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THE Monthly Rose:

A Literary and Religious Magazine

FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.



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MARCH, 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. 185, meets at Lewis Mountain, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Monday, at 7.30 p. m.

PRINCE OF WALES L. O. L., No. 180, meets at Hopewell Crps. 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.

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THE MONTHLY ROSE.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1869.

NO. 3.

THE STATE OF ITALY PERILOUS TO THE POPE.

Two eventful years have elapsed since the eloquent apostle of Italian Protestantism uttered to his English sympathizers the following striking words:—"I shall return to my Italy, with the Bible in my hand, to preach the Gospel of the living God; to uproot and to overturn with that tremendous lever the incubus of ages, and to add the little blows of my pilgrim's staff to shatter out from the granite walls, built by bigotry and superstition around my beloved land, windows for the True Light, and channels for the living water of the Eternal Word." Such a profession of faith was well worthy of the patriot and the Protestant who has put into jeopardy life and fame and honour to free the land of his birth from the thraldom of Popery, and the souls of his fellow-countrymen from its deadening superstitions. No living men have done more for

Italy than GAVAZZI and his friend and associate, GARIBALDI. These are the men whom the Vatican still dreads, and at the sound of whose names the capital of Popish Christendom still trembles in all her chambers of corruption. Rome has reason to be still in peril from such men.

From a Roman Catholic organ of last week we copy the following, which speaks for itself:—

DEFENCE OF ROME.—A correspondent writes us a letter, urging the perilous position of Rome and our Holy Father, and urging more energetic action on the part of Catholics, in joining the "Army of Crusade," and contributing to the Defence Fund, suggesting that the bishops should be invited by the laity to name a day for general collection, as well as the establishment of committees for enrolment of volunteers. We must warmly sympathize with our correspondent, and are sure that the bishops would only be too glad to feel themselves compelled by a holy violence on the part of their laity to take

the same energetic action in the case of the St. Peter's Pence and Defence Fund, as has been taken by the Episcopate of France, backed by the vehement approval of the whole body of the Catholic laity.

The tongue of GAVAZZI and the sword of Garibaldi have yet more victories to achieve for Italy. The southern portion of that land of unfading loveliness and undying heroism is yet to be wrested from the hand of one who reigns no longer by the will of the nation, and is upheld only by the chassepots of a foreign intruder. To what has the Pope come, when he can now no longer rely on the patriotism of his own people, or find security in the bosom of Italy. If rumour reads the future aright, we believe the hero of Monte Rotondo will yet enter the gates of the Eternal City in triumph, to give to Italy her natural capital, and to break up for ever that Popish institution which has proved itself a mockery to the Gospel and the foe of all freedom. The cruel and indiscriminating butchery (during the last outbreak) of the raw Italian youth, undrilled, undisciplined, and unarmed as they were, has planted in the heart of the Italian nation a thirst for vengeance which blood alone can slake, a vengeance which pants for the day when the Red Shirts shall again be summoned to confront in the shock of battle the hired ruffians of a foreign potentate, whose only title to rule is the principle of universal suffrage, a principle which he not only denies to the descendants of the heroic conquerors of the ancient world, but endeavours to drown in a torrent of

Italian blood. These brutal, inhuman butcheries will have the moral effect of combining Italy, north and south, as she has never before been combined. From the white and snowy Alps to the dark blue waters of the Straits of Sicily, Italy will utter but one voice and act as one man, and we trust the brave KING who now wears the crown of Italy will not again put it into peril by halting between two opinions, and standing by in a state of hesitating inactivity at a crisis pregnant with the fate of an empire and with the welfare of a great and growing people. In vain have the patriarchs of Venice and other Italian Bishops summoned convocations and urged every priest to redouble the catechetical instruction of their parishes, to give their best attention to Popish Sunday-schools and week-day schools for the young, and to anathematize all who attend the popular preaching and services of Father GAVAZZI and his noble band of Evangelists. We have reliable statistics before us, in a valuable and most interesting book published by NISBET, entitled *Records of Two Years' Christian work in Italy*, and from these we learn the surprising magnitude and astonishing success of the work accomplished by GAVAZZI in Venice, in Milan, and in the birthplace of Italy's greatest and grandest poet, VIRGIL. No man could be better fitted for the task of evangelizing Italy than GAVAZZI; his fervid and impetuous eloquence, his learning, his perfect knowledge of the Italian mind, its habits, its peculiarities, and its passions; his appeal to

Italians in the Italian tongue; setting forth, as he does the glory of the Gospel of God against the tyranny and superstition of Popery, have all been so far successful, and will achieve, under God, we doubt not, still greater success. A future of glory and freedom is yet before Italy, we fondly trust,

after centuries of degradation, when she flings to the dust that Popery which has degraded her as a nation and debased her as a people. After a long and dark night cometh the bright dawn of a brighter day—the day of Italian redemption. Soon may it come!

THE OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE MRS. HUTCHINSON.

ALL that was mortal of the beloved wife of the Rev. D. Falloon Hutchinson was interred in the yard of St. Paul's Church, Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, on the 30th day of January last, amid circumstances not soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed the mournful proceedings.

The funeral was in all respects demonstrative of the high respect and esteem of all classes for the amiable character of the deceased. To those who witnessed the solemn ceremonies our description must seem to be extremely superficial. The sympathetic eyes which, even in strong men, swam in tears spoke more eloquently than words of the depth of sorrow occasioned by the consciousness of a great bereavement.

Although the weather was very inclement there was a most respectable and orderly concourse, of people in attendance, anxious to pay the last, sad tribute of respect to the departed. The coffin, containing the remains, bore the following inscription:

MRS. MARY HUTCHINSON,
DIED JAN. 27, 1869,
AGED 64 YEARS.

The procession formed at the Rectory at 2 p.m., and in a few minutes was in solemn motion to the sacred resting place of the dead. The pall bearers were men of grave and venerable appearance, from the leading men of the place, the selection of our reverend and esteemed friend. Without hurry or confusion it moved slowly, and uniformly along the prescribed route. The Rev. D. C. Moore, A. M., the Rector of Trinity Church, and the Rev. W. H. Snyder, A. M., the Rector of St. James Church, Mahone Bay, preceded the corpse, which was followed by the chief mourners, the officers of St. Paul's Church, and the general public.

The procession having arrived at the Churchyard gate, was met by the Reverends Moore and Lingden, in full robes of spotless white, the former of whom, in a clear and impressive tone, commenced the Church's beautiful service for the dead, with the solemn and yet joyful words of the Lord himself, "I am the resurrection and the life." The remains of the

dear departed one were then carried into the Church in which she had often been a devout worshipper, and which was draped in deep mourning, and filled to the extreme. The Rev. W. H. Snyder

"I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

All that was mortal of the faithful companion of him, who for nearly six years has been the Pastor of this Congregation, lies here before us, ready to be deposited in its narrow, earthy, resting place; and I stand here in this place, to perform this part of the last ceremonies for the departed.

The late Mrs. Mary Hutchinson was admitted into the Church by Holy Baptism in her infancy, thus becoming a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Before she was fourteen years of age she received the Apostolic rite of Confirmation by the laying on of the hands of the Bishop of Kilmore. During her last illness she received the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ at my hands, and also for the last time at the hands of my Reverend brother in the Church, the Rector of St. James' Church, Mahone Bay (here present) and further, within a very short time of her decease, these lips commended her to God in the words provided by the Church "for a sick person at the point of departure."

Of the departed my knowledge is much more limited than that of most of my hearers. I have

assisted at the service in the Church, after which the Rev. D. C. Moore delivered the following eloquent and impressive sermon, from Rev. xiv. 13:

been made to understand, however, that from a child she was much given to prayer; that some months ago she dwelt lovingly upon the pleasure which she anticipated in meeting her dear ones above, especially her father, mother and two sisters; while amongst her last feebly uttered thoughts that were understood, were the "*preciousness of Jesus,*" and a sighing for "*the better land.*" From my own observation, I do not hesitate to say that she had succeeded beyond most in cultivating that spirit of Christ which is "first pure, then peaceable." She ever had a kindly word of excuse for the erring; was most unselfish in her life, and in her death cared far more for the trouble and pain and inconvenience of others than for her own weakness and suffering. Resting entirely on the precious atonement made for her, in common with the rest of his body, by Christ Jesus, she fell asleep to wake, I trust and doubt not, to the full "fruition of the glorious Godhead," *for she died in the Lord*—and the voice said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord for they rest from their labours."

* "How sacred is the sympathy of sorrow! It is the 'touch of nature' which makes the whole

world kin.' It melted the humanity of Jesus, as He stood by that new grave; and it is with Him now that he has 'passed into the heavens,' and stands where Stephen saw him, a great 'High Priest,' "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The river which, at first, went out of Eden, is salt and bitter since the fall. It is the river now of tears, and waters still the world which man inhabits." May the plain words which I shall (please God) utter here to-day by His grace bear to you the warning of death, and win your souls through His grace to "holiness, without which no man can see the Lord." The object of sermons upon funeral occasions is not to praise the dead (what has been said could not be restrained), but to comfort the mourner, warn the sinner, and encourage the faithful. What comfort can I offer to the mourner? Job's comforters sat down upon the ground with him seven days and none spoke a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great. To abstain even from good words—the silent pressure of the hand is often all that nature at first can bear. To kneel beside him in the silence of mental prayer is all one sometimes dares to offer.

It is true we have that to offer which Job's comforters had not—we can offer a Christian consolation and a Christian sympathy. Those soothing words of our dear Redeemer, which you heard just now at the grave-yard gate, were unknown to those "miserable comforters." What sublime consolation is there in the words "I am

the resurrection and the life saith the Lord; he that believeth in me tho' he were dead yet shall he live," and in those of our text, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the spirit for they rest from their labours." But Christian sympathy is not noisy, it is not largely demonstrative. Grief brings us down to our naked selves, and reduces all other earthly things to their just proportions, and so everything like formality in sympathy is repulsive. Forced tears and affected grief may be meant kindly, but they only wound. It requires great tenderness not to seem harsh to an afflicted spirit. We often have heard of the beautiful design for a monument in which patience is represented as smiling at grief. Would not *suffering*, yet active *love*, in patience's place, wear a brighter smile?

It is chiefly in act, true sympathy must show itself. Who has not felt the awkwardness of setting about the express work of offering words of sympathy to an afflicted person.

In this act, then, of attending to the grave the dear departed, let our warm sympathy be shown for the afflicted survivors—while for mere words of sympathy our lips may fail.

But the sight of the funeral procession should warn the sinner, and this warning should be enforced on these occasions. To such of you, my friends, as are living lives of carelessness, heedless of the time when you, too, must lie down in the dust,—I say that these proceedings—the heads bowed with

grief—the sable garments—the tolling bell—the pall, and that which lies beneath it—should warn you that soon—you know not how soon—your friends shall follow you with heads bowed down, (Oh, let it not be with sorrow for your past career and fear for your future!) that your parents, husband, wife or children may, ere long, be draped in the black garments of woe. Oh! let them not be emblematic of the blackness or darkness which shall for ever be your fate—unless you repent and believe—that the bell may soon again give forth its solemn sound which you alone, of all the train, will not be able to hear. Oh! take heed lest you hear not either the shouts of joy in heaven over the one sinner that repenteth; that the pall may soon again be spread. Oh! take heed that the everlasting pall hide you not for ever from the presence of GOD; and that that beneath it will be your own body, not that which was the ~~temple of the~~ Holy Ghost, as we lovingly trust lies here before us now, but your body—sin-corrupted, crime-defiled, unfit to enter into the presence of GOD—because, unwashed in the blood of Him who is the resurrection and the life. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die. Repent you truly of your past sins, have a lively faith in Christ our Saviour, be in perfect charity with all men; so shall you be, as she was, meet partakers of those holy mysteries, appointed by Him who is the way, the truth, and the life; and His flesh becoming to you meat indeed, and His blood becoming to you drink in-

deed, you shall have perfect trust in Him for your future, and fear no more, and think no more, than did our departed sister of all the gloom of funeral garb, or tolling bell, or sable pall; and when you think of your own body, it will be with joyful hope that it will be resting from its labors, until, in a glorified state, it rise to join its companion soul in the resurrection of the just; or when you think of heads bowed down for your departure—it will be with a grief to your renewed mind that they should grieve: and imitating the benign thoughtfulness and love of our most merciful Saviour, you would from your bier, if you could, call to them “weep not,” “weep not for me.” “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

What encouragement is there for the faithful in our text?

They are blessed that die in the LORD!

They rest from their labours!

Their works do follow them!

And the faithful are they that die in the Lord. Those who are faithful in whatever is intrusted to them.

It does not need that you should be a faithful king to inherit a kingdom. The faithful king, Christ himself, has provided that for you. But he that is faithful over few things shall be ruler over many things. The faithful child, the faithful spouse, the faithful parent, the faithful servant, the faithful master or mistress, the faithful member of the flock, the faithful pastor—these are they that shall die in the LORD and be blessed.

For they shall hear the announcement from the lips of their Saviour and their Judge, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

And they rest from their labors. Is not this blessedness of itself?

The weary traveller feels blessed when he sits to rest at his journey's end. The toil worn mariner, oft tempest tost, feels blessed when he reaches the haven where he would be. The prisoner whose daily task is done feels blessed when he reposes even in his uninviting cell. And we, beloved, who are all travellers through this wilderness of sin and woe; we who have so much toil and care in navigating our frail crafts amidst the shoals and quicksands, and rocks of the voyage of life; we, beloved, who were but prisoners, caged prisoners, until we received the liberty wherewith Christ hath set us free—is it not a blessed prospect that, if faithful we shall, as we trust this dear one has, come to the perfect rest at our journey's end—to the only safe haven the universe affords—to lie down indeed, as regards our bodies in the narrow cell of the grave, but our souls to rest in the bosom of faithful Abraham, in the Paradise of GOD. And their works do follow them. The prayers and alms deeds of Cornelius, the coats and garments of Dorcas, the alabaster box of the Magdalen, the home shelter of Lazarus and his sisters, the visiting of those sick and in prison, the clothing the naked, the cup of cold water to one little one in the name

of CHRIST (and our dear sister here departed was abounding in such works,) these their works do follow them—not for any merit they have of their own, but because He says "inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Because in other words the love of Christ constrained you—because you show your faith by your works. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."

The death of a child speaks most powerfully to children. The death of youth or maiden, to youths and maidens; the death of a man, to men of like age. This is natural. My dear friends, amongst you of what is called rightly the gentler sex, let this solemn scene and service speak to you. Recollect that your very quietness of occupation shields you from much temptation that comes in the way of the other sex. Recollect that to your sex alone was specially granted the immortal honour of bringing the Incarnate Saviour into the world! Recollect that the faithful of your sex were latest at that Saviour's Cross, and the first at his vacated tomb. Call back to your minds the faith of Rahab, the clinging love of Ruth, the watchful affection of Miriam, in the Old Testament, and of all the *Maries* in the New. Call back the loving lives of your own mothers, sisters, friends, think upon the self-denying life of her who now here lies dead, and think that these are blessed—their works do follow them. Imitate their good exam-

ples, and all for Christ's sake. I could desire you to model yourselves as modest, gentle, faithful, I quote again, what I quoted on a former occasion in my own loving, holy, Christian women:— Church, the sketch upon which

“Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know—
God giveth them to her alone—
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

“Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair,
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no drear and lonely spot
That does not in her sunshine share.

“She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

“She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

“Blessing she is, God made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.”—LOWELL.

And so, at last, it may be said of you, when your time comes to rest from your labors:

“On eagles wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.”

At the conclusion of the sermon the body was committed to the silent tomb, “in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

A. C. McD.

AGRICULTURE HONORABLE.

In the history of Moses we read that Cain was a "tiller of the ground," and "that Noah began to be a husbandman and planted a vineyard." The Chinese, Japanese, Chaldeans, Egyptians and Phœnicians, or Philistines, of the Old Testament, all appear to have held farming or husbandry in the highest estimation; and strange as it may seem, it is no less true, that the two first named nations are far ahead of any other nation at the present time in a number of material points which are necessary to what is called high farming.

In China, so highly is agriculture held in esteem, that the Emperor annually, at the beginning of their year, goes to a field in person, in a common cart, painted green, and in presence of the Princess of the blood royal, of the officers of state, and first mandarins of the empire, holds the plough for a time.

The ancient Persians also made it customary for their kings, once a month, to sit at table with a party of practical husbandmen.

The ancient Romans are looked upon as the most warlike people that ever existed, and very little investigation has ever been made into the cause. A judicious writer says that the Romans were conquerors because they were cultivators of the soil, and that their love of war arose from their attachment to agriculture and the independence and felicity which is enjoyed in that mode of life; and the history of Rome from its earli-

est to its latest period, exhibits proofs that the labors of agriculture, even when unattended by riches, were held in higher estimation than they have ever been by any other European nation. It was in consequence of the high honor in which the profession was held that the Romans, after they had made great conquests, still employed as their consuls, dictators and commanders of mighty armies, men who were in the habit of supporting themselves by holding the plough upon their own lands. To prove this, it is unnecessary to relate the stories of Lucius Cincinnatus and Marcus Regulus, which almost every school boy has pat upon his tongue.

In these fast railroad days, there is a vast deal of self-glorification respecting the great progress of the present time. We assume to have first discovered and applied to husbandry the various processes of irrigation, draining, manuring, liming, marling, and also rotation of crops and cattle feeding; nay, we boast of having made the plough the perfect implement which it now is; improved from the crooked stump in use some six hundred years ago. We also speak of having improved a great many of the tools used in the arts; and last, though not least, we go about babbling respecting our triumphs in the building of splendid public edifices; and what are the facts of the case? The Persians irrigated and drained their lands 2,400 years, as also did the Milanese 900 years,

ago. The Chinese and Japanese are better up in manuring than any nation in the world; and we have it from Pliny that lime and marl were both in use in Britain in the days of Julius Cæsar. In the *Georgics*, written some twenty years before the birth of Christ, Virgil treats of rotation of crops; and in the cities of the dead, coeval with the building of the city of Thebes, in Egypt, a city the date of the decay of which was unknown at the time of the exodus of the Hebrews from Memphis, the city of kings, drawings and paintings in the tombs of Thebes, or cities of the dead, may be seen showing the plough in nearly as efficient condition as the plough of the present day; also paintings of mechanics and artisans, at work with tools just about as good and complete as those in present use. Compare, say our progress in architecture, with that of ancient Greece; it seems like comparing a donkey with a thorough bred hunter; because that 460 years before Christ, the Athenians, during the administration of Pericles, reared the most magnificent public buildings, as also temples to their gods, which, for beautiful simplicity, solemnity and majestic grandeur of proportions have not as yet been rivalled by any nation in the world.

We therefore say, educate your sons and daughters; never cease, in season and out of season, to impress upon their minds the nobility,

dignity; yes, the blessedness of labor, the godlike virtue of truth, the necessity of honesty and liberality in their dealings with all men. Purchase books, old and new, for the use of your families; spend less in adorning the person, more upon the mind; more usefulness, less worthless display. Place the minds of your sons and daughters, by means of books, in direct communication with the best minds that have lived during the last three thousand years, and thus endeavor to make the rising generations giants, mighty men of renown, who will go forth into the world to make their mark as artisans, mechanics, chemists and farmers, men who will be eager to aid industrial progress of every kind; to help forward a new social organization, having for its object the banishment of poverty and distress from the face of the land, together with other much needed reforms; then after a lifetime spent in usefulness and self abnegation in doing good and helping their weary, toilworn fellowmen, they will have fought the good fight and will be prepared for the welcome summons which will call them hence to a new and more glorious life, in which they will enjoy eternal peace and rest, leaving behind them honorable names to be emblazoned on the pages of history along with those of other great and good benefactors of humanity.

In Maine 8,000,000 acres of land remain unoccupied.

Forty Iowa and nearly all the Boston editors wear glasses.

MR. JOHNSTON, OF BALLYKILBEG.

[From the Kingston British Whig, November 20.]

When the Kingston Orangemen, during the memorable visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, stood in the breach in defence of their colors and principles, they earned the applause of their brethren everywhere; and what is more honored, the proud distinction for their city of being the "Derry of Canada." That the Orangemen of Kingston have well deserved this distinction has been freely testified, but never more plainly or truthfully than by the Demonstration which on Friday night celebrated the return to the British Parliament, as one of the representatives of Belfast, of Mr. W. Johnson, Grand Master of the Belfast Orangemen, and D. G. M., of the Orangemen of Ireland.

The history of Mr. Johnson is known to nearly all our readers—first as a representative Orangeman—one of the truest, boldest, and most unflinching advocates of the rights and liberties of the Protestant Order, and latterly as a victim of the Party Emblems Act in Ireland. For heading a "party" demonstration he was indicted, tried and convicted, being sentenced to an imprisonment in goal for one month, and suffering a still further imprisonment for refusing to take an oath binding him to respect the provisions of the offensive act under which he was imprisoned. His release was followed by a series of demonstrations in his honor, and the act by which his enemies sought

injure him, only raised him to the highest pinnacle of popularity. He was nominated to Parliament in opposition to strong, wealthy and influential men, and the people for the first time asserted their own right to exercise the franchise, and defeated the candidates who had before so blindly led them. It was a complete triumph of the working-men over tyranny and injustice.

When the cable conveyed the intelligence of the success of Mr. Johnson, the Orangemen of Kingston resolved on a fitting demonstration to honor the event and to mingle their feelings and rejoicings with the brethren at home. Considering that the time allowed was short, the demonstration on Friday evening was all that could possibly be desired.

About seven o'clock crowds of people were attracted to the Market Square, where a huge bonfire had been set a-going, and a brass band was playing inspiring airs. The youths furnished sport for themselves, making quite a jubilee of the occasion. At eight o'clock the torch light procession was formed, and headed by the band and Union Jack, it proceeded through the principal streets in a very orderly manner, followed by crowds of people. The novelty of the affair formed quite an attraction. Besides the torches, there were carried a number of transparencies, bearing the following ap-

propriate mottoes :—

Wm. Johnston, Esq., M. P. for
Belfast, the Orange Champion ;
Nemo me impune lacessit.
Ballykilbeg and No Surrender.
Robt. Maxwell, and the Protestant
Workingmen's Defence Asso-
ciation.

David Robinson, and the Men of
Sandy Row.

Chas. H. Ward, the Protestant
Cock.

Erin Go Bragh ; British Connec-
tion, Liberty, Truth and Right.

Very many houses were illuminated also in honor of the occasion, notably, the British American Hotel, Ashton's, Gerald's, Griffin's, Smyth's, Robb's, &c., the residences of Dr. Yates and Rev. Mr. Rogers and stores of Messrs. R. White and G. Brown. As the procession passed Mr. A. Summer-ville's, Princess street, a fire balloon was sent up, and was speeded on its journey to the clouds with a voluntary cheer. When the procession halted at the City Hall a great rush was made for entrance, and soon the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. On the platform were seated, in addition to the gentlemen named, as movers and seconders, Mr. Ald. William Robinson, County Master, Major W. P. Phillips, Mr. Thos. Makins, County Director of Ceremonies, Messrs. Ald Livingston, Isaac Simpson, G. Campbell, of Storrington, and Dr. O. Yates.

Mr. William Robinson was voted to the chair, and stated the pride he felt at taking part in this great meeting, to do honor to one of the

greatest champions of Protestantism. This meeting was the first of the kind, but he trusted not the last one. He bore testimony to the loyalty of the Orangemen of Canada, but spoke regretfully of some of the leaders and representatives in Parliament. He, however, made a pleasing contrast between the happy state of Canada and the discontent in Ireland. The meeting demonstrated fully the hearty feeling of the Kingston Orangemen.

Mr. James Johnson, in moving the first resolution, spoke at considerable length. He spoke as a Belfast Orangeman, and was rejoiced to see such a hearty feeling in Canada. He related the incidents connected with Mr. William Johnston's trial and imprisonment, and the prosecution of his election canvass. The election of Mr. Johnston he considered one of the most important successess of the Protestant cause and an emphatic condemnation of the Party Procession Act. He had known Mr. Johnston in public and private, and knew him to be steadfast to his Orange principles. Before concluding he bore testimony to the gratification which the news of the stand taken by the Kingston Orangemen in 1860 caused in Belfast, and he felt that the news of this demonstration would also be gratefully received at home.

John Flanigan, Esq., Past Grand Master of Central Canada, seconded the resolution, and felt that it expressed the sentiment of every good Protestant. He expressed regret we had not more men like

Mr. Johnston in this country to maintain good principles. Without representatives like him the Party Processions Act would never be repealed in Ireland. The resolution was carried by acclamation as were all the others.

The second resolution was moved by Mr. William Shannon, P. D. G. M., who referred at length to the late election contest, to the wealth and influence that had been successfully opposed. Mr. Johnston's election was a signal victory over injustice and oppression. He was proud that the Kingston Orangemen were the first to recognize the event. The Rev. A. Wilson seconded the resolution, and remarked that he was present not by invitation, but on the strength of his Protestant principles. He regarded this meeting as not behind that memorable one held there in 1860 in importance. He denounced the party procession act as a tyranny, and he saw in the broad liberalism of one of the parties at home, a perfect wedge to split assunder the Protestant Constitution. He would not say, however, that all the Liberals had that intention, but such would be the result. He had no very common feeling with the Church of England, but he considered it a part and parcel of the Protestant Constitution. There were required many more proud, consistent Protestants to stand in Parliament and uphold the Constitution in its true principles. The feeling scattered over Great Britain was fraught with extreme danger, simply paving the way for the ascendancy of

a Romanist to the Throne—in proof of which he cited the attempt made last session to change the coronation oath—the only bulwark of the constitution left entire. Mr. Wilson was loudly and frequently cheered.

Brother John Irvine, of Kingston township, expressed heartfelt pleasure in moving the 3rd Resolution, and Brother Ald. Brown, Past County Master, seconded it briefly.

The 4th resolution was moved by Mr. Ald. T. Robinson, who had just returned from Belfast, and who was greatly impressed with the strength and power of the Workingmen's Association of that city, the body who were so successful in returning Mr. Johnston. Mr. John Elliott seconded it in brief. The following are the resolutions:—

1st. Resolved, That we, the Orangemen of the city of Kingston, have heard with unfeigned pleasure and delight of the election of our much esteemed brother, William Johnston, of Ballykillbeg House, County Down, Ireland; Deputy Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Belfast, &c., to a seat in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, as one of the representatives of the town of Belfast, where his eloquence and ability will find a wider field for the promotion of the interests of our institution in particular, and the cause of Protestantism in general.

2nd. Resolved, That having for years observed the steadfastness and unflinching attachment of Bro. Johnston to the Loyal Orange Institution in his fearless and outspoken advocacy of its principles, we most heartily congratulate our brethren in Belfast on the success that has crowned their efforts in having been able to return a representative to Parliament, so peculiarly their own.

3rd. Resolved, That we hereby ten-

der to Brother Johnston our fraternal congratulations on the occasion of his assuming so important a trust, and we earnestly hope that in his parliamentary experience he will have it in his power to assist in removing from the necks of the Orangemen of Ireland, that most galling yoke, the so-called Party Emblems Act.

4th, Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed, and be forwarded to Brother Johnston with as little delay as possible.

The resolutions being all passed, the chairman called for cheers for the Queen, for Bro. Johnston, the Protestant Workingmen's Association, and others, all of which were responded to with perfect enthusiasm. The meeting then dispersed. A more decorous and orderly demonstration has never taken place here, and this reflects great credit on the spirit and good will of both parties.

MASTER'S WAGES.

"WHATEVER is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a maxim of universal commendation. The proposition is so plain and convincing that it needs no proof, and is self-evident. No young man should start in any profession until he has previously determined to be a master in and a master of the business. It is all nonsense to be half a lawyer, or half a farmer, or half of any thing. Be master or nothing. Too much of the world is made up of the half-cut sort, and too few go at their business with a will and a purpose to excel. Some great man once said that if he were "only a boot black, he would be the best boot black in all London." This is the great principle that should stimulate every man in every undertaking. It is the "excelsior" that should be inscribed on every banner and impressed on every heart.

When a boy goes to learn a trade, he should make up his mind to be a "boss," and keep his eye steadily fixed upon this point as upon the North Star of his life, and never give it up. Difficulties

may come in his way. Obstacles may arise. Malice and envy may oppose him. But perseverance will remove them all, and he will triumph. True, if he expects a crown he must endure the cross, for in almost every thing the one precedes the other. This is just as true of every man as it was with the great Reformer of Judea. So, too, when a candidate knocks at the door of Masonry. He should first resolve that he will be master and receive master's wages. This should be his aim and unswerving purpose from the time he puts his foot on the threshold, through all the troubles and difficulties that follow, until he reaches the goal. In the whole world there is not a position more truly worthy the most pure and honest ambition. To gain it, any sacrifice is commendable. No stone should be left unturned, no effort untried, nor should persistence abate, until the prize be won. Be a master, that you may receive master's wages.

And what are master's wages? the reader asks.

We answer: that if he expects

to make money, or advance his worldly interests by joining the Masons, he has not only made a sad mistake, but he should have been unanimously black-balled when he first made the attempt to harness the institution to his business. He is out of place and had better resign at once. Masonry is a brotherhood, and all its labors are labors of love. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and, as a general thing, a man gets what he works for. We have read that those who make long prayers and do their almsgiving in public places, to be seen and heard of men, have their reward.

But if a man joins the order with a just appreciation of what it is and what he will have to learn and what will be his duties, he will work for wages that thieves can not steal, and which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. As Masonry

is a fraternity, so a Lodge is, at it were, a family and the Master is like a parent. And shall we ask what are a father's or a mother's wages? Certainly they are alike in kind and character to those of the Master of a Lodge; derived solely from the happiness and prosperity of those over whom God in His providence has placed them. And whether a Mason be master by election or by dispensation, he is entitled to wages in proportion as he works for them, and aims to discharge his paternal duties. There are thousands of duties to perform, and thousands of pleasant reflections to enjoy as the consequences of well doing. No man can get the wages without doing the work, and none lose the wages that do the work.

The Lodge like the family is to be properly governed; fraternally and lovingly, so that all may take pleasure therein and the institution profit thereby. Every avenue must be closely watched and every element of discord and dissatisfaction kept out. The master's highest wages and chief joy is the prosperity and harmony of the Lodge, and the loving kindness that binds the members each to the other, and all to him.—*The Mystic Star.*

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for January, February and March, has been received, but owing to what the reader will readily understand by reading the last two numbers of the "ROSE," we have hitherto neglected to acknowledge its receipt. We have also received the beautiful engraving "the Star of Bethlehem," for all of which the enterprising Editors have our warmest thanks.

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MARKED.—On the 15th day of January, 1869, at the Rectory of St. Paul's Church, Bridgewater, N. S., by the Rev. D.F. Hutchinson, A. M. P. C. A.

C., Mr. William Lowe, to Miss Angeline Venot, both of Northfield, County of Lunenburg, Province of Nova Scotia and Dominion of Canada.

REMARKABLE CASE OF HALLUCINATION.

[From the Monaghan Republican.]

NOT very long ago the young and beautiful wife of one of our citizens was called to her final account, leaving her husband sad, disconsolate and bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home, but not to forget the loved one. She was present with him by day, in spirit, and in his dreams by night. One peculiarity of his dreams, and one that haunted him, being repeated night after night, was this:—“That the spirit of his wife came to his bedside and told him that the square piece of muslin or napkin which had been used to cover her face after death, but had screwed down her coffin lid with it upon her face, and that she could not breathe in her grave, but was unrest on account of the napkin. He tried to drive the dream away, but it bided by him by night and troubled him by day. He sought the consolation of religion, and his pastor prayed with him and assured him that it was wicked to indulge in such morbid fancy. It was the subject of his own petition before the throne of grace; but still the spirit came and told anew the story of her suffocation. In despair he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him the napkin had not been removed, but urged

him to forget the circumstance, as it could not be any possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this, he could not avoid the apparition, and continual stress upon his mind began to tell upon his health. At length he intended to have the body disinterred, and visited the undertaker for that purpose. He was here met with the same advice and persuasion, and convinced once more of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night, more vivid than ever, and more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would not leave him until he had promised to remove all the cause of her suffering. The next night, with a friend, he repaired to the sexton, who was prevailed upon to accompany them; and there, by the light of the cold, round moon, the body was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unscrewed, and the napkin removed from the face of the corpse. That night she came to his bedside once more, but for the last time. Thanking him for his kindness, she pressed her cold lips to his cheek, and came again no more. Reader, this is a true story; can you explain the mystery?

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