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THE SUN GONE DOWN.

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"The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

SUCH is my life now—a life of bitter retrospection, sad memories, and worse than all, regret—aye, worse and more than regret, remorse—self-torturing, vain, useless remorse, the keen bitterness of which gives no rest either by night or by day—always the same never-ending weary pain, going back to the past that can never be undone. As I sit alone, worn out and weary with weeping, my hands lying idle in my lap, looking out at the fast falling rain pattering down thickly and steadily on the withered sodden leaves which lie on the wet ground, an emblem of the end of all things—death. The dreary, depressing landscape suits my sad mood—the heavy white mist hanging over land and sea is like the cloud that has blotted out my happiness for ever. Only one short year ago I was the happiest of the happy, the gayest of the gay ; life seemed to me like one long bright summer day, and the pleasure of the moment the only thing worth seeking after. Now pleasure seems a mockery, and grief and melancholy, once but faint shadows, are a reality ; while with sadness and sorrow I walk along life's road with tears that can never cease to flow

for the old weary pain must always remain, a living regret that makes the aching heart swell nigh to bursting with the vain recollection of what might have been.

I am alone in my sorrow ; never a stir in the great house, never a voice breaks the stillness that weighs like a pall upon my spirits ; and I look out again through the window, out at the leaden sea barely discernible through the mist and fog, and listen to the sob and moan of the hollow waves on the rocks below. I think and think, going over the story of my life again, bit by bit, resting with a kind of sad tenderness on the happiness of the past, which seems all the brighter in contrast with the sorrow of the present ; and, thinking of the one evening in particular, it seemed hard to realize that the gay, light-hearted girl of that night is now the sorrowful, broken-hearted woman sitting with eyes blinded by tears in the gathering gloom.

It seems so long ago ; and I close my eyes, and see myself as I was then, proud, exultant, happy, standing flushed and radiant before the mirror, arrayed in gleaming white silk and pearls, my heart beating with a new, proud happiness, for there was

to be one at the ball that night who was dearer to me than all else besides. For him I had donned my most becoming dress, and chosen the fairest flowers for my hair; and, as I clasped his gift, a gold bracelet, on my arm, I stooped and kissed it for his sake. Oh, what a light heart I had that night, as I went down-stairs, thinking over and over the same glad thought! I was soon to see him, to feel his hand holding mine, to look up into the kind, dark eyes, smiling down on me tenderly and lovingly.

Other men had told me I was fair of face and form—I had heard and heeded not. Lancelot Ware never paid me so much as a single compliment, yet the unspoken admiration and chivalric devotion of this brave, courtly son of Mars made my heart beat, and my color come and go as man's voice or presence had never done yet. I had light gay words and smile in plenty for others, but in his presence I was silent, feeling strangely happy, content to be near my hero, to hear him speak.

A hero he was in heart, in word, in deed—a soldier, one who had seen service, and had faced death in its worst and most appalling form many and many a time—brave, undaunted, courageous, counting life a light thing compared with honor—a true soldier, brave as a lion with the heart of a child—loved, nay, almost worshipped by his men—brave fellows all—ready to follow wherever he led. Some said he was grave and stern. Perhaps he may have been; but to me he was always tender, always the same. And I? I was unworthy of him—and I feel my utter unworthiness more now than I did then.

Oh, if he were here now, by my side in the gloaming, never an angry, scornful word—spoken but never meant—would I utter, never a haughty glance should wound him! Lancelot, Lancelot! With all my faults I loved him well, and now he can never, never know!

How happy I was that night, dancing with Lancelot! How fast the

hours glided by! And then I remember, when the ball was over going up-stairs in the early dawn, and sitting down by the open window, watching the first golden flush of sunrise, and listening to nature awakening after the night. All seemed so peaceful, so quiet, the world yet asleep, and the red sun rising up over the tree-tops, and sparkling in the dew-drops on the lawn, the birds breaking forth in their first notes of early morn—all bright, promising, and peaceful, the earth looking as it might have looked before sin entered the world, bringing sadness and sorrow in its train. The sun rose higher and higher, and by degrees the daily busy routine of life commenced, and man went forth to his work and labor until the evening. The stillness and beauty of the picture were gone, and I shut the window, and, full of peaceful thoughts, knelt down and prayed Heaven that I might make Lancelot Ware a good wife, and that it would bless the new life I was soon to begin.

That calm early summer morning seems only a sad memory now, a little glimpse of my old life, when the sun rose on a world that to me was very fair and promising. How often since then have I wished that I might never see another sun rise!

* * * * *

We were married, and Lancelot brought me home to his grand old house looking out over the troubled sea, where the briny scent of the ocean was borne in through the windows, and we could hear the wash and murmur of the sad waves all the day long.

I should have been happy—I ought to have been happy—in my quiet, peaceful home—content with the love and compassion of a kind, indulgent husband. Was it my fault, I wonder, that, having been brought up to a life that was one perpetual round of gaiety, I wearied of the quiet monotony of my new life, and yearned for some of the pleasures that had before made part of my existence?

Nearly a year wore away. It was

towards the close of autumn, and the long twilight evenings were getting shorter and shorter.

"Lancelot," I said one morning, "here is a letter from my old school friend, Caroline Dering. Don't you remember her?"

Lancelot laid down his paper.

"Yes—she was the girl who went in for little Dacres of ours, was she not?"

"Caroline never 'went on' for any one!" I replied, indignantly. Lancelot laughed, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he said—

"Perhaps not; but I remember I was rather afraid of the fair Caroline at one time myself. She sang all Moore's melodies, I recollect, and I had to turn over her music, and do the agreeable. Well, and what does she say, Nina?"

"There are no secrets in it, so I can read the letter.

"My own darling Nina,—I have been staying with Harry for a fortnight, and leave next week. I must have a peep at you before returning home, being more than anxious to see how you conduct yourself in your new state. I suppose you are awfully grand, and all that? If you can put me up, please write; it seems such an age since we have met. I shall reserve all news till we meet; and with kind regards to Major Ware, and much love to yourself, I remain dearest, ever your affectionate

CAROLINE DERING."

"What a gushing effusion!" commented Lancelot. "Caroline Dering all over!"

"May I write and tell her to come, Lancelot?"

"Of course, darling. Give her my humble respects—say all that is proper from me; and the carriage shall await her at the station upon any day and at any hour she likes to fix."

So Caroline arrived—a young lady as gay and worldly as myself. She was pretty, with the prettiness of good coloring and fine, black eyes. She dressed well, and walked well, and

was by many considered a beauty.—Lancelot never liked her. Caroline was "fast"—and he hated "fastness."

"A woman should be a woman," he would say—"not a man in petticoats."

And Caroline would toss her head, and give him some laughing reply.

I do not know how it began, but, after she came, I grew more discontented with my life, and began to think it was a little hard to be kept in a quiet, country place, where there was never anything going on.

"I suppose, Nina," said Caroline, one evening, "you entertain in great style?"

Lancelot looked up and replied for me.

"No; Nina and I have settled down like steady, old married people, and content ourselves with only a dinner-party now and then."

Caroline raised her eyebrows.

"You speak for yourself, I am sure, Major Ware. Nina surely you don't mean to eschew the gaieties of this life—you, who used to boast you would dance till your hair was white?"

"She has more sense now," said Lancelot, looking over at me with his grave, tender smile. "Nina thinks like me, that life should be made up of more than mere amusement."

"No, Lancelot," I contradicted, rising and going and leaning over him, "I am afraid I like pleasure as much as ever; and, Lancelot, I am longing to give just one grand ball, to fill this venerable old house for once. Caroline and I have planned it all. May I? Please say 'Yes.'"

He lifted his eyes half sadly to mine and took my hand in his.

"I thought we had done with balls forever, Nina?"

He must have seen the disappointment in my face at his words, for he added, speaking kindly and earnestly—

"Do you then care so very much about it?"

"Care about it, Lancelot! I shall love all that is gay and worldly as long as I live" was my rash reply.

Caroline laughed—my husband's face grew grave.

"Is that only bravado, Nina, or truth?"

"Truth—sober reality. But, Lancelot, may I give the ball, please,—only for once?"

"I cannot resist you, as you wish it—yes."

I remember his smiling at my almost childish excitement, for the ball was for the next three weeks the only topic of conversation between Caroline and myself.

"I wish it were over," said Lancelot, as for the fifteenth time I explained the arrangements and the pretty decorations we had taken such trouble to plan.

"Over!" echoed Caroline. "Surely this first ball of Nina's will not be her last?"

Lancelot shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly, Miss Dering; but it seems to me that this great ball is hardly worth all the trouble. Everything else is forgotten and neglected in the carrying out of the plans that are to amuse a crowd of people for a few hours. My opinion is that there never was a ball given yet that was worth all the fuss."

"We are simple enough to enjoy such a species of entertainment thoroughly," rejoined Caroline.

"Nina, will you have a gallop this afternoon?" asked Lancelot. "You won't be able to hold Carabineer if you don't give him exercise."

"Oh Lancelot. I really can't go this afternoon. There are such hosts of things to be seen about. After the ball I will ride whenever you like."

Lancelot looked disappointed, and in the afternoon started on his solitary ride.

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My first great ball was given, and very proud I was at its success; even Lancelot looked pleased, and complimented me on the way I acted as hostess. It came to an end at last; the gay rooms were deserted, and the ball room looked dreary and desolate with the dawn breaking in cold and gray.

Lancelot came up and put his arm round me.

"Well, are you satisfied, Nina?"

"Perfectly, Oh, Lancelot, I am so happy!"

"I am glad of it, darling; but are you not happy, too, when we are alone together—you and I?"

"Yes, but I love excitement. I should like to go to a dance every night of my life, or a theatre, or something. Don't look so shocked, Lancelot. I should indeed."

"Nina, if I believed half the nonsense you talk, I should be obliged to think I have a very frivolous little wife."

"So you have," I returned, half laughing, half annoyed, for he spoke almost bitterly.

And so ended my great ball.

It was only the commencement, however, of a series of frivolities. Caroline's visit was prolonged at my request to an indefinite period, and we had luncheon and croquet parties, impromptu dances, private concerts, and all sorts of gaiety within an incredibly short space of time. Where there is a will there is a way. I carried all before me, and got the credit of being the gayest and most delightful creature in the county, while I was adored by the young people in the neighborhood; and Caroline backed me up, and flirted to her heart's content. Once or twice Lancelot ventured to remonstrate with me, but he was eventually overruled.

"You must stop somewhere, Nina," he said, at last. "This kind of thing cannot go on forever."

"Yes, it can, Lancelot. We are going to have private theatricals on the twenty-ninth."

His face suddenly grew dark and stern.

"Going to have? You forget I have a voice in the matter."

I laughed as I answered, lifting my eyes to his stern gaze—

"No, I didn't forget; but Lancelot, I was afraid you wouldn't allow it, so it was all arranged beforehand."

"I will not allow it!" was the

crushing reply. "Nina, I am more than surprised that you should have dared to count me a mere cipher in my house, and treat my will and wishes as nothing."

At his voice of stern displeasure—the first words of anger he had ever addressed to me—the quick tears sprang to my eyes; but with the tears came the proud determination to carry my point, and I rose and stood before my husband, flushed and defiant.

"It shall take place! Nothing can alter my plans now!"

"Nina!"

That was all he said, but, looking up into his face, I realized for the first time that he was my master, and my eyes fell beneath his.

If we had been alone then all would have been different; that stern, sad gaze would have brought me repentant and in tears to his feet. But Caroline Dering was sitting by, bending over her embroidery, a half smile on her face, and I would not give in. I would have the mastery yet, and, thinking I saw signs of relenting on his face, I pressed my point.

But Lancelot was firm; he did not lose his temper, but his eyes darkened and the stern lines about his mouth deepened. I might have known him well enough to be sure that when once he had said a thing he would never go back from his word. How I hate myself now for all that I said that day!

"Stop!" said Lancelot at last.—"There should never be a scene like this between husband and wife.—Nina, you must obey me. Once for all I forbid the theatricals."

Caroline had left the room, aiming one shot at Lancelot as she rose from her seat.

"Major Ware, as you are strong, be merciful. You might give in—Nina cannot; she has set her heart on these theatricals."

"Excuse me, Miss Dering," replied Lancelot, sternly, "but I cannot allow any interference between me and my wife."

And then Caroline swept from the room, whispering as she passed, hold-

ing her head very high—

"Nina, I pity you!"

Her words stung me to the quick—I would not be a meek, obedient wife, afraid to have a will of her own. No, I had a will, and a pretty strong one, as Lancelot would find; so proud and indignant, I turned from him as he drew near, not in the least angry, with his old, tender smile, ready to take me in his arms if I were but willing.

"Nina, I thought you and I knew each other better," he said, reproach in his voice.

"So did I," I returned bitterly, hot tears rolling down my cheeks, my lips quivering, feeling angry and miserable, and ready at the moment to do or dare anything.

Lancelot laid his hand gently on my head.

"My darling, let us be as if this never had happened."

"Yes," I said, defiant still, "if you withdraw all you have said, and I may still carry out my plans."

He frowned.

"I am not changeable. Do you think it was for the mere pleasure of contradiction that I refused to allow the theatricals? No, Nina; you have not moved me from my purpose—my decision is still the same."

"So is mine," I exclaimed, passionately; "and I will have my own way!" And snatching my hands away from his firm, kind clasp, I burst into tears.

It was only an idle threat, spoken heedlessly. At that moment I had no idea of carrying out my purpose; for all my reckless boasting, I knew I must give in sooner or later, and in a sudden revulsion of feeling I turned to acknowledge my submission to the stronger will.

But Lancelot was gone. I heard the shutting of the library-door, and knew the bitter, sad thoughts that were in his heart; all his love and kindness seemed to rise up and stand reproachfully before me. I felt I must follow him—only to whisper three words, "Lancelot, forgive me!" I

knew his noble nature well—forgiveness granted well-nigh before asked, reconciliation complete almost without a word; and, my better self having conquered, I went to seek my husband. But on reaching the library, I heard a voice in the hall, saying—

“Is Mafor Ware at home? Can I see him?”

“Yes, sir, in the library.”

The door opened and shut, and, heavy and sick at heart, I went back to the drawing room.

Caroline came in and put her arms round me.

“Nina, darling, I feel for you; but you have more spirit than to yield. Have the theatricals in spite of him.”

“Oh, Caroline, I dare not! Lancelot would be so angry.”

“Dare not! Write the invitations and send them off. It will serve him right, Nina. Major Ware may be very good and nice, but he is a great deal too determined, and, if you do not get the whip-hand of your lord and master, he will use the curb with a vengeance.”

Poor Caroline, I think she meant well in her hot-headed championship of her friend. I liked her then, but—I cannot help it—I feel sometimes as if I hated her now.

At luncheon Lancelot never opened his lips, and I was too proud to make the first advance. And then his horse was brought round, and, without a look or word, he mounted and rode away.

“This is your punishment,” said Caroline. “He is breaking you in, Nina, and, oh, see, his horse—poor deluded creature—actually dares to exert its own will!”

Something had frightened the noble gray—a new purchase of Lancelot’s—it backed and reared, and finally refused to go on. There was a short struggle for the mastery, kindness and severity were alike tried, and the stronger will conquered. Lancelot stooped to caress the horse’s neck, and with one quick glance from his dark eyes at the window where we stood he rode off.

“Got up for your edification!” laughed Caroline. “Major Ware, that was capital!”

I was angry again. I knew Caroline had interpreted Lancelot’s glance aright—it was meant to show me how futile it was to contend with him. My evil spirit was fairly roused, and before post-time the invitations were written and sent off without thought or fear of consequences; and with a kind of reckless gaiety I went up to dress for dinner.

I shall never forget how Lancelot looked when, making my voice steady with an effort, I told him what I had done. His face grew sterner than I had ever seen it yet, and his eyes flashed; but there was more of sorrow than of anger in his grave quiet voice as he replied—

“Nina, I am not one to be trifled with. This has been your first act of disobedience; let it be your last. I shall send and stop the post-bag.”

My cheeks crimsoned with shame at his stern, well-merited reproof, and a great lump rose in my throat; but his next words sent the blood rushing over my face and brow.

“Heaven knows I have made a bitter mistake! I thought not to have a gay pleasure seeking wife, but a companion—one to turn to for sympathy. Nina, surely there are things better worth seeking after that may be found in the frivolities of society?”

Proudly and passionately I faced him.

“You should have told me all this a year ago.”

He caught my hands in his.

“Wife, it is early to find we have made a mistake. Oh, Nina, have you repented already?”

I was unworthy of him; in bitter sorrow I write it now. I lifted my eyes for a moment resolutely to his, determined to die rather than yield, wilfully misunderstanding him to the last and then, snatching my hands from his that he might not feel their trembling, and turning away that he might not read the truth in my eyes, I answered very calmly, very deliberately,

though my heart was beating wildly, and I loved him better at that moment than I had ever done even in the first glad days—

"You have repented; It matters little what I may feel." And then I laughed, and added "I suppose sooner or later married people find out that they have made a mistake. We have made the discovery sooner than usual—that is all."

I neither meant or believed the words I was saying, but how was Lancelot to know that? I knew he loved me as fondly as ever husband loved wife, but how was he to tell all my words were spoken only in the heat of passion, and with a determination borne of pride not to let him see my real feelings, or know how his words filled me with pain, and that for all my proud bearing I carried a heart as heavy as his own?

"What has changed you, Nina?" he asked.

"I am not changed," I answered. "I always have been the same, and I cannot alter."

And then, with bowed head, and eyes not daring to meet his, I listened to the sad, pained voice as, standing beside me, in his own grave tender way, my husband strove to win me back. In vain. To all his pleadings I turned a deaf ear; my lips were sealed in sullen haughty silence.

"Oh, Nina," he burst out at last, "what has come between us? Look at me, and say my wife is her own true self and loves me still. Come to me, my darling!"

He waited, but no answer came. I never lifted my eyes. In an agony of remorse now I make my confession. Although I knew the power I had over him—that a look would have brought him to my side and secured the forgiveness I was longing for—I let him turn sadly from the room without a word.

I listened to his footsteps passing along the passage and down the stairs and then, forcing back the tears, I went and stood before the glass, looking long and earnestly at the figure

reflected there, a speech Caroline had made that afternoon coming back to me.

"He married you for your beauty, Nina."

I knew he had not done so. I felt that it was for myself that I had been sought and won; yet her words had a shadow of truth, and furnished an excuse to keep up the quarrel.

I remember so well the dress I wore that night—it was black velvet, trimmed with white lace; and I had a bunch of scarlet geraniums in my hair. Lancelot liked to see me well dressed, and I carried out his wishes to the letter. The face I saw and criticised so closely was young and fair enough. I had been told over and over again that I was beautiful; never till that night had I cared whether I was or not. Now I scanned every feature, and looked straight into the dark blue eyes, at the firm haughty mouth, shook back the bright brown hair Lancelot's hand had so often caressed, and then went down stairs to conquer, flashing defiance at my husband's grave face as I swept past him into the room.

Caroline told me afterwards what he had said on her remarking—

"How well Nina looks when she is angry!"

Lancelot had replied, sadly enough—

"Anger is an expression that may add to beauty in the eyes of some; but for my own part, I am sorry to see it on the face of one I love."

And then Caroline, keeping to her own opinion, had said again—

"It becomes Nina, though; don't you think so?"

And he had replied, shortly—

"No, I cannot agree with you, Miss Dering."

Ah, Caroline, does it never smite you now with pang of regret when you remember how you helped to sow the seeds of discord between man and wife, keeping up the bitter, angry feeling that had far better been forgotten? Nay, I do not blame you; I was far more to blame myself. The fault was mine, and the punishment

that indeed seems too heavy to bear is mine also.

That evening, restless and unhappy, books and work alike failing to occupy my thoughts, I went at last to the piano, and sang song after song, all Lancelot's favorites, without faltering, and as I sang my anger died away, and I thought of him, my soldier, my hero, going back to a day long antecedent—the first time I had known Lancelot—and I seemed to see the old red-brick house half hidden by the dark firtrees, and, sitting alone in the firelight, a little girl weeping as if her heart would break, and her friend, her companion, standing by her, his young, handsome face sadly troubled, struggling with the tears his boyish pride refused to let flow.

That was my first sorrow, when Lancelot, the boy-ensign, standing in his uniform, the firelight gleaming and flashing brightly on his sword hanging by his side, came to say good-bye, for before dawn he would be far away—a soldier's work, and perhaps a soldier's grave, before the young hero, who now took his child-friend in his strong arms, the little girl he had loved and petted, and I put my arms round his neck, and with my head on his shoulder wept out my sorrow, and he said—

“Cheer up, little Nina! I shall come home again to my little wife.”

And then he kissed me and cut off a lock of my hair, and went away with tears in his own dark eyes.

Night and day I thought and dreamt of my hero far away, and, when no one thought or guessed what I was doing, I would be sitting pouring over the newspapers, reading about the war, following his regiment step by step; and never shall I forget when the brave, daring deeds of the young ensign, Lancelot Ware, were honorably mentioned. Tears of pride fell on the paper as I thought of the many who would read about my hero—how he was ever first and foremost in the battle, the bravest of the brave! And then he came home, and after one brief visit we did not meet for years;

but I never forgot my child-love, and when, ten years after, Lancelot again came home, one day he showed me a curl cut from a child's hair, and said that he had kept it always, waiting till the time should come when he might claim the owner as his own, that he had made up his mind long ago, and wanted me to repeat the promise—to say the words I had said that night when he, the soldier, had held the weeping child in his arms, and I had whispered, “Lancelot, I love you!” and had promised to be his wife.

Oh, the happy old days! They came back to me so strongly as I went slowly over the old songs till I came to “Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!”

Softly and sadly wailing out the broken-hearted words, feeling the truth of every line, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and Lancelot's voice, deep and tremulous, spoke—

“Nina, look up, and say you mean that.”

One word, and all had ended there—but that word was never spoken.

With a sudden laugh, to hide a burst of weeping, I glanced up into his face, and said—

“I don't believe in such sentimental nonsense.”

His hand dropped from my shoulder, and with a weary sigh, he turned and left the room as, recklessly, I dashed into a waltz to hide softer and deeper feelings. How could he tell that at the very touch of his hand, the sound of his voice my heart swelled and every nerve thrilled—that at that moment I could have knelt at his feet in sorrow and humiliation? But, wilful and wayward, I had determined he should be the first to ask forgiveness, and then, but not till then would I give in.

I have never touched the piano since that night—I shall never touch it again. If I sat there now, in the darkening gloom, I might fancy that I felt his hand on my shoulder, that I heard his voice in my ear; and, if I looked up, I might see the tall figure

beside me, with the head a little bent, and a half-smile on the grave, noble face, as he stood that night, with love in his eyes and voice, like "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

Alas, no! Only in dreams can I see him now—only in fond, sorrowful visions of the past; never more shall I hear his voice breathing my name. I strain my ears in vain for the firm quick step, and think and think till it almost seems as if I must go mad, when I press my hands to my aching head and tell myself I need never watch for his coming home, for never will he come home again.

* * * * *

Lancelot was very grave the next day, grave almost to sternness. After breakfast he came to me—

"Nina, I am going out for a sail. Will you come?"

I looked up to read the expression of his face, but, before I had time to answer, Caroline spoke in her usual impetuous manner—

"Out in a horrid open boat on a day like this! Nina, you won't go dear?"

"Caroline does not wish it, Lancelot," I replied, in a low tone.

"Oh, never mind me!" said Caroline. "I have letters to write, and shall not be lonely. Do go, if Mayor Ware wants you, Nina."

"Don't go, and do go," I returned, pettishly. "What do you mean, Caroline? I do not intend to go sailing to-day."

"Very well," said Caroline, leaving the room—"only please don't stay on my account."

I said nothing, and Lancelot misinterpreted my silence. Turning away, he remarked, bitterly—

"Nina, there was a time when my wishes were more thought of. Nay," he added, kindly, "I cannot bear to see these tears, Nina. Why will you make us both unhappy? It shall all be forgiven and forgotten if you will be my own loving wife again, darling. Will you not give me one kiss again before I go?"

I was relenting fast, but I would not

let him see it yet; and so he went away, silent and sad, kind, gentle, loving to the last.

I went out that afternoon alone, with tender, sad feelings in my heart, sorry and penitent, to meet Lancelot, to lay my hand in his humbly, with regret for the past and promises for the future, to allow, what was a hard thing to do, that I was in the wrong. Yet it would be sweet to make the confession to him, so noble and so true, for I knew him well. Never a reproach would he utter; all would be as if our quarrel had never been. And full of good resolutions, I went up on to the high, rugged cliff to catch the first distant glimpse of Lancelot's boat returning.

The afternoon was wild and windy, and hot and breathless from battling with the wind, I reached the top of the cliff and stood looking out over the sea, which looked wild and dreary enough, with white crests to the waves, and overhead a stormstreaked sky.

Down on the beach lay great shining tangled masses of sea-wreck, brought up by each mighty wave; a group of fishermen were standing and sitting by the boats, drawn high up on to the beach, busy mending their nets, looking out seaward, and now and then lifting their rough, weather-beaten faces to the threatening sky, the white sea-gulls flitting to and fro, or dancing upon the waves.

The afternoon wore away; and then, far out, a mere white speck upon the horizon, I saw Lancelot's boat returning. The sun was setting, a wild stormy sunset flushing the sky, where the blood-red sun dipped into the water on the western horizon.

It was a strange, awful sunset, and never shall I forget it. The red golden light shone with weird brilliancy upon the waves, upon the rough rocks and beach, and upon the faces of the fishermen, and the clouds that had been black before were now crimson with the reflection.

As I gazed on nature's solemn scene, there occurred to me the words,

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," and like lightning came the thought, "It is sunset now, and Lancelot and I are not reconciled."

Like a warning and foreboding the words echoed in my heart. Oh, if he would only come home before the sun went down! And I strained my eyes again, watching the little white sail, and I knew Lancelot was sitting, rudder in hand, thinking no doubt sadly of the cloud that had come between us.

How slowly the boat seemed to approach! Bit by bit the red sun sank behind the waves; and then only the crimson flush remained, to fade and die away till all was neutral gray.

The sun had indeed gone down upon my wrath, but Lancelot was drawing very near now. In another half hour the little boat would be moored; and I vowed in my heart that never another angry word would I say.

A cold, moaning wind came sighing over the sea in short, angry gusts, sending the white spray scudding over the waves. An only coastguard came slowly up the cliff path and stood beside me.

"He ought to be making for home, ma'm," he said, looking out through the telescope, "There is an ugly squall coming up, and that's a big sail on a little boat."

A sudden gust and puff of wind as he spoke almost took me off my feet; the boat seemed to fly before the wind, cutting through the waves.

"Oh, I wish he were safe at home, I said, my heart beating very fast as I looked up at the old man beside me, who only shook his head.

"Let me look through the telescope," I said, and, steadying it on his shoulder, I looked out and saw the boat, the white-tipped waves flying on either side, and Lancelot sitting in the stern, his face turned towards home.

Another terrible gust, with a blinding torrent of rain, the mad wave leaping as before. But, oh great Heavens where was the boat? Where was Lancelot? Gone—gone in a moment!

"Heaven have mercy on him!" ejaculated the coastguard. "She has capsized!"

With a wild scream I hastened down to the beach, the strength and energy of despair lending speed to my feet. Others had seen the accident as well as myself, and forty willing hands were launching a boat.

"Save him," I cried—"my husband!"

And then I was in the boat, out in the rain and storm, while the men bent to their oars, straining every nerve, for a human life was in the balance,

The boat, like a thing of life, seemed to leap and spring forward at every stroke, while the white spray flew around us as we cut through the green waves.

"Harder—faster! Oh, for Heaven sake, row, or we shall be too late!" I cried in my agony, as the men stopped, and rested on their oars, looked anxiously around over the sea, whispering among themselves. And then in their rough, kind way they broke the truth to me, his wife. Lancelot was drowned, and the great waves rolled over the place that was my husband's grave.

In low, sad whispers they spoke, pity for me softening their voices. They could understand and feel for the wife whose husband was lost at sea. And when I would fain have sought an end of grief in the great waters, they spoke of Heaven as they held me back, and said we should meet again.

And then clinging to the last hope, at my wild entreaties they rowed to and fro, backwards and forwards—all, all in vain—nothing but wild, angry waves mocking my sorrow on either side. He was dead, drowned in sight of home, his wife standing watching on the cliff. Oh, Lancelot my darling!

* * * * *

I do not know how long we searched—it all seems very dim now, very confused—but I know it was dark when one of the men, a kind-hearted

fellow, who had no doubt a wife and little ones of his own, gently wrapped his coat around me, where I lay crouched in the bottom of the boat, and his voice was thick and choked when he said pityingly—

“We would stay out till morning, ma'am, if it would do any good; but most likely the poor gentleman got entangled in the sail and ropes and went down with her. Heaven comfort you in your sorrow!” he added, brushing his hand across his eyes.

“Let me die!” I wailed. “What is life to me now?”

And I wished that each great wave as it came rolling on would sweep me into the wide sea, and take me to Lancelot; for the one awful fact remained—he was dead, and death meant separation for ever on earth.

Oh, why had I not gone with him that morning? Perhaps had I been by his side, he would have come home before the storm arose. Why had I let him go out on the wild sea to die—I who loved him?

* * * * *

The boat grated on the stones—kindly hands lifted me out—eager voices cried, “What news?” And the crew sadly answered, “None.”

“He is dead, he is dead,” I cried, and I looked into the sad, sympathetic faces crowding around, “and they would not let me go to him!”

After that came a blank. And then friends brought me a black dress and a widow's cap, and spoke in sad, subdued tones of the dead, and drew down the blinds that I might not look at the sea wherein Lancelot lays.

And I survive, a sad, broken-hearted woman, to live out a life that has no hope in the future, and only sorrow and remorse in the past. And when I die I shall not lie beside Lancelot; but Heaven grant that we may meet again, when the sea gives up her dead and that I may give him the kiss I refused, and hear his lips whisper the forgiveness they will never utter upon earth

GOING DOWN THE HILL.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Brethren of the I. O. O. F.

BY A. H. WINGFIELD.

LIFE! what is it? Full of changes—there is nothing in it sure
 And the man who may be rich to-day, to-morrow may be poor;
 But, amid life's giddy whirl, it should be our duty still
 To give help to one another when we're going down the hill.
 O! then, brothers, when you meet one who is sinking in distress,
 Let your hands and hearts be open—try to make his sorrows less;
 And whate'er you have to give to him, oh! give it with a will—
 Always help him up a little when he's going down the hill.

If kind Fortune smiles upon you, court her favors while you may—
 When her sun is shining brightest is the time to make your hay—
 Do not let your hearts get harden'd 'though your coffers she may fill,
 But give help to those who need it when they're going down the hill
 Oh! then, brothers, when you meet one who is sinking in distress,
 Let your hands and hearts be open, try to make his sorrows less;
 And whate'er you have to give to him, oh! give it with a will—
 Always help him up a little when he's going down the hill.

Cast your bread upon the waters and e'er many days are o'er
 'Twill return to you with blessings wafted back from every shore;
 When you meet with honest poverty—as oftentimes you will—
 Always help him up a little when he's going down the hill.
 Oh! then, brothers, when you meet one who is sinking in distress,
 Let your hands and hearts be open—try to make his sorrows less;
 And whate'er you have to give to him, oh! give it with a will—
 Always help him up a little when he's going down the hill.

Hamilton, November 3, 1876.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

ODD Fellowship establishes a common ground, where all may meet in good fellowship and commune together as brothers, however discordant their opinions in other matters. There are certain great principles of morals and religion which form the basis of the Order, and are the ground upon which all real union amongst us as individuals, must and does depend. Men cannot associate together and be free and friendly with each other, unless they can discover some great fundamental principles in each other, with which they can sympathize; and such a character, in a moral point of view, as they can approve and respect. Hence our laws require candidates to possess certain moral qualifications, to obtain admittance to the institution.

We follow the universal religion of nature, and that is the cement which unites in one band, men of the most discordant opinions, and brings together those who are most distant from each other. But how can men be united to each other, according to the meaning, spirit and intent of Odd Fellowship, if they are deniers and contumers of all religion? If they have no faith in the existence of a God—no belief in human existence after the dissolution of the material body—no sense of accountability to anything higher than man, and are profane, immoral, irreligious in their conversation and conduct, where is the cement that is to bind them together in the endearing relation of brotherhood? In such a case it does not exist; and although there may be a union in relation and form, there can be none in the real feelings of the heart.

For purposes of good-fellowship, mutual comfort, protection and sympathy, men may lay aside all differ-

ences of opinion in politics and religion, and come together upon some common and broad basis. And among good men, this basis must consist of certain great and fundamental principles of character, and certain moral qualifications of a personal description. Such men must find in those with whom they associate, moral and religious principles and habits with which they can sympathize, or there can be no fellowship and communion between them as men. Such is the character of the institution of Odd Fellowship. It is not designed to bring together everything in the shape of human beings, in one confused heterogeneous heap, regardless alike their principles and their characters. It has adopted certain great principles, in a moral and religious point of view, and it aims only to bring those within its embrace who can sympathize with these; and it would learn all such as cannot adopt them, to seek association and sympathy elsewhere; for here they cannot screen these things, without a radical change in their characters and principles.

Therefore, it is one of the most unwise of all things, for any man of loose principles or habits, or his friends for him, to seek to obtain admittance to the institution of Odd Fellowship. If they are successful, and such a man secure admission into the Lodge, if that Lodge, in its spirit and management is not recreant to the principles, the spirit and intent of the Institution, he will find his situation anything but comfortable or desirable. He will find it convenient to stay away from his Lodge meetings, to avoid extending acquaintance among the members or in the Order; and ultimately withdraw, as many have to escape a worse fate.—*Exchange.*

Awkward Ornaments.—A well-moulded arm is prettier without bracelets; besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear.

Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are in charge of "females." It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

THE KERNEL AND THE HUSK.

A LIFE SKETCH.

TOM Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a hard one. At heart he might have been all right if his head and his will had been right; but, these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearning. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there, at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his hand was steady enough he could mend a clock, or clean a watch, as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend up a broken mowing-machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing; and on this morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draughts, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but as usual stupefaction followed, and the man-part died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in the corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night—almost midnight—when the landlord's wife came into the bar-room to see what kept her husband up—and she quickly

saw. "Peter," she said, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging round here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name strung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but he did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the same sweet maiden—Ellen Gross—and he had won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster, who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got more money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a sniff and a snap, Betsy Tindar turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a glass warm."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter—I won't drink any more to-night."

"T'won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning his coat by the solitary button left. "I—know—it—won't!"

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he had got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars; and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered grinding his heel into the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving to poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk worse than worthless—and I am helping him to do it—I am robbing my wife of joy—robbing my children of honor and comfort—robbing myself of love and life—that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ear, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he repeated, setting his foot firmly upon the ground, and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. See was glad to hear him call for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, strong and good."

There was really music to Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out, with resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh—Tom!—what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, started forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him at work."

"Work?—Aye, Tom, and bless you, too! There's an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and un-

steady, but his brain was clear, and under skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing-house, and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right sir, You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she found a two-dollar bank-note in the coffee-cup. She knew he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea, sugar, flour, butter, and bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea-table, and waited, but sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh! was it but a false glimmer, after all?

Hark! The old step!—quick, strong, eager for home. Yes—it was Tom with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie?"

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom, Tom! You've been to the old shop?"

"Yes—and I am to have the old place, and—"

"O, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little while, bless him! My own Tom!—my husband!—my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the

full power and blessing of woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace, and love, and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his old place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough and the joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tind on the street.

"Eh! Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up—right side up."

"Yes—a—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom."

"I have forsaken only the evil you hold in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had

fed on husks about long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

And Peter Tindar went home and meditated. Somehow he did not feel quite like holding up his head as he met his fellow men. If he had a thought that Tom Darcy might fall back he was mistaken. The hand of God had been in that work, and one God's own chosen angels—a true and loving wife—was a helper and sustainer.

SECRET BENEFICIAL ORDERS.

EVERY once in a while the conventions, conferences and synods of certain religious denominations go off wildly in a tirade of resolutions and speeches against secret beneficial societies; no doubt prompted by a desire to hasten the anticipated day when all things worldly will become pure and perfect. However, in these assemblages of intelligence and wisdom, on this particular subject, it would seem impossible for ignorance to exist. True, members of those merely moral organizations may learn much of the church; but, we must be permitted to say it, the church may also profit by the noble example often set by these very secret associations. What are the "dark mysteries" to which such serious objection is made? Why, when all is learned, and if all were told, they would appear so simple and harmless that any sensible man would feel ashamed that he had ever permitted his childish curiosity to become excited over or in regard to them. The church itself, as well as every well regulated family, has its secrets; and so has every particular denomina-

tion its distinctive forms, and strange indeed do some of them appear to many upright and worldly persons. But the sincere man does not permit these peculiarities to interfere with his well-being and the good of society. The resolutions in religious bodies who would thrust from the christian church its members attached to secret beneficial societies, so far, however, have not achieved much save the flattening of their own heads against the mountain they have vainly sought to remove. And so will their every effort in the future most likely prove.

What appears very strange in the onslaught made is, that a considerable number of the clergy and large numbers of the laity of our churches belong to these unchristian associations. But to suppose that any of them stand in the way of the progress of Christianity because of the secrets they have learned, is the height of folly and the essence of ignorance; rather are they helps to the church than an impediment in any way whatever. The teachings of these *secret* institutions, so far as our knowledge extends, are

drawn from the same source from whence the church derives its life. God is acknowledged as the author of all good; the necessity of performing all the duties we owe to Him and our fellow-man is strictly enjoined. The divine principles of Love and Truth, Hope and Faith, Friendship and Charity, are earnestly and beautifully taught. Aye, did the world—especially that portion of the christian world now shaking its bigoted fists at those whose *secret* mission it is to minister to the necessities of the sick bed distressed—know the meaning of Charity in this connection, perhaps the dying

prayer of their Saviour, when all around Him was persecution, would be forcibly brought to mind. It is a serious matter for the church to thus array itself against these purely benevolent and noble organizations, teaching, as they do, obedience to God and duty to man. We seek not to cover any Association or Order of a political or sectarian character in these desultory remarks—such only as cherish the principles of Charity in its broadest sense, and whose religious and political tolerance have invited attention.—*Germantown Guide.*

THE DREAMER.

ALL day the white-haired woman sits,
Beside the open door, and knits ;
No living thing her dim eyes sees,
As busy with her memories,
She dreams her dreams of what has been,
And knits her old-time fancies in.

She thinks of those who long ago
Went out across the threshold low ;
How many times her list'ning ear
Has thought familiar footsteps near,
As she has started up to find
A dead leaf rustling in the wind.

But never as those who lie
Beneath the wide and tender sky,
With folded hands on quiet breast,
All wrapped about with peace and rest,
She thinks of them. For her they tread
The green earth with her. None are dead.

Though years have fallen like the leaves.
Above the grave where summer weaves
Her grass- ringed coverlet, to keep
Safe hid from us the ones asleep,
She sees them all. Nor grass nor mold
Can hide the ones she loved of old.

She talks with them. When brown-winged bees
Make merry in the locust trees,
She thinks he comes and sits with her
Whose voice was love's interpreter,
O dreamer ! young again to-day,
What matter if your hair is gray ?

Sometimes she thinks that round her knee
Her children play in happy glee,
And when they tired and sleepy grow
She sings some song of long ago,
And on her loving mother breast
She rocks her little ones to rest.

THE
Canadian Journal  of Odd-Fellowship.

W. D. GORDON, Editor.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1876.

G. L. U. S.—By authority of resolution of the G. L. U. S., the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP is a recognized organ of that body, and authorized to publish its proceedings, and all official documents issued by it to the Brotherhood.

ONTARIO.—“I consider the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP invaluable to every Odd Fellow. I trust the representatives will give it the support its importance demands, and spare no pains to increase its circulation throughout the length and breadth of Ontario.”—*Grand Master's Report, 1875. Endorsed by Grand Lodge.*

LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.—By several resolutions passed at its Session, in August, 1875, the R. W. Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces, “recommends this national journal (THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP) to every member of the Order.” “The objects, in our estimation, being thoroughly worthy the encouragement of this R. W. Grand Body.”

THE SEASON.

AN Odd-Fellows' journal can with peculiar appropriateness call attention to the especial claims which the near approaching season has upon the Order, as the genial glow of kindly feeling which greatly abounds at Christmas-tide is suggestive of the charity so characteristic of Odd-Fellowship. At all times it is our pleasure and duty to reach out a helping hand and practice the chief of the Christian graces, but especially is it so during that season which commemorates the origin of Christianity and during which all that is best in man has freest play. It is a time for the burial of enmities and for generous reconciliations, a time for stopping to lift up some one who has fallen and been trampled on in the race, for cheering some sad and weary heart, and smoothing some ruffled pillow, a time for learning the “luxury of doing good.” As quicksilver searches out the particles of gold, so does the atmosphere of the great Christian festival season draw out and stimulate to application the good that is in human

nature. He is but a sorry bit of clay who cannot on such a gracious occasion minister to some one less fortunate, some one in need of a kindly act and a brotherly word. Duty though it be at all seasons to be helpful and charitable, Christmas makes an especial draft upon our generosity, and let it be honored with a bountiful alacrity. Nothing returns a better dividend than a kindly ungrudging gift to the needy, and those who doubt it can make the experiment and feel the reward glow at having done a kindness to a neighbour which will possess his breast. No fairer guerdon waits upon good deeds than the modest satisfaction of lifting the fallen or binding up the broken, and no more appropriate season than the birth time of Him who taught us to love our neighbour as ourself can be found to look about us and see where and how best we can help one another. Trusting that the season will be thoughtfully made use of to better others as well as to minister to our own enjoyments, we salute our readers with the wish that they each and all may have

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SUSPENSIONS FOR N. P. D.

THIS is a subject which deserves and demands the earnest attention of the subordinate lodges, and one which, it is to be hoped, they will promptly address themselves to. The legitimate growth of the Order is one of the prime objects to be kept in view, and when that growth is seriously impeded it is the duty of the Lodges to take steps to remove the obstruction. During the past three years the initiations in Ontario have been satisfactorily large, but the total membership has not increased in like ratio, owing to the growing percentage of suspensions for N. P. D. To seek out a remedy for this state of things should be the immediate business of the Lodges. It has been superinduced, doubtless, to a great extent by the stringency which has so widely affected the commercial commonwealth, and will likely continue if prompt endeavour is not made to check the evil. This can be done by considering every case of default and, where it can be properly done, using all friendly brotherly means to restore the brother to good standing. "By timely action," to borrow the per-

tinuous words of an earnest appeal by the Grand Master J. Ham Perry, on the subject, "prompt aid and assistance, and considerate proceedings on the part of the Committee, the officers and members of each Lodge, cannot but result in good work, in retaining our present membership and restoring large numbers to the ranks of our Order. Let us ever bear in mind that this special occasion demands our warmest sympathy, our kindest words and most generous assistance. It is now that *individual* effort and *individual* confidence, one brother with and in another are most urgently desired, and by many will be fraternally accepted."

If the appeal be promptly responded to *now*, at the close of the current term, there can be little hesitation in anticipating the removal of the evil complained of, to a considerable extent if not entirely. Let the endeavour then be made in every proper case, so that our growth, in numbers will be real instead of partially fictitious, and so that those who have dropped out of the ranks may be restored to a share in the beneficent fruits of the Order, and the Order equipped for accomplishing a greater measure of good by the aid and strength lent by the wanderers' return.

PAST GRAND MASTER BUTTREY.

DIED in London, on the 27th November, 1876, Henry Edwin Buttrey, aged 36 years.

TEN years have passed since the Odd-Fellows of Ontario have been called to mourn the death of one of their Past Grand Masters. In 1859, our first Grand Master, Dr. Reynolds, of Brockville, in 1867, his worthy successor Chauncey Yale, of St. Catharines, passed from labor to their eternal rest; and now we add another name to the roll of the honored dead—the name of one whose services are

fresh in the memory of all, for scarce four months have passed since his term of office expired.

The Grand Lodge found Bro. Buttrey in his place last August, though suffering from the effects of a serious illness; but buoyed up by the excitement consequent upon a re-union with old friends, and with the hope of a speedy return to his former health. But his ambition was greater than his strength; and though his attendance

at the Grand Lodge was rather beneficial to him, there is little doubt that the attempt to resume his usual business avocations taxed his infeebled body beyond its powers of endurance. Over-exertion, together with the injurious effects of the chilling draughts of autumn winds coming through the ever-opening doors of a large and airy store undoubtedly hastened the fatal attack which carried him off with but a few hours of warning.

Bro. Buttrey's life as an Odd-Fellow was marked by activity and zeal. He joined Forest City Lodge, No. 38, in his native town, about twelve years since. The earlier period of his connection with us was spent with characteristic modesty in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the principles and work of Odd-Fellowship. His evident interest in the Order soon attracted the attention of his fellow members, and he was selected to fill the office of Recording-Secretary in July, 1868. The next term saw him in the V.G.'s chair; and in due succession he became N.G. At the first election for representatives, after he had passed the chair, the choice of his brethren fell upon him; and he entered the Grand Lodge at Brockville, in 1870, as the colleague of the three well-known and worthy Odd-Fellows, P.G.M., Bissell, P.G., Warden Beltz and P.G., Chaplain Hanson. From that time till the present year, he never missed a session. His regular and punctual attendance to his duties, combined with a social and agreeable manner, commended him to the favorable notice of his fellow representatives, and at the Stratford session in 1873, he was elected G.W., the year following, D.G.M., and in 1875 Grand Master.

I do not know the exact date of his

first connection with the Patriarchal Order. He was exalted in Harmony Encampment, elected Scribe in July, 1870, and then advanced in regular succession through the chairs of J.W., S.W., H.P. and C.P. He attended Grand Encampment as representative in 1874 and in 1875.

Bro. Buttrey's work as an Odd-Fellow in his own locality did not cease when he had passed the chairs in his own subordinate, nor after his election to office in the Grand Lodge. The fiscal concerns of his lodge were carefully watched by him during a protracted term as Per. Sec. and he also rendered valuable service to the Order in London, as Secretary of the Board of Directors during the construction of their magnificent Temple.

It is a difficult matter, so soon after the death of our brother to form a calm and critical estimate of his character as a man and an Odd-Fellow. It always requires a long period of time to pass before our prejudices both for and against one who has been removed from earth, lose their influence, and we become able to judge of him and his work dispassionately. But the difficulty is greater with the writer in the present case than it might be with many others. Natives of the same town; entering the Order, though members of different lodges at nearly the same time; passing through the chairs the same year, entering Grand Lodge together, after a near acquaintance of some thirty years, now while the recollection of our intimacy is still so fresh, in the endeavour to avoid the appearance of partiality. I may fall into the opposite extreme, and speak more coldly than I would.

But I say no more than all who knew him would say when I speak of

him as an honest and upright man, whose chief care was to attend faithfully to the duties which devolved upon him in that sphere of life to which he was called. His long connection with one establishment in London, extending over many years, was a clear indication that his services were appreciated by those to whom they were rendered. Though for a long time his health was far from good, he never allowed physical weakness to interfere with the performance of his duties; but bore unshrinkingly the burdens of a responsible position that entailed mental care as well as bodily toil; and that, too, when often a due regard to his own interests should have made him seek rest and recreation.

Well known and esteemed by a large range of business acquaintance for his honesty and probity, in the social circle, and around the family hearthstone he was loved as the genial and generous friend, as the affectionate husband and father.

Into Odd-Fellowship he carried the same virtues he exhibited in business affairs and in private life, not brilliant and dashing, his qualities were of a more enduring and lasting character. He was not one who would be elevated to place and power at the first flush of acquaintance, but he steadily advanced in the good opinion of those with whom he came in contact. In Subordinate Lodge and Encampment, as well as in Grand Lodge, he worked up steadily from the lowest offices, in one succession, step by step, to the highest in the gift of his brethern. To all of us his life teaches the one great lesson—that faithful performance of

the task allotted, no matter how lowly the office, will meet with its full reward.

There is no doubt that the position of Grand Master entailed duties beyond Bro. Buttrey's strength. A large and growing jurisdiction like Ontario devolves upon its Chief Executive much labor. There are many calls for advice, decision and hard work; and no weak hands can safely hold the reins of government. Bro. Buttrey's physical powers were not equal to the task, though the spirit was only too willing to spend and be spent. In all probability had he held a less important position in the Order, he might have been longer with us. It was in work of Odd-Fellowship, zealously, though rashly undertaken, that he met the serious illness of last winter from which he never fully recovered. While suffering from a pulmonic affection that imperatively demanded rest, he accepted an invitation to dedicate a new hall in a Western village in the beginning of last January. Travelling a long distance in the biting air of winter, sitting up late consulting and advising with the members of the lodge, and then sleeping in an apartment whose temperature did not exceed that of the average country hotel, the natural result was his prostration in a bed of sickness from which he did not rise for four months.

Such was the character of our brother, so earnest and so faithful was he in his responses to the call of duty.

A bereaved widow and four orphaned children now mourn the loss of their protector and their head. But in their sad distress they have the warm sympathy of the members of this large jurisdiction who were bound by strong fraternal ties to the departed one.

CL. T. C.

THE first initial of five of the Grand Officers of Illinois is "A," two of them, when spelled out, being "Amos."

IT is the duty of every brother to attend lodge meetings and help to make them interesting.

ODD NOTES.

THE Grand Encampment of Tennessee met at Nashville on the 14th ult.

THE lodge rooms are beginning to fill up as cold weather approaches.

THE Grand Lodge of Indiana passed a law authorizing subordinates to raise a fund for the purpose of hiring watchers, where it was thought best by them so to do. They also refused to grant Lodges the privilege of having the dead buried by a committee appointed by the Lodge.

NEVER come to your lodge angry or you will doubtless find many annoying things before you go home. One peevish man in a lodge room will often make all present spend an unpleasant evening.

THE man who thinks only of Odd Fellowship while in his lodge will never suggest anything startling. It requires deep and earnest thought to grasp that which the common mind has not already digested.

WE should make it a principle to extend the hand of Friendship to every man who faithfully discharges his duties and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, which the well off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom, in the comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into significance.

THE lodge that is ambitious to excel will excel. Lodges can be ambitious just as well as individuals. It is these ambitious lodges that arise and shine like polar stars shedding light on those around them.

BROTHER if you would leave a name that will live after earth has claimed all that is moral, write it on the hearts of men with the good you have done. Remember that it is the most useful men that are not fully appreciated until they are gone.

THE man who seldom or never visits his Lodge need not expect to receive benefits from the Order. It is only by hearing the principles of Odd Fellowship oft repeated that they become a part of our daily actions. You might as well expect a child to become a scholar without instructions as to expect a man to become a good Odd Fellow without knowing anything of its principles.

DURING the month of July the Odd Fellows' Library; San Francisco, circulated 8,708 volumes. This is the largest number ever issued. Of this number 7,106 were romances, 232 were histories, 230 magazines, 187 poetry, 220 biography, 238 travels, 190 science; 23 theology, 228 belles-letters. 170 new works were added to the catalogue, including several valuable English scientific publications and a donation of "Patents" from the British Government.—*New Age*,

THE Odd Fellows resident in Dead Wood, Black Hills, and vicinity recently held a meeting in the theatre. The brothers assembled represented twenty different lodges, from the following States and Territories: Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Vermont, Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and

Idaho. The chairman stated that the object of the meeting was to form a permanent organization for the relief of brothers in sickness or distress.—The names of all the brothers were then recorded, with the name, number and location of their respective lodges, and the degree to which they had attained.

AS Odd Fellows, our belief is in the one living and true God, who sits enthroned in the majesty of the heavens, as the Creator of the universe, and the source of all our blessings. Our lessons inculcate the purest morality, as emanating from the same divine fountain—and the practice of

the virtues enjoined by religion. They teach us the dependence of man upon and his duty toward his fellow-man; advocate the spread of intelligence and general diffusion of brotherly kindness and truth. Such are the noble principles summarily expressed, and thus pure are the designs upon which every Lodge of our Order is constituted and sustained.

Their practical workings among our members are mutual assistance, mutual friendship and universal charity. If the Order is distinguished more for one characteristic than for another, it is that it is most emphatically an association, in every sense of the term, for mutual assistance.

COMMUNICATED.

DUES AND BENEFITS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Journal of Odd-Fellowship.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—In the September number of your Journal there is a letter from Bro. Dr. Campbell purporting to be a review of an article of mine which appeared in the August issue of the same Journal. I must confess that for excellent of style and diction the letter is quite a success, but his ideas of life contingencies are very peculiar indeed.

From the exceptions he takes to some of my calculations and propositions I would infer that he only read a portion of my letter.

For instance he says that the widows benefit fund is to the general relief outlay only in the proportion of one to nine, and further on he says. Taking the transactions of the Order for 1874 we find the amount paid for burying the dead to be nearly \$100,000 in excess of the benefits to widows and orphans. And towards the end of his letter he speaks of a funeral and W. and O. benefit of \$30 each. Now from these conclusions of Bro.

Campbell's it would appear as if it never occurred to him that when a widow's claim arises, that the liability is not merely the \$30 or \$40 which is paid that year, but a sufficient sum to purchase that annuity during her widowhood which sum will be about \$300 and must be on hand as it is a present liability.

A special Committee of representative men were appointed from the different Lodges in the City of Toronto, to consider the scheme in question, and after due consideration they concluded that the probable time or duration of widowhood would be about ten years. Now the present value of a temporary annuity of \$40 a year for ten years at age thirty-five (with chances of dying during this time) is \$300.40 and at greater ages somewhat less.

From Bro. Campbell's conclusions he appears to estimate the probable duration of widowhood at three-fourths of one year the liability being \$30. It is quite possible that a greater amount might be paid in a single year for burying the dead than to the widows and orphans out of a

given number of new Lodges. As regards the burial fund Bro. C. presumes that I admit that it is an increasing liability with age although I probably did not think that it was a liability greater than the benefits to widows. I certainly admit the the increase with age but do not admit that it is greater than the benefits to widows. If all brothers who die left widows the benefits would be in the proportion of \$300 to \$40 for burial. But more than one half of the brothers who die do not leave widows, but all who die have to be buried consequently the proportion would not be half so great. The provision made for the increasing liability with age of the burial fund is included in the initiation fee, which ranges from thirteen cents at age twenty-two to six dollars and sixty-six cents at fifty, this sum together with thirty cents from the dues each year will meet a claim at death of \$25 which is expected to be increased by profits to \$40.

This appears to have escaped Bro. Campbell's notice altogether. It will be seen by the above facts that the whole attention has not been given to the Widows and Orphans fund. As it is at present the Lodges here apply \$1.60 of the dues to the Widows and Orphans fund and \$4.40 to the general fund. The proposed plan would give \$4.72 to the general fund, and more of the initiation from 22 to 35 years than the present system gives. At age 30 the present system gives to the general fund \$6 initiation and \$4.40 from the dues. The proposed system would give the general fund \$7.36 from the initiation and \$4.72 from the dues. I proposed when discussing the matter with the Committee to make the burial fund \$5 greater, so that the surplus profits might go to meet increased sickness as age advances. This would add to the initiation 2½ cents at age 22. 71 cents at age 40, and \$1.34 at age 50.

As regards an increase of sickness as age advances. If the whole of my article had been printed it would have qualified what I said about the general fund not being an increase liability

with age, except the burial, portion of it. I will here offer some further explanations than appeared in the circular, and which was read to the Committee by the Chairman.

(Grand Representative Dr. G. Wright) "If it should be desired at any time to increase the initiation fee. The manner of doing it will depend on what it is wanted for. If it is for the general benefit fund and to be used during life, the amount to be added should be equal at all ages. If it should be considered that the general benefit liability increased somewhat with age we should then calculate on meeting a sum at death somewhat greater than that required for burial! Say \$10 the reserve on which is as follows: At age 22, 5c. at age 30, 54c. at age 40, \$1.41 and at 50, \$1.62 which should go to the general fund.

If it should be considered that the amount applied to the widows and orphans was inadequate; we should calculate on a liability of \$10 more which will call for twelve cents additional from the dues and will create an additional reserve equal to the above, ranging from 5 cents at age 22 to \$2.67 at age 50."

It must be remembered that many young men who now join, when they arrive at a given age—the new men being subject to a rigid scrutiny.

Out of a large number of young men joining now some few of them will become invalides by middle age. There is more received for general purposes the first year than is used, consequently there is an accumulation going on to meet the greater calls in old age, but with all that there should be more paid by men joining at the more advanced ages but not to the extent which Bro. Campbell proposes. I find that with some diseases the young suffer most.

Our Medical Report gives them as follows:—

DISEASES.	PERCENTAGE.	
	18 to 29	60 69
Typhoid Fever	13.93	3.57
Consumption	34.22	4.62
Accidents	10.25	3.70

Another thing should not be overlooked viz: \$6 initiation and \$10 for degrees, making in all \$16, is to be used during life. According to the Actuaries table of mortality and 6 per cent, interest it is worth at age 50 \$1.54 a year. Bro. Campbell undertakes to show what admission fee would be equivalent to each other and in a few sentences further on he says:

"I have already shown that it would be practically impossible to accomplish this by grading the admission fee, and the only other method is to grade the annual payment according to the age after the manner of Insurance Companies."

He undertook to show that an admission fee at age 40 should be \$87 to be equivalent to \$6 at age 21. After providing for everything including a slight increase of sickness \$24.38 at age 40 would be equivalent to \$6 at age 21.

Bro. Campbell overlooks the element of interest and the value of the fund on hand in lessening the risk. It does not follow that all the money a lodge may pay out at a future time should have been received by that lodge, although it was subject to a certain amount of expense. According to the above table of mortality and interest \$16.42 on hand at age 21 will meet a claim of \$100 at death. The increasing liability with age may be met either by increasing the admission fee or by increasing the dues, and the increase in one can be made equivalent to the increase of the other.

My acquaintance with the science of life insurance would lead me to favour the increase of the dues, but my acquaintance with Odd-Fellowship inclines me decidedly to favour the increase of the admission fee. As far as I have conversed with experienced members of the Order they say they have seen greater difficulty in collecting the dues than inducing new men to join the Order. By increasing the admission fee the profits would be very much greater and in addition to that a better class of men would be ob-

tained consequently raising the standard of the Order.

Bro. Campbell shows a table of dues which he takes from the model code of by-laws and which he says: "This I submit is the only available scheme for placing our financial affairs on a sound basis that has yet been presented to the Order in Ontario. I give them below, and their equivalent initiation fee with \$6 dues and \$6 initiation in each case. They are abbreviated making steps of five years in ages.

AGE. DUES. INITIATION.			
	21	\$6	\$6
	22	6.12	8
The excess of dues	25	6.48	14
over \$6 is equivalent	30	7.08	23
to the excess	35	7.68	31
of initiation over	40	8.68	44
\$6.	45	10.08	60
	50	11.88	78
			99
			57

This illustration shows these dues to be unnecessarily high, besides they are not made to meet the same amount of claim at the different ages. If we set apart \$4.40 of the dues for equal or level purposes at age 21 the remaining \$1.50 will meet a claim at death of \$125. At age 22 \$6.22 minus \$4.50 = \$1.62 will meet a claim of \$132. At age 40 \$8.68 minus \$4.50 = \$4.18 will meet a claim of \$193. At age 50 \$11.88 minus \$4.50 = \$7.38 will meet a claim of \$220.

The amount of liability at death will be the same at all ages and I think there will be no greater number of weeks sickness from 40 to 67½ years than from 21 to 62 years and not even as many.

It is because the claims come sooner starting from ages that increases the cost and not that the claims will be any greater.

My tables provide for an equal amount at death for all ages and would do so to if any of the additions were made which I pointed out.

As regards giving there serve to a member when he attains the age of 70 years, I wish to say nothing further, for the Committee rejected that clause. But I can assure Bro. Campbell that there is a wide difference be-

tween the endowment plan and paying over a surrender value.

By adopting the plan embodied in the circular, and printed in the September number of your JOURNAL, a valuation could be made of the liabilities at any time, enabling us to test the solvency of our Lodges as we go along.

Green Bay, Dec. 3, '76.

MY DEAR JOURNAL :—

I am almost ashamed to re-enter your columns, so long have I remained silent. Yet not without excuse do I appear—as no truant ever did return to duty without it. I have completed my tour of the Lodges and Camps in this jurisdiction, and therefore having seen and experienced much during the year past, I have something to say on the consummation of Odd-Fellowship. I bring an offering of “first fruits”—it being a year of experiment in the office of Grand Instructor.

Wisconsin being a large State it makes a large field to work. There are two hundred and fifty working Lodges and about fifty Camps, containing a membership of over 14,000. There are also about 40 Rebekah Lodges, all of which, saving nine—7 Lodges and 2 Camps, have been visited and instructed in the unwritten work this year. So that you may imagine that I have not been idle, nor had much time for correspondence.

Considering the “hard times” I have found the Lodges and Camps in a healthy condition, there being very few of them feeble and inefficient. Quite a number of them own their Halls, and are thus rendered independent. Lodge homes are desirable and should be secured at the earliest convenience; nothing perhaps will contribute so much to the permanency and prosperity of a Lodge, and thus the Order, as a Lodge Home.

Over *Three Hundred Thousand Dollars* is annually paid out by the Lodges in the Superior jurisdiction, simply for the rent of halls. If this large item of current expense can be

I would like to give an illustration of how it might be done in your JOURNAL at a future time. I am sorry to have encroached upon your space to so great an extent.

Yours, fraternally,

A. MCGREGOR.

saved, it will by so much increase our ability to do good. Not only this, but usually Lodges owning their Halls also have the first story of the building for rent, which adds as much more to their income. All find it pleasanter to receive rents than to pay them, and the effect on our finances—the backbone of a Lodge—is perceptible and often magnetic. True it may cost us something, even some sacrifice, to build a Lodge Home, and what boon does not? but in the years to come it will abundantly repay the Lodge all which it has cost. Our manner of administering the office has been to visit each lodge and exemplify the unwritten work entire, and also to offer such suggestions as the occasion and condition of the Lodge may suggest or seem to require bearing on the work, the finances and other principles of the order, usually occupying from two to three hours. About seven thousand members have been present at these Lodge meetings and received the instructions.

How it has been received, may be inferred from the increased interest and attendance in the Lodges, and the general expression of satisfaction regarding this kind of work. Will it render the work uniform? It must! because the language, you know, is so plain and simple, that any one knowing it can render it perfectly. Of course all cannot retain the language at first hearing, yet many have acquired parts of it, and a few here and there where two days were given to a town or city, have the work entire. So that they in turn may post others of their own adjoining lodges. In this way, if the work shall be con-

tinued, it is believed that the whole membership will soon be able to render the work with great uniformity.

Grand Master Jones and Secretary Hill's four communications received from Lodges, speak highly of the results. The uniformity of the work and the inculcation of the principles of the Order have been the aim and object of the office.

Considering the desultory manner heretofore practiced in communicating the unwritten work viz., by the Representatives of each Lodge and D.

Deputies, it is not surprising that considerable progress has been made this year, rendering the work more uniform, nor is it beyond expectation that a decided advance has also been made in extending the knowledge of the Brotherhood, our fundamental principles and their application to Society.

The Grand Orders meet this week at Milwaukee. A large attendance is expected.

Fraternally,

W. P. LINDSAY.

IMPOSTORS.

Toronto, Dec. 11, '6.

To the Editor of the Canadian Journal of Odd-Fellowship.

DEAR SIR,—

I herewith send you a description of some impostors who are travelling through Canada, trying to victimize the Order :

1st. A Suspended Member of Orient Lodge No. 273, Rochester, N. Y. ; name, Geo. H. Davis ; age about 24 ; height 5 feet 9 in. ; genteel address ; appearance prepossessing.

2. A party calling himself W. Martin, claiming to be a member of Selius Grove Lodge No. 197, Selius Grove, Penn., calls himself a carpen-

ter ; age about 30 ; height 5 f. 10 in. ; brown complexion ; appearance rough.

3. A party calling himself Frank Childs, claiming to be a member of Clinton Lodge No. 7, Albany, N. Y., calls himself a shoemaker ; age about 26 ; height 5 f. 6 in. ; sandy complexion ; appearance very passable.

I am in possession of communications from each of the Lodges named, stating that the parties are impostors. By exposing them in your Journal you will save some of the Lodges from being imposed on, and oblige,

yours in F. L. & T.

ROBERT DODDS,

Sec'y.

Toronto, Dec. 13th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Canadian Journal of Odd-Fellowship.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—
It is some months since I wrote you and some of the Toronto Bros. think that it is about time that I should wake up from my state of lethargy, my reason for not writing you before, was from the fact, that I met with a very severe accident which prevented me attending any of the lodges for some time, as I stated in one of former letters, the Odd-Fellows of Toronto were going to give a concert in behalf of the Toronto "Life Boat" for some reason the matter was deferred, I am happy to say that the Toronto Odd-Fel-

lows, have again taken up the matter promptly and purpose giving a general concert in the Royal Opera House, on the 22nd inst., which promises to be a very brilliant affair as the Mayor of Toronto will present medals to the lady and gentleman who have saved life—will send you full accounts. We also purpose starting a new lodge on the 21st inst., quite a number (some fifteen of Queen City members have withdrawn for that purpose. Shall send you full particulars of opening &c., &c. And now it is my painful duty to report to you the death of one of the oldest and most respected Odd-Fellows of Toronto, Bro. F. J. Barker which sad event occurred at his residence Adelaide street, on the night of

the 16th Nov. The funeral took place on the following Sunday, at half-past one, the members of the Toronto Encampment No. 8, I.O.O.F., and of Covenant Lodge No. 52, as well as a very large number of members of the various lodges in the city, congregated in large numbers (among whom were several Aldermen, medical gentlemen, and other prominent citizens, at their Hall Albert street, to pay the last tribute of respect to their late beloved brother, deceased, who at the time of his death was in the Encampment and Past Grand in Covenant Lodge No. 52) he was also connected with the Orange Order and the members of the L.O.L., No. 328 also assembled at their Hall Yonge street and the Encampment and above named lodges, marched in procession to the late residence of deceased where devoted exercises were held over the remains conducted by Rev. S. J. Hunter, which never seemed more solemn, appropriate and impressive than on this occasion. The coffin was very carefully decorated with floral wreaths. A large number of friends here joined the procession, which being much larger than before was reformed and headed by the band

already named, the cortege proceeded to the Necropolis, where the burial service was read by the Rev. Mr. Griffith, as the cortege neared the grave. The hymn "Nearer, my God to thee," was very effectively and with deep pathos played by the band. The whole scene near the grave was rendered very striking by the calm quiet of the evening, drawing to a close, with the beautiful surrounding hills and valley in the distance. The solemn occasion will be long remembered as one of the largest as well as one of the most deeply—impressive Odd-Fellows funeral the best and the kindest men, considered either as husband, father, brother, or Odd-Fellow. During his long period of Odd Fellowship he never shrank from the performance of those duties which devolve upon all good members. In wisdom he served the honored office of D.D.G.M., for the Toronto District. The pall bearers were P.G., T. Colbey, J. T. Hornbrook, P.G., and M. E. Snyder, P.G., of the Covenant Lodge.

Yours, fraternally,
 WM. JEFFERIES, Past Grand,
 No. 40, High Street,
 Toronto.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

ST. MARY'S.

ON the 1st of December, Grand Master Perry, assisted by Dep. G.M., Campbell, D.D.G.M., Chipman, P.G.M., Gibson, P.G.M., Ford, P.G., E. Welsh and other brethren from St. Mary's and Stratford, instituted Victor Lodge in St. Mary's. The new lodge starts out with twenty-five names on its charter; fourteen applications were received, and nine initiated the first night. The good will of the parent lodge, St. Mary's, No. 36, was shown in the generous grant of \$600, and free use of room and parapherlia for two years. The result of the "new departure" will be highly beneficial in the Order in that town, in infusing new life and energy into brethren who

are already about as energetic as it is possible to be. Though twenty-five withdrew from the old lodge to start the new one the loss was fully made up by the addition of as large a number by initiation within a few weeks.

GUELPH.

IN connection with the re-union held by the members of Reliance Lodge, No. 89, I.O.O.F., on Monday evening, 4th December, the following sketch of the foundation and progress of the lodge will undoubtedly prove of interest:—

It was not until 1872 that Odd-Fellowship obtained prominent footing in Guelph. In 1871 the formation of a lodge was first proposed by Mr. Geo.

W. Jessop. The suggestion met with the approval of Messrs. F. Biscoe, Wm. Marshall, Hugh Walker, Charles Sharpe, Dr. Tuck and others, and after the necessary preliminaries had been arranged and a hall secured in the *Herald* Block,

RELIANCE LODGE, NO. 89,

was instituted, on March 15th, 1872, by John Murray, of Clifton, D.G.M.; Woodyatt, of Brantford, G.W.; and J. B. King, of Brantford, G.S.; in the presence of a large number of visiting brethren from Western Ontario. The chartered members were Geo. W. Jessop, F. Biscoe, W. Marshall, H. F. Tuck and H. Walker, in addition to whom the thirteen candidates were initiated on the evening of the institution. The first elective officers of the lodge were: G. W. Jessop, N.G.; W. Marshall, V.G.; F. Biscoe, R.S.; Dr. Tuck, P.S.; and Hugh Walker, Treas. The N.G.'s of the lodge since its establishment and the dates of their appointments are as follows:—March, 1872, George W. Jessop; July, 1872, W. Marshall; January, 1873, G. W. Jessop, who retired after holding office for about a month, and succeeded by W. Marshall; July, 1873, Hugh Walker; January, 1873, W. Sunley; July, 1874, John Hunter; Jan. 1875, H. H. Maddock; July, 1875, J. H. Ledley; January 1876, Dr. McGregor; July, 1876, John Colson. Both financially and numerically, Reliance Lodge has been very successful, its present membership being over 100 and its investments amounting to between \$1,500 and \$2,000. The present officers are:—John Colson, N.G.; W. Parker, V.G.; W. Bourne, R.S.; Geo. Anderson, P.S.; James Carter, Treas.; W. H. Fosberry, Warden; J. B. Clyne, Con.; E. Welsh, O.G.; Geo. Mearce, I.G.; Brock Cameron, R.S.N.G.; G. J. Brimfield, L.S.N.G.; G. Beck, R.S.V.G.; Edward Tuthill, L.S.V.G.; John Hewer, jr., R.S.S.; —Slater, L.L.S.; J. H. Deitz, Chap.; Dr. Macgregor, P.G. The lodge meets every Monday evening in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Upper Wyndham

street, to which it removed last spring. Numerous social gatherings have been held by the members of the lodge since its formation, but probably the most interesting yet held was

THE RE-UNION

which took place in the Hall on Monday evening, when the building was crowded to excess by the members of the lodge, a large number of visiting brethren and a great many ladies. The whole body of the Hall had been comfortably seated for the occasion, and the walls tastefully decorated with mottoes, &c., the N.G.'s end of the room bearing the inscription, "Friendship, Love and Truth," and the V.G.'s a very tasteful scroll, "Reliance Lodge, No. 89, welcomes our guests." Shortly after 8 o'clock the chair was taken by Bro. John Colson, N.G., immediately after which the programme was commenced by an appropriate overture from Vale's quadrille band. The N.G., followed with an address of welcome in the delivery of which he was peculiarly happy, its reception by the audience being exceedingly hearty. Miss Rhemmie followed with a solo, after which Mr Chas. Maddock gave a reading. A solo by Miss Bryson given in a pleasing manner, was heartily applauded. Miss Bryson possesses a charmingly sweet voice, which is well cultivated and it is but expressing the feelings of the audience to say that they hope to have the pleasure of hearing her on many future occasions. The next portion of the programme was an

ADDRESS BY BRO. DR. CAMPBELL,

of Stratford, D.G.M., of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, who on rising was received with loud cheers. After a humorous introduction, the speaker referred to the fact of its being his first visit to Guelph, passed a high eulogy on its evident stability and expressed the hope that it would ere long be knocking for admission as one of the citizens of Ontario. Important and undeniable evidence of the intelligence of its population was to be

found in the hearty support given here to the Odd-Fellows organization which he claimed to be one of the best of the secret societies in existence. The members of the Order in Guelph deserved great credit for the earnest manner in which they had pushed on the Order here, its progress having certainly been very rapid, as in about four years they had succeeded in building up two powerful subordinate lodges, as well as encampment with a large membership. The speaker proceeded to give a concise and interesting table of the Order's statistics, showing that whereas in Ontario ten years ago, when he became a member, there were but 14 lodges, there are now 160; their memberships then was but 539, now it is 12,000; then the yearly revenue was but about \$4,000, now it is \$100,000; while \$20,000 is now paid out yearly for relief, as against \$700 at that period. Fifty-seven years ago had seen the establishment of the first lodge in Baltimore, founded by a blacksmith; but although the beginning was small, the Order had now assumed enormous proportions, comprising some 7,000 lodges, scattered over the whole American continent as well as in Great Britain, and nearly all its colonies. The remarkable progress and success of the Order was a convincing proof of its value, of the firm foundation on which it was established and of the purity and praiseworthy nature of its objects, the principal of which are the cultivation of true feelings of fidelity, love and truth. Odd-Fellowship is emphatically a moral society, its principles being founded on the glorious truths of the book of books. After referring to the works of charity and benevolence which had been performed by the Order, the speaker urged on the brethren to live fully up to the principles of the Order and concluded in the words of Bryant:

"So live that when the summons comes to
 join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall
 take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Though go not like the weary slave, at
 night
 Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach the
 grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch
 About him and lies down to pleasant
 dreams."

The D.G.M.'s address was listened to with great attention and heartily applauded on its conclusion: Miss Foster and Miss Rhemmie followed with solos; after which Bro. W. Jaffray, D.D.G.M., of Waterloo District, spoke at some length on the broader bearings of Odd-Fellowship, especially referring to the spirit of patriotism it should inculcate and warmly advocating the cultivation of a Canadian national sentiment. Mr. F. Cooke followed with a song, which was rapturously encored, after which Bro. T. H. Taylor, in his inimitable style, read "The glove and the lion" from one of Leigh Hunt's works and in response to an encore gave "The Widow Bedot's letter to Elder Sniffins" the numerous nature of which kept the audience in convulsive laughter during its delivery. A second song by Miss Bryson concluded the programme, an instrumental duett which was down for Mr. and Miss Philip having to be omitted, owing to an organ, instead of a piano, having been secured for the entertainment. The N. G., briefly thanked the audience for their attendance, the proceedings being brought to a close by the whole company, led by Miss Rhemmie, singing the national anthem. The whole affair passed off in the most pleasant and satisfactory manner, for which the highest credit is due to the Committee of management, comprised of Messrs. R. Mackenzie (Chairman,) J. Mearce, B. Cameron, E. Tuthill and W. H. Fosberry. On the conclusion of the entertainment several of the brothers proceeded to the City Hotel, where they partook of

SUPPER,

the chair being occupied by Bro. John Colson, N.G., with Bro. Parker, V.G., as Vice-Chairman. The Chairman was

supported on the left and right by Bro. Dr. Campbell, D.G.M., and Bro. W. Jaffray, D.D.G.M., and among those present were P.G.'s McGregor, Marshall, Sunley, Weir, Maddock and McCallum, (Hamilton), Bros. J. B. Clynne, J. H. Moore, J. Henderson, Reid, Brimfield, McKenzie, Tuthill, Geo. Anderson, jr., Weaver, Beck, Cameron, Bardwill and Walsh of Reliance Lodge, Bros. Taylor, Burrows,

Thomson, Pepper, Wheeler, and Belknap and others. A very pleasant and entertaining couple of hours were spent, addresses being delivered by Bros. Dr. Campbell, W. Jaffray, Dr. McGregor, Burrows, McCallum, of Hamilton, and some excellent songs sang, by Bros. W. Jaffray, A. Weir, John Henderson and Whittaker. Bros. Campbell and Jaffray left by the midnight train for home.—*Guelp Herald*.

ODD-FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO OBTAIN A PLACE IN THE WORLD.

IT often happens to the sensitive and intellectual man that, in the midst of his speaking, reading or thinking, a few words are forced upon his attention, which have the power of moving his whole being, and from which he cannot rid himself. His thoughts and sentiments are restrained by these words; if he banishes them they force their return to him; they again echo as a secret admonisher or an inner voice in his ear. In much the same manner this question often presses involuntarily upon us:—When a man's place, from whatever reason, has become empty, do not the remaining men press together so that he, who has stepped out, shall not be missed? Or does not another quickly take his position?

It is truly a painful feeling to be obliged to say to oneself when we have striven our whole life long, using all powers of our mind and body, that after our death all remembrance of us will be wholly extinguished. And yet there are but a few extremely gifted men in each century, who conquer the power of time by their surprising deeds and works, whose places remain always empty, and whose wisdom and activity are desired by all ages. Such a high aim we have not hoped for ourselves; we are only concerned that we shall not fall and moulder quite as do the leaves of the trees; that at least with the generation with whom we

have lived and struggled, our name may be recalled and our presence missed; that our circle of friends may feel our loss as a member, and that many tears be wept for our absence.

This should be the pride of every man who is striving for perfection, of every member of our Fraternity. We desire to make a few suggestions, the right way to this aim of finding a place.

Inherited wealth and birth do not always give a man an honorable position, and place him in the condition to climb a higher round of life's ladder; in consequence of them it is often harder to protect a good name and reputation. Daily do we see men raising themselves from the lowest classes, by whose cradle want and necessity have stood. They wished the good; they battled for the high and noble with all the firmness and power of the mind, aided by the warmth of the heart, and thus they have won for themselves a recognized place in human society, the right place in the world. It is certainly somewhat difficult in the pressure of everyday life to preserve intact our goodness and nobility, and we have continually to struggle against prejudice and hateful artifice. Besides this our honor is a delicate plant, which demands to be gently treated.

Secondly, it always concerns rank and condition to be the steadfast and

honorable. There has been it is true, and always will be the high and low ; but each of us has a certain circle, and in this circle he can do that which is right. No one among us is a Prince or powerful Prime-Minister ; we nearly all belong to the same circles; we have mostly become what we are through ourselves, without the aid of vouchers and advocates. And this is the true honor and dignity which we can and will create for ourselves. No one among us is too insignificant or too weak, too poor or too young to succeed to this honor by well and active doing. And we, whose principal task consists in well-doing, should securely place ourselves in a proper condition to take and assure to ourselves such a place.

To these two means let us add a

third, namely, Love and Friendship to our fellow-men, and we have disclosed the whole secret of how to obtain a place of honor in the world. Friendship and Love, shown to others, are the securest ways to esteem, recognition and reciprocal love, and by means of these we rear for ourselves a monument that will not be overthrown by our death, but will endure long after us, reflecting good to our children and grand-children.

So to everyone who is furnished with powers of will and judgement an assured way is offered for obtaining honorable place among his fellow-men and to us it should be doubly easy since it is the tendency of our Order to furnish us with the most available means.

ASSETS OF CINCINNATI LODGES.

Ohio, No. 1,.....	26,991 51	Hermann, No. 208,.....	17,111 85
Washington, No. 2,.....	31,164 75	Mill Creek, No. 248,.....	2,315 05
Cincinnati, No. 3,.....	27,909 51	Humboldt, No. 274,.....	14,312 69
Franklin, No. 4,.....	11,795 15	North Western, No. 296,...	9,473 69
William Penn, No. 56,.....	8,466 70	Wm. Tell, No. 335,.....	10,688 96
Fidelity, No. 71,.....	3,976 36	Losanetville, No. 336,.....	3,464 34
Magnolia, No. 88,.....	34,943 24	Spencer, No. 347,.....	3,695 94
Eagle, No. 100,.....	8,793 99	Eclipse, No. 348,.....	2,074 89
Fulton, No. 112,.....	378 68	Lincoln' No. 388,.....	2,148 27
Germania, No. 113,.....	27,105 98	Kirkup, No. 401,.....	1,784 47
Metropolitan, No. 142,.....	1,448 21	Globe, No. 470,.....	1,859 68
Woodward, No. 148,.....	5,271 57	Moltke, No. 473,.....	2,681 73
Mohawk, No. 150,.....	4,681 07	Fairmount, No. 480,.....	548 72
American, No. 170,.....	6,458 58	Queen City, No. 229,.....	916 00
Palmetto, No. 175,.....	1,125 18		
Chrystal Fount, No. 175,...	2,300 20	Total,.....	\$290,757 60
Tytonia, No. 177,.....	8,404 63		
Vulcan, No. 178,.....	3,070 27		

Or one fourth of the total assets of the State.—*Mystic Jewel.*

ON OUR TABLE.

THE New Age.
 The Heart and Hand.
 The Hebrew Leader.
 The Odd-Fellows' Banner.
 The Hertz und Hand.
 The Eastern Chronicle.
 The Michigan Odd-Fellow

THE Mystic Jewel.
 Littells Living Age.
 The Christian Union.
 The Talisman.
 The Texas Odd-Fellow.
 The Guardian.
 The Companion.

BOOK NOTICE.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The latest issues of this standard eclectic weekly are filled with valuable and interesting matter. Among the more important articles are: The Arctic Region and the Eskimo, *Quarterly Review*; Bancroft's Native Races of North America, *Edinburgh Review*; London Alms and London Pauperism, *Quarterly Review*; Charlotte Bronte, a Monograph, conclusion, *Macmillan*; The Arab Christian Villages in Algeria, by Lady Herbert, *The Month*; The Rings of Saturn—Recent Discoveries, by Prof. Richard A. Proctor; The German Expedition to Siberia, *Nature*; Secret Correspondence on Marie Antoinette, *Edinburgh Review*; Strawberry Hill, *Quarterly Review*; The Laws of Dream Fancy, *Cornhill*; The Art of Deception, *Saturday Review*; Nenuphar, a Fancy, *Blackwood*;

together with instalments of "The Marquis of Lossie," by George Macdonald, "Carita," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "What She Came Through," by Sarah Tytler, and the usual choice poetry and miscellany.

New subscribers wishing to obtain the whole of George Macdonald's new serial, "The Marquis of Lossie," published from advance sheets, can do so by subscribing for the year 1877, and the six numbers of 1876, containing the first instalments of the story will be sent gratis. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low, or for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

 LODGE CARDS.

ONTARIO.

- CATARAQUI LODGE**, No. 10, KINGSTON, meets every Tuesday evening in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, corner Brock and Wellington streets. W. T. C. Bethel, N.G.; J. Jarvis, M. D., V.G.; J. B. McIver, R. S.
- DOMINION LODGE**, No. 48, LONDON, meets every Wednesday evening. Geo. Wrigley, N.G.; C.F. Ayers, V.G.; Geo. Heron, R.S.
- MAPLE LEAF LODGE**, No. 57, ORANGEVILLE, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Wm. Still, N.G.; Jas. Clow, V.G.; T. Driver, R.S. Travelling brothers invited to attend.
- LUCAN LODGE**, No. 70, LUCAN, meets every Tuesday evening. Jas. P. Atkinson, N.G.; Wm. Shoebottom, V.G.; C.F. Pashley, R.S.
- RELLANCE LODGE**, No. 89, GUELPH, meets every Monday evening. John Colson, N.G.; Wm. Parker, V.G.; Wm. Bourne, R. S.
- GRAND RIVER LODGE**, No. 91, PARIS, meets every Thursday evening. Jas. T. Patton, N.G.; T. Armstrong, V.G.; Wm. Fraser, R.S.
- NITH LODGE**, No. 96, NEW HAMBURG, meets every Thursday evening. Otta Pressprich, N.G.; R. Beger, V.G.; Bernard Tauber, R.S.
- FLORENCE Nightingale Lodge**, No. 66, Bowmanville. Meets every Wednesday evening. R. Allan, N.G.; J. S. Bond, R. S. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
- DOLMAN LODGE**, No. 174, AYR, meets every Wednesday evening. Jacob Shoemaker, N.G.; W.D. Watson, V.G.; T.M. Anderson, R.S.

ST. THOMAS LODGE, No. 76, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Victoria Block, Talbot street, St. Thomas. Visiting Brothers cordially invited. A. Murray, N.G.; O.C. Jaryis, V.G.; L. Ferguson, R.S.

GOLDEN STAR LODGE, No. 101, BRAMPTON, meets every Thursday evening. W.C. Bryant, N.G.; J.H. Beck, V.G.; J.J. Manning, R.S.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 58, WOODSTOCK, meets at Odd-Fellows' Hall, west of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, every Monday evening. G. Clarkson, N.G.; A. Hall, V.G.; H.W. Hill, R.S.

HARMONY LODGE, No. 115, BRANTFORD. The officers are: J.W. Tutt, N.G.; S. Tomlinson, V.G.; John Dodimead, R.S.

ROMEO LODGE, No. 164, STRATFORD, meets every Tuesday evening. D. R. McPherson, N.G.; A. G. U. Coulton, V.G.; G. W. Clement, R.S. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.

WARRINER LODGE, No. 75, PORT PERRY, meets every Monday night at their hall, Bigelow's Block. A cordial welcome extended to all visiting Brothers. D. Crawford, N.G.; E. Worthington, V.G.; R. Breathwaite, R.S.

ORIENTAL LODGE, No. 163, CORNWALL, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Commercial Block. C. M. Ferguson, N.G.; Geo. H. Weagant, V.G.; A. Robin, R.S.

QUEBEC.

MOUNT ROYAL LODGE, No. 1, MONTREAL, meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, 295 Notre Dame street, near the French Cathedral. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.