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FRANK NETHERTON, OR THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

HOWARD took the first opportunity of being alone with Frank, to thank him for his kind forbearance, and assure him of his utter ignorance of the whole transaction beyond the fact of his having borrowed and lost the un-

“Then why were you so anxious that your name should not be mentioned?” asked Frank.

“Because, because,” replied Howard, bursting into tears, “no one believes what I say—not even you now; but indeed, indeed I am innocent this time.”

“I do believe that you are,” said Frank, holding out his hand, “and I am glad from my very heart. But you must allow that it did seem strange.”

“Not at all strange. No one really suspects you—and even Mr. Campbell himself; I am sure of that. Whereas, had you mentioned having lent the pencil-case to me, it would have been useless for to have denied the theft, or utter a single word. I should not have been believed. They know me to be a liar; and that I am always in disgrace, and doing something wrong, or would only have laughed at and despised me.”

“But you have not been in disgrace, or told an untruth for a long time, have you, Howard?” asked Frank, kindly.

“No; thanks to you.”

“Thanks to God, rather.”

“Yes, I mean that of course; but I must

thank you also. I did begin to think I was getting on better.”

“And I do think and hope that you are.”

“O Frank! none but a coward would have acted as I have done. I deserved that you should hate me.”

“On the contrary, I pity you very much, and am willing to stand your friend. After all, it does not signify, as Hamilton says; the truth is sure to be found out before long.”

“I would give anything to know who took the peaches,” said Howard; “and how the pencil-case came to be dropped just there.”

“We shall know all in good time,” replied Frank, cheerfully.

Time, however, wore on without any further discovery being made. It was evident that the majority of Frank's school-fellows; whatever they might have thought at first, began to regard him with mistrust and suspicion. They no longer sought his society, or cared for him to join in their amusements.

“If it had been any one else,” said they among themselves—and somehow every word was sure to reach Frank's ear—if it had been any one else he would have been punished long since; but Mr. Campbell's eyes will be opened at last. I am glad that he is found out, and all such canting, hypocritical fellows. I told you from the first how it would end. Those who preach most generally practice least.”

It is recorded in history, that when Catherine de Medici was told of an author who had written a violent attack upon her, she exclaimed, with tears—“Ah! if he did but know of me all that I know against myself!” It was with something of this feeling that Frank listened to the reproaches of his school-fellows.

But when they came to attack through him the religion which, amidst all his faults and shortcomings, he so loved and revered, it was a bitter trial indeed, and hard to bear.

“If this is all the good that reading the Bible does,” said one, “he had better leave it alone.”

“Those who talk so much about religion are sure to be the worst,” added another.

“The greater saint, the greater sinner!” observed a third, with a laugh, in which there were several found to join.

For once, Frederick Mortimer refused to side with the majority; and his affectionate sympathy was a great comfort to poor Frank. Doyle and Claude Hamilton also continued unchanged. Howard pitied Frank, and despised himself; but he wanted courage to do what was right. He kept apart, and was miserable. His Bible—his talisman, as he called it—remained untouched. He dared not open it. Things might have been different if he had. It is often thus; sin and sorrow, instead of driving us to, appear for a season to keep us from the only true source of comfort. We feel unworthy to open our Bibles—unworthy to pray, to take the name of God upon our lips. We forget that Christ is worthy; that he died for us. We forget that even if we sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who came into the world to save sinners. We put away the lamp—David's lamp, as Frank once called the Bible—and sit in darkness. Prayer, so sweetly termed by the good Lady Warwick “heartsease,” is abstained from and we are miserable. Feeling ourselves to be sinners, we reject, through our unbelief, the all-forgiving Saviour. No wonder if we stumble in the darkness, and go wrong; no wonder if our hearts ache; no wonder if we are unhappy.

Frank deeply felt the change in Mr. Campbell's manner towards him; a change in part assumed to hide his real feelings. He had seen a great deal of Frank during his long ill-

ness, and he could not believe him guilty; but he felt, nevertheless, that it was necessary that something should be done, although he put it off from day to day in the hope of finding some clue to this mysterious affair, but without success. The boys exchanged glances when the summons came at length for Frank to join him in his study immediately after school. Howard trembled and turned pale.

'What is the matter?' whispered Rushton, who was watching him narrowly. 'I cannot help thinking, Howard, that you know more than you care to mention. Perhaps you suspect some one else?'

'No,' answered Howard, 'I have told you that I know nothing; I wish I did. I only know that Frank Netherton is innocent.'

'I hope he will not be punished,' murmured Rushton, in a low voice.

'Thank you—thank you, for those words!' exclaimed Howard, seizing his hand. 'I hope not. Frank was right. He always said that you had a good heart.'

'He had little cause to think so,' replied Rushton, turning away.

Frank entered Mr. Campbell's study with a cheerful countenance. 'Has anything been found out sir?' asked he after a pause.

'Nothing.'

Frank sighed. 'I am sorry for that,' thought he, 'but I must bear it as well as I can. God's time is not come yet; but it will come; no one ever trusted him in vain. Sooner or later everything will be discovered, and then Mr. Campbell will regret having punished me. After all, I do not mind a few hard lessons; it is nothing to the hard words I have had to bear of late.'

'Well, Netherton,' exclaimed Mr. Campbell, at length, 'have you nothing to say for yourself?'

'No, sir, nothing but what I have already said, that I am innocent.'

'You still maintain that the pencil-case was lost some days previous to the preaches being taken?'

'Yes, sir.'

'So far some of your school-fellows seem to corroborate your account by mentioning their having assisted you in looking for it. Have you any idea where you lost it?'

Frank hesitated and colored, and the consciousness that he did so added to the embarrassment which the searching glance of his preceptor was not calculated to remove. 'I have no idea where it was lost,' stammered he, at length.

'Is this the truth?' asked Mr. Campbell, sternly.

'It is, sir; but not the whole truth.'

'And why not the whole truth? Take care, Netherton.'

'Because—because I am not at liberty to tell you more, whatever you may think of me,' replied Frank, in a faltering voice.

'There is but one conclusion left,' replied Mr. Campbell, coldly, 'and I am very sorry for it. I shall write by to-day's post to your father.'

'To my father!' repeated Frank clasping his hands wildly together. 'O Mr. Campbell! anything but that. I will bear the heaviest punishment you like to inflict upon me—anything but that. Spare my father!'

'On one condition only,' said Mr. Campbell, after a pause, 'that you will immediately confess everything.'

'There is nothing to confess,' replied Frank. 'I am innocent, indeed I am!'

Mr. Campbell regarded him with a stern and yet sorrowful glance. 'Netherton' said he, 'I am deeply grieved and disappointed in you—grieved above all for your good of them. It will, indeed be a shock to him. You may retire now until I can think what is best to be done. In future you will study and take your meals alone.'

'I will do anything—bear anything,' exclaimed Frank, 'if you will not write to my father.'

'You have heard the conditions.'

For a moment Frank was sorely tempted to break his word with Howard, and tell Mr. Campbell all; but it was only for a moment; after which, not trusting himself to reply, he bowed in silence, and went sorrowfully away.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFESSION.

HOWARD and Philip Doyle sat together in the deserted school-room, waiting Frank's return. The rest of the boys were in the play-ground, and the sound of their merry voices came at intervals through the open windows. 'Do you think that Mr. Campbell has heard anything,' asked the former; anything, I mean, to exculpate Frank?'

'I am afraid not. I suppose he will be punished. It is very hard.'

Howard sighed, or rather groaned an affirmative.

'Hark!' exclaimed Doyle. 'I heard the study door shut. Yes, he is coming. Now we shall know all.'

Howard crouched down behind a desk, and Frank passed without perceiving him.

'Well,' exclaimed Doyle cheerfully, as he advanced to meet him, 'so it is over at last. But how pale you look! You are not to be beaten, are you, Frank?'

Frank shook his head.

'Come, you must not give way in this manner. Never mind a hard lesson. I promise to help you all I can.'

'You will not be permitted,' said Frank: 'henceforth I am to study, and even take my meals alone. But it is not that. They might have beaten me to a mummy, and I would not

have cried out. Mr. Campbell is going to write to my father;—not that he will believe a word—he knows and loves me too well—but the least excitement makes him ill; it may kill him. O Philip! what shall I do? What will become of me?'

'My dear Frank, this is sad indeed. I scarcely know what to advise. We had better talk to Hamilton about it.'

'No; there is no person who can help me. Where is Howard?'

'He was here a moment ago,' said Doyle, looking round the room. 'But I do not see what good he can do you. No one ever thinks of consulting Howard.'

'I must see him immediately, nevertheless,' exclaimed Frank, rising up.

'In that case I will send him to you, for you are not fit to move.'

'Thank you,' said Frank; 'you are very kind.'

Several of the boys now entered the school-room. Frederick, and one or two others, went up to Frank, while the rest stood apart, and whispered among themselves.

'What will be done to him?' asked one.

'I do not know, Mr. Campbell is going to write to Mr. Netherton. That is what Frank feels so much. They say that his father is in bad health, and the shock may make him worse. Frank is his only son.'

'I cannot help pitying him,' exclaimed another.

'I should think that he would never have the face to preach to us again,' observed one.

'Surely, surely Mr. Campbell will not write,' exclaimed Rushton. 'He only says so to frighten Frank.'

'Mr. Campbell seldom says what he does not mean.'

Several of the boys whispered earnestly together.

'The only thing to be done,' exclaimed Claude Hamilton, whose keen glance watched every movement, is for the guilty to come forward and clear the innocent. Sooner or later their sin will be sure to find them out; it may be when it is too late to atone for it.'

'Who volunteers to take Netherton's place?' inquired a mocking voice.

Rushton was about to speak when he was interrupted by the entrance of Philip Doyle. 'You cannot see Howard this moment,' said he to Frank. 'He is with Mr. Campbell in his study, where he went, it appears, of his own accord, almost immediately after you left.'

Frank laid his head upon his cousin's shoulder, and burst into tears—but they were tears of joy and hope; while Frederick wept too, without knowing why.

'Even now,' said Claude Hamilton, 'my suggestion is perhaps in the act of being accomplished.'

'But what can Howard know? What can he have to tell? No one thinks that he took the peaches.'

'God knows everything,' answered Claude Hamilton, loud enough for Frank to hear: and he did hear, and looked up and smiled.

"Though he slay me," repeated Herbert, from the chapter which they had been reading together that morning; "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Rushton hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

'Never mind,' said Frank, soothingly; 'it will all end well now. Do not grieve for me.'

Rushton startled, and shook off the hand that rested upon his shoulder, with a quick, impatient gesture.

'Leave him alone,' whispered Doyle. 'He is a strange fellow. I do not know what to make of him of late. But I really think that he has a good heart.'

'It is worth while being in trouble,' said Frank, 'to see how kind every one is.' He forgot at that moment all their hard speeches against him. The trials of the past week faded away from his memory like a dream.

Howard had overheard poor Frank's passionate lamentation, as he crouched behind the desk, and his heart smote him for his selfishness. He arose up softly; and having succeeded in leaving the school-room unobserved, ran along the passage, and knocked hastily at the door of Mr. Campbell's study, who half hoped that it might be Frank returned. 'Come in,' said he.

Howard's heart beat, and his knees knocked together as he entered; but he knew that he was doing right at last, and that gave him courage. In a few moments he had told Mr. Campbell every thing he knew: how he had borrowed the pencil-case of Frank, and lost it; and how, in his fear least he should be accused of stealing the peaches, he had won from him a promise not to betray him. His reasons were given almost in the same words which he had before used. 'I knew,' said he, 'that no one would believe me; but I thought, I hope that every one would believe Frank Netherton. I am sure they would if they knew him as well as I do.'

Encouraged by Mr. Campbell's manner, Howard went on to tell him of all Frank's kindness to him, of his own good resolutions so often broken; and even about the talisman. 'If I had consulted it as he bid me,' added Howard, 'all this would not have happened; but, for the last week, I have not dared to open it.'

'I will venture to promise,' said Mr. Campbell 'that its answer to-night will be one of peace.'

'And yet,' exclaimed Howard, despondingly, 'I have only done what I ought to have done long since.'

'The best of us,' replied Mr. Campbell, 'are but unprofitable servants. We should

never find peace by looking at ourselves. We must look to Christ. He is our peace. You believe this, Howard!'

'I do not know what I should do if I did not believe it, sir; only I am apt to forget it sometimes, and then I feel very miserable.'

'Like Peter, the moment we take our eyes off the Saviour, we begin to sink.'

That evening, Howard opened his whole heart—with all its struggles and weakness; its fears and yearning; its faint hope, and trembling faith; its utter helplessness—to his kind preceptor. It was an era in his life, and he was wont to affirm that from that day everything went better with him. Mr. Campbell understood and helped him more than he had ever been able to do before. And we may be sure that God helped him, because he has promised to help all those who come to him in the name of Jesus Christ. And we know that all God's promises are true.

It seemed a long time to the curious and anxious group assembled in the school-room.

'Poor Howard!' exclaimed one; 'I can fancy him wishing that the ground would open, and swallow him up. What can Mr. Campbell be saying to him?'

'What can he be saying to Mr. Campbell? for it is he who sought the interview,' observed another.

Even Mr. Barlow appeared to be interested in the result of the conference, and spoke kindly to Frank on the subject.

Every voice was hushed when Mr. Campbell entered, at length. Howard had hold of his hand: he was pale, and looked as if he had been crying, but he did not seem frightened. Mr. Campbell explained everything in a few words, expressing his entire conviction that Frank had been unjustly accused, and his sorrow for what he had suffered rather than betray his school-fellow. Howard, he said, had only now done what he ought to have done at first; but, nevertheless, he should abstain from inflicting any punishment on him, as he believed, from what he had confessed to him, that he had been sufficiently punished, and that he would be braver, and wiser, and better for the time to come.

'One thing is certain,' added Mr. Campbell, 'that the real offender has not yet been discovered. It is probable that he never will be now. As I said once before, in an affair almost as mysterious, and in which poor Netherton was also the sufferer, let us leave him to God.'

Mr. Campbell then gave the boys a half-holiday, in honor of Frank's acquittal; and having shaken hands with and congratulated him in the kindness manner, withdrew to his own study, taking Mr. Barlow with him.

CHAPTER XX.

SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

MOST of the boys were sorry now for what they had said against Frank, and a few told

him so with tears in their eyes. They called to remembrance their good resolutions at the time of his illness; and how well he had acted then and since in innumerable instances which came crowding back upon their memories—instances of moral courage, and truthfulness, and forbearance, and loving-kindness, even towards those who had sought to injure him. And now, in a changed spirit, they said, 'After all, there must be something in religion.' Hereafter, perhaps by God's grace, they may be led to confess that there is *everything* in religion.

Frederick was glad that he had stood by his cousin through good and evil report; and could look round and say to his companions, 'I told you from the first that he was innocent.' Hamilton and Doyle also rejoiced with Frank, even as they had sorrowed with him. Herbert, who had been kind to him all along, requested to be numbered among his friends. Frank had a great many friends now.

Howard, to use his own language, felt as if he had wings to his feet. He jumped, he laughed, he danced; he was a different creature. 'O, if I could always do right!' thought he. 'All is so easy, so delightful, and one never need be afraid then.'

Frank thanked Rushton for the the way in which he had behaved during the past week. 'I do not remember you saying a single unkind or mocking word,' said he, 'which, to confess the truth, I rather wondered at.'

'Yes it was a wonder,' replied Rushton. 'But you have nothing to be grateful for. I suppose I must have been thinking of something else.'

'Whatever the cause was,' said Frank, 'I am grateful for your forbearance, and shall not easily forget it.'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Rushton. 'How do you know but what I may be going to reform, like our friend Howard, and one or two others whom I could name?'

'O Rushton are you serious?'

'Did you ever know me serious for above five minutes?' asked his companion, starting up with a loud laugh that had more of bitterness than mirth in it. 'Not another word, Netherton, if you would not have me forfeit the good opinion which you have so erroneously formed of me. I hate everything serious; and never could endure being preached to. Leave me alone, and I shall do very well.'

'So said the half-frozen traveller,' replied Frank, gently, 'when he sank wearily down in the cold snow to rest. Had they taken him at his word—had they left him alone—he would have perished. But I do not want to preach, only I dislike to hear you talk in that manner.'

'Now for the anecdotes again!' exclaimed Rushton, turning to the rest, and still laughing. 'We have had a week's rest. Tell us a story, Netherton.'

'Not at present,' said Frank; 'my heart is too full, and can only give thanks.'

The boys now dispersed about the grounds, and began to make the most of their holiday; but not before they had given at Howard's suggestion, three cheers for Frank Netherton. Mr. Campbell heard them as he sat in his study, and was glad; and even the hard features of the vicer relaxed into a smile at the sound.

'O Frank!' exclaimed Doyle, as they walked together, 'you cannot think what I felt this morning when Mr. Campbell repeated those well-remembered words, 'Let us leave him to God.' It was thus he said of me once. Whoever the guilty person may be, I can only hope that God may deal with him as mercifully as he has dealt with me since then.'

'I hope so too, Philip,' replied Frank, affectionately. 'Whoever they may be, I pity them very much.'

'So do I; for they will most likely be expelled from the school if they are discovered. It must be had enough to be suspected without cause. I cannot think how you could bear it so long. After all your telling would not have hurt Howard.'

'But I had promised him not to tell.' 'A cowardly fellow! And yet he behaved very well at last.'

'Poor Howard!' said Frank, 'I cannot help liking him, notwithstanding his weakness of character. We have all our faults, but we do not see our own so plainly as we do those of others. Did you ever hear of the two wallets, Philip?'

'Not that I remember.' 'Every person, it is said,' continued Frank, 'carries two wallets hung one before and one behind him; into the first he puts the faults of others, but slips his own into the second, by which means we never see our own failings, while those of our neighbours are continually before your eyes.'

'That is true enough,' said Doyle laughing. 'If the wallets could only change places,' continued Frank, 'how different everything would appear! If we could only peep in and see our own faults, how we should hate ourselves, and wonder that every one did not hate us! How humble we should feel; how pitiful and forbearing towards others!'

'We should indeed,' replied Doyle. Several of the boys joining them at that moment, they began to speak of other things.

'I cannot think what is come to them all,' exclaimed Rushton, peevishly, as the merry laughter of his school-fellows echoed through the play-ground; and the merriest of all was Frank Netherton's. 'How happy they seem to be; what a noise they make! I wish they would not laugh so.'

'Is anything the matter?' asked Howard, good-naturedly, as he stopped before him, out of breath with his exertions.

'What should be the matter?' 'I do not know; but I thought you looked ill, or ill-tempered.' And he laughed again, as

he would not have ventured to do a short time since.

'My head aches,' said Rushton. 'That is bad; but the heartaches is worse. Never mind so long as you have not the heart-ache.'

'Pshaw!' interrupted his companions; 'what do you know about such things?'

'Nothing now,' replied Howard, clapping his hands, and dancing round him. 'My heart is as light as a feather.'

'Do stand still, can't you?' 'I beg your pardon. I forgot you had a headache. Come and play with us, and perhaps you will forget it too.'

'I am in no humor for play.'

'Rushton,' said Howard, with a sudden thoughtfulness, 'something is the matter. Will you tell what it is? You used to like me, and tell me everything.'

'And you used to like me before Frank Netherton came between us.'

'O Rushton! he never came between us. I like you now, next to him.'

'Go away,' said his companion, impatiently. 'Go to your favourite. I want to be alone.'

Howard went away sorrowfully; but his sorrow was soon forgotten. It was a happy evening. The stars came out one by one before the boys thought of returning to the house. Frank remembered how his father had often spoken to him of the stars preaching their nightly sermon to mankind, and he asked his companions if they could guess what the text was.

'I think I know,' exclaimed Howard, eagerly quoting the beginning of the sixteenth Psalm: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.'

'Yes, that is right,' said Frank.

'Only think of Howard's guessing!' exclaimed one of the boys. 'I should not wonder but what he turns out a genius after all.'

'No, I shall never be a genius,' replied Howard, smiling, and coloring with pleasure. 'But I do hope that I shall get on better than I have done, with God's help,' added he, after a pause.

'Yes, I think you will,' said Claude Hamilton, kindly. He held out his hand and Howard took it, scarcely knowing, as he afterwards confessed, whether he stood upon his lead or his heels, but inwardly determined to try and deserve the good opinion thus openly expressed.

They had plum-cake for tea, which the kind house-keeper sent up to celebrate the acquittal of her favorite; for she had always liked Frank, ever since she helped to nurse him in his long illness, and would never believe in his guilt.

The evening prayers that night were something more than usual, beyond a mere form. They were the outpourings of earnest, grateful, loving, and penitent hearts, whose secret joys and sorrows were known only to God. There is a comfort in prayer, especially when, like Frank's, our prayers are graciously turned into praises; when, as in Howard's case, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. We fear that many of the boys did not experience this comfort, and Rushton among the number; for he arose pale and gloomy as he had kneeled down, and went away without bidding any one good-night.

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Next Friday evening Rev. H. Melville will deliver the seventh Lecture of the course in the Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation Society. An excellent choir will be in attendance. Turn out, friends, and fill the Hall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E., Stanstead, C. E.—Received \$1 for W. L., to end of Vol. 13.

The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14, 1866

SOIREE.

Crusade Lodge B. O. G. T. intend holding a Soiree in the Coldstream Hall, on Thursday evening March 29. The tickets are placed at 25c. We hope our friends will so arrange as to be present on the occasion.

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, B. O. G. T.

The members of this Lodge held a Soiree last Thursday week in their Hall, Brock-street, at which about 130 were present. An excellent tea having been served up ample justice was done to the good things provided, of which there seemed to be an unusual abundance, after which Bro. McDougall was called to the chair. Mr. J. Baxter presided at the Melodeon. The singing of Miss Wallace, Miss Williams, and Mr. Conolly, was highly appreciated and deservedly encored. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Nasmith, Esq., P. H. Stewart, J. J. Williams and F. Leech. Recitations were also given by Messrs. F. Unitt, J. Lester, and others. The Prov. Deputy, Bro. J. J. Williams, thanked those present for their support on the occasion, and invited all to become members of the Lodge. The sisters of the Lodge deserve great credit for the part they took in furnishing the eatables, &c., which added to the aid given by the brothers of the Lodge, has resulted in adding to their funds over twenty-five dollars.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH TEM-
PLARISM.

OFFICE OF THE
WORTHY SUPREME GRAND CHIEF,
Berlin, C. W., 8th March, 1866.

MR. EDITOR,—For the encouragement of our Loyal Lodges I hope you will put this brief communication in your next issue.

Three more old Lodges have unanimously endorsed the dropping of the word "American," and wish now to be known as thoroughly British;

allow me also to say, they never either ignored nor doubted the existence of the Supreme Grand Lodge. Truth, Mr. Editor is omnipotent and must succeed—although slanders may traduce, or sophists deceive, this glorious old axiom is being, and will be more than ever verified in the onward progress of our noble cause. All that the Lodges (with few exceptions,) still retaining the cast off name, require, is a plain, faithful narration of facts—no explanation, no mystification, no jesuitry, but plain British outspoken truth. If the next three months prove as successful as the last, more than two thousand members in Canada West alone, will have individually acknowledged the existence of the Worthy Supreme Grand Lodge—derived in Toronto Grand Lodge in 1862, inaugurated at the Hamilton Grand Lodge in 1863, and endorsed by the London Grand Lodge in 1864. Relying with implicit confidence upon the fidelity of the large number of Good Templars who have so nobly taken their stand, and fully believing there will be very shortly large accessions to our loyal Order, I am as heretofore,

Your greatly obliged
And faithful servant,
WILLIAM SAVAGE.

For the Weekly Visitor.

ANOTHER NEW LODGE B. O. G. T.

MR. EDITOR,—Knowing that you are anxious to let your readers know anything regarding the prosperity of the temperance cause, I send the following for insertion :

At a temperance meeting held in this village on the 10th instant, speeches were delivered by G. A. Terry, Provincial Deputy of Watertown Lodge, and A. M. Phillips, County Chief of Northumberland, on the temperance movement generally and the evils of intemperance. Bro. Phillips also gave some explanations as to the working of the Order of British Templars, and then passed around with an application for a Lodge, when twenty-two signatures were obtained. Bro. Phillips, assisted by Bro. Terry, then proceeded to the organization of the Lodge, after which the election of officers was proceeded with and resulted as follows :

Bro. John Garnett, C. T.; Sist. Jane Bradbeer, V. T.; Bro. Wm. Kilbank, C.; Bro. J. C. Kempt, Jr., S.; Bro. Charles B. Kemp, T.; Bro. J. H. Bradbeer, F.; Bro. Thos. Kilbank, M; Bro. David Cole, I. G; Bro. B. Y. Taylor, O. G.; Sist. — O'Brien, A. S.; Sist. Sarah Kilbank, D. M.; Sist. Emma Liscum, R. H. S.; Sist.

Elizabeth Bradbeer, L. H. S.; Bro. J. C. Kemp, Senr., P. C. T.; Bro. Charles B. Kemp, Pror. Deputy.

This Lodge will be known as Palmerston Lodge. It meets on Friday nights in the village of Codrington. It starts with good prospects, and we have every reason to believe that it will yet make as bright an appearance in the temperance family as did its name-sake in the British Parliament.

Bro. Thos. Kilbank, and Sist. Sarah Kilbank of Mount Zion Lodge, deserve praise for their exertions towards getting up this Lodge. May their zeal shine forth in this new Lodge, and may it be a great strength to the cause in this county.

Codrington, March 13th, 1866.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

On Friday evening last, in company with several other members of the Order, from this side of the harbor, we visited "Andrews" Lodge, No. 38, located in Carleton. This Lodge was organized in November last, with 14 Charter Members, and since that time its members have increased to over fifty. When we entered the Hall was well filled, all present taking the greatest interest in the proceedings of the meeting. The usual routine of business over, the presiding officer, Bro. Andrews, proceeded to call on each member in rotation to speak. This was followed by a round of speeches that would have done credit to a first-class Literary Club. Each member responded to the call, without any hesitation, and each had something new and interesting. This Lodge, notwithstanding it has only been organized some four months, is really a model Lodge, and destined to accomplish much good in Carleton. Its officers and members fully understand their duty, and the importance of the work they are engaged in. Members of the City Lodges would profit by visiting this Lodge, and learn to imitate their admirable plan of conducting their meetings. We hope that when we next visit "Andrews" Lodge, they will have doubled their numbers.—Monitor.

A punctual man is rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC

Now, wife and children, let's be gay,
My work is done and here's the pay
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it
Hope rear'd the sheaf, and peace shall bind it.

Six days I've toiled, and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gain'd by labour, cannot cloy.

Come ye who form my dear fire-side,
My care, my comfort, and my pride.
Come now, and let us close the night,
In harmless talk and fond delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessed peace,
And each domestic joy's increase
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which Heav'n ordains.

For this, and every blessing giv'n,
Thankful we'll bow the knee to Heav'n
In God's own house our voices raise,
With grateful notes of praise and praise.

Sweet's the tranquillity of heart,
Which public worship does impart,
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road,
To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God design'd,
Promote my health, improve my mind
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthen'd week,
Through which with toil for rest we seek,
And he whose labour well is past,
A joyful SABBATH finds at last.

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For the Weekly Visitor.

THE FRUITS OF DRUNKENNESS.
A TRUE STORY.

In the afternoon of one of the coldest Saturdays of the present winter—and they are not a few—as the writer was passing a miserable, old, dilapidated shanty, situate near the road side, not many miles from the village of Linwood, my attention was arrested with the cries and shrieks of one or more little children, which proceeded from the miserable hovel referred to. I stopped and listened for a moment to ascertain if possible the cause of this apparent distress. Sometimes the cries would grow weaker and weaker and almost die away, then a shriek from one or both of them indicated suffering of some kind, but of the cause I was ignorant. I waited patiently for a response to these cries from the mother or some inmate of the wretched abode, but hearing none I concluded to enter and discover the cause of this

anguish and woe. On approaching the door, I found it fastened on the outside with a string. I loosed it, and entering I beheld a sight that beggars description, and one which I hope and pray it may never be my lot to witness again. The little ones whose cries had drawn me thither, lay huddled together in a miserable apology for a bed. The moment I entered they ceased crying, and the younger, a babe of scarcely two years, made an effort to get out of the bed, and the sobs of its little bosom would have moved a heart of adamant. Its little arms and feet were bare, and a little cotton dress only served to cover its little perishing body; the other little one, not yet four years old, was similarly clad. I laid the little ones down again in the bed and covered them up as well as the tattered covering would allow, and proceeded to take a survey of the inclosure. The roof was composed of troughs or basswood logs split; the heart or middle scooped out; these laid together and one inverted, covering the joint, thus shedding the water into the troughs first laid, which when properly put on, make a very good roof for a shanty; but in this case no skill was manifest, as there were apertures sufficiently wide to admit a man's arm, through which the cold piercing wind was forcing its way unheeded down upon the unprotected heads, yea, I may say bodies of these little neglected, starving sufferers. There was no window in the walls, nor was any needed, as the openings were sufficiently wide to admit all the light that was required, and through which the merciless blast of this cold winter's day gained an easy access to that habitation of wretchedness and woe. Looking around I saw a small dilapidated cooking stove, an old rickety table, and I think a kind of chair or bench, and a box or chest, which comprised the furnishings of the establishment. I proceeded to the stove, the doors of which were wide open and the ashes pulled about and a long stick in, (much too long for the stove), as though the little ones in their distress had been endeavouring to kindle a fire, but fire there was none, and as the stove and ashes were perfectly cold, I concluded there had been none for at least several hours. My curiosity then led me to look into the box or chest, in the hope that I might find there something that would relieve the hunger of these starving babes, but imagine my disappointment and chagrin when I opened the lid and found its contents to consist of a few rejected crusts and well-stripped bones, none of which could I think of offering to the starving, perishing babes. I then tried to soothe and comfort these little suf-

ferers with the promise that their ~~ma~~ would soon be home and have something for them to eat; but as I retired the cries of the despairing little ones went up from their miserable bed—shall I say to Heaven!—for vengeance upon the liquor-seller!—yes, I say to Heaven for vengeance upon the trafficker in strong drink. I tried to close the door, which act brought into requisition more fortitude than I ever gave myself credit for possessing. I made an effort to get away, but the piercing cries of the little suffering ones, penetrated to my inmost soul and I was as one spell-bound—and whether it was right or wrong, I could not help raising my heart to Heaven in prayer that God would send an angel down and take the little sufferers home. But there was no time to be lost, it was drawing near night, and the cold was increasing, and something must be done. I broke the spell and ran to a neighbouring shanty to disclose to them the perishing condition of the little ones, but the occupants consisted of a boy of some eight or ten years, who already had charge of two little ones—father and mother both away. The door had no hinges, was fastened up with a prop on the inside, and the boy was too small to open it. I spoke to him through a broken pane in the window. He did not appear to know where his parents were; by the looks of things inside it didn't matter. I cannot wait to describe it, but must return to the babes. I found them still alone and crying as before. I then started for the next nearest neighbour, some half mile distant, but before I got there I met the miserable, drunken, heartless mother of those innocent little sufferers returning home, whereupon I pointed out to her the condition of the little ones, and administered to her a pretty severe reproof for her inhumanity and want of maternal affection; but her heart was as adamant; it could not be moved; whisky had blunted the finer feelings of her nature, and she no longer performed the duty of a mother; and when interrogated as to the whereabouts of her husband, she replied coolly that she supposed he was at Linwood "at the taverns." And with that reluctance that produces pain and sorrow, I confided the destiny of the little ones to the tender mercies of this unfeeling mother, whom I have since been informed has frequently left them a day and night, and upon one occasion at least two days and a night alone.

The father is a mechanic, and when he works, which is seldom, obtains good wages, but spends the greater part of it in drink over the counters of the rumsellers of the village referred to, and

leaves his little infants at home—what a home!—to perish or starve as the case may be.

But what of the little ones? Have they survived the blasting and perishing storms of the January and February of 1866? It was impossible. During the late storm unparalleled for severity, the cold penetrated and fastened itself upon the lungs of the little ones as though it were grasping for its very life-strings, and on Sunday morning the 18th inst., in a fit of coughing for relief, it choked and died; and a few humane neighbours assembled and conveyed its little body to the Linwood burying ground where it now lies, beneath the big cold snow-drift to rise no more till the resurrection morn. But it's voice, like the blood of Abel, crieth from the ground for vengeance upon those who have put the bottle to its father's mouth and made him drunken. Oh how I wish the cries of those little ones as they still ring in my ear, could be directed into the ears of those who sell strong drink, that they might be moved to at once and forever relinquish this soul and body destroying traffic.

HUMANITY.

Linwood, Feb'y 25, 1866.

NOVEL SIGN-BOARD.

The following is an improvement on public-house signs; being an inscription over the entrance to a coffee-house and news-room, in Bedford:—

Weary traveller, step within;
No temptation here to sin;
Wholesome viands here are sold,
Baths refreshing, hot or cold;
Tea and coffee, water clear,
Lemonade and ginger beer;
Books and papers, too, you'll find
'To cheer and elevate the mind.

THE TOLL GATES OF LIFE.

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike—all along which vice and folly have erected toll gates for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go—and there are few of all the host of travellers who do not occasionally stop at some one or another of them—and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. Pay more or less, we say, because there is a very great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the

purse. Many a man has become a beggar by paying at these gates. The ordinary rates they charge are heavy and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth delightful road in the outset. 't no tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands—but she takes without mercy. Like an artful robber, she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off a miserable object, into the very worst road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their brains. The men you meet in the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so we might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through, at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stepping by the way at some of these places. The plain common sense men who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with.

WOMAN'S PERVERTED INFLUENCE.

A young man of no ordinary promise unhappily contracted habits of intemperance. His excesses spread sorrow through a large and respectable circle. The kind entreaties of friends at length led him to desist; and feeling that for him to drink was to die, he came to a solemn and mental resolution that he would abstain entirely for the rest of his days. Not long after he was invited to dine with a party at the house of a friend. *Friend*: did I say I pardon me: he could hardly be a friend who would deliberately place before one, lately so lost, now so marvellously rescued, the treacherous instrument of his downfall. But so it was. *The wine was there*. He withstood the fascination, however, until a young lady challenged him to drink. He refused. With baxter and ridicule she at length cheated him out of all his noble purposes, and her challenge was accepted. He no sooner drank than he felt the demon was still alive within him and that from temporary sleep he was

now waking with tenfold strength. "Now," said he to a friend who sat next to him, "now I have tasted again, and I drink till I die." The awful resolve was kept. Not ten days had passed before that fine young man fell under the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and was borne to his grave! Who would envy the feelings of the young lady who handed that wine glass, as she reviewed her part in a scene of gait which smiled only to betray!—*Dr. Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania.*

IDLENESS.

Every man should engage in some useful occupation. It is to his interest as well as the interest of the community, that he should do so. Employment promotes peace of mind, the formation of virtuous habits, tends to prosperity, and we may say to happiness.—*Idleness* on the other hand, begets a thousand evils. Idleness leads to the formation of bad associations, to debauchery, poverty and crime. Every man who has any respect for himself, should therefore endeavour to find some remunerative employment.

In fact, it is better to work for food and clothing than to remain in idleness. If he can not do one thing he can another. He should not be too particular about the character of his employment, if it be useful. The porter has risen to be the owner of a princely establishment. The man is judged by his conduct, and not by his occupation. Every useful calling is respectable, while idleness is degrading. The young men of our land should remember this, and go to work at the earliest possible moment. The longer they delay the greater the difficulty to find a congenial pursuit. They should therefore act at once, and determine to win a name for industry, sobriety and good conduct.

LET GIRLS BE GIRLS.

There are a great many people who, in some way or other, are always regretting and complaining that girls are not premature old women. They would have them full of wisdom and experience as Solomon or Prince Metternich; they would have them drilled into the hardest work of the house and farm, until they have lost life and vivacity, and are unfit for anything but the commonest routine of domestic life. In the first morning sunlight of existence the gravity of gray hairs is expected, and the silent profundity of an old, big-eyed owl. They must have the power of reflection that belongs to an

antiquated cow, and the faculty of doing twenty things at once, known only to the mother of fourteen children. They must have an ardent admiration for science and philosophy; they must like drab, high-necked dresses, and wear their hair combed straight behind without ornament. They must like calf-skin shoes and dyed stockings, and glory in hard, brown hands, and sun-burnt complexion. They must look with uncompromising hostility on all nice young men, and never flirt the least bit in the world. They must read Locke, Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, and study the peculiarities of spiders and beetles for recreation until they look themselves like the fossil remains of the British Museum.

It is of no use—girls will be girls as long as the world lasts; they will commit a thousand follies; they will get up unending friendship, which will last sometimes a day, sometimes a week, sometimes a month, sometimes a year. They will have several attacks of the affections, just as children have the whooping-cough and measles, during which time they imagine they shall never survive and they shall die. But they don't; they live to become quiet, industrious, sensible wives and mothers—generally a great deal too good for the individuals who own them. Thank goodness, they will always wear pretty dresses whenever they can get them; it is natural and just as proper as for flowers to take different hues. Those croakers who want girls to dress in brown and drab, would extinguish the sunlight, would have the sky always a dull lead color, would burn up the fresh green grass, would wither the leaves on the trees, and extinguish the brilliant tints of the flowers.

It is a woman's duty to be as attractive as possible; and gentleness, delicacy, and the absence of whatever is coarse, unseemly or revolting, from her chief attractions. Are not the ideas of man soft-handed, white robed angels? It is only sometimes after they are married that they associate them with a shilling calico and peeling potatoes. Then let the girls enjoy their illusions and delusions as long as they can. They will awake soon enough to life and its realities. Let them flirt and flutter out their brief hour of existence, which has its own charm and even use both in contemplation and retrospect. Time, will discover to them what is expected of them.

It is mentioned in Robert's Life of Hannah Moore, that in 1763 that Lady sat next to Dr. Johnson, at a dinner party at the Bishop of Chester's house. She says, "I urged him to

take a little wine." He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.—Stick to your trade boys, and learn how to work if you want to be independent. There is no more pitiable sight than a half-learned mechanic applying for work. He is always at the foot of the hill, and labour as he may, unless he has become perfect in his trade before he attains the years of maturity, he can calculate on poverty as his portion, with a good deal of safety. Parents, if you wish well of your children, urge them to learn their trade properly.

A VERY GREAT RASCAL.—Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his daughter Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, in the sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

'Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the far west with a young lawyer who had little beside his profession to depend upon, and with him to search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make happy like this?'

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, 'I think I could Archy.'

'Well,' said he, 'there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife, I'll mention it to him.'

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

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BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

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