

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Weekly



Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—51 YONGE ST., TORONTO }
NOV 500 P. O.

No. 12.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

FRANK NETHERTON, OR THE TALISMAN. CHAPTER XXI.

RETRIBUTION.

MANY of the boys, as we have before mentioned, were sorry for the way in which they had behaved to Frank, and came and told him so with tears. One or two appeared to long to say something more, but stammered, and remained silent. 'We dare not confess,' argued they, among themselves, 'but we may atone.'

Frank was careful to seize the moment when their hearts were softened towards him, to urge upon them the importance of the religion of Christ. Some wept; all listened. The little missionary forgot the prize for which he had been working so hard. He forgot everything in his zeal for the cause of God. Claude Hamilton smiled at his enthusiasm, and wondered at his occasional eloquence.

'You are right, Netherton,' said he, 'in wishing to be a missionary; and I hope to see you one yet, if we both live.'

'I hope so!' exclaimed Frank.

By-and-by, however, the sorrow, or repentance, or whatever the impression was, wore off. The boys returned to their sports and occupations, and Frank's hearers dwindled gradually away, until none remained but Doyle, Herbert, and Howard, and another boy named Donaldson, who seemed to think that he could never do enough for Frank, and was always following him about, to the evident annoyance of Rushton. Who can tell what good seed may have been sown in those few days?

It may be that some of our readers will feel

inclined to smile at our little missionary, and say, What good can a mere school-boy like Frank Netherton ever hope to do? If there be any such, we will answer them in the words of Dr. Chalmers: 'Little things, and little people, have often brought great things to pass.' The largest world in which we exist is made up of little particles, as small as the sands on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky, in a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good, if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.'

Every Saturday the boys had a half-holiday, which was eagerly looked forward to through the week. When weather permitted, they generally took a long country walk, under the superintendence of Mr. Barlow, who, it must be confessed, had enough to do to look after them. Sometimes Mr. Campbell himself accompanied them, and his presence was never felt as a restraint. He never played the schoolmaster out of school, but was the kind friend and intelligent companion of his pupils. Mr. Barlow had no influence over them, because he had no sympathy with them. He felt this without understanding the cause, and it made him still more harsh and unbending. He had a habit, however, of falling into what the boys called 'a brown study,' in which he seemed to forget them and everything else in the world. At these times they did pretty much as they pleased, buying fruit and pastry, which was contrary to the rules, and eating it under his very eyes.

'I wonder what he can be thinking about,' said Frank, during one of their walks, and glancing as he spoke from his noisy companions, into the stern, thoughtful countenance of the usher.

'I wonder what he can think at all,' exclaimed Doyle, who was walking along with a book in his hand, which he had closed at length in despair.

'That is right,' said Frank, 'do not read any more; it seems a shame this glorious day. How blue the sky is! And do look at yonder cherry-tree, with its scarlet and yellow leaves, and the elder-berries.'

'Elder wine is a nice thing,' said Doyle.

'I wish I had some now!' exclaimed a boy who was swinging his arms to and fro in order to keep himself warm; for it was a chill autumn day, notwithstanding its brightness.

'I wish I had some of those delicious-looking apples!' said Rushton, directing the attention of his school-fellows to a neighbouring orchard, where a few had been suffered to remain thus late in the season, and shone out temptingly above the high wall.

'They do indeed look delicious,' repeated Howard.

'I dare say they are sour,' observed Claude Hamilton, turning away with a smile.

'They do not look so, at any rate.'

'Nonsense,' said Howard; Hamilton was only alluding to the fable of the fox and the grapes.'

'As if every dunce did not know that,' replied Rushton. But, at any rate I am determined to try.'

'Why you would not steal them, surely!' said Howard, turning pale.

'Pshaw! Lord Nelson himself, when he was

a school-boy, did just the same thing. Ask N. Netherton, and he will tell you the story.'

'But he did not do it for the sake of the apples, or pears I believe they were,' replied Frank. 'He did it because the others were afraid, and at considerable personal risk, in order to show his own courage. But, as my father says, it was neither true courage nor a just action.'

'Nelson was a hero,' said Rushton, 'and worth a dozen milkops. I will be bound, if the truth were known, half of you at the present moment are afraid to mount that high wall.'

'We are more afraid of doing wrong,' said Claude Hamilton, gently. 'Come Rushton, you cannot be serious.'

'Indeed I am,' said Rushton, shaking off his hand.

'I declare,' exclaimed Howard, 'it is just as bad as stealing the peaches.'

'What do you mean by that?' asked Rushton, turning fiercely towards him.

'I mean to say that if you take those apples, you are just as bad as the person who stole Mr. Campbell's peaches.'

Rushton gazed keenly into his flushed countenance, and was not a little astonished to receive so fearless a reply.

'Bravo, Howard!' exclaimed he, after a pause; 'I did not think that you had so much spirit. You will do yet.'

The tears came into Howard's eyes. 'O Rushton!' said he, 'do not take those apples; please do not!'

'And why not?'

'Because it is wrong.'

'Nonsense; old Hickson is as rich as a Jew, and has plenty more. Besides I have set my mind upon them.'

'Let us buy some,' whispered Howard, showing a bright shilling which he had been hoarding up. 'I saw some almost as fine as we came along.'

'No I have set my heart upon these. Will any one join me in getting them?'

There was no reply.

'Will any one catch them if I climb the wall, and throw them down?'

Several of the boys drew nearer, and began to cast longing looks towards the tree.

Little Donaldson crept forward, and said something to Rushton, in a low voice, which made him change color and hesitate for a moment, but it was only for a moment; and then he laughed, and bid him mind his own business,

and be a good boy, and he would give him one of the apples when he got them.

Donaldson stamped his feet passionately; but he drew back, and said no more.

'Leave him alone,' exclaimed Doyle; 'it is no use speaking to him. Let him steal the apples, and break his neck, if he likes.'

'I said that you were all afraid,' observed Rushton.

'Afraid!' repeated Philip Doyle.

Hamilton laid his hand upon his arm and drew him away. Most of the boys followed—Howard among the number: but Frank still lingered.

'Come, Rushton,' said he gently, 'it is never too late to do right. I know that you do not care about the fruit, any more than Nelson did: You only do it out of bravado. You will be sorry for it to-morrow. Come, will you?'

'No,' answered Rushton, 'I will not. So say no more about it.'

'Remember,' added Frank, to the remaining boys, as he turned away; 'remember that the receiver is as bad as the thief.'

Their laughter rang in his ears as he hastened to overtake his companions. When he had gone a little distance, Frank could not help looking back. Rushton was almost halfway up the wall. Owing to some loose bricks, the ascent was not so difficult as it appeared. A few more steps, and he would be able to bend down the tempting and heavily laden bough, and gather what he pleased. In his eagerness he grew less careful; and one of the bricks giving way, he fell suddenly and violently on the ground.

His sharp, uncontrollable burst of agony awakened the dreaming usher, and brought the boys crowding back. Frank was the first to reach him, for the partners of his crime had shrunk away the moment he fell, and mingled with the rest, leaving him alone.

Rushton opened his eyes, and fixed them upon the face of Frank Netherton, who was bending tenderly over him, and then closed them again with a heavy groan.

Herbert ran and fetched some water in his cup, which Frank sprinkled gently over the pale face of the suffering boy.

Again Rushton undlosed his eyes. 'What, you here still?' said he, making a feeble effort to push him away. 'Where are the rest; where is Howard? I wish you would not hold my hand; you make it worse: any one but you.'

'Here I am,' said Howard, as Frank moved

away, feeling somewhat hurt by Rushton's evident aversion to his presence. 'What can I do for you? I am so sorry. Where are you hurt?'

'It is my leg,' replied Rushton. 'I believe I have broken it: and he once more fainted with the pain.'

Assisted by Mr. Barlow, the boys hastened to make a litter of green boughs, upon which Rushton was carefully laid, and conveyed back, to the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

RUSHTON had not broken his leg, but his ankle was found to be severely sprained; and although the surgeon succeeded in alleviating the intense pain from which he was suffering, he warned Rushton that it would, in all probability, be many weeks before he would be able to move. It was not until the good doctor departed, and Mr. Campbell had himself seen that all his directions were obeyed, and Rushton seemed easier and more composed, although still suffering greatly, that he found time to inquire into the particulars of the accident.

Mr. Barlow could tell him nothing. He had no idea how it happened. He thought everything was going on right, and was walking along as quietly as possible, when Rushton's piercing cry fell on his ears, and he turned back and found him lying under the high wall by farmer Hickson's orchard. He supposed Rushton must have tried to climb it. He did not know whether there was any fruit there, but should imagine not, as it was so late in the season.

Mr. Campbell turned to Howard, who happened to be standing near him. 'Perhaps you can tell me something more of this mysterious affair?' said he.

Howard blushed and hesitated; but just then a favourite sentiment of Frank Netherton's darted into his mind: 'If you cannot speak the truth, say nothing.'

'Yes, sir, I could tell you,' answered he, after a pause; 'but I would rather not, if you please.'

'Very well,' said Mr. Campbell, smiling, and patting him on the shoulder; 'then I must not ask any questions, I suppose. Whatever poor Rushton might have been doing, or going to do, he is sufficiently punished.'

Mr. Campbell said no more; but he made up his mind that every day to get a new tutor, which he succeeded in doing in the course of

time, much to his own satisfaction and the comfort and improvement of his pupils.

The old housekeeper did not like having Rushton for a patient as well as she had Frank. Unaccustomed to confinement, he fretted and grumbled all day long, thereby retarding his own recovery, and tiring out those who had to wait upon him. Howard frequently went to sit with him, for he really liked Rushton, and was sorry to see him suffer. Several of the other boys paid him a brief visit now and then, more out of pity than from any affection they had for him. Rushton had no real friends. Those who were the first to laugh with him were also the first to laugh at him, and kept away from his sick chamber as if they had forgotten his very existence.

'How is it that Frank Netherton never comes to see me?' asked Rushton one day of Howard. 'He is generally so fond of playing the good Samaritan. There is no fear of my running away now, let him preach as he will.'

'Frank has not forgotten you. He always inquires about you most kindly and would have come to you long since, only he did not like; that is, he did not know whether you would like it, after what you said. But perhaps it was the pain that made you speak so crossly.'

'Frank Netherton is not the boy I imagine him to be if he stays away for a cross word,' said Rushton.

'Then he may come? He will be so glad; and I am glad too.'

'Why!'

'Perhaps I better not tell you.'

'Nonsense; why should you not tell me?'

'You will be vexed.'

'That is no new thing.'

'Well, then, I am glad because I hope that he will do you good, as he did me. I do not mean that he will make the pain less, but teach you, perhaps, to bear it better. Do you understand?'

'Yes, I understand well enough.'

'I wish you would try and like Frank Netherton,' continued Howard, encouraged by Rushton's manner.

'We seldom like those whom we have injured,' said Rushton, in a low voice, as if he were speaking to himself.

Howard looked surprised, but he did not reply; he did not know what to say.

'Well, go along now,' continued Rushton, after a pause. 'I dare say you have a thousand things to do, and it takes you as long

again to do anything as it does other people. You are very kind to come to me so often. Go away, send Netherton.'

'I will ask him to come when he is able.'

'Ay! you are so busy working for the prize, I suppose, while I am obliged to be here doing nothing. But it serves me right;' and he buried his face in the clothes and wept.

Frank laid aside what he was about, and went as soon as Howard asked him. Rushton was still weeping, and did not notice his entrance until he stood by the bedside, inquiring kindly and gently how he felt. 'I am afraid you are in great pain,' said he.

'Yes, I am in pain, but I do not care so much about that. I can bear my punishment. Why do you not begin to moralize, Netherton? You cannot possibly have a better subject.'

'Time enough when you are well,' said Frank. 'I would rather pity and sympathize with you now, if you will let me.'

Rushton turned away his head. 'I did not send for you in order to gain your pity,' said he, after a pause, 'but to tell you something that has long lain heavy on my heart. Perhaps you did not think I had a heart.'

'Yes I did,' replied Frank, soothingly; 'and a kind one, if you would only follow its better feelings. But you must not excite yourself.'

'Very well; I will be calm. You will judge me differently when I have told you all. You remember the peaches which Mr. Campbell lost?'

'To be sure I do. I have reason to remember them.'

'Should you like to know who stole them?'

'Yes, I should very much,' exclaimed Frank, eagerly; and then checking himself all of a sudden, as his glance rested on the crimson brow of his companion, he added, 'but it does not signify now; it is all past and gone.'

'I stole those peaches,' said Rushton.

'You?'

'Yes. It was a bright moonlight night; we crept into the garden after every one had gone to rest, and I stood under the wall and gathered them, handing them to my companions. After we had eaten them, we buried the stones in the ground. There were six of us. Of course, I do not mean to betray them, for we promised not to tell of one another; but I may inform against myself. They were all sorry for it afterwards, and wanted to confess everything, but I would not consent. It was my fault that you suffered as long as you did.'

'But the pencil-case,' said Frank: 'I want to know how the pencil-case came to be found where it was?'

'That is the worst part of the story; but I have made up my mind to tell you everything. I had found it on the previous day, and put it in my waistcoat pocket, intending to return it to you the first opportunity; but somehow I forgot to do so, and while I was reaching up to gather the peaches it fell out.'

'I understand it all now,' said Frank. 'Of course you did not notice it in the dark.'

'It was a bright moonlight night, I tell you; so bright that one might have seen to pick up a pin. I did notice it.'

'Then you forgot it again, I suppose, in your hurry.'

'No; I went away and left it there purposely.'

'O Rushton! how could you do that?'

'Because I disliked and was jealous of you. It gave me pleasure to think that the boy who was always preaching to others, and whom everybody praised, would be suspected at least of a theft which others had committed and enjoyed—although we did not enjoy it very much, for we were obliged to eat them in a hurry. It seemed a capital joke; but I never thought, I never meant that it should end so seriously; and I wanted courage to undo what I had done. I could not rest any longer without telling you this. But I do not want—'

'I do not expect you to forgive me.'

'Rushton,' said Frank in a low voice, 'if I did not forgive you with my whole heart, I could not pray to my heavenly Father to-night. I could not say, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us." Shake hands, Rushton.'

The boys shook hands in silence.

'Frank,' said Rushton, after a pause, during which he had been weeping bitterly, 'it is not the pain in my foot, it is your kindness that makes me cry. You have not said a single harsh word to me.'

'And I will not, if I can help it; but I have a great many words that I should like to say to you when you are stronger, and better able to hear them.'

'Say them now, Frank.'

'No, you must rest. I will come up again presently.'

'I never came to see you when you were ill,' said Rushton.

'Never mind; neither should I, perhaps, if you had not sent for me.'

Frank returned to the school-room, with his

mind too bewildered to attend to anything properly. Donaldson was there, and seemed to be watching for him.

'You have been to see Rushton,' said he, eagerly. 'What did he want with you? Did he tell you anything?'

'What should he tell me?'

'I do not know; only I thought—I hoped—' and Donaldson paused, and looked so confused that Frank at once suspected, what was in fact the truth, that he was one of the six who stole the peaches, and had repented of it afterwards.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BETTER THAN A PRIZE.

MANY were the hours which Frank and Rushton spent together. The latter, subdued by illness, and grateful for the undeserved kindness of his companion, grew strangely patient; and when it occasionally happened otherwise, Frank remembered how much he suffered, and bore with him as well as he could.

'I wonder,' said Philip Doyle, somewhat impatiently to Frank, 'how can you spend so much time with that disagreeable Rushton, especially when every moment is precious and you ought to be working hard for a prize.'

'Rushton is not disagreeable now,' replied Frank. 'I am really beginning to like him.'

It is so natural to like those to whom we are kind.

'But the prizes,' continued Doyle: 'I thought that you wanted to gain one?'

'So I did; and so I do.'

'You never will, if you idle away your time in the way you have been doing of late.'

'I suppose not; but Rushton looks so for my coming.'

'Why cannot his friend Howard sit with him?'

'Because Howard is working hard too; harder than any of us. It would do him good to get a prize.'

'Yes, I hope he will,' said Doyle; 'he deserves it for his industry and perseverance. But I want to gain one also.'

'Thank you,' answered Frank, 'I should like it very much; and I think I could if I were to try.'

'Then try by all means. Remember how pleased your father would be.'

'And Helen,' continued Frank. 'Yes I will try. I will go and tell Rushton the reason why I cannot be with him so much, and I am sure that he will let me off.'

'Let you off?' repeated Doyle. 'Why,

what possible claim can he have upon you?'

'The claim of sickness and misfortune,' replied Frank, gently.

'You are right,' said Doyle. 'Now run along, and join us in the school-room as soon as you can.'

Frank ran a few steps and then hesitated; and instead of going up stairs to visit his sick friend, went, as it was playtime, into the garden, where he walked up and down, apart from the rest, and full of thought.

'It is late, to be sure,' argued he; 'but I think, I have no doubt, but that, by working hard, and making up for lost time, I might still gain a prize. I want to show Helen that I can win a prize. My dear father, too, how pleased he would be! It is almost certain to be a book, and then I would leave it in his study, where he could see it every day. Rushton is not a selfish boy; and if I were to tell him this, he would be the first to urge my staying away. But then how lonely he would be, for no one else thinks of going to see him! And perhaps he might give over reading the Bible, just as he has begun to take an interest in it. I should not be afraid if he had gone on for some time, for then he would not be able to do without it. I wish I knew what was right.'

(Concluded next week.)

IMPORTANCE OF JUVENILE ORGANIZATION.

(From the Youth's Temperance Visitor.)

Children are sensitive about keeping their pledge. A father was once telling his family about quenching his thirst with cider, because water could not be obtained. "Father," said his little boy, "how far were you from James River when you drank the cider?"—"Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy."—"Well, I'd have walked there and back again rather than break my pledge." During the last few years, we believe that those who signed the pledge in childhood have been the most faithful to it.

Are our sabbath schools awake on this subject? Of course, no one would be foolish enough to require the pledge, as a condition of admission to a school; but is the formation of temperance societies within the school encouraged and aided? If one asks wherein the new movements commencing should differ from the former ones, we should say, first of all, let the Church have more prominence, and let there be temperance organizations connected with every religious congregation. On the same principles, the

Sabbath school should have a branch society for its members

After all, is there much hope of succeeding with the children, unless the adults join the movement too? Is it well to give the young the impression that temperance is good for them only until they overgrow it? Let the children be educated to total abstinence by the example of their parents, teachers, and friends. Temperance for children exclusively is regarded by them simply as one of the disabilities of childhood. The rule for temperance is the same as for all moral education, "Train up a child in the way he should go [i.e., after he becomes a man]; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Any other temperance than such as is adapted to all ages, a child, if he live, certainly will depart from. Nothing could be better adapted to teach him that it is manly to drink, than to make total abstinence a duty peculiar to childhood.

We wish to say, then, that juvenile temperance organizations will be worth but little, unless the adults are also organized, keeping the pledge themselves, and carrying it to the degraded around them, as one means of bringing the world to Christ.

LOOK OUT FOR MASKED BATTERIES!

Beware of masked batteries! You know the mischief they work. They have various forms, and are located at various places; but they always work mischief. There are many of them, and for fear that they should be brought to bear upon you, we will point out some of them.

That screen, that you see as you pass the saloon door, is a masked battery. You know this without being told; for why do men or boys go behind that screen for anything that is honest or proper? Did you ever go near enough to read what is written upon it? "Come behind here, boys," it says, "and do what you are ashamed to be seen doing! Come behind here, and be cheated, by giving your money for what will do you more hurt than good! Come behind here, and conceal a bad example! Come behind here, and see how mean a business we carry on; see how we mislead boys, and ruin men; how we get our living by doing evil to others; how we make drunkards and promote poverty; how we ring the hearts of fathers and mothers by enticing their boys to ruin! Come behind here, boys, men, women, children, and see what the screen tries to hide."

Those little dog kennels, in the shop below, are masked batteries indeed. What kind of

goods do men sell, whose customers have to go into those dirty holes and shut the doors? Better by far go into the lock-up. These holes are indeed masked batteries for men. More drunken men come out of these holes than go into them. Keep watch at the door, boys, and see who are the customers. Men with red faces and tattered characters enter there—men with "blue ruin" written all over them. They have faced masked batteries before. They think their disgrace is a secret, while everybody knows they have been "battered" till there is little left of them. Watch the door boys, for nobody goes into those dog-holes except to conceal their shame.

These are not the only masked batteries that might be pointed out to the young men and boys in every community. There are others more dangerous, because more deeply masked. Go to the constituted authorities of your city or town, and ask them to protect you from them—and tell them that, if they fail to do it, the responsibility is theirs. Go, young men, and lay your interests before them, and ask them how they dare, in the face of God and their constituents, thus to neglect their duty! Possibly—possibly they may hear you.

The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAR. 21, 1866

SOIREE.

Orusado Lodge, B.O.G.T., intend holding a Soiree in the Brock Street Hall, on Thursday evening, March 29. Tickets 25 cents each. A splendid programme is guaranteed. Tea from 7 to 8. We hope there will be a large attendance.

TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

We beg to remind our city readers of the meeting on Friday evening in the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, at 7.30 p.m. Rev. E. Caswell, and other gentlemen, will deliver addresses. A good choir will be in attendance to enliven the proceedings.

Don't forget Orusado Lodge Soiree on Thursday evening, March 29.

ADDRESS BY GEORGE ROY, Esq.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by George Roy, Esq., before an audience of 2,500 in Aberdeen, at a New Year festival, on Monday evening, Jan. 21, 1866:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, when I sat down to think what I should say to you on the present occasion, my first thought was, that I would warn you to beware of ever becoming temperance orators, for if you ever do, you may bid adieu to many quiet, social enjoyments. For many years now, so soon as the first of January has dawned, when all good citizens are setting about the enjoyment of their annual holiday, it has been mine to wrap my plaid about me and take my seat in a railway carriage, and have my bones rattled over many miles, that I might, to some mass of mankind, denounce our drinking customs. So often have I gone on these temperance missions, that I am beginning to have the comic notion that, by-and-by, I will be pointed at by observing fellow-travellers, as a poor man labouring under a strange delusion. I can imagine I hear them whispering, "Do you see that man with the long beard? poor man; he believes that if on the first day of each year he travels to some distant city, and holds forth on the horrors of drunkenness and the beauty of temperance, that he will convert everybody to his tectotal notions." I can easily fancy the looks of pity which I the poor enthusiast, will receive. I can imagine some phrenological philosopher setting about the examination of my bumps, that he may find out the strange combination of heights and hollows which produce my foolish fancies. I am quite sure that the disciple of George Combe will find himself far at sea as soon as he puts his hand upon my cranium; he will at once discover that mine is not the head of an enthusiast; his science will tell him that hope in me is small, and that almost every other faculty is large, so he will be in no way surprised when I tell him that I have no hope of making all who hear me sign the pledge. I have for instance, little hope of producing much effect on very fashionable people; no, there is something so charming in the display of the crystal and silver on the dinner table, that I have no hope of my being able to induce Mrs. Buckram to give them up. When Mrs. Buckram last had the pleasure of being present at the grand dinner party given by her friend, Madame Starch, Mrs. B. was both astonished and stimulated by the variety and rare qualities of the wines that graced the dinner table; and so Mrs. Buckram

must in her turn, treat her friends not only to whisky, sherry, and brandy, but must also be great in hock, claret, and champagne. The fact is Mr. Buckram has plenty of money, and so the wine merchant must cover his bottles with a mixture of ashes and sawdust, and charge double price for them, that Mrs. Buckram may win the sweetest smile from Parson Flunky, by treating him to the vintage of, we shall say, 1823. I have no hope of making much impression on those distinguished families, the Buckrams and the Starches—nor yet have I much hope of making a very great impression on high official circles. Just fancy a grand public dinner without wine. How could it ever be got through without the usual loyal and patriotic toasts? The Social Science Congress deplore our excess in drinking, and deal largely in the social evil, and then wind up their business with a grand philanthropic vanity fair—public dinner—at which they give the full weight of their influence to the most stupid of our drinking customs. Now it seems to me that this is not so much the fault as it is the failing of our great people; originality amongst such people is very scarce. Few of high position think for themselves in matters of social etiquette; all this is done for them by French and English flunkies. If ever these authorities decide that toast-drinking is quite out, of course polite circles will at once assent. But I have no hope that my counsels will in such quarters be attended to, so I console my temperance friends by reminding them that for one great public dinner at which drink is publicly used, we have now many public tea-parties conducted entirely on temperance principles. In the city of Glasgow now, even the wine and spirit trade have their annual temperance soiree. Not expecting them to influence highly fashionable or official circles, it may be asked, whom I do expect to impress with my eloquence? My answer is I desire and hope, in some measure, to influence the most intelligent portion of the young men and women who are now listening to me. As I look into your fair young faces, I feel I can say in sincerity, I love you all. I feel to you as to younger brothers and sisters, and I pray to God that he would impress on all your hearts the counsel contained in the beautiful lines,—

' In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shales in all the fairest charms,
That beauty can disclose
Deep on the soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name,
And character engraven.'

I know of nothing that will more certainly obliterate the name and character of God in the young heart than the free use of strong drink. Youth is peculiarly the season of temptation. The great German poet, Goethe, draws no fancy picture when he exhibits his hero, Faust, as ever accompanied by the fiend, Mephistophiles. That is a true picture of human life. All men, and women especially, at that period of life, when the "passions are wild and strong," have ever an evil spirit by their side, tempting them to break God's laws, whispering in their ears, that "it is all gammon about the wages of sin being death." Now, my young friends, I would have you remember that strong drink is the most potent and the most seductive weapon that the Scottish fiend uses. Are there any of my young friends disposed to smile at the idea of their having always a tempting devil at their elbow? Well, I know that he is there, and although I have no power of letting you see his visible form, I can, I think, to the most acute of you, make you feel that such a fiend is near each of you. I here at this moment in my mind's eye three fine young men, each of whom I knew intimately. They had all bright prospects and high hopes; but being assailed by the fiend, with the seductive cup, and yielding to his bellish wiles, were landed, the first in the grave of a rot, the second in a lunatic asylum, while the third died a fearful death by his own hand. I have heard all the three speak to large meetings, yet such was their fearful end. Such then being the result of the work of the drink fiend exhibited to me, I feel in honour bound to counsel all of you to follow my example, and let strong drink entirely alone. Life, to be happy, must be a progress. We must become with each year richer, wiser, better. Now nothing, to people who have to make their own way in the world, is a greater barrier to the increase of riches, than the daily use of strong drink,—nothing more certainly hinders progress in knowledge than frequent jollifications,—and nothing more surely stays our advancement in goodness than our acquiring the love of drink. I repeat then, to every one who would go onward and upward, let strong drink entirely alone. I know that many of you feel at present perfectly secure. If there be a devil at your elbow, he never seeks to tempt you to indulge to excess. To such I say,—beware. At present you are happy—fortune is smiling upon you, and you feel no need of stimulants. You must remember that life, even to you, will not be all sunshine. Days of darkness, and even of storm, will certainly overtake you. Losses

and crosses, when you will be able to feel that the lines of Longfellow are true to nature:—

"How often, oh! how often,
I have wished that the rolling tide,
Would bear me away on its bosom,
To the ocean wild and wide.
For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me,
Was greater than I could bear."

As you pass through this dark valley, your evil spirit is very apt to whisper that you will find relief in stimulants; in such moments even the strong are very apt to fall. Take, then, my advice, and arm yourselves for all such dangerous attacks, by the simple armour of the temperance pledge. To those who may have no such dark days in their lives, on whom fortune shall all along continue to smile, I would counsel the immediate adoption of the temperance pledge; for if you do not adopt our principles before you get comfortably settled amongst my fashionable friends—the Duckrams and the Starbuck—I have really little hope of securing you against the horrors of a huge punch, jolly nose, and an intolerable breath.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Sometimes we are told our cause makes no progress. This is a mistake. It progresses notwithstanding all the opposition it meets, and the many cold looks and hard knocks with which it is visited. It has gained a footing in the country, it is an institution in the land which no one can ignore. It has done wonders in the space of 30 years, and there is reason to hope that before other 30 years pass over us, its aims and ends will be in a great measure accomplished, the drink customs abolished, and the stain and stigma and curse of drunkenness wiped away from our character and our land. We have had terrible powers and difficulties to battle with—deeply rooted prejudices and habits to unsettle and remove—a nation, all wrong in its ideas and tendencies to educate—good men and bad men have been opposed to us, and still are to a great extent—and the Church has not stood in the breach and come to our help against the mighty; but the cause has nevertheless made progress. God has blessed it and made it a blessing. We do not despair of its success; we indulge no mere utopian dream when we say that the next generation may witness its triumph; will see the day when public-houses will be noted down as a nuisance; when the working man will go and come from his employment without seeing it, to

tempt him to forget himself, his family, or his God—when the millions now wasted on strong drink will be employed to feed, and clothe, and educate the toiling masses of our country, secure for them larger and more comfortable homes, and form, as it were a river of gladness, purity, and peace, that will flow with enriching, fortifying influence over the whole land, converting even its worst places of Egyptian darkness and degradation, and misery, into a very Goshen of light, happiness, plenty, and joy. The Lord speed the cause, incline every one—young men and widens, and old men and children—to join it and help it on.—Rev. Mr. Young.

Agents for The Weekly Visitor.

- MR. P. STUART.....City and General Agent
- THOMAS J. MANN.....Bromfield
- JAMUEL JAMES.....Bruce Mines
- J. CHAPMAN.....Brighton P. O., Northumberland
- GEORGE MANFIELD, Postmaster.....Cashmere
- MISS MARIA McTAVISH.....Clifton P. O.
- CAPT. GEO. FRASER, F. G. W. F., B. O. U. T.....Columbus, P. C.
- W. ALLAN.....Fallerton P. O., Perth
- MRS. M. E. McGUIRE.....Greenbank P. O., Reach
- MRS. T. H. NAPP.....Hamilton and Barton
- JOHN WILKINS, Esq.....Hamilton
- JOHN CANNICHAEL, Esq.....Hilbert
- CHAR. E. McLENNAN.....Kirkfield P. O.
- REV. E. W. FRASER.....Napier P. O., Bruce
- JOHN CULMAN.....Milverton P. O., Vepra
- DANIEL BISHOP.....Marpath P. O., Keel
- JOHN COOK, Dep. Registrar.....Newmarket
- JAMES McLENNAN.....North Bruce, Co. Bruce
- J. B. KENNEDY.....Ochana
- EDWARD VINCENT.....Oran P. O.
- E. H. JACQUES.....Malvern P. O., Scarborough
- T. G. FORSTER.....Smithville P. O.
- REV. T. WILKINSON.....Loxton P. O.
- MISS MARTHA STAGY.....St. Thomas
- M. B. WATSON.....Trenton and Wexler
- JOHN P. DAVIES.....Thamesville
- JAMES BISHOP.....Tyron P. O., Darlington
- M. H. FIDMOUTH.....Warkworth P. O.
- REV. MR. RAYNER, F. G. W. F., B. O. U. T., Berlin P. O., Waterloo
- REV. JAS. SCOTT, S. G. W. S. B. O. U. T.....Waterdown P. O.
- A. M. PHILLIPS.....Frankford, Co. Northumberland
- J. A. McCELL.....Wooler
- JOHN DEPCAR.....York Mills
- HENS. HENSON, News Agent.....Yorkville

CANADA EAST.

- L. C. McKINSTRAY.....Barnston P. O., C. E.
- FREEMAN SMITH.....Johnsville P. O.
- JOHN PHILLIPS.....Montreal
- J. E. WATT.....South Durham P. O.
- C. H. BAKER.....Stanbridge East P. O.
- HUGH KLOBER.....Stantead
- JAS. CHAMBERLAIN.....South Granby P. O., Sherford
- L. W. WIMAN.....Waterville P. O.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- G. P. TANTON, Esq.....Charlottetown P. O.
- JOHN B. SCURMAN, Esq.....North Bedeque P. O.
- H. C. CHISHOLM, Esq.....Centerville P. O., Bedeque

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- JAMES McNICOLL, Esq.....St. John.
- CAPT. A. SIMPSON.....Shediac.

NOVA SCOTIA

- H. B. Mitchell, Esq.....Chester
- J. N. Freeman, Esq.....Liverpool, Queens County
- Rev. A. W. Davis.....Locke's Island, Shelburne do
- J. F. Chandler, Esq.....Windsor, Hants do
- J. S. McDonald, Esq.....Wolfville, Kings do
- Geo. F. Nelson, Esq.....Truro, Colchester do
- F. A. Lawrence, Esq.....Port Hood, CAPE BRETON

A STORY FOR WIVES.

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

"Come round to Guy's, to-night, Ned," said a young acquaintance to Edward Nichols, as they stood exchanging a few words at the corner of a street, where they had paused for a moment or two ere taking their different ways homeward.

"What's to be done there?" inquired Nichols. "Nothing very particular, but do you come round, and I'll promise you a pleasant evening."

"I believe I'll stay at home with my wife," replied Nichols.

"Well, just as you like," said the other. "Happy to see you at Guy's; but if you find it more agreeable at home, stay there. Should the time, however, from any cause, hang heavy on your hands, just drop round and help us to spend an hour or two. My word for it, you'll find more than one agreeable companion."

The young men parted, and Edward Nichols pursued his way homeward. The latter had been married about two years. On entering the room where his wife was sitting, Nichols saw with a feeling of disappointment, that there was then a cloud upon her brow. The cloud had appeared so often, that he was getting discouraged.

"Is anything wrong, Margaret," he asked kindly.

"No," was the brief reply, uttered in a complaining tone of voice.

Nichols sighed, and turning to the crib in which their babe lay sleeping, bent over it, and looked down upon its pure sweet face.

"Don't wake that child, Edward," said his wife, in a fretful voice, "I've been more than an hour trying to get her asleep."

Nichols stood a moment or two, still gazing upon the tranquil face of the child, and then raised himself from his stooping posture, fixing his eyes as he did so, upon the countenance of his wife. There was not an expression in it that a man could love. A peevish, unhappy temper, had, for a time, absorbed every attraction. The husband felt repulsed. Leaving the room without a remark, he went down to the parlor, and taking a book, sat and read until tea was announced.

There was no pleasant light in the face of Mrs. Nichols as she joined her husband at the table.

"Don't you feel well, Margaret?" he asked.

"My head aches," was returned.

"I'm sorry, what has caused —"

"Dish water!" ejaculated Mrs. Nichols, interrupting what her husband was about to say, and setting down the tea-pot she had lifted, with a jar upon the tray. "Such tea!" she added as she took off the lid and looked within the tea-pot. Then she rung the table-bell, and the cook made her appearance.

"Have'n't I told you over and over, Jane, not to fill up the tea-pot in this way? You've made tea enough for a dozen people, but it's weak as dish-water. Here! pour it out and draw fresh tea, and don't fill the pot more than a quarter full."

Jane looked vexed at this sharp rebuke; but removed the tea.

Mrs. Nichols gave vent to a number of angry re-

marks about the trouble she had to get anything done right, and very aimably expressed the wish that her husband had the trial of housekeeping for a short time. He would, in that case, it was her opinion, have more sympathy with her.

Nichols was hurt at this gratuitous remark, but said nothing. He had no wish to make still heavier the clouds that came between him and the bright sunshine, and experience told him that such would be the effect of almost anything he might utter.

Five unhappy minutes passed before Jane came in with the newly-made tea. Not a word had been spoken for nearly the whole of this time. But Mrs. Nichols's pent-up feelings could restrain themselves no longer.

"It's too bad," she exclaimed, addressing the cook, "I'm out of all patience with such doings. Pray, see that my wishes are better attended to in future."

The girl muttered something as she retired, and then Nichols and his wife were alone again. Both ate in silence, but very sparingly. On rising from the table the wife went up to her chamber, while the husband took refuge in the parlor, and there sought to forget his uncomfortable sensation in the pages of an entertaining book. In this he was not successful. The pressure upon his feelings was too great. He loved his wife, and would have done almost anything to make her happy; but being of a cheerful temper himself and fond of social intercourse he could neither comprehend nor be indifferent to her fretful, moody, unhappy state. They pained him exceedingly, and, at times, awakened thoughts in his mind, the knowledge of which would have been to his wife a more real cause of pain than any from which she gathered so much unhappiness.

While trying to find in the book in which he was reading a pleasant recreation, Mr. Nichols remembered the invitation of his young friend Anderson to meet him and some pleasant companions and pass an hour at Guy's Tavern. His mind no longer took in the meaning of the sentences on the page before him. Soon after he closed the book, and, rising from his chair, walked for a short time about the room. There was a struggle in his mind between duty and inclination. He believed that it was his duty to remain at home with his wife, while inclination drew him strongly towards the friends at Guy's. Had his wife been in a pleasant mood; had she made home bright with the smile of affection, both duty and inclination would have been on the same side. But, alas! this was not so. At home there was a repellant sphere; while at a certain point away from home there existed a strong attraction.

At length Nichols went up stairs, with his mind made up to remain at home if he found his wife in a more cheerful and companionable state, or to spend the evening at Guy's, if no change for the better was visible. On entering his wife's chamber, he found her at her work-stand engaged in sewing. She did not look up, nor speak.

"Does your head feel any better, Margaret?" he asked, kindly.

"No," was the only response, made in a low constrained voice.

"It is not good for you to sew, if your head aches," resumed Mr. Nichols, still in a very kind voice.

But, to this no answer was given.

"I'm going out for a little while," said Mr. Nichols.

"Well," was the brief reply to this communication, and still she sewed on without once lifting her eyes from her work.

As Mr. Nichols was altogether in earnest, he now turned away and left the room. The moment he did so, his wife let her work fall upon her lap, and raising her head, listened in an attitude of much interest. She heard her husband descend the stairs, pause at the hat-stand for his coat and hat, and then move along the hall, and, finally, pass out through the street door. The moment the jar of the door was heard, she burst into tears and wept bitterly she did not again resume her work. For a while after her tears ceased to flow, she sat in a dreamy, reflective attitude.

"Ah me!" she at length sighed — "I wish I had more control over myself."

On leaving his house, Edward Nichols proceeded straight to Guy's Hotel. If there had been sunshine at home, there would have been no attraction for him abroad. If he could have found companionship in his wife, he would not have felt the least inclination for such a dangerous companionship as he was now seeking.

"Is Mr. Anderson here?" inquired Nichols of the bar-keep at Guy's.

"You'll find him at No. 8," was the answer. "He is on the second floor, at the far end of the passage."

To number eight Nichols repaired. As he approached the door, loud and merry voices were heard within. He did not hesitate to enter, for the voice of Anderson was distinguished among the rest.

"Nichols!" exclaimed the individual just mentioned, coming forward, and grasping the hand of the new comer, "I thought you'd be late. Right glad am I to see you!"

Quite as warm was the welcome extended by three other young men, all of whom were acquaintances of Nichols. They were sitting round a table on which were brandy and cigars.

"Help yourself," said Anderson, placing a decanter and tumbler before Nichols.

The latter did not hesitate about complying with this request, but poured out a stiff glass of brandy and drank it off.

"Take a cigar," was the next invitation.

The cigar was accepted and lit. Nichols began to feel himself more and more at home every moment.

"What's the business on hand?" he inquired, after he had commenced smoking.

"To enjoy ourselves," was replied.

At this moment a servant entered with a number of dishes on a tray, and commenced laying the table.

"Ah! some eating to be done, I see," remarked Nichols.

"And come drinking into the bargain," said one of the company, smiling.

"Hope you've come prepared with a good appetite." This was said by Anderson.

"It's in a fair condition," returned Nichols—"Never fear but what I'll do my part."

Soon the table was covered with oysters, cooked in various styles, terrapin and chicken salad, with all the condiments and accessories of a luxurious supper. To these were added two or three kinds of wine, also brandy, and hot whisky punch.

Upon these the five young men "with appetites" went to work, exhibiting an eagerness, not to say greediness, such as may be seen in animals who have been for a considerable time without food. As their appetites began to flag a little they were sharpened by the punch or brandy.

"Good feeding this, Nichols," said Anderson, coarsely, looking across the table at his friend, the invited guest.

"First rate," replied Nichols, in a tone of voice that evinced the satisfaction he felt. "How often do you meet to enjoy yourselves after this fashion?"

"About once a week."

"Ah! so often?"

"Yes. Shall we put your name down as one of our number?"

"I don't know. I must think about it."

"Say yes."

"The temptation is certainly strong. Is the feeding always as good?"

"Always. And so is the drinking. Shall we put your name down?"

"Not now. I'm a deliberate sort of a person. Slow to make my mind up on any subject."

"Oh, well take your time. But, if the arguments before you do not prove conclusive, I will set you down for an anchovite."

In truth, the arguments were strong. But Nichols was not prepared to yield at once to their persuasions. He could not help thinking of the wife he had left at home; and, whenever her image rose in his mind, he lost, for the moment, all pleasure in what was before him. Even with the gay companions and the choicest things to tempt his appetite, he felt, that for him, a smiling happy wife, with books, and a cheerful loving intercourse, were worth them all. In the midst of these sensual joys he sighed for the purer and higher delights of home.

But after repeated draughts of wine and brandy added, the superabundant appropriations of rich food, both the mental and moral perceptions of Nichols became obtuse. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the supper party broke up, and the young men separated.

The lonely hours spent on that evening by Mrs Nichols were hours of self communion, not unmingled with self reproaches. She was conscious of not having made the home of her husband attractive; and yet, she felt hurt that he should have gone away because she did not appear to be happy. In the morning she had felt nervous, and, instead of forcing down a spirit of complaint, had rather encouraged its approaches. This being so, evening found her completely under a cloud. Though glad

at her husband's return, she failed to exercise a due self-control. She did not rebrand the evil spirit of complaint, but let it still reign over her.

The consequences we have seen. Long before the hour of ten arrived, Mrs. Nichols began to look for her husband's return, and to wonder why he staid out so long. Ten o'clock at length came, and still he was away. She now began to hearken for approaching footsteps and to listen for his well known tread among the many sounding feet that echoed along the pavement.

"What can keep him so late!" she asked herself with a rising emotion of anxiety.

At length all became still on the street. The murmur of voices was hushed, and only now and then was heard the footfall of a solitary passenger.

Mrs. Nichols now began to feel alarmed as well as anxious. Never before had her husband staid out until so late an hour unless he had given special notice of his intended absence. Where could he be? In vain she asked herself this question. Eleven o'clock came, and still he was away. As the watchman's voice, giving notice of the hour, came loud and still on the air, her babe awoke, and its cries filled the chamber. Some minutes were spent in hushing it to sleep, and then the troubled wife stood again at the window, listening for the footsteps of her husband.

Hark! Surely that is his tread! And yet in something it differs therefrom. It lacks the evenness and firmness of his step. Nearer to the window bends the anxious wife; and now she is listening with a breathless eagerness. It must be her husband; yet, why should there be a change in his walk? He is at the door. He has paused. Mrs. Nichols's face is pressed against the window pane. Her eyes are striving to pierce the darkness, but she sees nothing. Hark! Yes! It is her husband. He has ascended the steps, and now she distinctly hears the rattling of his night-key in the lock. Why does he not enter? What keeps him so long at the door? It is not locked against him.

At last an entrance is effected! The door swung heavily open, and struck against the wall with a jar. Then a shuffling sound of feet was heard, and then the door closed with a loud bang.

By this time the heart of Mrs. Nichols was throbbing with a new and strange fear. What could this mean! Eagerly she listened as her husband moved along the passage, and came with a kind of lumbering noise up the stairs. A moment or two and the door of her chamber was thrown open and he came in. One glance was sufficient. It revealed the blasting truth that he had come home in a state of intoxication.

"Good evening, Mistress Nichols!" said he, as he staggered in. "I hope to find you in a better humour than I did at teatime." He spoke sarcastically.

The poor stricken wife could not utter a word. She stood as if fixed to the spot, her cheek blanched and an expression of the deepest grief on her countenance.

"Hope you've enjoyed yourself," he continued as he sunk into a chair, his head falling on one side almost to his shoulder.

"I have enjoyed myself first rate. Prime oysters and terrapin, wine, brandy, punch, and good fellowship. First-rate! Better than moping at home with a wife in the dumps! Didn't intend to go, said I would not. Liked home best—that is, home when the good lady is in a good humour. Happened she wasn't. So went to Guy's First rate oysters and terrapin—didn't promise to go again; but guess I will. Eh, Maggy! what do you say? Got over your pet? Any sunshine yet? I like sunshine—always did. But clouds and thunder, u. u! They're my especial horror."

Mrs. Nichols could bear this no longer. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she covered her face with her hands and wept violently.

"That's always the way," said Nichols, fretfully. "Always crying or scolding; or else looking as if you hadn't a friend in the world. I'm getting sick of this. But no matter, no crying, no gloomy looks at Guy's. That's the place for a man to enjoy himself!"

"Edward! Edward!" exclaimed the wretched wife, now approaching her husband, and laying her hand upon his arm, "Don't talk in this way or you'll kill me!"

"No danger," he replied coarsely. "A woman isn't so easily killed. She's got as many lives as a cat. But say, Mag! Have you any brandy in the house? I must have one more glass to-night."

And Nichols arose, but in doing so, he reeled across the room and fell upon the bed, where he remained, and was soon snoring loud in a drunken slumber.

(Conclusion next week.)

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF CANADA WEST.

- REV. DAVID GANTLON, Peterboro..... Chief
- Mrs. S. O. Robertson..... Vice
- Rev. William Savage..... Lecturer
- Miss C. A. Leech..... Counsellor
- James Welsh, Esq..... Chaplain
- Jas. ROBERTSON, Esq., Newmarket..... Secretary
- J. J. Williams, Esq..... Treasurer
- A. M. Phillips, Esq..... Financier
- P. H. Stewart, Esq..... Recorder
- M. H. Fieldhouse, Esq..... Marshal
- Miss S. E. Stewart..... Dep. Marshal
- Miss E. J. Williams..... Inner Guard
- J. A. McColl, Esq..... Outer Guard
- Wallace Millichamp, Esq..... Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

- W. P. FLEWELLING, Esq., Clifton..... Chief
- G. H. WALLACE Esq., J. P., Sussex..... Lecturer
- F. Morton, Esq., Barrister at Law, Sussex Counsellor
- Rev. Wm. Downey, Sussex..... Chaplain
- C. T. Curtis, Esq., Shediac..... Vice
- E. N. SHARP, Esq., A. B., Apohaqui..... Secretary
- J. S. Wetmore, Esq., J. P., Clifton..... Treasurer
- T. Scott, Esq., M. D., Kingston..... Financier
- A. Manger, Esq., Kingston..... Recorder
- G. Allan, Esq., St. John..... Marshal
- Miss C. A. Flewelling, Clifton..... Dep. Marshal
- N. H. Upham, Esq., Upham..... Inner Guard
- D. Johnson, Esq., Sussex..... Outer Guard
- J. McNicholl, Esq., St. John..... Past Chief