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# Weekly



# Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

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

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## THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

### CHAPTER XLVI.

#### I RECEIVE A VISIT FROM MY FATHER.

How, when Mr. Lawrence Simmonds died, I was retained by his son, and employed by him in his factory; how he kindly, while knowing my previous history, advanced me, step by step, until I had attained a position of trust; and how I found that the education I had contrived to pick up while only a 'City Arab,' became increasingly valuable to me—these things I shall not set down in detail. It is sufficient to say that, some two years after the events recorded in the last chapter, I was a clerk in the counting house of Mr. Richard Simmonds, and had lodgings in a neat little cottage not far from the factory, my landlady being an elderly widow, very neat and very deaf.

One winter's evening about this time, I was returning from my daily employment, and had nearly reached my comfortable home, when I was accosted by name by a man, who, in north-country dialect, asked permission to accompany me to my lodgings, saying that he had important business to communicate. There was nothing in his manner to excite alarm, or even suspicion. As far as I could judge by the imperfect light of an oil-lamp close by, he was a stout, elderly, respectable farmer; and though I was at a loss to conceive the nature of his communications, I had no hesitation in acceding to his request, and in a few minutes we were in the

little sitting room which I was permitted to call my own, and which was cheerfully lighted up by a blazing fire and a candle.

'You do not know me?' said he, in the same broad speech, as he seated himself, and, as it seemed, invited my scrutiny.

Certainly not. I had not the most distant remembrance of having seen my visitor before, and I said so. My connections and intimacies had not much lain among farmers, save my good friend at Daffodil Farm, in Kent, with whom I still kept up an occasional correspondence, and for whose sake I was disposed to give the right hand of fellowship to any agricultural stranger. And I could scarcely be deceived in setting down my visitor as a tolerably flourishing member of that community. I could not see his hands, for the thick gloves he wore, and his face was partially concealed by a red woolen comforter; but his entire appearance and manners tallied with what I had seen of Yorkshire farmerhood.

'The old woman,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'be there nubbot in t' house but she?'

'Nobody but her, besides our two selves,' I said; 'and if you have anything to say privately you need not fear being overheard. The old lady is very deaf.'

'For all that,' rejoined my strange visitor, in a tone of voice and in a manner so altered that I started with sudden surprise, 'for all that I shall take the liberty, Mr. Leigh, of securing ourselves against intrusion;' and adapting the deed to the word, he rose quickly and turned the key in the door. 'We are all right now,' he continued, trying the lock, and finding it fast; and then he again deliberately seated himself.

I cannot say that I felt no alarm, but a feeling stronger than that of mere apprehension had arisen in my mind, which overmastered it, and subdued me into silent acquiescence with the action I have described.

'Who are you, and what is your business with me?' I asked, after a moment's painful silence.

My visitor made me no verbal answer, but first throwing off his gloves and comforter and thick Whitney coat, and then gradually divesting himself of one external disguise after another, till my little table was furnished with a toilet of false eyebrows, false whiskers, an exceedingly natural-looking wig, and other minute personal appliances, my father stood revealed to me as I had last seen him at Thieves' Castle, under the title of 'the Captain.'

'You know me now,' said he, quietly, and in his natural voice.

'Yes, I know you now,' I responded in his own words, faintly; for I was overcome with terror.

'You need not be afraid, he said, somewhat contemptuously. 'If I had the power, I have not the disposition—at least I have not the intention,—to do you any injury.'

'Why have you sought me?' I asked.

'Because I wished to satisfy myself, with my own eyes, that you are alive, when I had reason to think you were lost in the shipwreck, and because I am about to leave the country, probably never to return,' he said; 'and whatever you may think of my past conduct towards you, I would not go away without a last interview with my own and only son. You do not doubt our relationship, I suppose?' he added.

I had no reason to question it, and I said so.

'You need not,' he went on, 'for there can

be no doubt of it the proofs are abundantly satisfactory; but I have not sought you out to establish them. If it is any consolation for you to disbelieve or to disclaim the connection, you can do so.'

I could neither disbelieve or disclaim, I said; but, oh that he had never troubled himself about me, and left me in ignorance that I had a father! It would have been better for him if he had, he said; for if he had never known me he should not have been ruined as he now was. How ever, he did not wish to reproach me. After all, he added, it was the cowardice and treachery of his subordinate agents, rather than anything I had done, which had broken up his company and reduced him to a life of shifts and evasions, and concealments, to escape the doom which hung over him.

There was a sort of melancholy sadness in his tone, which touched and moved me far more than any amount of violent blustering or threatening would have done, and which urged me to break through the dread with which he had inspired me, while I earnestly besought him to reflect that the condition of which he complained was the departure from integrity and uprightness; that, according to his own showing, he had placed himself in opposition to both Divine and human laws, and ought not to wonder that he at last had found them to be more powerful than himself.

He heard me patiently, and smiled—his strange, cold, and unfeeling smile. 'You think,' he said, 'that they are more powerful, then? Are you sure of that? Look at me; here I am, still at liberty, unshackled, unfettered, when, according to your idea of retribution, I ought to be and should be in prison, perhaps in a condemned cell, and when, as I dare say you know that I am worth one hundred pounds to any one who will take me alive. Pahaw! it is human law that has failed, not I.'

'Alas! you say this, and to-morrow, this very night, perhaps, may see you deprived of your boasted liberty.'

'That is to say you could betray me. But I know that you will not; you know that you will not. And if you make the attempt, are you sure that you would succeed? Here we are, hand to hand; I am stronger than you, and I am armed which you are not. Should you leave the room on any pretext, I could leave it also, and before you could summon assistance, I should have disappeared. So you see,' he added, coolly, 'I am in no danger from you.'

For some moments we sat in rigid and,

me, painful silence. I was unspeakable distressed. He appeared to know or to guess what was passing in my mind, and he fixed his eyes upon me with that strange, piercing, and fascinating look of which I have elsewhere spoken.

'Will it be any satisfaction to you, Roland,' he said, presently relapsing into his calm, quiet way of speaking, 'if I tell you that I am weary of the life I have lately led—a life of continual alarm and danger; that I have more than once been on the point of giving myself up, and so ending it; that I am determined to try, in another land, whether there is not some truth, after all, in the old proverb about 'Honesty being the best Policy'; that my passage is already taken, and the passage money paid down; that I have travelled all this distance from —— (he named the port) to see you once more, and for the last time; and that a week hence I shall have left England, probably for ever?'

A satisfaction! a relief! yes, a blessed one! It is strange, perhaps, that I should have placed implicit faith in these declarations; but I did, and a weight was lifted from my mind.

We resumed our conference; but I need not repeat all that passed. In a few words he told me how he had escaped from the search made for him, by having received early intelligence of the treachery, as he called it, of the convicted burglars; but of his after contrivances he said nothing, nor was I solicitous to learn how he had for so long a time evaded recognition, and obtained subsistence, in spite of the vigilance of the police and the offers of blood-money for his capture. But let me not forget that he solemnly declared, with every appearance of sincerity, that the knowledge of my rescue from death overweighed the bitterness he felt when he thought of the dangers to which he had been exposed, and the sufferings he had endured in escaping from the snares which had been laid for him. It seemed, indeed, as though a strange tenderness towards myself were mingled with the harder traits of his character, showing that paternal sympathies were not entirely extinguished in his breast.

He spoke, too, of the future, and of his newly formed determination to try what honesty would do for him; but it was with no hopeful ardour; and his whole bearing, though he endeavoured to conceal it, was that of a man worn down by anxious care, dispirited and desolate.

Did I not endeavour at this critical juncture, it may be asked, to direct the thoughts of my unhappy father to the warnings, and threaten-

ings, and promises of the gospel—yes, promises to such as he? Did I not remind him of the terrors of a broken law! of the never-sleeping eye of Divine Justice! and of the declaration of God himself, that every transgression of man should meet, in another world, its appropriate doom? Did I not urge upon him the merciful proclamations of Jehovah, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon!' Yes, all this I said, and more than I can now repeat; and he listened to me patiently at first, but with that cold and sarcastic smile of his.

'You do not know what I am, or what I have been,' he said, when I paused; 'or you would not speak to me thus. Enough,' he added, angrily and peremptorily, when I would have renewed my entreaties and prayers; 'there is no thing you can say that I have not heard before, and I have not time now time to listen. I know what you would say,' he continued, still more impatiently and fiercely; "you would tell me that I must repent and believe. I tell you that I neither repent nor believe.'

And yet, while he said this, his lip quivered, and his breast heaved with apparent excitement. And so afterwards, when, with assumed levity, he asserted that, whatever sins he had committed against society, he had but carried out the principles by which every man in society was actuated—that of preying upon the weak and defenceless by the exercise of superior strength, and upon the strong by deeper cunning; yet did he express gladness that I had not given way to his temptations, nor succumbed to his threats; and that my present prosperity was unstained and untainted with 'what society called crime.'

It was useless to attempt to argue, for my unhappy father had sophistry for every argument. It seemed equally vain to appeal to his conscience, for conscience appeared to be dead within him. I ventured, at length, to speak of my mother and her wrongs. For a moment he was touched, but the transient feeling soon passed away.

'And yet,' I said, 'you retain her portrait.'

'I do,' he said; 'I have it with me now.'

'You showed it to me once; will you permit me to see it again?'

He drew it from his bosom, and put it into my hands. 'If you value it,' he said, 'keep it.'

It was almost the only gift I would have received from his hands, but I received that with thankfulness; he interrupted my agitated ac-

knowledgments: 'You need not think so much about it,' he said; 'if I valued it very much, perhaps I should not part with it.'

'Had you never any affection for my mother?' I exclaimed, somewhat indignant at the apparent contempt he cast upon her memory.

'I suppose not,' said he, coolly, 'that is, not what you would call affection; but we have said enough about this. Some day,' he added, after some moment's silence, 'when I am safely off, and have nothing better to do, I will send you a sketch of some parts of my life; and then, perhaps, you will understand me better than you can do now.'

I thanked him; and once more I entreated him to forget for a moment what his past life had been, or rather, to let the remembrance of it drive him, not to dogged sullen hardness and impenitence, but to the outstretched arms of His mercy who is 'able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.'

I might, to all outward appearance, have spoken to a rock as effectively as I spoke to that insensible man; and I groaned in spirit at the fruitlessness of my efforts to touch his heart.

And thus two, three, perhaps, four hours passed away. Presently my landlady retired to her chamber; and then I got food and placed it before my father. He ate, for he had long fasted. I offered him money; but he would receive none from me. He was not so destitute as I might suppose, he said; and had he not told me his passage money was paid? No, he would not take money from me; hawks did not prey on their own brood; and he would not rob his son.

And thus we parted. In the dead of night, my poor father, his disguise resumed, stole from my lodgings; and I passed the remainder of the night, till dawn of day, in an agony of shame and grief.

For many days and weeks afterwards, I nervously and tremblingly examined the police reports of every paper I could lay my hands on, to ascertain whether, at the last moment, the unhappy criminal's plans of escape had been thwarted. But no intelligence reached me from that source; and after a time, except that the name of my father was more fervently and perpetually mingled with my secret prayers, the remembrance of that night seemed to me like the unreal phantasy of a dream, rather than the memory of an event which had actually occurred in my experience.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

I AM IN LONDON AGAIN; AND, IN SEARCH OF

PEGGY MAGRATH, ONCE MORE FIND MY WAY TO WHISKERS' RENTS.

Another year has passed away, and I was once more treading the pavements of London; not as a City Arab, ragged, fiendless, and despised, but in good broadcloth, 'close buttoned to the chin,' and with many to shake hands with me now, who, a few years before, would probably have shrunk from my touch. 'Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself,' said the psalmist, with a keen insight into human nature; and I had, at least, some signs of well-doing about me; for I had taken another step or two in advance, and was the accredited and confidential agent of my employer, the Yorkshire manufacturer.

No fear, now, of being driven away from church doors by suspicious and officious bea-dles, as a 'wagabond;' no danger of being sent to prison for having had more money in my possession than my looks would warrant; no occasion to appeal—if appeal had been necessary—to Ben the hostler for a character. All this was changed; but how?

I asked myself this question when, one day, I found myself in Smithfield, and looked round on the crowds there. There they were—drovers, salesmen, jockeys, buyers, sellers, as I had known them only a few years before; there were the same pens, where, shivering with cold I had tended sheep; there was the place—I well remembered it—on which my father stood when he first recognized me; and here the spot where I was thrown from the horse, and taken up insensible. Around me, too, were ragged urchins, striving to pick up pence, honestly if they could, and some of them I fear, dishonestly, if the chance were thrown in their way; and no one seemed to care for them, as no one, in former times, had seemed to care for me. But I had been cared for, nevertheless; and did not God care for them also? Another day will declare it.

But how had the change in myself been brought about? And when I asked myself this question, I thought of my old friend in Covent Garden market, and his emphatic declaration that 'industry, honesty, and God's blessing' were the elements of success in life; and I blessed the day when that first lesson of honesty was practically and painfully impressed on my mind by poor Peggy Magrath; more fervently still, and with deeper gratitude, I remembered the day when in my prison cell light broke into my soul, and those first imperfect petitions of mine reached the ear of Eternal Mercy;

that day on which I had looked up to the great God as my father, and asked him to be the guide of my youth.

My business engagements were sufficiently important. but they did not so entirely engross my whole time that I could not spare an hour for my own private affairs; and one day I bent my steps to Whiskers' Rents. For, in all this time, my unsatisfied craving desire to find the poor lost protectress of my childhood had become stronger than ever; and I had even inserted advertisements in several London papers, offering a reward for any intelligence that could be given respecting "an elderly Irishman, named Peggy Magrath, who, in such a year, had lodgings at Whiskers' Rents," etc. But no response to that offer ever reached me. Not entirely disheartened by this failure, however, I determined again to explore our old quarters.

There was no change for the better. The houses, indeed, looked more ruinous; and the heaps of festering corruption which encumbered the roadway, and spread their filthy effluvia around, seemed larger and more offensive than ever. There was the old gin-shop at the corner, and the same receptacle for marine stores; the same little shop for cheap chandlery, and the same lodging-houses for tramps and beggars and London disrespectability; the only change appeared to be in the inhabitants, very few of whom I was able to recognise, though it swarmed with life like a human hive yet not like a hive of industry. There were there now, as there had been since Whiskers' Rents was Whiskers' Rents, more drones than workers.

The fever which had, a few years before, more than decimated its inhabitants, and scattered the population in terror, had run its course, and then—its strength for the time exhausted—had appeared to die away; and the place of the dead and the fugitive had been speedily filled up by the living, who, in their turn, like their predecessors, took to nursing the lurking pestilence as though it had been some pet monster. For it was not gone; it lay hidden in neglected sewers of stagnant filth, in heaps of garbage, in rotten floors, and damp, musty, fusty cellars, in rags and poverty, and in intemperance and every other vice; it lay in the muddy streets amidst the animal and vegetable putridity, corruption, and decay, to be trodden underfoot, patiently biding its time to spring up again in terrible vengeance; it floated unseen and unfeared in the thick murky atmosphere, and its invisible atoms took shelter in

*Continued on page 87.*



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13, '65.

### CONCERT.

The members of Crusade Lodge, B. O. G. Templars, have made arrangements to hold a Concert in their lodge room, Missionary Church, Elizabeth street, on the 20th instant, Wednesday next. Henry Lloyd, Esq., will take the chair at 7.45 p. m. An efficient choir, under the leadership of Bro. Geo. Brent, will be in attendance. Mr. Jas. Baxter, Organist of Queen-st. W. M. Church, will preside at the Melodeon. Tickets are placed at 10c. We hope our friends will patronize the Crusaders.

### DE ROSE LODGE, B. O. G. T.

The following are the officers of DeRose Lodge, (late Welsby,) B. O. G. T., installed for the present quarter by Prov. Dep. Bro. Wm. Towler :

Bro. T. Gavin,.....	Chief
Sister A. E. Towler,.....	Vice
Bro. J. Houston,.....	Chaplain
" W. Towler,.....	Secretary
" N. Reynolds,.....	Treasurer
" J. B. Winters,.....	Financier
" H. Winters,.....	Marshal
" D. Houston,.....	Inner Guard
" J. Gregory,.....	Outer Guard
Sister E. Empry,.....	Dep. Marshal
" M. J. Baily,.....	R. H. Supporter
" J. Crow,.....	L. H. Supporter

This Lodge was re-organized by the W. S. G. Chief, Bro. Savage, on the 15th August last, and is now in a most healthy state, having every prospect of adding numbers to the Order of British Templars, and we hope saving many from the thralldom of intemperance.

Chester Temple, I. O. G. T., intend opening a new Hall, on Wednesday next, at 7 p.m., in the Village of Todmorden. Dedication services by Dr. Ferguson, G. W. S., assisted by members of the Order. Addresses by Rev. Messrs. Pomeroy, Potts, &c. The public are respectfully invited. Admission free.

### YORK UNION LODGE, B. A. O. G. T.

The following is a list of the officers of this Lodge for the current quarter. They were duly installed by their Provincial Deputy, J. Clarke, Esq., J. P. :

Jas. Bridgeland,.....	Chief
Mary A. Charlton,.....	Vice
Jacob Parsons,.....	Chaplain
Richard Magee,.....	Secretary
Jas. Jackson,.....	Treasurer
Millbro' Cruthers,.....	Financier
Thomas Armstrong,.....	Marshal
Henry Jackson,.....	Inner Guard
Ignatius Magee,.....	Outer Guard
M. A. Jackson,.....	Right H. Supporter
Eliz. Boake,.....	Left H. Supporter
Jas. Boake,.....	Asst. Secretary
Annie Bridgeland,.....	Dep. Marshal
B. H. Bull,.....	Past Chief

The Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting is held from 3 to 4 o'clock, in the Temperance Street Hall. Please attend.

Go to the Concert on Wednesday evening next, in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, under the auspices of Crusade Lodge.

### CO. OF YORK TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the County of York Temperance Association will take place in the Temperance Hall at Richmondhill, on Thursday, 25th December, at one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of deciding what steps shall be taken to promote the cause of temperance throughout the county, and to devise ways and means for carrying out the provisions of the Temperance Act of 1834 in said county. Societies are respectfully requested to send two or three delegates, and as matters of a most import-

ant character will be brought before the meeting, it is earnestly requested that each society will be represented as largely as possible.

### NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of Nov. 29, there appears a partial remedy for the large numbers suspended for non-payment of dues from the several temperance organizations. Not seeing eye to eye with the writer of that article as to the efficiency or practicability of his remedy, I propose to offer a few remarks on the same subject, which I trust will have the effect of inducing others to interest themselves in this question of almost vital importance. First, then, as to my objection to the remedy proposed by 'Treasurer.' There is a very wide difference between a defaulting member of a temperance lodge and a bankrupt whose affairs are wound up by legal process, in which all the expenses, including advertising, are made a first charge upon the estate. I much doubt whether any respectable newspaper would publish such a list, unless as an advertisement, if even at that, and as the lodge would have to pay the printer, it would only be throwing good money after bad; besides if law is wanted, is it not in the power already of both the Sons of Temperance and the I. O. of Good Templars, being both incorporated by Act of Parliament, to sue and be sued. But does not the very word law run contrary to all our preconceived notions of the meaning of our great watchword Love, Charity. Then, would the cure be effectual? Some, we doubt not, would rather relish the notoriety thus thrust on them, and others again might enter a suit for libel, with a very fair prospect of success, while the Order which applied the remedy would, ere long, find the cure worse than the disease. However, it is possible that I may be mistaken. Put the matter to the test of experience. Let 'Treasurer,' and others like minded, put their plan in operation for three or six months, and let results speak for themselves. And now, Mr. Editor, would it not be well before prescribing a remedy to try if we cannot discover the cause. I am of opinion that we ourselves are greatly to blame in this matter, and first and most prominent in this catalogue of unfaithful members I would place the proposers of new members and the investigating committee. A great responsibility lies upon both these parties—the proposer to inform the candidate

for initiation of the several obligations which in connection with the society will entail upon him or her, and the investigating committee as a further check, to see that these very necessary and very essential conditions have been complied with, so that none can afterwards plead ignorance as an excuse. Again, while we profess to believe that union is strength, does not our practice belie our profession? Sometimes we see two, three, or four lodges, where one would be sufficient, each lodge having the same number of officers, of committees, &c., so that the time, and patience, and zeal of its members are sorely tried, and with all this, in order to compete with each other and attract new members, the fees and dues are cut down to a sum which, even with a moderate increase of membership is barely sufficient to pay current expenses, and the usefulness of the whole Order, so far as any public united effort is concerned, is entirely destroyed, until even those who would otherwise be good members get thoroughly disheartened; while others, whose entrance into the lodge has been of the most easy and accommodating description, and, mayhap, after admission, the discipline and order of the same stamp, return the compliment in kind by leaving the lodge with little ceremony, and treating the call for dues with (as they suppose) merited contempt. We would name yet another class who enter our lodge rooms with an honest desire to overcome an appetite which, like the horse-leech, is continually crying "give, give," who need to be strengthened against the ever recurring temptations to which on all sides they are exposed. Circumstances often arise to prevent them attending the lodge, and when they do attend they are not benefitted as they expect to be: at last their resolution gives way, and they are lost to the lodge, for though their falling may be suspected it may be impossible to prove it, and thus, no charge being brought against them, they go to swell the number of the expelled. It is unnecessary to further particularize the various causes which result in the evil complained of. What remedy can we propose? We would say, first—let each lodge have a number of small printed cards headed '—— Dr. to ——,' (naming lodge or division); let each member on initiation be required to give his or her address, and let it be the duty of the finance officer to send each member's account and request payment. Again, let the lodge, in a spirit of patriotism and for the good of the Order, lay aside their minor differences, if they have any, and unite, or if that is not practicable, let them raise their dues and form a lecture

fund. If we ever expect our principles to become universal we must use means to spread them. Whether by the living voice or the printed page, both require money. While each lodge is steeped to the lips in poverty, our enemies only view us with contempt, especially when they see such a shameless and wholesale desertion from our ranks. In brief, if we would effect a remedy we must set to work with renewed earnestness. See to it that every member before joining is fully aware of the nature of the step they are about to take. Let us hear no more of the after vows. Make enquiry systematic. Let the business of the lodge be conducted on business principles and in a business manner. Let us have more open meetings, and let us show our faith in our principles, by contributing for their dissemination. We believe that a little money judiciously spent can effect great good, and until we adopt some such means of propagating our principles we can never expect to be permanently successful.

Begging pardon for trespassing so much on your patience,

I am yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE I. O. G. T.

## Flower Basket.

This week we present our readers with a Bouquet from our Flower Basket. This we trust we shall be able to do henceforth every week, thereby embellishing our paper and giving it a greater value in every home. The flowers will be golden thoughts, proverbs, and aphorisms, of all kinds, and from all lands. They will be ever worthy of attention and thought. They will be fragrant with love, good will, and heavenly-mindedness, such as will fill the soul with noble aspirations, the imagination with finest fancies, and thus bend the will to determine high endeavours. We trust they will be at all times reasonable "words fitly spoken"

**ON PRAYER.**—They pray in vain to have sin pardoned which seek not also to prevent sin by prayer—even every particular sin by prayer against all sin.—*Hooker.*

**FRIENDSHIP.**—False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

**SIMPLICITY.**—A child's faith in his mother

is illustrated by the following incident. A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed "It is true, for no other says so, and if she says so, it is so, if it ain't so."

**AWFUL ANNOUNCEMENT.**—"The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God."—*David the Psalmist.*

**WHAT IS IT?**—A firm faith is the best theology, a good life the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

**LIFE.**—No man takes care to live well, but long, when yet it is in every man's power to do the former and in no man's to do the latter.—*Seneca.*

**PLEASURE.**—Whenever we drink too deep of pleasure, we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

**GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY.**—Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

"He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."—*Solomon.*

For the Weekly Visitor.

A VOICE FROM THE ENGLISH BUN HOUSE,  
Corner of York and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

A fig for all your Lager Beer,  
And Brandy Sling, for Christmas cheer,  
Or Whiskey Toddy,—  
Which tend but to impair the health  
Of mind and body.

Give me a draught of fragrant Tea,  
Fine Hyson, Soucheong, or Bhea,  
With English Buns,  
Coupled with Pound Cake, rich and rare,  
Or Sally Luns.

Now little prattlers—bless their hearts—  
Exulting, seize the proffered Tarts  
And Candy Sweets;  
The long expected time has come  
For Christmas treats.

Since Christmas comes but one a year,  
Give freely what thou hast to spare,  
To those in need;  
Thus shalt thou prove thyself a friend—  
A friend in need.

### MEETING OF GRAND DIVISION, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The fourteenth annual meeting of this body commenced its session at the city of Ottawa in the lecture room of the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday last.

A very large number of representatives were in attendance—some of them from the extreme west of the Province.

The G. W. P., Rev. Wm. Pirritte, in the chair.

The only other grand officers present were E. Stacey, G. S., and S. W. Sharrard, G. T.

Many of the delegates were late in arriving, and therefore the business in the morning was merely routine work—receiving the credentials of the representatives and initiating them.

Some thirty-two gentlemen were introduced as new members, and about one hundred and fifty were in attendance.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

On assembling in the afternoon many new members were initiated, and an address of welcome was extended to the Grand Division, by the Bytown Division and an invitation to attend a public meeting.

On motion of Mr. J. E. Farewell, L. L. B., a committee was appointed to draught a reply to the address, and their invitation was accepted.

As usual, the G. W. P. presented his annual address—an able earnest document, containing a happy allusion to the place of meeting, at the same time pointing out the work of their organization to be purely benevolent and entirely independent, and in fact opposed to political and sectarian purposes. It reported the order in a healthy condition, called the attention of the members to the necessity of depending more for success on moral suasion as essentially necessary to prepare the way for legislation. He recommended the Grand Division to consider the propriety of giving lady visitors more extensive privileges, and the providing of literary and musical exercises, for the purpose of making meetings interesting.

On motion the address was referred to a committee, consisting of Messrs Rose, Elwood and Wynn.

The Grand Scribe presented his Report, from which we make the following extract:—

No. of Divisions instituted in the year. . . . 20  
No. of Divisions re-organized in the year. . . . 16  
No. of Divisions suspended for not reporting 25  
From the 169 Divisions which have made

returns, it appears 588 members were initiated during the last quarter. The number of members reported is 6,500, and ladies 3,324. The reports from the Eastern Provinces are encouraging, as is also the progress of the Order in Great Britain, no less than six Divisions having been instituted in Hull, England.

A new Grand Division is also this year established in England.

The Scottish Temperance League is also reported as doing a good work.

The United Kingdom Alliance have established a guarantee fund for the promotion of its object, the amount of which is £50,000 sterling, £40,000 now subscribed.

The report was referred to Broz. Fraser, McGill and Quigg.

Several communications were read: the most interesting were from his Excellency, the Honorable Frederick A. Bruce, British Minister at Washington, and from Mr. S. B. Hance, American Consul, acknowledging the reception of Resolutions of condolence on the death of the late President of the United States, and to Mrs. Lincoln; also, one from Christopher Dunkin, Esq, M. P. P., &c., with reference to the working of the Temperance Act of 1864.

A resolution abolishing the semi-annual session was proposed by Rep. Quigg, seconded by Rep. Wynn, and carried.

A resolution was announced by Rep. Wynn, and seconded by Rep. J. E. Farewell, appointing a committee to confer with the other Temperance organizations, and the Hon. George Brown of Toronto, and other publishers, in regard to the publishing of a Temperance paper in this province, was carried.

#### SECOND DAY.

The Grand Division met at 9 a. m. About 150 members were present.

A resolution was passed fixing the time for meeting in Annual Session. The time in future to be the Fourth Tuesday in October, at 2 p. m., and the next Session to be held in London.

Before proceeding with the election of officers Geo. Martin, G. W. P., and James M. Hall, P. W. P., of the Grand Division of Canada East, were introduced with the honors of the Division.

The following officers were elected:—  
G. W. P.—J. G. Elwood, Brockville.  
G. W. A.—Hon. M. Cameron, Ottawa.  
G. Scribe.—E. Stacy, Kingston.  
G. Treasurer.—S. W. Sharrard, Brougham.

G. Chaplain.—Rev. Wm. McGill, Farmersville.

G. C.—J. E. Farewell, L. L. B., Ottawa.  
G. S.—Wm. Wheaton, London.

The officers were installed, and thanked the Division for the honors conferred.

The several Committees brought in able and full reports, which, with the business and resolutions adopted, will appear in the proceedings.

The friends of the temperance cause were recommended to enforce the operations of the Dunkin Act, and in cases of difficulty to procure able counsel.

One of the largest temperance meetings held in the city of Ottawa for several years, took place last Wednesday evening, in the basement of the Wesleyan Church, Metcalf Street, according to previous announcement. The meeting was presided over by Hon. Malcolm Cameron.

Addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen: Mr. Pardee, Rev. Wm. Pirritte, Mr. Farewell, Mr. Fraser and Rev. J. S. Youmans.

A vote of thanks was given to the choir for their excellent music and to the trustees for the use of the building.

Rev. Mr. Youmans pronounced the benediction, when the meeting dispersed, it being half-past ten. Thus terminated one of the most influential and promising temperance gatherings ever held in the city of Ottawa.

### MINUTES OF BOWMANVILLE DIVISION ANNIVERSARY, CELEBRATED NOV. 14, 1865.

The W. Patriarch in the Chair, reported absentees,

Bros. Geo. Porter, Bounsall, Lyall and Yellowlees.

Minutes of last meeting read and well approved, And all renewed again their vows of Fidelity and love.

Mr. William Morris was proposed and installed into his duty,

And Bro. Pearce resigned his seat for he's bound for old Kentucky.

Bro. Porter of Tomato fame, so fearless and so bold

Requested the Division Room, a singing class to hold.

So not to take up any time and be to us a bother,

A committee were appointed to confer with the good Brother.

And then a Brother hinted at the first of the year,  
 And proposed as was our usual, to have a grand Soiree.  
 Then Clime, Bradshaw, Banbury, Bounsall and Yellowlees  
 With McTavish, Porter, Windatt to be a Committee,  
 With power for to add all those, that would their duty do,  
 In seeing the arrangements carried safely through.  
 The business being over we cast off cold dull care,  
 When Bro. H. O'Hara was called to fill the Chair.  
 For be it known to absentees, there ne'er was such an affray,  
 As that we had upon the night of our Anniversary day.  
 For 16 years we've stood the storm and battled for the right,  
 We have not shunned to meet the foe in the thickest of the fight.  
 Our flag reminds of bloody fields, of noble victories won.  
 And though we sometimes baffled been, we mean still to press on;  
 Press on untill the Demons power, is buried in the deep,  
 When loving Mothers need not over drunken husbands weep.  
 The oldest member we have got, for proud are we to know,  
 That Bro. Windatt did belong, some 16 years ago.  
 And ever since has sought to win the drunkard from his way;  
 And still stands faithful as his wont, on our Anniversary day.  
 He told us of the ups and dawns, and trials we had gone through,  
 And at the close expressed a wish that we might still prove true.  
 And the cordial cheers that greeted this in language plainly told,  
 That hearts and hands alike were bent on the death of Alcohol.  
 Then Bro. Fairbairn made a speech which was a grand oration,  
 And Bro. Forbes followed next, and gave a Recitation;  
 A song was sung by Wm. James, so high he scarce could reach,  
 And then a man threw off his coat to make us his first speech.  
 The P. W. P. with reverent air, did give a Recitation.

And Bro. White, a youth from Star, followed with an oration.  
 The Temperance Choir made an attempt to sing a Temperance Glee,  
 And Bachelor Bob he read a tale concerning rats and cheese,  
 Then come a speech from Bro. Bigham, somewhere near Tyrone,  
 The curse of black intemperance, the Brother dwelt upon.  
 From the Oshawa Temperance army a delegate was sent,  
 Unlike the song John Anderson, his brow it was not Brent,  
 But the smiles that played on our fair sisters lips, for he looked so young and gay,  
 Made us suspect some love was lost on our Anniversary day.  
 But now a little Printer boy, O keep us from all evil,  
 We wot not if a relative of the Race known as the Printer's only Devil;  
 Whether or not he did first rate, his praises we'll resound.  
 And Wm. James and company sung, upon the "Old camp ground."  
 Then Bro. Bounsall brightest star in all our organization,  
 Did finish up the mental feast with an ab'e Recitation.  
 On motion, Section 3 of Article 11 we did waive;  
 For well filled baskets were prepared by Sisters bold and brave,  
 From hatching Hens to scalded cream, with cakes in great variety.  
 We had no turnip sauce 'tis true, but a good old English pastry;  
 With apples for desert alack! who are the folks I pray,  
 That would not wish again to have an Anniversary day.  
 The tables cleared and all put right, the programme being through,  
 We found we had a clear receipt, of a dollar sixty two.

THOMAS YELLOWLEES,  
 Recording Scribe.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

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Continued from page 83.

human lungs, and throats, and mouths, and mixed its subtle poison with every drop of vital blood in Whiskers' Rents; it nestled amidst the heaps of bone- and cast off garments, the uncurd rabbit skins and cat-skins, in Solomon Stevens' multifarious stores; and it gained strength every day and every hour from the fumes of that stunting gin-palace, whose owner, enriched by the folly and guilt of his neighbours, and having regard to his own safety, lived miles away in his own country cottage, (a cottage *ornce*.) and drank only pure water. Yes, doubt not that the fever was there in hiding; it has slain its thousands, and us tens of thousands, since then, in Whiskers' Rents, with periodical regularity; and when churchyards and graveyards swell and fatten with their fever-slain victims, the alarm is taken, and everybody says that 'something must be done.' But when the foul pestilence has run its course, the alarm subsides, and the thing that must be done, and should be done, is left undone.

But there was no fever at Whiskers' Rents, visible and palpable, at the time of this my visit: it was winter; and fever, like my old acquaintances, the travelling tinkers, tramping beggars, rag collectors, wandering minstrels, Punch and Judy showmen, and so forth,—kept snug and close in its winter quarters, ready for next summer's work; but held in present check by frost and snow and bitter north-east winds.

Such a wind, in spite of coat and wrapper, caused my teeth to chatter as I turned in and out, and treaded my way through a labyrinth of lanes alleys, and courts, until I arrived at the stronghold itself, of which I have been writing. It was evident that the appearance of well-dressed humanity in Whiskers' Rents caused some stir among its inhabitants. Children ran into the houses to tell their mothers—I overheard them—that 'a gent'leman was coming'; and slatternly, sluttish women peeped at me furtively, through dirt-grimed and paper-plastered windows, as I passed; while men in blacked hats, and with blackened pipes in their mouths leered at one another as they staggered by, and muttered words only half-audible, but amounting to a discontented and surly inquiry as to what a "gentry cove should be wanting in that ken?" Undeterred, however, by these symptoms of suspicion—which I well understood—I took my way to the old lodging house: I have elsewhere described. Old Whiskers, as my readers may remember, had been carried off by the



fever, but a worthy representative of this ravenous and rapacious class of predatory animals stood in his place, and occupied his former den, in the shape of a small, dirty, and shrivelled Jew, whose restless movements and sharp but wandering glances of his piercing eyes, gave evidence of considerable and perfectly needless discomposure while I explained my errand.

'Indeed!' said he, impatiently but with apparent humility, almost before I had done, 'I know nothing, my tear, of the woman. May I ask what may you be pleased to want with any lodger of mine, my tear?' he inquired tremulously.

'It can be of very little consequence to you what I may happen to want with Mrs. Magrath,' I said; 'and perhaps it will be more to the purpose if I say at once, that if you can assist me in finding her, I would make it worth your while.'

'Ha, ha!' he cried, with sudden alacrity, and an involuntary twinkling of his dark, deep-set eyes, 'you understand the way to do business, my tear; it makes great difference, that. Will you please to walk in, and talk this little matter over, tear sir?' and he lead the way into his private apartment, at the door of which he had until then kept me standing. Having admitted me thus far, he carefully closed the door and bolted it and then placed a seat for me, standing at some little distance, bent forwards towards me, the very picture, as I fancied at the time, of avaricious expectation.

'Will you be pleased,' he said in a whisper, 'to give me a description of the person?'

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