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J. M. Green

THE
Monthly Rose:

A Literary and Religious Magazine

FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

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JANUARY, 1869.

Murus aeneus conscientia sana.

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
DOMINION OF CANADA:

Printed at the "Morning News" Office.
1869.

MONTHLY ROSE ADVERTISER.

Orange Lodge Notices.

MORNING STAR L. O. L., No. 135, meets at Lewis' Mountain, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

PRINCE OF WALES L. O. L., No. 130, meets at Hopewell Cape, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Saturday, at 7.30 p. m.

ROYAL BLUE L. O. L., No. 87, meets at Salisbury, N. B., on the 1st Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

THE BRANCH G. O. L., No. 39, on the 1st Thursday, at 8 p. m.

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER will meet on the 14th day of every month, at 8 p. m., at Orange Hall, Newtown, King's Co., N. B.

LONDONDERY HEROES' LODGE, No. 91, will meet every 2nd and 4th Wednesday, at Orange Hall, Londonderry, Hammond, King's Co., N. B., at 8 p. m.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 6, meets at Golden Grove, on the 2nd Wednesday of every month, at 7 p. m.

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THE MONTHLY ROSE.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1869.

NO. 1.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO OUR PATRONS.

WITH the present number of the "Monthly Rose" we commence the second volume, and *heartily* thanking our numerous friends for the liberal patronage they have extended to us, we are encouraged to double our exertions to make our periodical all that they could desire. We issued the first number last year under very discouraging circumstances, and we could hardly hope that at the close of it our circulation would amount to one quarter its present size. Loyal, Patriotic, and Christian families of all denominations and ranks have favored us with their sympathy and support, and we are truly astonished ourselves at the extent of our circulation at the end of one year. We are filled with gratitude to our kind friends and supporters, and to the Giver of all good for these exhibitions of good will which we have received from all parts of British North America, and from the United States.

No more piteous cries are heard to issue from our office to our subscribers for want of money, as they have all paid us liberally in advance, and we hear no complaints from any quarter that the Magazine is not received regularly. Our mailing agent and publisher has proved faithful to the trust reposed in him. We are assured that our personal friends will be gratified to learn that we have not gone so much as one cent in debt during the year for either printing or publishing, or anything connected with the establishment. We are, therefore, kept unembarrassed, and are thus better prepared to spend our time in the cause of truth and righteousness. We have visited the Post Offices for thousands of miles throughout the Dominion, and we have not heard one complaint of failure yet from any one. The reader can hardly imagine what a relief this is to our mind.

No party or denomination are

our exclusive supporters. Our Orange friends, as they have always done, stand by us most nobly in our efforts to disseminate Protestant truth throughout the land, but they are very far from forming the majority of our subscribers. We only hope, and it is our ardent prayer, that God may inspire us with that wisdom that cometh from above, so that our Magazine may be a welcome visitor to the people among whom it circulates, to those who have so kindly aided us in our endeavors to do good.

The year 1868 has fled and gone with a large and curious record of our doings, and 1869 has just commenced. God grant that it may be well spent by us all, so that should any of us be summoned away during the year we have just entered we may have no cause to regret that its precious hours have been wasted by us, or ill spent.

Dear reader, allow us to impress upon your minds the great importance of beginning the year well. The way thereto is by consecrating yourselves to God and his holy service. Be faithful to your Saviour; be faithful to his Church. If you can avoid it never let your pews be vacant at the stated times of worship, and when God's word is preached. Let not the holy sacraments as administered in your midst be in vain to you; but live every day as candidates for a blessed immortality. Never be found wandering on the streets or loitering at home when the Sabbath bell calls you to Church, but reverence the sanctuary and hearken, with devout attention, to all that Christ has to say to you through

his ministry, lest the privilege you so abundantly enjoy may prove an injury, instead of a blessing to you in the great day, when the very heathen who never heard the glad sound of salvation, full and free through Christ may witness against you; for if you be found neglectors of Christ, his Church, his ministers, his prayers and his sacraments, it shall be far more tolerable for heathens in the day of judgment than for you.

This is a very joyous and holy, and commemorative season of the year, producing pleasingly painful sensations in our minds. Where are those with whom we were once delighted, who were entwined around our hearts with the strongest ties of friendship, and who by their presence so often cheered us on former festive occasions? Alas! some of them are numbered with the dead; their sorrows and trials are over; their aching heads shall ache no more for ever; they are gone before us, and are looking forward with delight to the blessed period, when our festivals shall all be over here, and when their bliss shall be augmented in seeing us robed in pure and spotless white, and hearing us join the loud anthem of Allelujah as in rich grandeur it rolls down the coming eternity as a great and mighty river, to receive our tribute of praise and thanksgiving, when freed from sin and beyond the reach of temptation. Now they are triumphant victors above, but we are warriors and sufferers below. Oh, let us fight fearlessly and valiantly in the holy cause of Christ our King, until we, too, hear the heavenly

plaudit "*well done, good and faithful servant!*" Other cherished ones, that so often gladdened our hearts on such festive occasions, are still, blessed be God, on the land of the living, although absent from us at this holy season. We think on each other, and our prayers ascend up to heaven on each other's behalf. The time is fast approaching when we all shall meet above in that beautiful place prepared for us, where the inhabitants shall never say I am sick, and where we shall be for ever with the Lord. In obedience to the word "we comfort each other with these words."

This, dear reader, may appear visionary to some of you, but blessed be God the spirit life is a

glorious reality. Many, very many of our kind readers, who last year took an interest in our journal and read our editorials, we trust with some degree of profit, have gone from us never to return to earth again, *unless "as ministering spirits."* In spirit we follow our friends; occasionally we see them in dreams, in visions of the night; but by and bye we shall see them face to face in a land of unmingled pleasure and delight, far above the sun—yes, above every star and planet that twinkles in our evening sky. "*Far above all heavens,*" where Christ himself has gone. Then let us all commence 1869, with a new life, and be constantly thinking of Jesus, and preparing for our future home.

THE WIDOW'S SON OF NAIN.

By the death of Chr't and his glorious resurrection from the dead, and ascension into heaven he brought "*life and immortality to light*": that is he showed to the human family the certainty of a future state. On one occasion he declared: "*The hour is coming and now is, when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God;*" and in confirmation of this fact he performed some of the most stupendous miracles imaginable. One of these we feel will be interesting to our friends, as the subject of the present editorial.

Our numerous readers will now take a walk with us while, in imagination, we accompany our blessed Lord, as he journeyed on foot from Capernaum to Nain, a distance of

about thirty of our miles. On this tour he was attended by his disciples and "much people," who were most anxious to hear his words of wisdom and his symbols, or parables containing the deep mysteries of his kingdom.

And never until Christ comes again shall men have such evidence of the divinity of their Teacher, as is now prepared for us who attend him in this journey. For the Father, in consideration of the weakness of our faith, has prepared a scene whereby to glorify his Son in our sight, a scene which was intended to secure him due honor in Nain; it was, therefore, exhibited without the gate, and in the presence of a great concourse of the townsmen.

In all Eastern countries, and

particularly amongst the Jews, in those times the cemeteries of the dead were generally without the walls of the town. From the great respect which was paid to the bodies of the dead, arising from the belief, which was founded on Revelation, of the resurrection of the human body at the last day, they were also most careful not to molest for a long time the graves of the departed, so that their burying grounds were of much larger extent than ours, and not included within the walls of fenced towns. Another custom, also, is necessary to be known concerning the habit in which they bore the body to its long home. The bier was borne upon the shoulders of men, and upon it lay the corpse of the deceased, attired in its grave clothes, with the face exposed to view until it came to the place of burial, which by the Jews was called the house of the living. Then the lid of the coffin was nailed down, and the body resigned to the earth, with words of distress expressive of utter helplessness, and with signs significant of the resurrection.

As our blessed Lord and his company, which it appears were not a few, approached the gate of the city, they were carrying forth the body of a young man, "the son of a widow." This was the severest blow which death could inflict to bereave a lonely widow of her only son, the staff of her old age. By one stroke, therefore, the consolation of her widowhood is cut off, and her memorial is perished from the earth, and the glorious hope of a mother in Israel is gone for ever. The Lord saw her

as she went weeping by the bier of the deceased. He needed no interpreter of her sad calamity, and her sad calamity needed no advocate in his breast. "When he saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, weep not. And he came and touched the bier; and they that bore it stood still." This was a moment of great wonder and awful surprise to the poor widow, the mourners, and the multitude. They are stopped in their short and solemn journey by a perfect stranger, who forbids the bereaved widow to weep, and lays his hand upon the bed upon which the body of the son reposed. Fit prelude of dignity and tenderness to the mighty act which follows, and now summonses the attention of the multitude, which being held in mute amazement and swelled in deep expectation of what was to follow, the Creator, and Lord of life, and the Redeemer from death, then gave forth his solemn WORD into the ear which had been for days sealed in death, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" These were the first words spoken on raising the body, and their mysterious meaning was known only to the great Speaker himself. The lifeless clay heard the Word and arose! That which was numbered with the clods of the valley was once more numbered with the sons of living men. Help came to the son of the bereaved, and to his now thrice happy mother. The ear stopped by death awoke to the voice of man, and the eye sealed by death awoke to the light of heaven, and the stiffened joints resumed their living power, and the bloom of health reanimated the

pale clay, the flesh once more cleaved to the bone, and the soul, from its unknown sojourn, came back to its desert habitation, to possess it once more with quickening life, and all at the bidding of a man who appeared as one of the sons of men.

But he cannot be of the sons of men whose voice could speak to things that are not as though they were. That could not be the voice of man which the disinherited clay, and the disembodied soul, at once obeyed. It was the same voice that said to another dead man, "Lazarus come forth," and he came forth at his bidding; the same voice that cried to the wind "peace," and to the waters "be still," and instantly there was a great calm; the same voice that said to the deaf mute "Ephatha," and instantly he could hear distinctly and speak plainly. Yes, it was the first voice that was ever heard; the same that broke the silence of eternity; that said "Let there be light, and there was light;" the Power by which all things were created, in whom is life and who came to destroy death, and who said concerning Himself: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the son of man; and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself, so shall he give the son to have life in himself."

There are two such mighty acts recorded in the Old Testament: one done by the hand of Elijah upon the *Widow's son* of Zarephath, who gave him harbor when Israel afforded him none; the other by the hands of Elisha upon the son of the Shunamite woman, who

made for the prophet a chamber in the wall, and entertained him with bread so often as he passed on his way. These two acts of raising the dead were done by prayer to God, and in dependence on his divine power, and are to be regarded as singular dispensations of his grace, whereby he rewarded the kindness of these two widows, and magnified the prophets in their sight and in the sight of the people. There is another instance mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, whercin St. Peter, after kneeling down and praying, raised Tabitha from the dead.

In all these cases the servants of God sought and found help of Him, taking no strength or glory unto themselves. But in this case of the widow's son of Nain, and in that of the daughter of Zairus, our Lord proceeded, without any confession of inability or request for help, to do that which belonged to Him, and was proper for Him in his own sight, and was always present to Him. In his own name and in his own power, He said to them both, "I say unto thee, arise." And when the people wondered at their power, they said, "Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? Not only did Christ in his own name work the works which he wrought, but the Apostles wrought them in his name also. By which we are to understand that He is the resurrection and the life, as he declared to the sisters of Lazarus before raising him from the dead.

"And he that was dead sat up,

and began to speak," thereby giving immediate testimony, both to the eyes and ears of all present, that he was made truly alive again. "And he delivered him to his mother." This combination of power and tenderness is very sweet, and is another testimony of the divinity of his being. We know not which of the three to admire the most, the almighty power, the divine majesty, or the tender feeling of the act. He laid his hand upon the bier, and spoke the word, "Young man, arise!" "And he that was dead sat up and spoke!" There is the Almighty power and Sublime majesty of the act, but that almighty power and sublime majesty were only, as it were, the means by which the divine compassion testified itself. He had compassion upon the widow, and said unto her, "Weep not!" Then, touching the bier, he awoke her son from the sleep of death, and delivered him to his mother. The impulse, the movement which called forth the divine

action in the bosom of the Son of Man, was compassion to a sorrowful woman, of whom, as man, he had known nothing but her sorrow; and the divine action accomplished not its end until the tears of the mother were dried up, and her lost son returned to her arms. Therefore, the thing to be admired is the end for which the deed was done; the tender and compassionate feeling of the Lord for one of the sorrowful daughters of Adam, undistinguished by anything but the greatness of her sorrow.

Let every afflicted father, let every afflicted mother, let every afflicted widow, with all the sons and daughters of affliction, listen to us now. Place yourself in a position (on bended knee before Jesus), to receive the pity and compassion, and help of the Saviour of men, and he will comfort your mourning, and bind up your broken hearts, and give you a new name with which strangers dare not meddle, and which they cannot understand.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT PUGWASH, N. S.

THE anniversary of the gunpowder plot was duly celebrated, in grand Orange style, by the loyal Orangemen of that place, on the glorious fifth of November.

A social re-union of the members of "Boyne," "Alma," and "True Blue" Lodges took place, who, with their wives and sisters, sat down to a most sumptuous dinner provided by Bro. W. N. Seaman.

After we had all done justice to

this physical feast, the day we celebrate was spent in the most delightful manner. The usual patriotic and Orange toasts and sentiments were proposed, some of which were responded to in eloquent speeches appropriate to the occasion.

Brother David Ross, whose name is familiar to Orangemen all over the Province, spoke in his usual felicitous style, being loudly applauded and justly admired. Bro.

McDonald and others made short but patriotic speeches, which indicated that they were "loyal men and true." Indeed all felt how "good and pleasant it was for brethren to dwell together in unity." We hope that this meeting may prove a blessing to them who joined in it to celebrate, with joy and gladness, the wonderful deliverance vouchsafed to our fathers that day, from the plots of Popish conspirators.

On this occasion the hilarity of younger brethren was not restrain-

ed, for they spiritedly engaged to trip the light fantastic toe till the "wee hour beyond the twelve" announced that we must all separate. All parted well pleased, with the entertainment, and hopefully anticipating to meet again with increased numbers and renewed energies the next fifth.

We should not omit to mention that, during the day, flags and banners were conspicuously displayed from Orange Lodges and other buildings.

ROBERT HUTCHINSON, *Sec'y.*

THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

AT present there is but one theme in the politics of the United Kingdom, namely, the elections and their consequences. For the moment, almost everything else is swallowed up in the excitement of party conflict, and in the all-absorbing interest of the great questions now at issue. The Radical and revolutionary party avow themselves determined on robbery, and are already planning how to divide the spoil. Of course, Mr. Gladstone, "the people's William," is to return to power as Prime Minister; and John Bright is to be Secretary for Ireland. Perhaps John Bright in office may be very different from John Bright out of place and in opposition; but, judging from his whole political life, we should regard his accession to office as Secretary for Ireland, as nothing short of a calamity for that country. Who were his chosen friends and associates during his

recent visits to Ireland? They were chiefly professional agitators and Fenian sympathisers; and it is probable these would be the men of his counsel when installed in office. Has he ever on one occasion, during his whole Parliamentary career, spoken or voted in favor of any measure calculated to promote the material interests of Ireland? It is notorious that he has either totally abstained from supporting such measures, or else strenuously opposed them. And this is the man who is to shape and fashion the imperial policy towards Ireland! and this is the consummation for which Roman Catholic Bishops and Priests and their servile tools at the press and elsewhere are now so earnestly labouring to bring about!

But it is not from the past only that we are enabled to judge of the Birmingham Quaker. He has favored the public with a sketch of

his future policy; and thus considerately allows us to anticipate what may be in store for loyalists. He coolly assumes that democratic principles have triumphed; and that the aristocracy and the monarchy are now at the mercy of the popular voice. He seems a little puzzled by the weight of care which the crisis has thrown upon him as a leader of the people; but he has evidently made up his mind to bear the responsibility; and frankly informs the world how the party he has led to victory mean to use their power. He thinks that the feelings of the vanquished aristocracy ought to be spared, and therefore that the habit of pelting them with the hard words ought to be abandoned; but he also thinks that they *ought to be despoiled of their property*. He first lays down the proposition that the land of any country ought to be in possession of its own people; and then he illustrates and applies it by declaring that no Englishman or Scotchman has any right to hold land in Ireland. But Mr. Bright's scheme of revolutionary policy does not stop here. It is evident that his motive for proposing to deprive Englishmen and Scotchmen of their possessions in Ireland, is not simply because they are Englishmen or Scotchmen, but because they happen to be exclusively Protestants. And hence he proposes also to confiscate the land of any absentee Protestant proprietor, *even though he should be an Irishman*; and so he expects to be able by this two-fold mode of operation, to transfer the lands of Ireland "into the hands of the Romish resident population

of the country." A Papist landlord may be an absentee if he will, and his property shall remain untouched because he is a Papist. But if a Protestant landlord should happen to be an absentee, his property is to be transferred immediately into the hands of "the resident Popish population of the country." So that all the Fenians have got to do, is to threaten to shoot all the Protestants, and so frighten them into leaving the country, and immediately the land becomes their own. A short and simple process truly; which Mr. Bright hopes to carry into effect without "injustice or wrong to any man." Of course it could not be expected that any man aspiring to be a cabinet minister would acknowledge his own policy to be wrong or unjust; but we are sure there is not one sane and loyal subject of her Majesty who would not consider it both one and the other. This is what John Bright considers to be equality—to rob a man of his property because he happens to be a Protestant. This is to be the remedy for the poverty and ills of Ireland—to banish from it irrevocably all English and Scotch capital, intelligence, and enterprise. And the freedom that loyal men are henceforth to possess is such as they are weary of at Rome—such as provoked the monarchy-loving Spaniards to revolt and dethrone their Queen—such as may be allowed to Protestants by the supreme pleasure of Cardinal Cullen and his Ultramontane followers, after they have been delivered over to them bound neck and heel by process of law.

It is well to know what John Bright has in store for the respectability of the country. The avowal of this policy will defeat its accomplishment.

A certain Roman medical baronet, when seeking for the high honor of representing the city of Dublin in the new Parliament, gives us an inkling of what may be attempted in another department by those who now aspire to be our rulers. In one of those furious speeches, with which he has sought to enkindle on his own behalf, the enthusiasm of the Dublin electors, Sir Dominic is reported to have said:—"From these windows we look upon the Cathedral of Christ's Church. Who built it? Did Sir Arthur Guinness' progenitors in blood or religion? And yet he and his party have not only the hardihood to retain it, but to require that you should support it for them, and the further hardihood to ask you for your votes, that he may continue to maintain it at your expense. It is hard for human flesh and blood to stand this." We need not now deal with the gross perversion of fact and the suggested falsehood contained in this paragraph. Its interest lies in the policy which it indicates, a policy, which having first robbed the Established Church of that country of her endowments, would then rob her also of the buildings consecrated to the worship of God. Mr. Gladstone has been loudly lauded in some quarters for the generous method in which he has

proposed to deal with the Church which he means to despoil. We have been told repeatedly that he intends to leave to her the residences of her clergy and her houses of worship, and we know not what beside. It has been more than insinuated that Protestants ought to be very grateful for such a stretch of generosity, and humbly acquiesce in the doom prepared for them by this expectant Prime Minister. But it is evident that the rank and file are getting ahead of their leader; and that the revolutionary policy, proclaimed in the Parliament which has just expired, will not satisfy the clamorous crew who are seeking for seats in the new Parliament, and who are all pledged supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Complete spoliation of the Protestant Church—utter destruction if possible—will be the cry of the Ultramontane party, and Mr. Gladstone will feel bound to attempt their bidding. But the medical baronet has not yet gained his wishes; nor is the Birmingham Quaker yet Chief Secretary for Ireland; and the Irish Church is not yet robbed; the Protestant gentry are not yet plundered by traitors, and the powder of loyal men is just as "dry" now, and their bayonets as "bright," as in 1690, or 1741, and their hearts as brave and true as they were in the famous '98 :

Firm, ye sons of Britain, firm!
Shrink not at the gathering storm,
Let it come in any form,
Our battle word is "heaven."

A country paper advertised for an "honest boy to make a devil of."

The corn crop of this year is estimated at 141,000,000 bushels.

ORANGEMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

WE have much pleasure in publishing the following Address, which was recently presented in New York city, by the Loyal Orangemen there working under English jurisdiction, to Mr. Harry Caldwell, G. Sec. of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. We all desire a closer union with our brethren of the United States.

ADDRESS FROM THE GRAND ORANGE ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, TO BROTHER HARRY CALDWELL, THE GRAND SECRETARY OF NOVA SCOTIA:

Dear Sir and Brother,—We the officers and members of Prince of Orange District No. 1 of the United States of America, on behalf of the Orange Association, as represented by the several Judges present, bid you a most cordial and hearty welcome to our midst.

“Coming as you do from British soil, and as a loyal subject, our welcome is the more cordial, and our hand of fellowship the more firm and true, for our grand Order was first instituted for the defence of British Law and Order, under the happy reign and victorious leadership of William the III, Prince of Orange, beneath whose immortal banner, our fathers defended the principles of the Bible and maintained its doctrines and precepts, with the seal of their blood, at Derry, Aughrim and the Boyne.

“Blessed be God, that Bible is yet and ever shall be the birthright and treasure of Britons and Americans, and this Biblical institution has now, like that blessed Book, encompassed the globe, the last grand station having been built on this soil under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and with loyalty to the constitution, and the worthy offspring of old England.

“We regret, Dear Sir and Brother, that the worthy standard bearer, Brother John Reed, late Provincial Grand Master, who first hoisted our colours on this soil, is absent, but it is encouraging to know, as he assured us, that wherever he is, or in what ever part of

the globe his lot may be cast, still his heart and soul are zealous for the cause, and whether, as Jacob, he has visions of rest and peace, or as Joshua, he has battlings and trials, yet like David, we know his heart is fixed on the eternal King the Lord God of Elijah.

“We desire to reach our hand of fellowship across the border, and, grasping Nova Scotia and the Dominion, we would say—“Brethren, let brotherly love continue.”

“We desire the welfare and prosperity and honor of the British Isles under the long and happy reign of good Queen VICTORIA, and we rejoice to know that the Book for which our fathers fought, has become the foundation of the Temple of Liberty, laid by the Pilgrim Fathers, from whom have sprung a mighty host, to fight for the Gospel of Christ, and whose first fruit has been freedom to the slave.

“Again we bid you welcome, and if we have omitted anything that would gladden your heart, forgive the oversight, and accept our soul-loving brotherly kindness, our best wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare, with the earnest and zealous hope that when you have done on earth your Heavenly Father's will, your password may be written on the white stone, so that you may be admitted into the upper and inner Lodge of the Lord God of Sab'oth.

“*Dieu et Mon Droit.*”

“JOHN NORMAN, Dt. M.
“MATHEW S. CAVIS, Dept. Dt. M.
“HENRY T. ARTHURSON, Dt. Ch.
“JAMES MCGUIRE, Dt. Treas.
“JOHN G. BOND, Dt. Sec.
“New York, 2nd October, 1868.”

REPLY TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF PRINCE OF ORANGE DISTRICT NO. 1 OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

“*Brethren,*—The address of welcome with which you have just presented me stirs within me strange emotions.

“I am entirely at a loss to find words to reply.

“Coming as I do from British soil (where our beloved institution has flourished for many years) to the United

States of America, it is a very great cause of gratification to me to know that a branch of the Orange Institution has been planted under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

"Brethren, the kindness shown me during my short stay among you has been more than I could expect, and I feel it will never be in my power, to render anything in return, except my heartfelt thanks.

"I regret exceedingly that our good Brother Reed is not with us, I should feel it a great honor to make the acquaintance of a brother who has had such a privilege.

"The welfare and prosperity of our Institution has been and ever shall be my highest aim, and so long as we have

the great and good Queen VICTORIA on the Throne of Great Britain, we shall go on in our good cause, none daring to make us afraid.

"I trust that the hand of fellowship you have so kindly extended to me, may eventually reach every member of our Order in the Dominion of Canada.

"And rest assured, should any of your members visit Nova Scotia, they will receive a true Orange reception.

"Again allow me to thank you most sincerely, for your very great kindness to me, during my short visit to New York.

"Yours Fraternally,

"HARRY CALDWELL,

"Prov. Grand Sec. N. S.

"New York, 2nd Oct. 1868."

JOHN WESLEY ON CHURCH MATTERS.

JOHN WESLEY'S real relations with the Established Church are painfully misapprehended in the present day alike by Churchmen and Dissenters; by the former he is not unfrequently looked upon as a schismatic, and in all respects as a man of a most objectionable stamp; and by the latter as a great apostle of Dissent in its widest acceptation.

A few passages from Wesley's works, indicative of the writer's real ideas on Church matters, will be useful, for few seem acquainted with them:—

"Are we not unaware, by little and little, gliding into a separation from the Church? Oh, use every means to prevent this? 1. Exhort all our people to keep close to the Church and Sacrament. 2. Warn them also against niceness of hearing, a prevailing evil! 3. Warn them also against despising the prayers of the Church. 4. Against calling our society the Church. 5. Against

calling our preachers ministers—our houses meeting houses. 6. Do not license them as Dissenters. We are not Dissenters in the only sense which our law acknowledges—namely, those who renounce the service of the Church. We do not dare to separate from it. We are not seceders, nor do we bear any resemblance to them. We set out upon quite opposite principles. The seceders laid the foundation of their work in judging and condemning others . . . and never let us make light of going to church, either by word or deed. Remember Mr. Hook, a very eminent and zealous Papist, when I asked him, 'Sir, what do you do for public worship here, where you have no Romish worship?' he answered, 'Sir, I am so fully convinced it is the duty of every man to worship God in public, that I go to church every Sunday. If I cannot have such worship as I would, I will have such worship as I can.'

But some may say 'Our (Methodist) worship is public worship.' Yes, but not such as supersedes the Church Service."

"Quest. 46.—A Methodist inquires, 'Nay, but is it not our duty to separate from the Church considering both the wickedness of the clergy and the people?'"

"Answer by Wesley.—'We conceive not. 1. Because both the priests and the people were fully as wicked in the Jewish Church, and yet it was not the duty of the holy Israelites to separate from them. 2. Neither did our Lord command His disciples to separate from them. He rather commanded the contrary. 3. Hence it is clear that could not be the meaning of St. Paul's words, 'Come ye out from among them; and be ye separate.'"

(Minutes of Conversations between John Wesley and others. 16mo. London. pp. 29—31. No date, but apparently about 1780:) [It is not unworthy of note that

the preceding disappeared in the edition of 1797, published six years after Wesley's death, as reprinted in 1850!!!]

"My brother and I closed the Conference by a solemn declaration of our purpose never to separate from the Church." (Minutes of Conference, Aug. 25, 1756.)

Under date of 1787, Jan. 2, Wesley writes:—"I went on to Deptford, but it seemed I was got into a den of lions. Most of the leading men of the Society were mad for separating from the Church. I endeavoured to reason with them in vain; they had neither sense nor good manners left. At length, after meeting the whole Society, I told them, 'If you are resolved, you may have your service in Church hours; but, remember, from that time you will see my face no more.' This struck deep, and from that time I have heard no more of separating from the Church."—(*Last Journal*, p. 26.) *Manx Sun*.

PHENOMENA ON LAKE ONTARIO.—One of the strangest phenomena ever witnessed has recently occurred along the shores of Lake Ontario, in the towns of Sodus and Williamson. For three weeks previous to last Friday, the water of the Lake has been unusually warm—so warm, indeed, that very many persons resorted thither for the purpose of bathing, remaining in the water an hour or more at a time without experiencing sensations of chilliness. On Friday, however, a sudden change occurred, the temperature of the water falling nearly 20 degrees within three hours. And now comes the strangest part of the story. The fish, great and

small, as the cold increased, seemed possessed with a desire to get ashore, and came leaping and tumbling against the banks in hundreds and thousands. Large quantities were taken with spears and nets, and the shores of the lake were lined with dead fish. Whether the fish were benumbed by the increasing coldness, and instinctively sought the shore, where the water was of less depth, let the naturalist say; we will not pretend to explain. The water of Lake Ontario is now colder by several degrees than it has been for several years at this season, and naturally excites considerable comment and discussion.—*Lyone (N. Y.) Republican*.

LAYS OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

Air—*Savourneen Deelish.* :

Methought in my dream that I saw a fair island*
 With flowers all rainbow-hued bath'd in the light;
 The dew drops lay glistening, and still, as if listening
 To songs of the morning birds echoing delight.
 A land of pomegranates, the cypress and spikenard,
 And saffron and cinnamon, all flourished there;
 The myrrh and the frankincense, all the chief spices
 Made sweet to the senses the redolent air.

A fountain aye springing well watered the garden;
 Its source was a well inexhaustibly deep,†
 While from Lebanon gushing, the rivulets rushing,
 Awaked the fair flowers each morning from sleep.
 The north wind, the south wind blew over this garden,
 The spices flowed forth like the heart of first-love,
 The Bridegroom oft came His fair island to visit,
 And cul'd its choice sweets for His Eden above.

The harbinger star shed the first rays of morning‡
 The flowers all turn'd its mild radiance to see;
 Then orient streaks to the watchers gave warning
 That glory would rise o'er this isle of the sea.
 The bright sun of Righteousness riseth in splendour;
 The birds with delight pour their gush of song;
 Its burden is "Shine, yea and ever keep shining,§
 For thy light is come, though it tarried so long."

In vain shall the storm-cloud burst over this island;
 In vain shall her grapes by the spoilers be spoiled;
 For the Keeper of Israel had sworn to defend it||
 With fruit trees unbroken, and blossoms unsail'd.
 Or should their rough hands break the least in this vineyard,
 They shall but for ever in Paradise bloom;
 No power of man, and no malice of Satan,
 Shall ever disturb that sweet land past the tomb.

*Canticles, iv., 13-16. †St. John, iv 15. ‡Rev., xxii., 16. §Isaiah, lxi., 1. ||Isaiah, xxvii., 2-3.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SPAIN.—
 The Junta of Barcelona has intimated to the archbishop that, as freedom of worship has been proclaimed, every religious ceremony out of doors must be discontinued; every sect and denomination must perform its rites within the buildings destined to its special uses. In Madrid and other cities the images at the street corners, with the oil-lamps dimly burning before them night and day, are fast disappearing. "It may be mere accident (writes the correspondent of the *Times*), but I have not for

nearly a month met the Holy Sacrament, with bell and book and candle, on my way along the Madrid thoroughfares. It is not long since the tinkling of that bell used to throw a whole neighbourhood into consternation, when the words '*Pasa Dios!*' were the signal for every man to get out of the way—those who tarried behind being compelled to interrupt all business and traffic, to prostrate themselves on the ground, and even to alight from their carriages, give up their seats to the priests, and follow on foot."

THE TOMB OF HIRAM.

BY BRO. BOB MORRIS.

I HAVE found but few objects in my Palestinian researches of so much interest to my mind, both in a Masonic and archæological point of view, as the great monument standing six miles east of Tyre, and designated by the natives *Kabr Hiram*, "the Sepulchre of Hiram." Travellers through Syria and Palestine have so rarely taken this route (from Tyre to Jibnin) that until 1833 there was no allusion to it in their books so far as I can discover. "Monro," vol. ii. p. 25, gives the earliest account of it, but his notice is brief. Thomson, in his "Land and Book," is more diffuse. Robinson, in "Biblical Researches," vol. iii. pp. 385, *et seq.*, goes out of his actual cold and dull manner, and really gets up a little animation, while referring to *Kabr Hiram*. Shall I quote him?—

"We came (June 23rd, 1840,) to one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity yet remaining in the Holy Land. It is an immense sarcophagus of limestone, resting upon a lofty pedestal of large hewn stones, a conspicuous, ancient tomb, bearing among the common people the name of *Kabr Hairan*, "Sepulchre of Hiram." The sarcophagus measures twelve feet long by six in height and breadth; the lid is three feet thick and remains in its original position; but a hole has been broken through the sarcophagus (also the superincumbent stone or lid, R. M.) at one end. The pedestal consists of

three layers (four layers, R. M.) of the like species of stone, each three feet thick (but see my exacter measurement, R. M.), the upper layer projecting above the others; the stones are large, and one of them measures nine feet in length. This grey weather-beaten monument stands here alone and solitary bearing the marks of high antiquity."

During my itineracy among sacred scenes, I have visited this spot so memorable for the tradition that associates it with one of our ancient Grand Masters. On the first occasion, April 15th, I had no assistant, save some natives, who knew as little of my language as I knew of theirs. Nevertheless, I made all the measurement wanted and took occasion of the inspiration of the hour to draft a few lines with which I will not torture your readers at present. On the second visit, May 22, I had the valued aid of my associate, D. W. Thomson, Esq., with whom I verified and corrected my former measurements and noted down every important fact connected with this ancient relic.

The sepulchre of Hiram stands directly in the prolongation of the (original) island and (present) isthmus of Tyre upon a spur of the Lebanon at exactly the distance from that city that "lends enchantment" to the view. Originally, when Tyre was the metropolis of this coast, perhaps of the world, and the whole plain east of it was covered with the splendid edifices

of Palac-Tyrus, whose ruins now compose the basis of the isthmus, the view from the top of this monument must have been grand in the extreme. Even now it tempts one to linger many an hour while the spirit drinks in the scene, upon which, however, I can not at this time, expatiate. Suffice, that, if this is the tomb of the Tyrian monarch, as I devoutly believe, it would be difficult to find a location so well adapted to it upon all this splendid mass of hills east of Tyre.

To describe the monument itself is the chief purpose of this article, and this I do the more minutely, because no other author has done it justice. Bro. the Rev. H. B. Tristram in his recent admirable work upon the Holy Land deserves to be studied both in his photograph view and letter-press upon this subject, but it was not within the scope of his plan to enter into particulars. . . . The builders first laid down a substructure of grout or concrete made of rounded pebbles in fine white lime about six inches deep. Upon this they imposed the first stratum of stones whose dimensions I cannot give, as the whole layer, save a portion of one stone, is hidden under the earth; that one, however, is 4ft. long by 2ft. 10in. high, and extends some 8in. beyond the first stones of the tomb proper.

The first layer of stones is composed of four blocks. For want of drawings I find it difficult to describe it. Say a stone, N. and S. for the eastward of the monument; another in the same situation at the west end; and two abutting each other in the centre, to fill up the

space between. The whole covers an area of 19ft. from east to west, and 8ft. 6in. from north to south. The height of this layer is four feet. The second layer is composed of five blocks, covering the same surface, and is 2 ft. 10in. in height. Great pains were used in breaking the joints in which some artistic skill is manifest. The third layer (above ground) forms a sort of cornice to the structure by jutting out on every side about 8in. It is composed of four large stones, nearly symmetrical with each other, each 9ft. 8in. in length (from N. to S), about 4ft. wide, and 5ft. 3in. high; the area covered by this tier is 15ft. 1in. by 9ft. 8in. These stones are very large, and from their relation to those below seem even larger than they are. Likewise, they give an appearance of height to the monument which adds to the grandeur of the *tout ensemble*.

The fourth layer is the sarcophagus, consisting of a single stone about 13ft. by 7., and nearly 6 feet high. I am not sufficiently conversant with architectural science to explain it, but the artist who designed this vast stone coffin has contrived to give an air of vastness to it that is in admirable keeping with his subject. He has chiselled a rude bevel upon it and to some extent shaped it, but the general idea it conveys is that of rude grandeur. The coffin, or cavity cut exactly in the top of this stone, is about six ft. 6in. long, 2ft. 2in. deep, and 1ft. 8in. wide. Through the hole knocked out of the coffin, at its north-east corner I crept with some difficulty, and with solemn emotions superadded to considerable physical inconvenience, lay at length on the floor of Hiram's last receptacle, long since rifled of its contents.

The fifth layer is the lid of the sarcophagus, about 2ft. 6in. thick, and fitting by a shoulder into the cavity below. My associate, Mr. Thomson, climbed upon the top of this, and describes it as much grooved by the weather, and presenting no appearance of inscription or chiselling of any kind. A large piece of it was broken off at the north-

east corner to come at the opening in the sarcophagus below.

The general condition of the block forming this *Kebr Huran* is good; some of them, however, are cracked in two, and many of them have their corners defaced; one of them on the north side is badly shattered. The material is the hard limestone of the country; no doubt each block was taken for some of the numerous stone-cuttings so plainly visible on the east and west of the monument. All around are strewn fragments of pillars, squared stones, stone sarcophagi, and other relics of the most ancient date. A large patch of Mosaic pavement was lately discovered about twenty rods south of the monument, and I found two considerable patches of the same lying in good preservation within a couple of miles west of it.

Nowhere have I discovered a relic of antiquity at all resembling this, save at a point some nine miles south of Jibnin,

on the road from that romantic cerry to Safir, and quite near the village of Yaron. Here is "a very large sarcophagus lying in utter loneliness," as Dr. Robinson describes it in "Biblical Researches," "the lid two feet thick, the upper side slanted like a double roof, the ends resembling a pediment." But there is another object two hundred yards west of that which Robinson did not see, and which was better calculated to remind him of Hiram's tomb than this. It is a sarcophagus cut from a rock never removed from its natural position. It is as if the artist, in a spirit of sublime boldness, selected a large commanding stone rooted at the earth's very centre, and, squaring off its top, chiselled out a coffin, placed his dead therein, shaped a fitting lid, and left his hero "alone in his glory," confident that through all time the living would respect the dead.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our friends who have so kindly furnished us with communications for the *ROSE*, but which communications have not yet appeared in our columns, will please excuse us for this apparent neglect. Although late, they will all appear in due time. We have been from home, and since our return to Bridgewater we are

detained from the office by sickness in our family. We are now making arrangements to have a special office of our own in St. John, so that when not there ourselves, we will leave a faithful person to represent us. We will always have great pleasure to hear from our correspondents, as will also our readers.

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