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THE Monthly JOSE:

A Literary and Religious Magazine

FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES:

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DECEMBER, 1868.

Murus aeneus conscientia sana.

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

Printed at the "Morning News" Office.
1868.

THE ROSE ADVERTISER.

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

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

LONDONDERRY HEROES' LODGE, No. 1, will meet every 2nd and 4th Wednesday, at Orange Hall, Londonderry, N. B., at 8 p. m.

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THE MONTHLY ROSE.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1868.

NO. 10.

ONTARIO—OUR RETURN.

AFTER having had a very agreeable visit to the United States we hastened to our own Provinces in our Dominion. Passing through the States of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, we entered Ontario, by Sarnia, a beautiful and thriving town on the river.

Here we spent from Friday afternoon until the following Tuesday morning. On Monday, the 19th of October, we delivered a public address to the people of that town, on the blessings and importance of their Societies, which God had kindly placed in their midst to be a blessing to the community. And more especially the Loyal Orange Institution did we represent, as being, from its usefulness and importance, of God's own right hand planting.

The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Salter, the Rural Dean and the Rector of the Parish, whose kind attention to us when in Sar-

nia we shall remember with much pleasure and satisfaction. The meeting was large and respectable, and although several Romanists were present they listened with attention, and conducted themselves with the strictest propriety, as we exhibited to their view the fact that the Loyal Orange Institution has proved as much a benefit and blessing to our Romish as to our Protestant fellow subjects and countrymen. Our Sarnia friends, one and all, have our best thanks for their kind attention to us during our stay among them; and we hope to meet them again, as promised, on the coming glorious 12th of July, to celebrate together the glorious Battle of the Boyne.

On our way from Sarnia to Toronto, among other places, we visited the town of Brampton, where we found a public meeting had been called to do honor to a gentleman who was about to remove

from that city to the United States, in Orange County, N. Y., where a considerable amount of property was left him by a deceased relative. To this meeting we were invited by the Rev. Mr. Arnold, the worthy and beloved Rector of the Parish, and who some years ago had been Curate in the Parish of St. George, Halifax, N. S. We had a very happy time at this meeting, and we listened with much pleasure to speeches delivered by several gentlemen, among whom were the Revs. Merry McFadden, Morrison, Arnold, and a number of other gentlemen whose names we are sorry to say we have forgotten, having lost the notes we took of the meeting. In Brampton we had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of John Coyne, Esq., M. P., which to us was exceedingly agreeable, for we had often read and heard of him before. We were truly pleased to learn that Mr. Coyne was, and is still, deservedly popular among the people he represents in Parliament. We addressed the meeting above referred to in a short speech relating some incidents of our travels, the friendly feelings of the people, the American people in the U. S. regarding our Dominion, and the British Government, and the true feeling entertained on the same subject by the entire respectable portion of the people in Nova Scotia. We also explained the true cause of the defect of the late Government, caused, as it was, by the votes of thousands who were as favorable to Confederation as ourselves, but who, by false representations made to them by designing and interested men,

had entertained an erroneous view in regard to the school bill so beneficially now in operation in that Province. From Brantford we proceeded to Toronto, and soon found ourselves comfortably situated at Nebo Lodge, at the residence of our dear, much loved, and esteemed friend and brother, Col. O. R. Gowen, the hero of the Windmill, and his inestimable and excellent lady, whose hospitality we shared for a few days. When in Toronto we had the pleasure and satisfaction of meeting with the interesting Lodge of Young Britons, under the guardianship of our old and valued friend, Captain Harcourt P. Gowen, son of the gallant Colonel just referred to. Here we were extremely delighted by what we saw. Over one hundred splendid young Britons were present, presided over by their Worshipful Master, Robert Hutchinson, Esq. The Ex-Mayor, and one of the present Aldermen, F. Medcalf, Esq., was also present on the occasion, who cheered and enlivened the young gentlemen with an appropriate, loyal and patriotic speech. We ourselves also addressed the brethren in some lengthened remarks. We regard the society of Orange young Britons as a very valuable adjunct to the noble institution of Orangemen. They are not composed of boys as many suppose, but of young men capable of shouldering a musket when necessary. Their secret ceremonies are most beautiful, and their words and signs are superior to anything we had ever seen before.

From Toronto we passed through several towns, where we were re-

ceived by our many friends with that marked kindness and attention that has always distinguished the loyal portion of the Canadian public.

On Friday, the 30th day of October, we arrived at the beautiful and thriving town of Port Hope, where we had not visited for twenty years. Fond remembrances of the past made us feel very sad as we entered this town. Twenty years ago, the 6th day of June last, was the last time we visited this place; but oh! what a change since that period. On the day just mentioned, we were accompanied by two of our little girls that are no longer under our family roof. We were on that occasion kindly entertained by a Mr. and Mrs. Graham, the latter of whom is now sleeping with the dead, and awaiting the last trumpet, when all shall rise to judgment; the former has removed from Port Hope to some other part of the Dominion. Their very house is removed, and the Railroad now passes through the centre of the spot where their residence then stood. The only one now residing in Port Hope whose name we recollect, is Mr. David Marshall; he was then quite a young man, but is now the head of an interesting family. By his kind invitation, we remained all night and part of the next day at his residence: both himself and Mrs. Marshall have our warmest thanks for their very kind hospitality extended to us when in Port Hope. Here we again formed so many new acquaintances that we cannot enumerate them, many of whom were from our own native county, the

County of Cavan. Among these we must make honorable mention of a friend that never can be forgotten by us, that of Mr. John Reynolds, formerly of Balturbet, in the County of Cavan, but for a great many years a resident of Ontario. Nothing could exceed the kind attention shown us by this gentleman and his excellent wife, which made our visit in Port Hope an exceedingly pleasant one.

Mr. Reynolds has been distinguished in the Province for his valuable services, and for his unflinching loyalty. Under the command of the gallant veteran of the Windmill, near Prescott, Col. O. R. Gowen, he was one of those heroes who fought for his country, and not only attacked but defeated the contemptible rebels in 1838.

On Monday, the 2nd of November last, in company with our friend Mr. Reynolds, we attended the Fair, which was held at Millbrook in the Township of Cavan. This was the first Fair we ever attended in America which was of a similar character to those held in Ireland. At this place we spent a few hours very pleasantly, and formed the acquaintance of many friends that we will long remember.

Especially were we delighted in finding among others, two old schoolmates, after a separation of nearly forty years: Henry Lockington, Esq., a member of the County Council, and Mr. George Donally, both gentlemen, of property, and, as we were informed, highly respected in their respective localities. When we last met, we were all three school-boys together,

freed from the anxieties and cares of a perplexing world, full of mirth and gaiety, and strangers to distrust of any living being under the sun.

But oh, what a change! for although the whole three of us feel as youthful as ever, and are blessed with the most perfect health, yet the change from boys to men in the meridian of life, bursting suddenly upon our vision, must necessarily produce a striking contrast between the present and the past. Mr. Lockington's head is perfectly grey, almost of a whitish colour, and our own shows symptoms of arriving at that state represented by Solomon by the blooming and flourishing of the Almond tree. We recollected at once the name of Henry Lockington, but it was not until after we parted that we could distinctly recollect our dear little school-mate, George Donally. We now have a recollection of the very appearance the little fair-headed boy made in his class on the floor of the school-room, and we feel that meeting these dear friends in Cavan Township, has trebly repaid us for our visit to the Fair. After we saw them, comparatively nothing else riveted or chained our attention. We expect, with God's blessing, seeing them both again in the month of June, next summer.

Returning to Port Hope, we lectured in the Hall, to a large, influential and intelligent audience, on the evening of the 3rd November, our subject being "the unspeakable benefit to the Protestant and even Roman Catholic public, of the Loyal Orange Institution." The

chair was occupied upon the occasion by R. W. Smart, Esq., the District Master, who, with some other distinguished brethren, was dressed in his full scarlet robes, with the exception of the cap. The audience patiently heard for over an hour and a half, and we parted with mutual expressions of regard and affection. We then repaired on G. T., by invitation, to meet the brethren in the town of Cobourg, and we intend to furnish our readers with an account of our further travels. We will close this one by relating an anecdote which a gentleman, now residing in Port Hope, communicated to us when in that town.

Some time ago he was travelling in Lower Canada, and was supposed, by some Irish Papists which he met, to be a Roman Catholic, and being somewhat versed in the secrets of Ribbonism, or Fenianism, which is the same thing, he passed as a true son of Grania Wail. He was examined by one of the number in the following manner:—

"I suppose you are up—"

"To what?"

"To Ribbonism."

"Who made your brogues?"

"A brother to the man that made yours."

"What makes you stand on the side of your foot?"

"Because I stood that way ever since King William came to Ireland."

"What are you sworn to murder?"

"The Heretics from the cradle to the crutch."

"I say, what are you sworn to do?"

"To walk knee deep in Heretics blood."

He immediately shook hands with the gentleman, and swearing said: "You are the brightest boy I have met since I left the old sod. I saw none had it so well as you." At this stage of the proceedings Patrick was interrupted by a horrible oath from another, wishing his soul where he did not wish it

himself, saying, "What are you doing, man? Didn't I see him come out of the Presbyterian Church last Sunday."

The gentleman that related the above to us resides now in Port Hope. His truthfulness and respectability are most unquestionable, and he has been an Orangeman for 50 years.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

IN our last we briefly considered the grand benefits resulting from Secret Societies. First, in a religious and spiritual sense, by inculcating a strong belief in the minds of the initiated of a future state, spirit existence in that state, and our accountability to our great Creator. Secondly, by inculcating, in the most practical sense, charity, benevolence, and brotherly love, which are the very elements of practical Christianity. These, as we understand it, are the peculiar characteristics of the Secret Societies referred to: and, we think, there are few to be found that will deny that, at least, our Orders teach these principles, and that every Society of them try to practice them in their intercourse with each other in particular, and the world in general. Now the Christian ministry either aim at these principles or they do not. If they do aim at them ought they not, in all reason, to rejoice with unspeakable joy, that Societies are formed among the people to aid them in this much neglected department of

duty; and if they do not aim at the principles referred to, they too evidently represent the apostolic and selfish traitor, Judas, who, we are told, was a thief and held the bag, and who cared not for God's poor.

But they tell us the Church is sufficient and we do not need other Societies to do the Churches work; but very many of those so-called ministers of Christ, by their practices in other matters, acknowledge the impotency of this argument; for they are free to acknowledge the supreme value and importance of Temperance Societies, of Bible Societies, of Sunday School Societies, and of Missionary Societies. With a far greater show of sincerity might they argue that the Church is the divinely appointed engine for the reformation of mankind, therefore, all these other benevolent Societies just enumerated are not only useless but wicked. The Church is appointed by its great head to teach all nations, therefore our public schools, colleges, and universities, are dan-

gerous and impious institutions. The fact is, the Church needs all these Societies to assist her in carrying out the practical parts of religion.

If the Churches of the present day attended to their duty according to the demands of the Gospel, then indeed we might not require our present valuable aids, but what are the facts in the case? We are ashamed to confess them! Take the enemies of our secret societies for an example. They say to the poor, to the needy and the destitute, "Be ye warmed and clothed," but what do they do to effect this design of infinite benevolence in these matters? Alas! quite nothing at all. What does God care for their long faces or prayers, if their religion ends there, and his poor is neglected; and we venture the assertion that more practical good is effected by one single benevolent society in 25 years than by all the anti secret societies in existence in a whole century.

It would be something which might be endured if in their opposition to our benevolent society, the ministers and professed Christians that opposed them, showed to the world an emulous example of benevolence themselves, but when we can discover no trace of the Saviour's character in their lives and actions, but evil speaking, bitterness and wrath, we can possibly have no patience with them in their contemptible opposition.

These remarks are called forth in consequence of an impious attempt recently made on the part of the Rev. Professor Finney, of Oberlin, to cast odium on one of the

most benevolent and respectable societies in existence, that of the Masonic. And who is this Professor Finney? Why he was once an obligated Mason, who, of his own free will and accord, joined this benevolent fraternity, but who now testifies that the members who compose it are united *to lie, to deceive, and to shelter the guilty,* and with this wicked falsehood upon his impious lips, *this known falsehood too,* he would no doubt consider us very uncharitable if we pronounced him a child of the devil, and an enemy of all righteousness; and that he is all this we are just as sure of as we are that the Bible is the Word of God:

The wicked falsehood requires no contradiction on our part, If the lives of the members of this honourable and ancient fraternity do not contradict the assertion, nothing that we can say would be of any avail. We have learned and pious bishops of the Church, and other clergymen, in our ranks—men who spend their whole lives for the honor of Christ and the good of their fellow men. We number our laymen by millions, men whose position in society and whose good deeds entitle them to the respect and confidence of all good men, and yet, in the estimation of Professor Finney, they are nothing but servants of Satan, knaves, liars, and almost, if not altogether, murderers. And all this vindictiveness and diabolical maliciousness, we suppose the Reverend Professor would call that Christian charity that thinketh no evil; that believeth all things, and that hopeth all things, and that is;

long suffering and kind. If the Reverend Professor never had known anything of Masonry, we might regard him as ignorantly and superstitiously sincere, but we are well convinced that he knows his assertions in regard to Masonry to be as barefaced a falsehood as was ever invented by Satan himself, and we would hereby remind the

Professor that God's law is a standing one which says "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbors." And where is the moral or religious difference between violating this one, and the others which read "Thou shalt not commit adultery," or "Thou shalt not steal?"

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

It was in the year 1788 that I quitted Micios Var, in Transylvania, to conduct several recruits to my regiment, which at that time was posted in the environs of Ossawa. I was an Austrian officer—Austria then being at war with the Turks. In a village contiguous to the army lived a Bohemian woman, who supported herself by selling provisions to the soldiers and telling fortunes. My recruits, being extremely superstitious, were anxious to consult her. I laughed at their credulity, and, by way of ridicule, held out my hand to the sibyl.

"The twentieth of August," she said to me, in a very solemn tone, and without adding another syllable.

I entreated her to be more explicit, but she only repeated the same words; and as I returned to my tent, she exclaimed, in a voice still more emphatic, "The twentieth of August!" It may be easily believed that this date was indelibly impressed upon my memory.

We reached the army, and ex-

perienced our share of military danger and fatigue. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their officers had engaged to give a ducat for every head that should be brought into camp; consequently both Janissaries and Spahis were emulous to obtain the tempting prizes. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts. Scarcely a night passed that the Turks did not come down in superior numbers in search of heads. Their expeditions were conducted with such secrecy and celerity, that they seldom failed in their design, and in the morning it was by no means unusual to discover portions of our camp guarded by headless bodies.

To contract this species of warfare, the Prince of Coburg ordered out strong detachments of cavalry, without any lines to protect them. These pickets generally consisted of from two to three hundred; but the Turkish generals, irritated that their men should be disturbed in their traffic, sent to their assistance detachments still stronger and more numerous than our pickets, which

of course produced to the Mussulman a still more plenteous harvest of heads. This service thus became so hazardous, that it was thought prudent for an officer previous to his departure for picket duty to make his will.

Affairs continued in this state until the month of August. Several skirmishes had taken place, but without altering the position of either army. Eight days before the portentous twentieth, I was visited by the Bohemian sibyl. She entered my tent, and earnestly entreated that I would bequeath a legacy to be possessed by her in case I should die on the day she had predicted; in consideration of which she engaged on her part that should I survive the eventful period, she would gratuitously present me with a hamper of Tokay, which at that time was very valuable in camp by reason of its scarcity.

I really thought the woman had lost her senses. It was true that, in my circumstance, a sudden death was not at all improbable; but there was no reason to suppose that such an accident would occur precisely on the twentieth of August. I therefore agreed to the proposal, and staked two horses and fifty ducats against the Tokay of the antiquated sorceress. This merry bargain was drawn up and formally witnessed by the paymaster of the regiment.

At last came the ominous twentieth of August. It was the turn of our regiment to furnish the picket for the night, and two of my comrades were in precedency to me. In the evening, just as the

Hussars were preparing to depart, the surgeon announced to the commander that the officer appointed to the picket was suddenly seized with a dangerous malady. The next in rotation was immediately ordered to replace the invalid. Accordingly he quickly accoutred himself, and came to join his troops; but his horse, which had always been remarkably quiet, turned restive, and reared and plunged so violently that his rider was dismounted and his leg broken.

It was now my turn. I left the camp with the men, but candidly confess my thoughts were not free from embarrassment. My whole force amounted to two hundred men.

Our post was one thousand paces in front of the line, upon our right wing; and close to us was a morass covered with lofty reeds. We were without sentinels. Our orders were not to dismount, but to remain, vigilant and motionless, an hour and three-quarters, with sabres drawn and carbines cocked. Presently we heard loud cries of "Allah! Allah!" and the next minute every horse in the front rank was thrown to the ground by the onslaught of seven or eight hundred Turks, who also fell in equal number from the impetuosity of their own charge and the effect of our carbines. But the Turks were acquainted with the ground, and we were surrounded and defeated.

The greatest confusion ensued, both sides firing at random. I received eight sabre wounds, some from the enemy and some from my friends. My horse was mortally

wounded, and falling on my right leg, fastened me to the gory sand. The gloomy scene of massacre was only illuminated by the flashes from the pistols, by the aid of which I occasionally saw my men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, maddened with opium, made a horrible slaughter. In a very little time not a single Austrian was left standing. The conquerors took possession of the horses which remained serviceable, pillaged the dead and the wounded, and then proceeded to cut off their heads and put them into sacks which they had brought for the purpose.

My situation was one of intense horror. Knowing tolerably well the Turkish language, I heard on all sides the enemy encouraging each other to conclude their decapitating employment, and not miss a single head, by which means they would obtain on their return at least two hundred ducats. This proved them to be well informed of our number.

Before the Turks reached me my horse, by a convulsive motion, left my leg at liberty, and I immediately conceived the idea of endeavoring to throw myself among the reeds of the morass. Many of our men who had attempted the enterprise were detected, but the firing and the increased darkness encouraged me to hope success for the effort. I had only twenty yards to go, and several Turks tried to impede my progress, but I at last dashed safely into the morass. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped—let us seek him." Others replied, "It is impossible, he is in the morass."

I heard no more, for the loss of blood occasioned a fainting fit, in which I must have continued several hours, for when I recovered my senses the sun was high in the heavens. In this swamp I was up to my arms. I counted my wounds to the number of eight—some of them were dangerous—all sabre cuts, on the arms, back, and breast.

The nights in this country being cold, I wore a thick pelisse, which in some measure had weakened the effects of the blows. I heard the groans of the mangled horses from the field of battle; with respect to the men, the Turks had left them quiet enough. I endeavored to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation, and, after an hour's struggling, succeeded.

I advanced and contemplated the scene of the slaughter; but what language can paint the horror I felt at finding myself suddenly in the grasp of a gigantic Turk, upwards of six feet high, who had no doubt returned for the purpose of discovering if any plunder had eluded his former search. I addressed myself to him in the Turkish language: "Take my watch, my money, my uniform; but oh! do not kill me!"

He replied: "All your possessions belong to me, and I must have your head besides;" upon which he untied the string which fastened the hussar cap under my chin, and loosened my cravat. I was unarmed and defenceless; at the least movement he would have plunged his immense scimitar into my bosom. In the most supplicating manner I embraced him by the middle of his body, and implored his clemency; but, regardless of all

my entreaties, he continued his occupation of bearing my neck.

"Pity me," I exclaimed; "my family is rich; take me prisoner, and you shall have a considerable ransom."

"That prospect," he rejoined, "will be too tedious; only keep yourself quiet that I may cut off your head;" and then he deliberately took out my shirt-pin. He made no resistance to my embracing him, probably through reliance upon his superior strength, or from a remaining spark of pity—which, however, the hope of a reward for my head entirely extinguished.

As he took out my shirt-pin, I felt something very hard at his girdle; it was a hammer. The dread of so horrible a death induced me to snatch the hammer; he did not perceive it; and had already got my hair in one hand and his scimitar in the other, when by a sudden motion I freed myself from his grasp, and with all my strength discharged the hammer, which was very heavy, at his face. The blow took effect—the Turk staggered—I repeated the stroke; letting his sword slip, he fell to the ground. It is needless to add that I picked up the weapon and thrust it into his heart; I then, with all speed, ran towards our advanced post, and ere long arrived safely at the camp. I was soon seized with a burning fever, and carried to an hospital, from whence, however, I returned to camp in about six weeks, entirely cured of my malady and also of my wounds.

On my recovery, I was visited by the Bohemian fortune-teller, who punctually paid me the ham-

per of Tokay she lost. I was informed that during my absence many of her predictions had been precisely accomplished, by which she had obtained many handsome legacies. To me this seemed most astounding.

At length there came to us two deserters from the enemy; they were Christians from Servia, who had been employed to carry baggage of the Turkish army. These men, as soon as they saw the sibyl, charged her with being a Turkish spy.

We were all amazed; for this woman had been serviceable to us on many occasions, and we had often admired the dexterity with which she executed the most perilous commissions.

The deserters declared that they had been present several times when she had related our positions to the Turks, had disclosed our schemes, and had encouraged the attacks which had been made upon us, and that as a passport she had been furnished with a cypher. This convincing proof of her treachery being found upon her, the Bohemian fortune-teller was condemned to death as a spy.

Before the examination, I interrogated her as to the prediction she had made concerning me. She confessed, that acting as a spy to both armies, she received a double profit, and had frequently disclosed to each the intentions of the other. In fortune-telling she drew many anecdotes from the simplicity of the persons who consulted her, and not unfrequently was indebted to chance for the accomplishment of her predictions. In what regarded-

me, she said it was to strengthen her influence that she fixed the time of my decease at so distant a period; and that as it approached, she prevailed upon the Turks to attack our pickets on the night of the twentieth of August. Understanding that two officers were be-

fore me on the list for that service, she sold the first adulterated wine; and rendered him indisposed; and as the second was mounting, she privately insinuated into the nose of his horse a piece of burning charcoal, which produced the consequence before related.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN, AND FREEMASONRY.

It is more than probable that there never was a period in the history of the world when some one of the generation of men or women then on the face of the earth had not given utterance to the exclamation, "These are strange times in which we live." It is utterly impossible for an observing mind to glance abroad at the great and important changes which are taking place in our day on every hand, in every land,—political, social, and religious changes,—in the relationship of governments and society to men, and of men to government and society; of faith and belief to man and to community, and, in return, of man and community to the faiths and beliefs of individual men, without noticing the peculiar characteristics of the age in which we live. In saying that in our opinion we have fallen upon strange times, we do not therefore by any means lay claim to the utterance of anything original or new. It is simply the presentation of a fact, which all men everywhere notice and admit.

The great difference in this respect between the present and all

past ages is the greater and wider horizon we have to look over in comparison with the limited circles in which the men of former times were compelled to live. All this difference arises from our more extensive and frequent communications by rail and vessel over land and sea, or by telegraph through the air or beneath our feet, with distant places and climes. In the good old times we read of, the village, country, province, principality, or, at the most, kingdom, was all there was of the world to a man. The return of a traveller with his wonderful story, medley of fact and fiction, or the breaking-out of a war with a foreign power, were the only means by which the knowledge of other men and places was diffused abroad. Then they did not have the daily paper and its weekly summary of news, the hourly arrival and departure of trains, steamboats, or sailing craft, making their connections with lines, which, making their own connections with still other lines, girdle the earth with means for the transmission of intelligence and information over an entire world. This is a difference of but one kind;

but how vast the difference in the fact and in the effect between then and now. With how much truth may we of to-day exclaim, our world is no longer the parish, county, or county of our birth, but is indeed a world.

We have spoken of our age as one of change. Was there ever such an age of change since men began to write history? China, the land of exclusiveness, shut out from the rest of the world for unknown centuries by its own chosen state policy, now stepping beyond its own walled boundaries, sending its ambassadors to the western world, seeking alliance and interchange of services, expressing a wish to enter into the great compact of nations, out of which international law and international public opinion also have grown. A sultan of Turkey commencing the career of reformer, proclaiming his advance towards the practice of the principles of civil and religious liberty. A pasha of Egypt about to try the experiment of constitutional and representative government, to create a new Egypt as unlike the Egypt of our school-histories as white is unlike black, or light unlike darkness. Austria, the traditional land of absolutism, oppression, intolerance, and animosity to all forms of progress, introducing a spirit of liberalism into its government, acquiring an ability thereby to inspire even Hungary with loyalty by communicating to it a faith in the promise of a new and generous and sympathizing policy, and giving new hopes to conspiring Poles, that friendship may be found in so unexpected

a quarter. A new Germany organized, a new and improved federation of the German people, with a new and more enlightened centre, Prussia, with new and improved federal institutions, which promise again to establish Germany as the controlling power in Europe. France once more falling into a fever of unrest, recommencing an era of political and social discussion, tossing overboard its faith in Napoleonism, weary of the system of repression under which it has labored since 1848, hatching out another revolution which may explode at any moment, should the health of its sick emperor suddenly collapse, and he surrender to the King of Terror his loosening hold on the reins of government. Russia, having emancipated its millions of serfs, busying itself with its internal difficulty, while zealously encouraging beyond its frontier the Pan-slavic Propaganda, and again weighing on the minds of the statesmen and monarchs of Western Europe as a bugbear, of genuine concern and proper alarm, and compelling even Prussia and Austria, so lately enemies in the field, to admit that they have common interests in view of a common danger. Conservative England within the next few months about to throw itself into the vortex of a democracy, the folly or the wisdom, the rashness and madness, or the coolness and prudence, the spirit and tendency of which no man to-day knows or can foresee, postponing to the convention of the representatives of this new and untried power the great and exciting questions growing out of pressing and

needed reforms in Church and State. America, just emerging from the throes of terrible and bloody convulsions, from a life-and-death struggle with a fierce and gigantic rebellion, with all the effects and consequences of the great contest still on her hands, questions of supreme and oppressive importance and magnitude to settle, attended by difficulties as great, although of another order, as those it has passed through, even now re-awakening the controversies which our armies debated on the battle-fields of the late war, re-enflaming passions, which it was to be hoped had been crushed out or lulled into endless sleep, in the strife and turmoil of a presidential election campaign, exceeding in importance to the present and to the future any similar political contest in which the country has participated from the date of the great Revolution and the organization of our national government.

In the midst of this whirl of change, of this seething caldron of agitation and excitement, Freemasonry is found,—a non-combatant, yet deeply interested in the strife, wishing and hoping always for the triumph of right over wrong, of truth over error, of virtue over vice, of progress over stagnation; but, taking no sides, always recognizing all the contestants, of whatever party, of whatever religion or sect, of whatever nationality or race, as equally men and brethren; seeking to impress upon all men the fact that they are brethren, however divided; to unite them in masonry, however widely separated by religious faith or political opin-

ion, accident of race or local interest; infusing a spirit of toleration everywhere, striving always to allay the passions which the attrition of individuals and bodies of men excite; endeavoring to substitute love for hate, moderation for intemperance in discussion and action; studying and striving ever to introduce the reign of peace and quiet where strife and turbulence may have ruled, of reason and liberty where ignorance, bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance may have held sway over the minds of men. This is the sublime mission of masonry upon earth, cultivating all the attractions, ignoring all the distractions which disturb the natural and proper harmonies in the world of humanity, uniting in bonds of love and good-will all mankind, whoever or whatever influences may seek or tend to divide or disperse men into sect and party; elevating itself on the platform of its exalted dogmas, under the high dome of heaven, which sheltereth and circumscribeth all alike, rich and poor, high and low, men of every rank, condition, and race; looking down upon them and their petty strifes and quarrels over *meum* and *teum*, as tory or whig, republican or democrat, churchman or anti-churchman, baptist or methodist, congregationalist or episcopalian, shaker or quaker, Christian or Jew, mahomedan or Budhist; informing each that there are points of agreement between all, that honesty of purpose and truth all may have urging upon all toleration of each other's weakness, encouraging all to strive to attain their highest possible or conceivable good; to cultivate the principles of peace, good-will and fraternity; being, in common, children of the same All-Father,—God.—*Afrasonic Monthly.*

REWARD OF WAITING.

If patience brings upon its wings
 The blessed balm of healing
 And soothes the soul when o'er it roll
 The restless waves of feeling,
 Oh! at this hour I need its power
 To check the fever spinning,
 With freshened force along its course,
 My soul to passion winning

If one could find contented mind,
 All ready for the asking;
 If one could feel for woe or weal
 That faces need no masking,
 We'd not let slip between the lip
 The word's there's no recalling;
 We'd only ask consent to bask
 Where peace is ever falling.

If there's a shrine where heart of mine
 Can find the needed treasure,
 O may I win the blessing in
 Its purest, amylest measure.
 My restless thought, by patience taught,
 Shall thou, its zeal abating,
 Lie on the breast of perfect rest,
 And win reward of waiting.

HE WANTED A BREAST-PIN.

ONE morning a man from the country stepped into a store on Washington street, and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom-pin emblematic of his profession. The obliging jeweller looked over his stock, and, finding nothing else, showed him a Masonic pin. The young gentleman looked at it carefully.

"Yes," said he, "there's the compass and square. I use both of them; but why didn't they put a saw in it? It's first rate as far as it goes. Hullo! there's G

there,—what does that there stand for?"

The jeweller didn't know.

The man studied it carefully for a moment, and a bright idea struck him. His face flushed as if he had made a discovery.

"I have it," he said; "it's all right. G stands for gimlet. Compass, square, and gimlet. That will do—I will take it."

There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat, and went away muttering,—

"Compass, square and gimlet. I do wish there was a saw, though."

LIGHTNING.

A curious paper has been addressed by Marshal Vaillant to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of flashes of lightning unaccompanied by thunder. This phenomenon occurred very frequently, the sky being cloudy at the time. Not a drop of rain fell, nor was there a breath of wind, and, strange to say, though thunder had been heard while the clouds were piled up at the horizon, perfect stillness prevailed by the time they had reached the zenith, although lightning was flashing through the darkness in every direction. Marshal Vaillant, after remarking that discharges of atmospheric electricity may take place in three ways, either from a cloud to the earth, or from the earth to the former, or from one cloud to another, says that thunder can rarely be heard except in the two former cases, it being generally much too distant in the latter to catch the ear. On the night of the 9th ult. there might very well have been one or more strata of clouds above

those visible to us; but without going higher than eight or ten kilometres, such an altitude would be quite sufficient to prevent our hearing the thunder. Again, it has been ascertained that lightning at Havre may be seen at Paris, the distance being, as the crow flies, about forty-five leagues; but as sound is not propagated so far as light, we see the flashes though we do not hear the peal. Marshal Vaillant cannot understand what is vulgarly called summer lightning; its conception is contrary to all known phenomena. He considers it to be, not a mere consequence of heat, but the discharge of electricity from very small clouds, which their distance renders invisible to us, though we perceive the sheet of electricity they exchange between each other. Marshal Vaillant is further confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that very soon after "summer lightning" has been observed after a hot day, large clouds generally appear in the sky with great suddenness.

DIED.

On the 15th day of September last, in New Buffalo, Michigan, U. S., Mr. Richard Lamborn Phillips, aged 57 years, 10 months and 19 days

Mr. Phillips was born at Tetsworth, England, on the 26th of Oct. 1810; sailed from London, in the ship "Samuel Canard" July 21, 1832; arrived in Halifax Sept.

1, 1832 He died full of Christian hope, and leaves a wife and five children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and most affectionate father. We greatly sympathise with the afflicted family, whose kind hospitalities we have repeatedly shared. [London and English papers in general will please copy.

WATER SPOUT ON GEORGIAN BAY.

THE Collingwood *Enterprise* says that on Wednesday last about 11 o'clock, our town was visited with a very unusual phenomenon—a waterspout. The whirlwind gathered up the water about six miles out in the lake, the wind blowing from the north-west, lightning and dark ominous clouds overhead. It first appeared as a small bright speck in the black cloud, something in the shape of a cone turned upside down, but quickly increased in volume and length until it had the appearance of an immense jet rising several hundred feet in the air. When reaching Nottawassaga Island the column of water was divided, the larger portion taking a direct westerly course across the southern portion of the island picked up a sail boat which was moored at the wharf belonging to Captain Collins, and lifted it bodily, turning it upside down, depositing it across the dock, without any further injury. A son of Captain Collins had a very narrow escape from being carried into the lake; it required all his energy in holding on to a stump to prevent the wind carrying him away. Crossing the island it proceeded to the shore, where it lifted up large trees, hurled them along with it as so many chips. While the larger body was thus tearing along in a westerly direction, the smaller body swept along towards the town,

lifting the water when it came near the shore in an immense mass about 60 or 100 feet square and about 20 feet high, boiling and seething as if in a cauldron. It struck Hotchkiss & Peckham's lumber yard about the center, lifting the boards from several of the piles and hurling them about 150 feet through a board fence belonging to the house occupied as a boarding house for the mill. Here the boards were deposited broken into small pieces, at the same time tearing a portion of the verandah from its position. Passing along it levelled fences, sent shingles flying in every direction, carried away boards, &c., until it crossed Hurontario street, a little above Kelly's Hotel, where it rose and appeared to have lost some of its force. There was no serious damage done. It was rather amusing to see the people, however, running to escape its fury. The tug George Watson had a narrow escape from injury, as it took every particle of power in her machinery to escape being caught in the whirlpool, having only a few feet to spare when it changed its course and left her clear of danger. Immediately after the passing of the waterspout there was a very heavy rain and hail storm, which lasted about twenty minutes. The rain fell in torrents.

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