling his daughter that he was going to climb to the mountain's top, and if at about three o'clock she would watch a certain tree on the mountain's brow, she would see him wave his handkerchief to her. Little Belle and her kind friend, Miss Sherill, at the promised hour, saw the promised signal. Some hours after, as the sun was sinking in the west, a sudden and very severe storm arose and soon swept across the country. The winds blew almost a hurricane and the rain fell in torrents. So suddenly had the storm arisen, that many wanderers from the hotel, although but a little way off, were drenched by the rain before they could reach shelter in the house. Night had also suddenly fallen upon earth, and soon after

the advent of the storm, all nature seemed shrouded in almost impenetrable darkness. Some of the wanderers from the hotel were compelled to seek shelter in the houses of citizens residing in the neighborhood, while some half dozen young men and maidens who had been paying a visit to a pleasant place about one mile from the hotel known as Kiss Hollow, found themselves at the approach of the storm, in the immediate vicinity of the Gage Hill school house, of which they took immediate possession, and when darkness came on, they lighted some pieces of candles which they found in the house, left, no doubt, from the last evening prayer meeting held in the school room, and thus provided, they set about enjoying the time of their imprisonment as best they might.

Three of the strollers from the hotel were less successful, and were compelled to endure the full force and violence of the storm. These three were Lawrence Clark, last seen at the summit of French Mountain, and Albert Colby and his inseparable friend and companion, Henry Newton. The two last named had been visiting Bloody Pond and its vicinity, and were there overtaken by the storm, and in endeavoring to find some kind of shelter in the blinding wind and rain, they lost their way and wandered some time before they found even the big road leading from Glen's Falls to Caldwell. Staggering rather than walking along in the direction of the hotel, amid darkness so deep that it could be almost felt, they neared Gage Hill. Suddenly, Colby, who was a little in advance of his friend, struck his foot against some object in his pathway, and fell head long into the water and mud of the road. Before he could sufficiently recover to warn his companion to beware, he too had struck the same obstruction, and met the same misfortune that had befallen his unfortunate friend. Rising as soon as possible, they both simultaneously stretched forth their hands to find, if possible, the nature of the obstacle that had caused their fall.

The reader may imagine their horror when they found the form of some human being, lying prone in the highway, with face upturned to the merciless pelting of the storm, and apparently lifeless. "My God!" exclaimed Colby in a hoarse whisper, "it is a man and dead! what shall we with him?" "We can do nothing," said Newton in the same frightened tone, "there is no house near that I know of, and I even do not know where I am myself."

"Let us feel about us," said Colby, "and see if we cannot find some bank beside the road where we can lay the body out of this terrible mire, while we seek aid at the hands of some charitable citizen in this neighborhood." They immediately set about the search, and were pleased to find within a few feet of the body, a high knoll at the foot of a tree or stump—they could not tell which, in the darkness, where the body might be laid until they could find help to remove it. Again feeling their way in the mud with their hands, they soon found the body, and taking it in their arms, they made their way with it to the place they had found to lay it. As they straightened out the limbs as best they could in that awful blackness, they were startled by hearing words, very faint and low, from the lips of him whom they supposed dead. Bowing their ears to catch if possible his faintest breath, they both heard and fully understood a few closing words of that sentence so well known to all Master Masons, which tells a brother Mason of the dire extremity and distress to which he who utters it, is reduced.

Colby and Newton were brethren of the mystic tie, and well knew

the duty that thus fell upon them. "Oh dear!" cried Newton, "what can we do, here is our brother, whoever he may be, and from the very portals of the grave, he calls upon us for aid and assistance? Oh! what shall we do?" "There is but one thing we can do," said Colby, "and that is for you to go the best way you can, in search of aid, while I remain here with our dying brother," and as he said it, he calmly seated himself upon the wet ground, and drawing the strange, but dying brother's head up to his bosom, he wrapped his thin coat about him as best he could, and prepared himself for his lonely vigil in the darkness and storm, with the dying or the dead, while his friend Newton should seek the help they so much needed. Newton turned to start upon the discharge of his part of the painful duty, but he had scarcely stumbled more than three or four steps from his starting place, when his ears were greeted by a merry ringing laugh, full and loud as if coming from many voices, backed by many happy hearts. The laugh seemed to come from a house a little to the left of the road, and at no great distance from them, but the light from which, was hidden from them by some intervening obstacle. As if by one impulse both the friends set up a shout, and the cry of "help! help!" rang out upon the night air, and seemed to join in to make the howling of the storm more weird and frightful. Soon came the answering cry of "where?" and by a continuous shouting the answering party, which consisted of the young men, who with their lady friends had found shelter in the school house, where led to the top of a steep bank that arose on that side of the road at the spot where the two companions had found their dying brother. One of the young men carried a lighted candle in a water bucket over which he carried his hat to protect his candle from the wind and rain. A pathway up the bank was found near by, and by the aid of three or four of the new comers, the two friends managed to carry the apparently lifeless body up the bank, when the candle in the bucket was suddenly extinguished. But guided by the lights from the school house now plainly to be seen, the little company soon reached its gracious shelter, where the body was laid upon a dry shawl spread upon the floor by one of the young ladies. After their fright had a little passed away, the young ladies united with the gentlemen in endeavoring to bring back to life, him, who to all appearance had already fled the regions of time, and found shelter in the realms of eternity. Beautiful cambric handkerchiefs were readily supplied to remove the mud and dirt from the face. The hands were chafed by the anxious watchers, but all in vain. The lips of the dying man opened but once, and borne on that parting breath the attentive listeners heard the whispered words, "Darling Belle" and all that mournful company in the little way-side school house knew that Lawrence Clark had gone out from earth forever, leaving his darling Belle, not to the cold charities of the world, but to the tender fostering care of his Masonic brethren.

At about midnight the storm had spent its fury, the winds died away, the rain ceased to fall, the clouds rolled away, and the late moon rose to shed a little light upon the scene. Some of the young men from the school house hastened to the hotel and soon returned with an open wagon, in which the ladies and their companions found conveyance to their homes at the hotel. Colby and Newton remained with their brother's lifeless body, which they watched until the coming of the Coroner in the morning. News of the finding of the

dead man in the road, had spread like wild fire in that peaceful neighborhood, and before the sun had completed the first hour of his daily journey, a crowd had gathered at Gage's school house to see for themselves the proof of the truth of the flying reports. The Coroner came early, a jury was readily empanelled, and an investigation of the cause of death was had. A learned doctor from the town was called to make the examination. His pockets were searched, but they were empty, he had neither pocket-book nor money. Some remembered to have seen him wear a fine gold watch and chain, but they, too, were gone. Upon removing his clothing about the region of the heart, a gash about an inch in width was found, from which oozed a little blood, showing where some deadly instrument had entered. "Murdered" said the doctor, and "Murdered" was whispered from lip to lip throughout the crowd of spectators, and "Murdered and robbed by some party to this jury unknown," was the verdict of the Coroner's jury; and thus it still remains, "Murdered," but only the great inquest at the last day shall reveal the name of the murderer. After the inquest was ended, Colby and Newton gave orders for bringing the body to the village and preparing it for the grave. Then they returned to the hotel to get a change of clothing, and by this time, much needed refreshments.

The two friends and brothers, Colby and Newton, seemed naturally, as Fraternally, called upon to take a kind of supervisory care of the affairs of their deceased brother Clark, and make all necessary arrangements for his decent and proper burial. After partaking of a substantial breakfast, and while awaiting the coming of the body, the two friends were startled by an as yet unthought of difficulty. This difficulty was suggested to them by sight of little Belle, as she was sporting amid the flowers of the park on the lakeward side of the hotel. In the sorrowful excitement of the past few hours, her very existence seemed to have been by them forgotten. But now, as if by common impulse, both asked the question, "what is to become of her?"

Neither was prepared to answer, and both remained for a few moments silent.

"I wonder," said Newton, "if any one has told her of her father's death."

"I think not," said Colby, "but let's inquire and find out." And entering the hotel, they sent a servant to ask Miss Sherrill to grant them a short interview. In a moment their messenger returned and invited them into the parlor where Miss Sherrill awaited their coming. After the usual compliments of courtesy were passed by the lady and the two young men, upon their entrance into the parlor, Colby at once entered upon the subject uppermost in his mind, by inquiring of Miss Sherrill if little Belle had been informed of the death of her father.

"No," said Miss Sherrill, and the tears started as she replied, "I could not tell her, 'twould kill me to see her suffer as she must, neither can I find any one in the house who will consent to perform the painful duty, and so it has not been done, and I cannot do it."

While she was still speaking, Belle came at the door, and with a happy smile upon her face, bade them all good morning.

Colby had frequently spoken to her before this time, and was on very good terms with her, and now feeling it to be his duty, as no one else would do it, he determined to be himself the bearer of the terrible news of her bereavement to the little girl. Extending both hands towards

her, he said, "good morning, little Belle, won't you come and shake hands with me."

"Yes sir," replied the child, and going up to him, laid both her little hands in his.

"Would you not like to go and walk in the park with me a little while," said he.

"Oh yes," and her eyes fairly danced with joy, "I saw such a pretty little bird, out there just now, I hope you can find it again, and that dear papa will come while we are out there," and she started to lead the way out, holding on to Colby's hand.

His heart and throat were too full for utterance, but taking the child up in his arms and impulsively pressing her to his bosom, he walked out into the park and took a seat on a rural bench in the shade of a great elm—still holding Belle in his arms—and while he gazed on her happy face, he felt that his courage was fast ebbing away, and if he was to tell the little girl the sorrowful tale at all, he must tell it at once. "Belle, darling," said he, and his voice trembled, and in spite of himself the tears chased each other quickly down his cheeks, "I have bad news to tell you about your dear papa, and you must try and be a good girl and not feel too bad when I tell it." Belle slipped from his arms and stood before him gazing into his face—her bright smile was gone, the rose blush had fled from her cheek, and every feature had assumed the expression of one suffering the most intense agony.

"What is it, sir? what is the matter with my papa?" said she in a hoarse whisper.

Colby looked in her face and saw that it was no child with whom he was talking. A child she might be in years, and in stature, but her capacity for suffering could not have been greater if twenty years instead of five had been her age; and he knew that her suspense was worse if possible, than would be the effort of what he had to tell. So taking her once more in his arms, he said "Darling your papa is dead, and will soon be brought here from where he was found last night in a dying condition.

Belle heard but the first few words. Without a groan—scarcely a sigh—her little head leaned upon Colby's breast, her eyes closed and for the time being, at least, the lamb was beyond the reach of suffering. Colby thought she was dead, and taking her in his arms he flew back to the parlor where Miss Sherill and Newton were still talking of the sad events of the last few hours. Both started to their feet as they saw the white face against Colby's shoulder as he entered the door. Miss Sherill advanced to meet him and take the child, and as he laid the lifeless body in the arms of her friend he said, "there, the work is complete, the assassin slew the father, I have killed the daughter." He could endure no more, he turned and left the room. Among the guests at the hotel were one or more Doctors, who after been called, examined little Belle and decided that she was only in a swoon, and with proper care would soon return to consciousness again.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, a coffin arrived from Glen's Falls, and the body was soon prepared for the grave. While the clothing found on the body was being removed to give place to other and cleaner garments, a small pin was found on the shirt front, of peculiar shape. It was nearly a plain triangular piece of gold plate, one side only being slightly carved. On the front of this pin were some broken lines, but nothing, that any one who examined it, could understand. The pin was

handed to Colby who put it away in his pocket-book, hoping, he knew not what, might come from it in the future.

There were many Masons among the guests of the Lake House, and a Lodge in the town. The Master called the Lodge together, and after being satisfied by Newton and Colby that the deceased was a Brother, the Lodge took charge of the funeral management.

At a late hour of the afternoon, the body of Lawrence Clark was laid in the grave prepared for it in the church yard of the little village by his Masonic brethren, who paid to his remains the honors due to the good and the worthy.

The day following the funeral, a council was held in the parlor at the hotel, to decide what should be done with little Belle.

After some argument, it was decided that Colby was entitled to have the selection of the home of the poor orphan, which he quickly settled, by expressing his determination to take the little girl to his own home, and placing her in charge of his aged mother and a widowed, but childless sister. Some days elapsed before Belle was sufficiently restored to health to be able to leave her room, and when she did so, she seemed to have lost all her former life and cheerfulness. She wandered about from room to room, listlessly and with no apparent interest in any of her surroundings. This determined Colby to leave as soon as possible, in order to remove her as much as possible from scenes that reminded her so forcibly of her great misfortune.

Preparations were soon completed, and one bright morning little Belle and her future protector bade adieu to their many friends at the hotel, and started on their homeward journey.

When Colby was about to enter the carriage that had been engaged to carry them to the railroad station, Miss Sherill handed him a little box, which she said contained trinkets of various kinds belonging to Belle.

While riding along the small road, Colby tried to draw his companion from her mournful thoughts, and cause her in a measure to forget her sorrow. Among other means used to attract her attention, he asked her if she would show him what nice things were in the little box he had in his hand. She readily consented, and opening the box she laid in his hand a number of pieces of jewelry, each of which she said was a gift from poor dead papa.

There was nothing of much interest to Colby among the contents of the box, except a small breastpin, which Belle said papa had told her never to lose. Upon close examination of the pin, Colby found it to be almost the exact form and appearance of the one he had in his pocket, taken from the person of the dead Lawrence Clark. Colby could make nothing of the pins, any more than that they were peculiar in form and making, but he could not rid his mind of the thought that those pins would some time be of great use to Belle in some way, he knew not how. Returning all the jewelry to the box except the pin, Colby pinned it to the ribbon which the little girl wore about her neck, and told her always to wear it, whether at home or abroad, which she promised to do.

Belle was received by Colby's mother and sister with open arms, and a hearty welcome, and she soon grew to be the very life and joy of her new home.

I hasten over the history of the next fourteen years. Belle was now eighteen or nineteen years old. Her early womanhood had more than

fulfilled the promises of her childhood, for in person she was the perfection of womanly beauty. Her education had been carefully attended to, and she was now an accomplished scholar in every respect.

Colby was still single, and a gentleman of leisure, being the possessor of an immense fortune. A great portion of his life had been spent in travelling in almost every part of the world. Belle had ever been an especial favorite of his, and he had often declared that she should inherit all his wealth. He, now that she had completed her studies, determined to take her with him on a voyage to Europe, his sister going along as company and guide for her. They accordingly sailed from New York in the month of November for Liverpool, and thence to London. They had a short and pleasant trip across the Atlantic and within a week after their arrival in England, were pleasantly settled for the winter, in a pleasant suit of rooms at a fashionable hotel in the great city of London. The season of gaiety in the metropolis was at its height. Colby having many influential and wealthy acquaintances in the city, found ready access for himself and his companions into the very best circles of society, consequently, our young friend Belle, immediately entered upon a round of visitations alike pleasant and instructive to her. Some few weeks after their arrival in the city, they received cards of invitation to an evening party at the house of a widow lady—reputed to be very wealthy—the descendant of a noble family and very highly accomplished. The invitation was accepted gladly by our friends, who immediately set about making preparations for what was said, would be the great party of the season. The lady giver of this most fashionable entertainment lived in a splendid mansion on one of the fashionable streets in the fashionable portion of London.

On the appointed evening at the usual hour, our friends repaired to the house of entertainment. They were received by the hostess with marked attention and cordiality, and Belle became at once the belle of occasion, and was soon the observed of all observers. We do not propose to describe the party or the persons present, our story has relation but to some three or four of the participants in the gay scene, suffice it to say, that

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

Late in the evening after having wandered through the various rooms devoted to the amusement of the guests, Colby was standing idly near a small company of aged persons who were passing the time in social converse, when the lady of the house approached him and smilingly asked, if he was already becoming wearied. As he replied in the negative, his eye fell upon a small pin which she wore in her collar. He started so suddenly, that it attracted her attention, and she inquired the cause of such strange emotion.

"Madam," said Colby, "you will excuse me, I know, when you hear the explanation of my strange conduct, and allow me to assure you that it is no idle curiosity that prompts me to commit, what under other circumstances would be an ungentlemanly act.

"Pray sir, proceed," said the lady, her countenance expressing the surprise she doubtless felt at Colby's strange words and appearance.

"I will," replied Colby. "Allow me," said he, "to ask where you obtained the small breastpin you are now wearing?"

The lady turned deadly pale as she replied, "that the pin was the gift of one she supposed was long since dead." "But," said she, "why do you ask—what interest can you have in the history of my pin?"

"I have no personal interest in it," replied Colby, "but, I have in my possession a pin much like the one worn by you, and it was obtained by me under very painful circumstances—I having taken it from the person of a murdered man, who was an entire stranger in the country where he was slain. I have long sacredly kept that pin," continued he, "hoping that some day, it would, in some manner, bring me to know more of him who once wore it."

Without a word of reply the lady took Colby's arm and led him to a seat at the farther end of the room, and out of hearing of her guests.

After seating herself beside him, she remarked, "I will tell you, sir, the history of this pin, as I am satisfied that you know more concerning it than you seem willing to reveal. This pin was a gift from my husband. When I was but eighteen years of age, I married an American gentleman named Moore, who was travelling for pleasure, and whom I met, loved and next married contrary to my parents' wishes, while spending a winter in Rome. Soon after our marriage, myself and husband went to Paris, where we resided for nearly two years, during which time, a son and daughter—twins, were born to us. Another year passed in almost unalloyed happiness."

"Then a distant relative of my father died, and left him heir to a title in England, and an immense fortune. My parents were now more than ever dissatisfied with my choice of a husband. I was their only child and would at their death inherit their wealth and title. They seemed determined to bring about a separation between my husband and myself, to accomplish which, they came to Paris and soon filled my silly head with all manner of notions of wealth, grandeur, happiness and pleasure I might enjoy, if I would desert my husband and go home with them. They told me a divorce could readily be obtained, that I could get possession of my children, and thus provide a name and social position for them and myself. In an evil hour I listened to their wicked advice, and taking my son with me, I left my home and came with my parents to England. My husband had our daughter out riding with him when I left his house, so I was compelled to leave her behind. My parents persuaded me that my husband would soon follow me to England, and when there, they would easily find means of restoring my daughter to me. In this they were mistaken. My husband never came to England. I received one letter from him soon after my arrival in London, kindly requesting me to come back to him. By advice of my parents, I haughtily answered his letter, telling him that I should never live with him again. I have never seen husband or child, or heard tidings of them from that day to this. But I assure you, sir, that if suffering can repay for the wrong committed, I am amply repaid for the wrong done a kind and loving husband. Soon after leaving my home, I became convinced that I had acted very foolishly and wickedly, and I sincerely repented the course I had pursued. My father wanted to procure a divorce for me, but I would never consent. In a few years my parents both died. My son soon followed them to the grave, and for some four or five years, although surrounded by wealth and friends I have been a lonely, miserable, unhappy woman."

"But about that pin," said Colby, "you have not told me of that."

"True," replied the lady, "I had forgotten the pin. Soon after the birth of our twins, my husband one day presented the pin to me, and gave a similar one to each of the children, reserving one to himself. I think he said the four when together, formed some kind of a Masonic

emblem. At the death of my son, I took his pin and have since kept it in my personal possession ;” and taking her portemonie from her pocket, she took from it a small breastpin, like to the one worn by Belle.

At this moment, the door leading to the next room was thrown open, and there came from it the sound of a sweet voice that seemed to fill both rooms with melody, as she sang the chorus of that sweet old song,

“ Home, sweet Home, be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.”

Colby and his companion listened until the song was finished, then turning to her once more, he said : “ What did you say was your husband’s name ?”

“ Moore,” replied the lady, “ Lawrence Clark Moore. And now, sir, please tell me why you ask so many questions touching this pin and its history ? I am sure you have some good reason.”

“ If you will lend me those two pins, I will answer your inquiry quickly.”

She handed him the two pins.

“ Now madam,” said he, “ take my arm and let us go into the music room.”

They found Belle still seated at the piano, while the company stood in groups around her, listening to the sweet music she drew forth from the instrument. When the piece was finished, Colby led his companion to the side of the young musician. “ Belle,” said he, addressing her, “ Where is the little pin, that years ago, you promised me to constantly wear ?”

“ I have it here,” said the maiden ; and she unpinned it from her collar and handed it to him.

He laid the three pins down upon the piano, joining the three similar sides together. He then drew from his pocket-book the pin he had kept so long, and placed it with the others. The emblem was complete. The four pins formed a Master Mason’s apron, engraven with a square and compass, with the letter G in the centre.

Then turning to Madam Moore, who was now very pale and trembling violently—her eyes fixed on Belle—he said, “ Madam, the jewel is perfect now. The part I had was taken from the bosom of a murdered Masonic Brother, fourteen years ago, I only knew him as Lawrence Clark, the name he gave to the public.” “ And that young lady,” said he, pointing to Belle, “ is his daughter.”

Mrs. Moore waited to hear no more, but, clasping Belle to her bosom, she uttered one cry of, “ My child,” and then sank down in her daughter’s arms, alike forgetful of joy or sorrow.

And here I leave them to the enjoyment of their happiness which, when the mother once more returned to consciousness, seemed as perfect as earthly happiness can be.

The broken jewel has done its work, and aided as all Masonic Jewels and emblems should do, in advancing the happiness of mankind.

—*Masonic Jewel.*

“ Fortune knocks once at every man’s door.” If she ever knocked at our’s it was when we were out.

The life we live is but a small part of the real life. A great man may begin life in a hovel.

THE GIANTS OF ANTIQUITY.

In examining the claims of the giants of antiquity we must take into consideration the fact that it was the custom of all ancient nations to magnify the stature of their kings and heroes. To be considered a giant in strength and in size was the ambition of every warrior. Even the great Alexander was not free from this vanity, 'or we are told that in one of his Asian expeditions he caused to be made and left behind him a suit of armor of huge proportions, in order to induce a belief among the people he had conquered that he was of great stature.

Homer exaggerates the size and strength of all the heroes of the Trojan war, and leads us to infer that the whole race of men, even in his day, had degenerated. We may suspect that even the Jewish writers were not entirely free from a similar failing. Admitting that a people like the Rephaim existed in Palestine, of greater stature than the Hebrews, it would require but a little stretch of a poetic imagination to paint them as giants. They may have been no larger in comparison with their conquerors than are the Patagonians beside other more civilized races of to-day, yet have seemed immense to the children of Israel, who were more probably under than over the average height.

Again, there is no absolute certainty that the Biblical text, as we have it, is as it was originally written. Our authorized version makes Goliath, for instance, six cubits and a span in height; but the Vatican copy of the Septuagint, (Codex Vaticanus,) as old as any in existence, (unless the Sinaiticus exceeds it,) reads "four cubits and a span," agreeing in this with Josephus. To which account are we to adhere? If to the latter, then the giant of the Philistines was only a little over six and a half feet in stature, instead of nine and a half? The sacred writer does not give us the measure of King Og, but only that of his bedstead. It is not necessary to dispute the thirteen and a half feet of the giant couch, but we are half inclined to suspect that Og was afflicted with an ambition similar to that of Alexander, and used a bedstead, not in proportion to his actual size, but in proportion to his fancied importance. It is curious to observe that, according to Dr. Smith, the words in Deuteronomy translated "bedstead of iron," are also susceptible of the rendering, "sarcophagus of black basalt," but this does not militate against the probability of our supposition.

Comparatively modern writers are not free from like exaggerations in regard to the stature of noted men. William of Malmesbury makes the tomb of Walwin, nephew of King Arthur, and one of his famous knights, fourteen feet in length, and Hollinshead, quoting Sylvester Giraldus, says that the body of King Arthur, found in Glastonbury in 1189, was two feet higher than any man that came to see it. As Camden, who gives an account of the discovery, fails to note this peculiarity of the corpse, the story is probably without foundation. In like manner Charlemagne and his paladins have been represented as of great stature. Eginhard says that the great emperor was "seven of his own feet" in height; from which we must infer either that he had a very small foot, entirely out of proportion to his size, or that he was a very tall man. The old writers would have us believe, too, that Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles, was also of gigantic stature and strength.

Happily we have some direct evidence on this point. Hakewill, quoting Camerarius, says: "Francis I., King of France, who reigned about one hundred years since, being desirous to know the truth of

those things which were commonly spread touching the strength and stature of Rouland, nephew to Charlemagne, caused his sepulchre to be opened, wherein his bones and bow were found rotten, but his armor sound, though covered with rust, which the King, commanding to be scoured off, and putting it on his own body found it so fit for him, as thereby it appeared that Rouland exceeded him but little in bigness and stature of body, though himself were not excessive tall or big." We have similar evidence in relation to the body of William the Conqueror, which was reported to have been dug up four hundred years after burial, and found to be eight feet in length; for Stowe says that when the English took Cannes, in 1562, some soldiers broke into the monument in search of booty, and found nothing remarkable about the bones.

Were it possible to get at the truth concerning the giants of antiquity, there is little doubt but that half of them could be shown to be pure myths, and that nine-tenths of the remainder could be reduced in size very materially. Pliny's assertion that mankind is gradually degenerating is wholly gratuitous, and has no foundation in fact. Indeed, a vast deal of proof can be adduced tending to show that the men of to-day are equal, and probably superior, in stature to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans were undoubtedly of small size. The helmets and sword-hilts that have come down to us from the heroic ages could not be used by the majority of soldiers of the present European nations. Ancient rings, also, are generally too small for modern fingers.

But the classic writers give testimony enough on this point. Cæsar, speaking of the Gauls, says: "Our shortness of stature, in comparison with the great size of their bodies, is generally a subject of much contempt to the men of Gaul." Tacitus also describes the Germans of robust form and of great stature; and Strabo says he had seen Britons at Rome who were a half foot taller than the tallest Italians. Yet there is no proof that the men of these nations were any larger in ancient times than they are now. On the contrary, the graves and barrows tell a diffeant story. The remains are usually under the average height of men of the present day. It is the same with the Egyptian mummies. According to Athenæus, a man of four cubits, (or six feet.) in height, was considered of "gigantic size" in Egypt.

Apollodorus, the grammarian of Athens, gives the height of the "gigantic Hercules," at four cubits; and Phya, the woman who was selected to personate Minerva, at Athens, in the time of Pisistratus, on account of her great height, which was considered wonderful, did not exceed in stature four cubits less by three fingers, or about five feet ten.

Numerous other examples might be given, but the facts cited are sufficient to prove that mankind of the present day, if no greater, is certainly no less in height and in size than in the days of old; and that fully as many instances of abnormal stature have occurred in comparatively modern times as when "there were giants in the earth."—*Appleton's Journal*.

ALLEGORY.

A discourse or narrative, in which there is a literal and figurative sense, a patent and a concealed meaning; the literal or patent sense being intended by analogy, or comparison, to indicate the figurative or concealed one. Its derivation from the Greek *allos* and *agorin*, to say something different, that is, to say something where the language is

one thing and the true meaning another, exactly expresses the character of an allegory. It has been said, that there is no essential difference between an allegory and a symbol. There is not in design, but there is this in their character: An allegory may be interpreted without any previous conventional agreement, but a symbol cannot. Thus, the legend of the third degree is an allegory, evidently to be interpreted as teaching a restoration to life; and this we learn from the legend itself, without any previous understanding. The sprig of acacia is a symbol of the immortality of the soul. But this we know, only because such meaning had been conventionally determined when the symbol was first established. It is evident, then, that an allegory whose meaning is obscure is imperfect. The enigmatical meaning should be easy of interpretation; and hence, Lemiére, a French poet, has said: "*L'allegoïre habite un palais diaphane*"—*allegory lives in a transparent palace*. All the legends of Freemasonry are more or less allegorical, and, whatever truth there may be in some of them, in a historical point of view, it is only as allegories or legendary symbols that they are of importance. The English lectures have, therefore, very properly defined Freemasonry to be "a system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols."

The allegory was a favorite figure among the ancients, and to the allegorizing spirit are we to trace the construction of the entire Greek and Roman mythology. Not less did it prevail among the older Aryan nations, and its abundant use is exhibited in the religions of Brahma and Zoroaster. The Jewish Rabbins were greatly addicted to it, and carried its employment, as Maimonides intimates, (*More Nevochim*, III: xliii,) sometimes to an excess. Their *Midrash*, or system of commentaries on the sacred books, is almost altogether allegorical. Aben Ezra, a learned Rabbi of the twelfth century, says "the Scriptures are like bodies, and allegories are like the garments with which they are clothed: some are thin, like fine silk; and others are coarse and thick, like sackcloth." Our Lord, to whom this spirit of the Jewish teachers in his day was familiar, inculcated many truths in parables, all of which were allegories. The primitive fathers of the Christian Church were thus infected, and Origen, (*Epist. ad Dam.*) who was especially addicted to the habit, tells us that all the pagan philosophers should be read in this spirit—"hoc facere solemus quando philosophos ligimus." Of modern allegorizing writers, the most interesting to Masons are Lee, the author of "*The Temple of Solomon Portrayed by Scripture Light*," and John Bunyan, who wrote "*Solomon's Temple Spiritualized*."—*Mackey's National Freemason*.

BONAPARTE AND FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. R. WENTWORTH LITTLE.

The recent and generally lamented decease of Napoleon the Third recalls to mind the extent of the connection of the House of Bonaparte with Freemasonry, and it may not be uninteresting to review the subject, especially as, from the imperfect *data* at our command, it is beyond question that the great Napoleon himself favored the Craft, although the story of his presence at a meeting of one of the Parisian Lodges is considered somewhat apocryphal.

Under the earlier Bourbons, Freemasonry was discouraged by the French Court and the priesthood, and the fact that, in latter years, the

Duke de Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans, and best known as "Egalite," was for some time Grand Master of France, does not militate against this statement, inasmuch as that plotting prince systematically opposed the monarch, and upheld the broadest democratic principles. "Egalite" was elected Grand Master in 1771, and for his Deputy or Adjoint, Montmorency, Duke of Luxemburg, the "Premier Christian Baron," a title upon which the Montmorencies especially prided themselves. The Order then became fashionable, although Louis XVI. seems never to have sanctioned its proceedings; and as if to justify his caution, in 1789 the watchwords of the French Craft unfortunately became identified with those of the Revolution—words of specious seeming, but of really terrible import to the Royalists—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

The subsequent events, which plunged France into an abyss of blood and anarchy, had the effect of almost annihilating Freemasonry in that country. On the 22d of February, 1793, the wretched Egalite repudiated the Masonic Order in a letter which appeared in the *Journal de Paris* of that date, and on the 6th of November following, his quondam friends, the *sans culottes*, conducted him to the guillotine, where he expiated his crimes of perjury and treason.

In 1796, there were but eighteen Lodges working in the whole of France, and of these, only three were in Paris, the remainder being thus distributed: Rouen, seven; Havre, four; Perpignan, two; Melun and Rochelle, one each. In 1805, under the Empire, the Grand Mastership was restored in the person of his Imperial Highness, the Prince Joseph Napoleon, afterwards successively King of Naples and of Spain; while the Prince Cambaceres, Arch Chancellor of the Empire, was installed First Grand Master Adjoint.

In the same year a Lodge of adoption was held at Strasburg, under the auspices of the Lodge of "Franc-Chevaliers of Paris," over which the Baroness Dietrich presided as Grand Mistress, in concert with the Chevalier de Challan, as acting Grand Master. The Empress Josephine honored this assembly with her presence, and assisted at the initiation of one of the ladies of her household. In 1809, Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon, was proclaimed King of Naples, and re-established Freemasonry in his dominions, at the same time accepting the title of Grand Master. These facts demonstrate that the Bonaparte family supported the Craft, and it is also generally known that certain military degrees were invented, and sedulously propagated in the French army during the First Empire. These Orders are said to have been instituted by the great Emperor himself, but the statement is not authenticated by reliable testimony. Nevertheless, some account of the degrees may be of interest to the brethren.

The candidate for the first of these military grades was invested with a sword, a pistol was placed in his right hand, and a dagger fixed to his waist. The lodge room was surrounded with a brilliant light, representing the name, "Bonaparte," and the victories of the French armies were emblazoned in the east and west. The candidate's pilgrimage denoted his journey through the world, and victory in every quarter of the globe. He forced his way past every obstacle, overthrew all whom he encountered, and finally arrived at the grand Egyptian pavement, where he swore fidelity to Napoleon, the "Invincible Leader of unconquered legions," as the boastful phrase ran, and also fidelity and attachment to his companions-in-arms.

In the next degree, the aspirant produced the plan of a campaign, and was employed in works that pertain to military engineering. All the symbols of this degree were explained in a warlike sense, and its institution is said to have been coeval with that of the Legion of Honor.

The third and highest grade was established after the Emperor's retirement to Elba in 1814, and was intended to pave the way for Napoleon's return to power. It was secretly but rapidly promulgated among the troops, and was designed to preserve in their minds the one great idea of rallying round their exiled but renowned leader at the first opportunity. The candidate, in theory, came from Elba and captivity; and his object was to reach the temple of victory. Upon arriving at the temple or lodge-room, he found it in confusion, the doors forced open, the columns torn down, and the walls destroyed.

Nothing seemed to have survived the wreck but "Napoleon," which burned brightly as ever in the East. After certain ceremonies, the temple was figuratively re-established by the assembly of soldiers present, whose swords become the chosen instruments of renovation and redemption. The candidate was then called upon to ascend the ladder of fame, and to assume the post of honor.

The address of the Grand Marshal concluded thus: "March on my brave companions into the bowels of the land; be prudent, penetrating and intrepid; the hand and spirit of our hero guides us—his star directs our course—our armies are invulnerable—we shall fight, we shall conquer: our motto is 'Liberty or death!'"

It is of course impossible to indicate to what extent these pseudo Masonic degrees may have assisted Napoleon, but they undoubtedly tended to augment that intense devotion to the person of the Emperor which ever distinguished his followers. No general ever inspired a similar affection, no sovereign ever evoked a corresponding enthusiasm, and in view of the Napoleonic legend we may appositely quote the eloquent language of a distinguished writer upon the subject: "Cradled in the field, Napoleon was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veterans glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe.—*London Freemason.*"

HOW 'O DESTROY USEFULNESS.

Find out the desire of the majority and then oppose its consummation. Season your objections to a measure with a bit of irony or personal invective. Impugn the motives of the opposition. Accuse the chair of partiality. Be careful to never turn up when you are most wanted. Make it a rule to object to serving on committees. Quarrel with every brother for not doing what you ought to share in performing. Come late and take up time by disturbing business. You will always gain a point by entering the Lodge-room when some one is speaking. Stay in the ante-room and talk loud when the ceremonies

are progressing within. If you come early, smoke till the hour of opening. Take a seat when the Lodge closes and prevent the janitor from closing up. Always wait to be dunned for your dues. Speak often and long. Complain of what was done when you were absent. Take verbal objections to the minutes. Laugh at false pronounciations. Be inattentive to Lodge prayers. Never write out a resolution, but insist upon the secretary taking it down from an oral statement.—Refuse to help every good cause. Be swift to prosecute rather than gently correct the minor faults of your brethren. Insist on strict adherence to law when it will defeat a benevolent work or a brother's innocent aspirations. Ferret out every point of order and technicality that will prevent the progress of business. Always strictly construe the Constitution and By-laws, even when your construction would work a manifest injustice. Drop a black-ball occasionally against some popular candidate for admission. Don't learn your part of the Ritual, and always blunder and then giggle at your mistake. Be certain to laugh whenever anyone else blunders. Be chatty about what occurs in the Lodge-room. Be an economist—don't let any money go out. Dispute the justice of every bill that is presented. Always object to a donation of fees and dues. Be sure to start the tunes too high or low, or when the good singers are present, move to dispense with the odes, and always insist on them when no leader is on hand.

If you will follow a few of these rules you will be sure to neutralize your usefulness and embitter everything with the aloes of your bad temper.

We know a Brother who is a Stromboli—a perpetual volcano, only occasionally indulging in any alarming eruption; but muttering, steaming and hissing, day and night, in a manner which makes the Lodge nervous; now and then spinning through the air a red-hot rock, or a spirt of sputtering lava, to let the heedless know that there is destroy-ing fire within him.

Such fretfulness is incompatible with the wisdom from above, which is peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated.

When you are near Brother Stromboli, you feel like a man walking the edge of a crater, treading uneasily, lest at the next step the crumbling margin will precipitate you into the abyss of wrath.

We should cultivate the tempers that befit the virtues of our Order, so that it might aptly be said of each one, as the old elegy says of one of England's worthies:

" A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance givon by looks,
Continual comfort in a face
The lineament of virtues' books;
For sure that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are written in his eye."

Kentucky Freemason.

"My son," said a fond papa, who was looking over the lesson his son had recited that day, "how did you manage when your teacher asked you to spell metempsychosis?" "O father," said the boy, "I just stood spell-bound."

"This is the rock of ages," said the father, after rocking two hours, and the baby still awake.

THE GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.

We observe that Grand Master Cregier, in his annual address to the Grand Lodge of Illinois, took occasion to revert to the difficulties existing between the Grand Lodge of Canada and the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec, under the heading of "GRAND LODGE SOVEREIGNTY," and a more illogical and labored production it would be difficult to conceive. We had a right, and did expect Grand Master Cregier would have adopted a different policy; but, doubtless for some potent reasons best known to himself, he has acted in direct opposition to his impressions and utterances of but a year since, and in doing so, attempted a little popularity at the expense of Canada, but which helped him nothing beyond the passing of a resolution, most unfriendly to the Grand Lodge of Canada, and virtually having the effect of non-intercourse, as will be seen by the action of the representative of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, in the Grand Lodge of Canada, Judge Wilson, our present Grand Master, who felt compelled, under the circumstances, to send back his credentials of Representative, which course of action we consider was the only honorable one left open for him to adopt.

The course the Grand Lodge of Illinois has thought proper to carry out towards Canada must of necessity, if they mean to be consistent and just, be carried further. They must proceed and declare non-intercourse with all those Grand Lodges who think differently from themselves, and who do not recognize Quebec. They must declare non-intercourse with *England, Ireland and Scotland*, for each of these Grand Lodges in conjunction with Canada, have now subordinate Lodges under their several jurisdictions working in the Province of Quebec. They must, we say, to be consistent, proceed with the doctrine of declaring non-intercourse with all those Grand Lodges, or be open to the charge of being unjust and partial in discriminating in their dealings with Masonic Bodies. But the great farce of this whole proceeding is, that whilst the Grand Lodge of Illinois, and others who have extended recognition to the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec, are now so squeamish about the sovereignty of Grand Lodges, they are themselves the very first to invade the *sovereignty* of the Grand Lodge of Canada; and have overlooked the fact that by their own act they have themselves destroyed the very foundation on which their argument can rest. The only course open to secure Grand Lodge Sovereignty is to go back to first principles and repudiate the wrong that has been done. This we say is the only course open to establish and perpetuate the security of Grand Lodge Sovereignty. Otherwise the back door will have been left opened to schism and successful rebellion against established authority; and those Grand Lodges who have been instrumental in sowing the wind, will, in all human probability, be amongst the first to reap the whirlwind.

M. W. Bro. Wilson's letter of resignation reads as follows :

SIMCOE, 10th March, 1873,

R. W. SIR AND BROTHER.—

I this morning received a Copy of the printed proceedings of the business transacted at the Annual Communication of your Grand Lodge, held in October last; on perusing which, I observe, that on the suggestion of the Grand Master (who is also the Representative of the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec), a resolution was adopted by the Grand Lodge of Illinois expressing sentiments of a most dictatorial and unfriendly character towards the Grand Lodge of Canada.

In order to relieve your Grand Master from the discharge of a part of the duty imposed upon him by the resolution referred to, I lose no time in resigning the appointment which I at present hold as the Representative of your Grand Lodge, to the Grand Lodge of Canada, a body with which I am proud to be connected.

With reference to the threat of a proclamation of non-intercourse, contained in the said resolution, I have no hesitation in saying, that neither threats nor edicts, will ever induce the masons of this jurisdiction to recede from a position which they know to be masonically correct; and in saying so, I feel confident that I express the sentiments of every mason rendering allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Canada.

You will please place this letter, at your earliest convenience, before the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Illinois, for his information.

I have the honor to be

R. W. Sir and Bro.,

Yours fraternally,

WM. M. WILSON

Late Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Illinois in the Grand Lodge of Canada

R. W. Bro. Orlin H. Miner,

Grand Secretary Grand Lodge of Illinois.

DEDICATION OF A NEW MASONIC HALL AT OTTAWA.

On Friday, the 21st March, an Emergent meeting of the Masons of Ottawa was convened for the purpose of assisting the M. W. Grand Master, Judge Wilson, in the ceremonies of dedicating a new Masonic Hall, which had recently been erected and completed for the use of the Masonic Fraternity of that city. The following being the officers for the occasion:

M. W. Bro. W. M. Wilson, Grand Master, R. W. Bro. J. P. Featherstone, as D. G. Master, V. W. Bro. D. Eastwood as G. Sen. Warden, W. Bro. Amos Rowe, as G. Jun. Warden, Bro. J. Stiff as Grand Registrar, W. Bro. H. Michaels as G. Treasurer, W. Bro. H. Timbers as G. Sec., W. Bro. G. L. Orme as G. Sup. of Works, R. W. Bro. E. C. Barber, D. D. G. M., as G. Dir. of Cer., Bro. J. Kerr, as G. Sen. Deacon, Bro. W. Butterworth, as G. J. Deacon, W. Bro. W. McLean as G. Organist, Bro. Lambkin, as G. Pursuivant, Bro. M. MacCarthy, as G. Tyler, Bros. P. Stiff, W. Baldwin, W. R. Wright, and W. A. Rea, as G. Stewards, and about 150 Brethren from the City Lodges.

The Ceremonies of Dedication having been completed, the Masons of Ottawa entertained the M. W. Grand Master to a Banquet, where toasts, speeches and sentiments reigned supreme, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner to the delight of all present.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION ENCAMPMENT, MONTREAL.—The following are the principal officers for the current year: E. † Frater Isaac H. Stearns, Eminent Commander; E. Frater Thomas Milton, First Captain C. C.; E. Frater David R. McCord, Second Captain C. C.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW MASONIC HALL OF PEMBROKE
 LODGE, A. F. & A. M. No. 128.

This new and very elegant Lodge Room was dedicated by the M. W. the Grand Master, at a special communication of Grand Lodge, held at Pembroke on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1873, A. L. 5873.

PRESENT.

M. W. Bro. William Mercer Wilson, LL. D. Grand Master; V. W. Bro. William R. White, as Deputy Grand Master; W. Bros. J. Graham Cormack as Grand Senior Warden; A. Forbes, as Grand Junior Warden; Bros. Rev. E. H. Jenkyns, as Grand Chaplain; John Cockburn, as Grand Treasurer; Alex Moffat jr. as Grand Secretary; W. Bro. Henry Sinton, as Grand Senior Deacon; Bro. William Moffat, as Grand Junior Deacon; W. Bro. S. E. Mitchell, as Grand Supt. of Works; Bros. Ascher Ansell, as Grand Dir. of Ceremonies; R. George Scott, as Grand Pursuivant; William Beamish, as Grand Sword Bearer; Robert Morgan, as Grand Organist; Bros. Antonis Joseph, D. B. Warren, John P. Millar, John Cuzner, Thomas Knight, as Grand Stewards.

A special Grand Lodge was opened in *ample form* at 2 p. m. in the large refreshment room adjoining the Lodge Room, and the M. W. the Grand Master having informed the brethren assembled, that this special communication had been called for the purpose of dedicating the new Masonic Hall, of Pembroke Lodge, a procession was formed and entered the Lodge Room, when the W. M. officers, and a large concourse of the brethren together with a number of invited guests, had assembled.

Immediately on the entrance of the Grand Master, the W. M. called up the Lodge, and the brethren remained standing while the Grand Honors were given. The procession then moved three times around the room, and opening right and left the Grand Master passed through and ascended the dais, where he was welcomed by W. Bro. Supple, the W. M. who after resigning to the G. M. his chair and gavel, read the following address:—

“To William Mercer Wilson, Esq., LL. D. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Canada.

“MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR:—“ We, the Brethren of Pembroke Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 128, desire to extend to you a most sincere hearty and fraternal welcome on this your first official visit to our Lodge, sensible as we are of the many other urgent demands upon your time and of the difficulties you must have encountered in reaching us in our remote and isolated position we the better recognize the honor you have conferred upon us in being present to dedicate this Lodge to the purposes of freemasonry.

“The exalted position you now occupy, and have for so many years occupied in the Craft, and for which your high social position and great attainments so admirably qualify you, renders it peculiarly pleasing to us to recognize and greet you to-day as the Grand Master of that Grand Lodge to which we owe Masonic allegiance, and we sincerely hope that our feeble efforts towards the advancement of freemasonry in this community, may meet with your high approval. Though we are happy to be able to inform you that Masonry is flourishing among us to a very remarkable extent, yet we feel confident that the presence on this occasion of so distinguished a Mason as yourself,

“ will give new impetus to our progress, and unite us still more closely
 “ if need be in the bonds of brotherly love.

“ In conclusion we sincerely trust that the Great Architect of the
 “ Universe, may in his infinite wisdom and mercy, long spare you to
 “ preside over that Grand Lodge of which you were in a great measure
 “ the illustrious founder, and over whose councils you now wield the
 “ gavel with so much dignity and impartiality, and may you long
 “ continue the first light of Canadian Masonry.

“ Pembroke 19th of March, A. L. 1873.

“ On behalf of Pembroke Lodge, No. 128.

WM. H. SUPPLE, W. M.	WM. R. WHITE, I. P. M.
ANDREW IRVING, jr. S. W.	S. E. MITCHELL, P. M.
E. H. JENKYNs, M. A. Chap.	ALEX. MOFFAT, jr. Sec'y. [L.S.]

To this the Grand Master briefly replied in a few happy remarks, congratulating the brethren on the tasteful and elegant furnishing of their Lodge Room, and expressing his intention of replying to the address in writing at a future time. The ceremony of dedication was then proceeded with, and the corn, wine and oil borne in silver vases by the Grand Wardens, and Deputy Grand Master, having been poured upon the Lodge according to ancient form, the Grand Master declared the Hall solemnly dedicated and consecrated to the purposes of Masonry. The Grand Lodge officers then assumed the chairs of the officers of the Lodge, and the Grand Master having again congratulated the brethren on the completion and dedication of the Lodge, delivered a most eloquent and impressive address on the origin progress and object of speculative freemasonry, an address which we have no hesitation in pronouncing as unsurpassed in beauty, force of thought, and eloquence of expression, and was listened to by the large audience with the most rapt attention, and loudly and enthusiastically applauded at its close. The procession was again formed and retired from the Lodge Room when the Grand Lodge was closed *in ample form* at 5 p. m.

The Hall thus dedicated is a new erection, having been built during the past summer. The Lodge, refreshment and ante-rooms, occupy the whole upper flat of a large three story brick building on the main thoroughfare of the town, and the brethren appear to have spared neither trouble nor expense in decorating them. The floor of the Lodge Room is surrounded by a raised dais, rising to three steps in the east, covered with a neat tapestry carpet, while the central position is filled up with a black and white brussels carpe^t, in imitation of tessellated pavement, and having a beautiful emblematic border. This carpet was imported from England for this purpose, and is in very good taste. Two large columns of white and gold surmounted by gilt globes stand in the west. The furniture is all black walnut, upholstered with a beautiful shade of Masonic Blue, and is very unique in design. There are three large chairs in the east, and two sofas and similar chairs in the west and south, while the assistant officers occupy very neat chairs, and the Secretary and Treasurer sit at elegantly covered walnut desks. The organ is a cabinet organ of great power and volume, and during the ceremony of dedication regaled the audience with many beautiful volantarie under the skilful manipulation of the organist of the Lodge. The pedestals and altar are in black walnut, the latter covered with a very neat blue cushion. The three candlesticks are of solid walnut, exquisitely carved, and with the Wardens' columns, represent the five

orders of architecture. The chandelier depending from the centre of the ceiling is very chaste and elegant, and on the globes are cut various "Masonic Emblems," and the monogram and number of the Lodge. Altogether the Lodge Room is a credit to the brethren of Pembroke Lodge; and has cost them nearly \$1,500 all of which has been subscribed by the members of the Lodge themselves, without any outside assistance whatever, thus evidencing the zeal of the brethren and their love for the craft.

In the evening the brethren entertained the Grand Master at a banquet in the Masonic Hall, in honor of the occasion, which was largely attended by members of the craft. The Hall was tastefully decorated with the various mottoes of "Welcome," Wisdom, Strength & Beauty," &c. W. Bro. Wm. Supple, W. M. occupied the chair, supported on the right by the Grand Master, and on the left by V. W. Bro. Wm. R. White, I. P. M. of the Lodge, other Past Masters occupying seats to the right and left. The Vice-chairs were filled by Bros. A. Irving, Senior Warden, and Thos. Pink, Junior Warden. After a very enjoyable evening, the usual Masonic, Patriotic and complimentary toasts having been drunk in "Carte Blanche," and responded to numerous, humorously and eloquently, the brethren separated before low twelve.

"Happy to meet, sorry to part;
"Happy to meet again."

Thus ended the brightest of the red letter days in the annals of Pembroke Lodge.

OPENING A NEW LODGE.

We have the pleasure of announcing the opening of a new Masonic lodge in the Toronto district. It is located at the village of Nobleton, in the township of King, and has been named by the brethren the "Robertson" lodge, as a compliment to R. W. Bro. Henry Robertson, of Collingwood, the District Deputy Grand Master of the Toronto district. The opening took place on the 26th of February last, and was attended by the masters and a large number of brethren from the surrounding lodges, some of them travelling a long distance to be present on the occasion.

The ceremonies of constituting were conducted by R. W. Bro. Robertson in person, assisted by R. W. Bro. Daniel Spry, of Toronto, P. G. Registrar, and W. M. of King Solomon's Lodge No. 22, Toronto; W. Bro. T. S. Raith, W. M., Vaughan Lodge No. 54, Maple; W. Bro. John Gilmour, W. M., True Blue Lodge No. 98, Albion; W. Bro. Arthur Armstrong, W. M., Union Lodge No. 118, Schomberg; W. Bro. W. C. Patterson, W. M., Patterson Lodge No. 265, Concord: Pastmasters Conger, Martin, and others. An interesting feature was the presence of Bro. Jacob Snider, one of the oldest masons in the Dominion. This venerable patriarch has been 59 years a mason, is still hale and hearty, and takes great interest in the doings of his brethren in the craft.

A valuable present, consisting of a set of "The Three Great Lights," was made to the Lodge by R. W. Bro. Robertson, and for which he was warmly thanked by the brethren.

The principal officers of the new lodge are: W. Bro. Joseph Smelser, W. M.; Bro. W. J. Cameron, S. W.; and Bro. Wm. Munsie J. W. After the lodge was closed the brethren were hospitably entertained at

a splendid supper at Bro. Starrett's hotel, at which the usual masonic toasts and others were given and duly responded to. Being situated in a good locality, the new Robertson Lodge bids fair to be a success, and it is greatly indebted for its organization to the exertions of its Senior Warden, Bro. W. J. Cameron, of King Creek. The regular meetings are held on the Wednesday on or before the full moon in every month.

MASONIC PRESENTATION, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

On the evening of the 20th inst., after the regular duties of the St. George Lodge, No. 243, A. F. & A. M., had been performed, and after a few preliminary remarks by V. W. Bro. Fred. Mudge, of Guelph, W. Bro. B. Bell, on behalf of the Brethren of St. St. George Lodge, in appropriate terms, presented V. W. Bro. Dr. Kitchen, I. P. M., with a beautiful gold Past Master's Jewel, and accompanied the presentation with an address as follows:—

To V. W. Bro. Dr. E. E. Kitchen, P. M., St. George Lodge, No. 243, A. F. & A. M.,

DEAR SIR AND V. W. BRO,—

I have much pleasure in presenting to you this Past Master's Jewel on behalf of the members of this Lodge, over which you have presided with so much satisfaction to them and honor to yourself during the past two years. The flourishing condition of our Lodge at the present time is a proof of your energy, zeal and devotion to our cause, and to your liberality and assiduity is mainly to be ascribed the prosperous condition of Freemasonry in our midst. Trusting you may long be spared to wear this memento of our affection, we devoutly invoke the *All Seeing Eye*, who rules the world, to prosper you and Mrs. Kitchen, and preserve you both to a continued life of happiness and usefulness amongst us.

W. BELL, W. M.,

St. George Lodge, No. 243, A.F. & A.M.

St. George, March 20, 1873, 5873.

V. W. Bro. Dr. Kitchen was quite unprepared and completely taken by surprise with this Brotherly expression of kindness and token of appreciation of any service he may have rendered the Lodge. He thanked the brethren for their kind wishes towards him and his, and for their very beautiful and costly present. He assured them that his interest in his beloved Lodge would not diminish, but that the kind feelings expressed in the address would be but an incentive to labor with more diligence in their behalf.

After a few suitable remarks from Bros. Mudge, the W. M., and Bro. C. F. Bell, the Lodge was closed.

On the Jewel was engraved: "Presented to V. W. Bro. E. E. Kitchen, P. M., by the Brethren of St. George Lodge, No. 243, A. F. & A. M., as a token of their high esteem and in remembrance of his fidelity."

The Jewel was purchased from the well known masonic establishment of Lash & Co., Toronto.

BRUCE R. A. CHAPTER, PETROLIA.—Officers for year 1873. E. Comps. Geo. E. Murphy, Z; David Trotter, H; W. B. Clements, J. Comps. W. E. Reynolds, S. E; R. Lawyer, S. N; W. H. McGarvey, Treasurer; J. S. Nesbitt, P. S; O. W. Chamberlin; S. S; Jno. Clements, J. S; Thos. G. Melrose, Janitor.

OAK BRANCH LODGE, INNERKIP.

An exceedingly pleasant meeting of the members of "Oak Branch Lodge, A. F. & A. Masons, was held in the Masonic Hall, Innerkip, on Thursday evening, of the 13th March. The regular work having been finished, W. Bro. Robert Stark, Past Master, was presented with a beautiful and costly Past Master's jewel and an address. After the Lodge was closed the brethren partook of an oyster supper in an anti-room, when after the usual kindly remarks and toasts, they separated at an early hour. Happy to meet, Sorry to part, Happy to meet again.

ADDRESS.

TO W. BRO. ROBERT STARK, P. M., OAK BRANCH LODGE, NO. 261, A. F. AND A. MASONS, INNERKIP.

Dear Sir and Worshipful Brother :

The brethren of this Lodge not being unmindful of your services for the past year, (and may we add the first year of our existence as a Lodge) beg to present you with a Past Master's jewel, although it is but a trifling present in consideration of the inestimable services that you have rendered us during the past year, and the great inconvenience which you have undergone in travelling so far. Notwithstanding its insignificance as to value, we all feel that you will fully appreciate it even more than any contribution that we could make, for the reason that it is a token of our great esteem for you, who so nobly aided us in the organization of our new Lodge, and so cheerfully consented to become master of it. Your kind forbearance and the pleasing way in which you filled the duties of the chair, as well as the state of dignity in which our Lodge has been sustained by you, gives us an incentive to persevere and try to make it as strong as the tree from which its name is derived. It is usual to present testimonials to worthy men, and we feel that we are fully justified in placing this badge upon your manly breast, and may you long be spared to wear it, and finally with us be permitted to enter the Grand Lodge above.

(Signed,) CHAS. E. FOSTER,
THOS. BAIRD,
S. S. FOSTER,
Committee.

Innerkip, March 13, 1873.

REPLY.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER, OFFICERS AND BRETHREN OF "OAK BRANCH" LODGE NO. 261, OF A. F. & A. MASONS, INNERKIP, ONTARIO.

Worshipful Sir and Brethren.

I am quite unable adequately to express the gratitude and pleasure I feel as the recipient of the, by far too flattering address with which you have now presented me, and I also feel that you, in your kindness, have greatly overestimated the value of my services as the first master of Oak Branch Lodge. I assure you I have derived from the pleasure of "working", your Lodge, and fraternal intercourse with its members, much more than payment for the trouble I have had in travelling to and fro from Woodstock to Innerkip.

I as the Past Master, and one of the charter members of "Oak Branch" Lodge, rejoice greatly in its prosperity, in producing which you are so kindly pleased to assign me such an ample share, but my feeble services would have been of little avail if you, one and all, had not so ably seconded my endeavours to make "Oak Branch" Lodge worthy of its name, and I trust that through the blessing of the great Great Architect of the universe it may continue to flourish, and that many scions from the parent tree may become rooted and grounded in other places, and help on, as the handmaid of christianity, the great principles of brotherly love, Relief and Truth.

I was aware that you intended to present me with a mark of your regard, but was perfectly unprepared for the exceedingly beautiful Past Master's jewel which you have given to me. I assure you I shall ever keep and prize it for much more than its intrinsic value, as it will be to me a memento of the many happy hours I have spent within these walls, and the numerous marks of respect, kindness and consideration I have received from the members of this Lodge.

And now Brethren, I can only again thank you for all your kindness and forbear-

ance with my many faults, and hope that we will strive with all our power through our Elder Brethren, so to live, that after this transitory life has passed away, we may be received and accepted as members of the Grand Lodge above.

Yours affectionately and fraternally,

ROBERT STARK. P. M.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS.

We meet upon the LEVEL, and we part upon the SQUARE:
What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!
Come, let us contemplate them! they are worthy of a thought;
In the very walls of Masonry the sentiment is wrought.

We meet upon the LEVEL, though from every station come,
The rich man from his palace and the poor man from his home;
For the *rich* must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,
And the *poor* will find his best respect upon the Checkered Floor.

We act upon the PLUMB,—'tis the orders of our Guide,—
We walk upright in virtue's way and lean to neither side;
Th' All-Seeing Eye that reads our hearts doth bear us witness true;
That we still try to honor God, and give each man his due.

We part upon the SQUARE, for the world must have its due,
We mingle with the multitude, a faithful band and true;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long upon the LEVEL to renew the happy scene.

There's a World where all are equal,—we are hurrying towards it fast,
We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, when the gates of Death are passed;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring SQUARE.

We shall meet upon the LEVEL there, but never thence depart:
There's a Mansion,—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;
There's a Mansion, and a Welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met upon the LEVEL and been tried upon the SQUARE.

Let us meet upon the LEVEL, then, while laboring patient here;
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the Western Sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the SQUARE.

Hands round, ye faithful Brotherhood, the bright fraternal chain,
We part upon the SQUARE below, to meet in Heaven again!
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,—
We meet upon the LEVEL, and we part upon the SQUARE.

[By W. Mercer Wilson, Esq., LL. D., etc., etc.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DYSPEPTIC;

(Concluded.)

But, gentlemen, I will not anticipate an adverse verdict at your hands, for I believe that you must come to the same conclusion that I have done in this matter, and will without hesitation pronounce the prisoner not guilty of the crime of murder on the grounds of temporary insanity. They tell me, I spoke thus for about two hours. I was myself unconscious of the lapse of time, my whole soul was in my work. I had carefully prepared my arguments, but how many of them were the result of my own reasoning, or how many I had cribbed from

others, I cannot now say, but at the time, I firmly believed in their force and soundness.

The learned and amiable Chief Justice who presided at the trial, complimented me highly, for what he was pleased to call, the ability, research and eloquence which I had displayed in the defense of my client, but at the same time he cautioned the jury not to be led away by excited feelings, for that it was not every slight deviation from the conduct which a rational man would pursue under a given state of circumstances, which would support a plea of insanity, and that the security of the public required that this plea, should at all times be received with great caution and suspicion, because it might tend to the perfect justification of every crime which was committed, and that the doctrine of persons acting under an uncontrollable influence, would be fraught with very great danger to the interests of society. The jury after an absence of several hours, brought in a verdict of Guilty, accompanied, however, by a strong recommendation to mercy. I considered then, and I am still of the same opinion, that the jury by their verdict intended to say—the prisoner is guilty of killing the man, but as he did not know what he was doing, we recommend him to mercy! However, my unfortunate client was sentenced to be hung on the 27th of May following. To dispose of the case I may add that the sentence was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life in the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston, and that after unwearied efforts on my own part, extending over several years, I at length succeeded in obtaining his discharge.

The result of all this anxiety about my first case, was impaired digestion and a general breakdown of my health. At this time, too, "for misfortunes never come single they say," the loss of an infant and the illness of my wife, added much to the misery of my position. Our medical attendant pronounced her disease to be cancer, an opinion which was concurred in by Dr. Rolph, whom we also consulted. A day was fixed for a frightful operation, but before the time arrived I had become so much worse that it became imperative that I should try change of air and scene.

It was thought that delaying the operation for a few weeks would not be injurious, and as I could not travel alone, I had better take my wife with me and that I might, if I considered it desirable, consult the eminent surgeon Dr. Mott of New York, on my way through that city. On the 3rd of August we started together, in route for Green Port on Long Island; the weather was intensely hot, and we suffered immensely. At breakfast on the morning after our arrival at New York, I enquired from our waiter, the address of Dr. Mott, which he gave me, suggesting at the same time, that we had better go early, as it was no easy matter to find him disengaged, and that an omnibus which passed the hotel, would land us at the corner of Bleeker Street within a few yards of the doctors house. Acting upon this advice, we took our places in the first bus. The carriage was nearly full, we had scarcely seated ourselves, when a well dressed, rather clerical looking man entered and took the vacant seat between me and the door. As we rolled along, I asked this gentleman, if he would kindly inform me when we reached Bleeker Street; with much pleasure replied he; but we had not proceeded many yards, when to my surprise, he got up, passed his six cents fare through the hole in the roof and left the carriage. A boy who was sitting opposite, and who had heard my

question, said why that gentleman must have forgotten that he was not going so far down as Bleeker Street, I will tell you sir, when we reach it, thank you replied I. On arriving at our point, we descended and fortunately found Dr. Mott disengaged, his opinion, extinguished the lingering hope, and confirmed in the most positive manner, the medical opinions we had already received in my wife's case.

On searching my pockets, I found that my money was gone! My wife fortunately had some gold in her purse, out of which the doctor fee was paid, and we at once returned to the hotel. On thinking over the matter, I remembered that just before starting for our visit, I had taken of the saque coat which I wore, to brush off the dust, and that my portmonnaie had dropt out of the inside breast pocket, in which I usually carried it, and that I had thoughtlessly placed it in one of my outside pockets. I now became satisfied that my clerical looking friend, was one of the swell mob, and that he had quietly *annexed* my pocket book. Fifty pounds in ten dollars bills of the Gore Bank, with some small gold pieces, key of the private drawer of my safe, and various memoranda, constituted my missing property.

Leaving my wife, I drove to the police office, and to "the chief," narrated my misfortune, describing at the same time the object of my suspicion, he consoled me by saying that he rather guessed he knew the man, and where to find him, and from the fact that the money was in Canadian Bank Notes, he believed that he could recover it for me. I gave him my address at Green Port, and proceeded to call upon a friend in Brooklyn, from whom I obtained sufficient funds to enable us to pursue our journey. I may here dismiss this part of my narrative, by stating that I never heard anything farther either of my clerical looking friend, or of my lost treasurer.

The following morning we crossed the river by the south ferry to Long Island, where we entered the cars for Green Port. The intense heat continued, and we were rejoiced to reach our destination, which we did at 3 p.m.

Green Port is situated at the extreme end of Long Island, where the Sound merges into the Atlantic Ocean. The "Peconic House" (to the proprietor of which I had previously telegraphed for rooms) is a large, airy looking structure, built close to the sea shore, and is extensively patronized by summer excursionists. Our rooms were exceedingly comfortable, and the house appeared to be full of guests, a fact which, to invalids like my wife and self, was rather depressing than otherwise.

My poor wife had been suffering dreadfully all day, and was quite worn out with pain and fatigue. After a consultation with our host, I sent a note requesting a visit from a Dr. Skinner, whom he had recommended. His appearance was certainly not in his favor. He was a plain, homespun, uncultivated looking man; but long before we left Green Port we had good reason to know that the eye was not at all times a reliable judge, either of character or ability. I explained to the doctor the immediate cause of my wife's illness, and suggested an opiate to relieve the acute pain from which she suffered. After a very careful examination he said, "I daresay, Sir, you will laugh at me—a mere country practioner—presuming to differ in opinion from the eminent medical men you have just mentioned; but I have had some experience, and have no hesitation in saying that they are all mistaken, there is no cancer here, merely a gathering from cold which, with some simple soothing applications, will disappear entirely in a few days."—

I certainly did not laugh at the man, but I attached no importance whatever to his opinion—in fact, it was too good to be true. His prescription however was followed, and I may here at once say that a few days proved his correctness, and that within a week my dear wife was as free from disease, and as well in health, as ever she had been in the whole course of her life. And when we thought of the terrible operation and the frightful mutilation which she must have undergone, had not my illness taken her from home, our hearts were filled with thanksgivings and gratitude.

For the first week of our visit, my own health was worse than ever; and although I persistently walked, drove and bathed as much as I could, I began to think that my digestive organs had struck work entirely. Our doctor, however, with whom we soon established an intimacy, begged me not to despair, and explained that the great change from the air to which I was accustomed, to the strong sea breezes, would, for a time, naturally thus affect me. My first few days passed in gentle outdoor exercise, winding up with a quiet game of "cribbage" in the evening. But returning health brought with it a keener zest for sociable enjoyment, and we joined the other guests in the drawing-room, where music and dancing lively conversation, and such, enabled us to pass the time most agreeably; an occasional drive by moonlight, or a concert at the Music Hall, afforded also a pleasing variety. After the early morning bath, we arranged over the breakfast table the programme for the day, fishing or a pic-nic, if the weather was favorable, if not, then Billiards or the Ten pin alley. The majority of the guests at the "Peconic" were ladies, members of the families of professional gentlemen and merchants from New York, who only left their offices and counting houses on a Saturday to remain with them over Sunday. Some of them had their own horses and carriages, while others had their yachts, so that facilities for a sail on the Sound, or a drive into the interior were abundant, from these pleasant arrangements, we were never excluded. Rowing and sailing matches were extremely popular, the ladies betting gloves freely, while the gentlemen backed their opinions in hard dollars. An invitation from Mr. D. Willet, the owner of a well appointed yacht, for a long sail and a "big fish," was to me irresistible. Our party consisted of eight gentlemen, the weather was delicious a light steady wind, gave us just sufficient way, to enable us to use the trolling lines, and we soon caught as many fish as we wished. The beautiful Bluefish, about the size of a large herring resembling in appearance the Mackerel, were in great abundance, we also caught, Black-fish Bass, Porgees and Puffers; this last variety rather amazed me, in appearance they resembled the Sun-fish, but the peculiarity about them was, that when gently tickled with the finger, they puffed themselves out until they became as round and nearly as big as a balloon, and when thrown back into the water, they rolled about on the surface in the most helpless and amusing manner, by some peculiar process however they gradually re-assumed their normal shape, and then quickly disappeared. The Commodore, as Mr. Willet was styled, initiated us into the nautical mystery of "splicing the mainbrace" a ceremony which, after a little practice, was neither unpleasant nor difficult to acquire.

The gong summoned us to a magnificent dinner, fish, flesh and fowl, cooked by an artist, and admirably served, invited an attack.

"And though my dear sir, I'd taken a griper,
"I ventured to peck at the porgee and—blue fish."

The rhyme is perhaps not quite so good as Moore (Tom not Hannah) has it in the original, but the fish to my mind is much better than the—piper.

An occasional twinge from my familiar was unheeded, an unusual appetite, excited doubtlessly by the exhilarating sea air, utilated possibly by the curious ceremony through which I had passed before dinner, carried me pleasantly and successfully through the various courses—champagne *ad lib.* formed an agreeable accompaniment, and when we adjourned to the deck to taper off with cigars and cognac, none of the party were in better feather than your contributor, toasts and speeches, song and story followed in capital succcssion, and the hazy looking moon was high in the heavens, when we touched the pier at Green Port, where anxious wives and lovely daughters awaited our return, all doubtless wondering at the extraordinary exhilaration which had followed a day's inhalation of—sea breezes.

The long vacation had slipped away, and letters from home suggestive of duties neglected, induced us to bring our pleasant sojourn to a close. The guests of the Peconic House, from whom we parted with much regret, turned out *en masse* to see us off, and accompanied by their good wishes we commenced our journey homeward.

My particular demon had been completely routed, and the threaten-knife of the surgeon was not longer dreaded by my wife. Our journey to Canada by rail and steamer was delightful, *lesbêtes noires* had all disappeared, and everything now looked *couleur de rose*.

At the annual meeting and feast of the Grand Lodge of England, Lord Tenderden, G. S. Warden, having been complimented by a toast, responded in the following really masonic style:

Our Most Worshipful Grand Master has just said, speaking of myself, that which is eminently true of himself, and eminently true of my Hon. friend, the Junior Grand Warden, this evening, that very few of us can enjoy those charms of leisure which we have just heard so sweetly sung. (Mendelssohn's glee, "O hills! O vales of pleasure!" had just been sung.) We have most of us duties to perform. I believe there is scarcely a Grand Officer who is coming up with me this evening, who is not a busy man one way or the other. We have many anxious duties but we think we have a paramount duty to our Craft. Why are we here, and why are you here, this evening, and why are we celebrating this great festival of our fraternity? It is not, I am sure, because we wish to enjoy together the passing pleasures of the banquet—to be knife and fork Masens—it is not merely for the sake of keeping up, however well they may be organized, certain excellent charities; it is because we feel—I feel, and I am sure all those around me feel—that Freemasonry is something more than a mere name; it is something more than being addressed by splendid titles, and being dressed in gorgeous uniform; it is what we, in these happy days, scarcely appreciate. We live, thank God! in a country which enjoys the greatest blessings of civil and religious liberty; but it was not always so. It is not so now, unhappily, throughout the whole world; and I say that it is something for our institution to be able to boast that in past centuries, and at this present time, it affords a neutral ground in which polemics and politics can be forgotten, in which the East and West can shake the hand of friendship.

Brethren, it is that which has induced me for many years to take an active participation in the working of the Craft, and that not merely in attendance at the meetings, but an anxious wish to keep up and preserve the most interesting and imposing ritual of our Order. It is that which is the real strength and backbone of Freemasonry; it is for that which we rejoice this evening. We have heard from our Most Worshipful Grand Master how Freemasonry is thriving in England. I am happy to say it is everywhere so. On the other side of the Atlantic, indeed, there is scarcely a country in which it is not thriving, whether on the continent of Europe or in the East. We have had this evening, though he is not here now, the representative of the far distant Empire of Persia; and it may be interesting to some of you to know that I believe I had the honor of receiving and initiating his predecessor in the Lodge to which I had the pleasure of belonging. I will not detain you further. I think I have given, what at all events to us appears, and I trust to the world, a sufficient reason why we meet here this evening. We see the Craft prosperous in Scotland; it is the same in Canada, in Australia. I can tell you from my own personal experience, it is the same in all foreign countries. We see the same increasing prosperity of the Craft throughout the world, and it is because we feel that there is one institution, permeating throughout the whole world, in which we can meet on the level and part on the square.

CAPITULAR MASONRY.

It affords us pleasure to record the opening of a new Chapter of Royal Arch Masons at the Town of Niagara, and in doing so, congratulate the Companions in having again recovered the "lost word," and revived the working of this supreme degree. If our information is correct, Royal Arch Masonry flourished in this ancient town so far back as 1798, and the degree was then conferred under sanction of the old Niagara Lodge Warrant, and it is to be hoped that our Companions of Niagara will make an effort towards recovering the early history of the order in their midst.

It having been intimated to the Grand Superintendent of Royal Arch Masonry for the Hamilton District that a *Dispensation* had been obtained from the Most Excellent the Grand Z., by the Companions of Niagara, and that they were desirous of being organized into a regular Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. In compliance with the request made, R. E. Comp. E. Mitchell, accompanied by R. E. Comps. T. B. Harris and James Seymour, and Comp. Wm. Forbes, proceeded to Niagara on Thursday, the 20th March, and formally opened and constituted the "Niagara" Chapter, and regularly installed the following Companions as officers, viz: E. Comp. Alex. Servos, Z., E. Comp. S. J. J. Brown, II., E. Comp. G. A. Clement, J., Comp. Jno. M. Clement, Scribe E., Comp. H. J. Brown, Scribe N., Comp. Thos. N. Ball, Principal Sojourner, R. E. Comp. James Seymour, Treasurer, Comp. Robt. M. Willson, M. D., 1st Asst. Sojourner, Comp. Robert Best, 2nd Asst. Sojourner, and Comp. Rich'd Radcliffe, Janitor.

Several petitions were received and accepted. A vote of thanks of the Chapter was unanimously accorded to Comp. Robt. H. McMullen, of St. Catharines, for his presentation of a beautiful engraved Triangle for the use of the Chapter.

The Chapter having been closed, the Companions of Niagara Chapter

entertained their visitors to a sumptuous supper, and to which all appeared to do ample justice. The removal of the cloth gave opportunity for the chairman to propose the usual loyal toasts, which were heartily responded to. The installing Council having to return by the morning train, left for St. Catharines at an early hour, well pleased with the reception which had been accorded to them. Success to "Niagara" Chapter.

TO BRING UP A CHILD.

Mark Twain is entitled to the lasting gratitude of all fathers and mothers, present and prospective, for the following valuable hints:

Having reflected deeply for half an hour upon the subject of domestic discipline, I feel like sparing a few suggestions relative to the best method of bringing up children.

Being a bachelor, without children, my suggestions are as likely to be disinterested as if I had never seen a child.

According to my observation, the most difficult time to bring up children is in the morning. You can sometimes, though seldom, bring them up in the morning by yelling at them, but the effectiveness of this process diminishes with its repetition, even when not entirely neutralized by the children's tricks of stopping their ears with the bed-clothes. The most prompt, effective and absolutely reliable method is to bring them up by the hair.

If your children have a good healthy scalp, without any tendency to premature baldness, this method will work with most gratifying efficiency. Try it about once a week, and you will be surprised to observe how its influence will extend through the six days' interval, inspiring your child with the liveliest possible interest in the resplendent pageantry of sunrise.

To bring up a darling child by the hair, requires the exercise of some energy and firmness; but no affectionate parent will hesitate at any little sacrifice of this kind for the welfare of his offspring.

Nothing can be more fatal to your discipline than to allow your children to contradict you. If you happen to be betrayed into any misstatement or exaggeration in their presence don't permit them to correct you. Right or wrong, you must obstinately insist on your infallibility, and promptly suppress every symptom of puerile scepticism, with force if need be. The moment you permit them to doubt your unerring wisdom, you will begin to forfeit their respect and pander to their conceit.

There can be no sadder spectacle than a parent surrounded by olive branches who think they know more than he does. I vividly remember how my father—who was one of the rigid disciplinarians—quelled the aspiring egotism that prompted me to correct his careless remark (when he was reckoning a problem in shillings) that five times twelve was

sixty-two and a half. "So," said he, climbing over his spectacles and surveying me grimly, "ye think ye know more'n yer father, hey? Come here to me?" His invitation was too pressing to be declined, and for a few excruciating moments I reposed in bitter humiliation across his left knee with my neck in the embrace of his left arm.

I didn't see him demonstrate his mathematical accuracy with the palm of his right hand on the large patch of my trowsers, but I felt the old man was right; and when, after completely eradicating my faith in the multiplication table, he asked me how much five times twelve was, I insisted, with tears in my eyes, that it was sixty-two and a half. "That's right!" said he; "I'll learn ye to respect your father, if I have to thrash you twelve times a day. Now go'n water them horses, an' be lively, too!" The old gentleman didn't permit my respect for him to wane much until the inflammatory rheumatism disabled him, and even then he continued to inspire me with awe until I was thoroughly convinced that his disability was permanent.

Unquestioning obedience is the crowning grace of childhood. When you tell your child to do anything, and he stops to inquire why, it is advisable to kindly but firmly fetch him across the ear and inform him "That's why!" He will soon get in the way of starting, with alarming alacrity, at the word of command.

One of the most inveterate and annoying traits of children is inquisitiveness. If you are inconsiderate enough to attempt to gratify their omnivorous curiosity, you may as well prepare to abdicate, for you will be nonplussed by these questions a dozen times a day, and in a week your sagacity will be hopelessly compromised.

An average child is a magazine of unanswerable, disconcerting conundrums.

You can't expect children to have much reverence for a parent whose ignorance they can expose twice out of three times trying.

It is well enough to answer an easy question now and then, just to convince them you can when you choose; but when they come at you with a poser, tell them, "Oh, you never mind." or, "shut up!" and then they will grow up independent and self-reliant, and restrained, only by veneration, from splitting your head open—to find out how it holds so much information without letting some out.

It would be difficult, very difficult, to estimate the beneficial effects that would be entailed upon their children, if parents generally would adopt the method here vaguely indicated.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think it did? It took my leg off.

At Rest.

Brother Frederick Guggisberg, of Galt.

Brother Guggisberg was a member of the Galt Lodge, No. 257, and of the Royal Arch Chapter, Galt, and also of the Godfrey de Bouillon Encampment, of Hamilton. His death took place at Toronto on the 25th March, at which place he had been undergoing medical treatment. His remains were removed to Galt, and on their arrival at the Station were met by a large concourse of the Masonic Fraternity, who had assembled to pay a tribute of respect to his memory, and accompanied his remains to the place of interment, and there deposited them with full Masonic ceremonies. *Requiescat in pace.*

W. Bro. James Parkinson.

This old veteran died at his residence in Sarnia on the 8th inst. He was born on the 13th of March, 1791, in the County Down, Ireland. He early connected himself with the masonic fraternity, having joined in August, 1810, and in a short time filled the oriental chair of his mother lodge, 1009, Seaforde. He emigrated to this country in 1819, then a dense wilderness. He brought with him a young and accomplished wife from New York State, and settled down in London township where he took a leading part in all the improvements and developments of the country. It was at this time he received a commission as an ensign in a new regiment of militia and also taught the first school ever opened in the township at Hyde Park, in the year 1824. He also was one of the chief leaders to build the first church north of the River Thames, now know as the St. John Rectory. In July, 1829, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace and when the rebellion broke out in 1837, he, as junior officer, was one of the first to take up arms, and march out to his headquarters, and by bravery soon rose to be Captain, which he held during the rebellion. His knowleged of the country and people made him an invaluable officer, and often received the thanks of his superior officers. And so valuable had been his services during the rebellion that he afterwards received the rank of Major, besides a handsome pension for life. Many of the readers will remember our brother as Captain James Parkinson at the annual trainings, and the days gone by, when the yeomen of the country used to gather on the King or Queen's birthday for their annual drills. But in fact it was spent as a day of amusement rather than of military parade.

The deceased was a member of Victoria Lodge, No. 56 Sarnia, and for many years has been a regular attendant at its meetings. His remains were interred with masonic ceremonies by the brethren of Victoria Lodge, the funeral service being read by R. W. Bro. Gowans, D. D. G. M. The funeral was largely attended by members of the craft, and the towns people generally.

Should this meet the eye of the Brother and Companion having in his possession, on loan, a MS. document, he is desired to return it without delay—to the Grand Secretary.