

From DR. CL. T. CAMPBELL

55

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THE
CANADIAN JOURNAL
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VOL. II.]

JANUARY, 1876.

[NO. I.

THE APPARITION OF MONSIEUR BODRY.

I.

JUST one hundred years ago, there lived in Paris, in the Rue Saint Martin, a rich silk-merchant named Gombert. He was about sixty years of age, a widower, with an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was no less admired for her personal attractions than for the handsome fortune which she was likely one day to inherit. Madeleine Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk-merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry it was not certainly for want of suitors. A hundred years ago the reign of the Encyclopedists had begun, their doctrines had penetrated far and wide, and religion was going out of fashion; but a stranger accidentally dropping into the church of St. Merri, on a Sunday morning, would have concluded, from the number of young men who knelt at mass and sat out the sermon, that devotion had—at all events—lost no ground in that quarter of the city. He would, however, have been wrong; the cause of this crowd of devotees arising simply from the fact, that Saint Merri was the parish church of Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and that to see and, possibly, attract the notice of the beautiful Madeleine, had a great deal more to do with their attendance than the sincerity of their faith, or their admiration for the preacher. Whether Madeleine Gombert was aware or not, I will not pretend to say; the chances are that feminine

instinct set her right on this point, though it did not influence her conduct. As for Monsieur Gombert, he was as far as possible from putting a right construction on this peculiar demonstration; to doubt was not his habit. He accepted everything literally, and believed religiously in all he saw.

Of course, it was never intended by nature or custom, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much wealth should go to the grave unwed. Her marriage had, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of that time—where there was anything to marry for—while she was yet a child. The business of the silk-merchant of the Rue Saint Martin had thrown him in very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city of Lyons, of the name of Bodry. As the connection increased, the desire arose on each side to cement it by the union of the two families. Monsieur Bodry had an only son, Monsieur Gombert had an only daughter. Could anything be more natural than a compact between two capitalists, the term of which should be, that Monsieur Bodry's son should marry Monsieur Gombert's daughter?

Although the proposed marriage of Henri Bodry and Madeleine Gombert was an arrangement of ten years' standing between their parents, which needed no consent on the part of the contracting parties, still, with the view of making them ac-

quainted, Monsieur Bodry, one fine morning, consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris to see his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to be his partner for life; but—if the truth must be told—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Then, as now, Paris was the focus of enjoyment, and to have the full swing of the capital before he settled down for good, was the thing of all others which the young Lyonnese most ardently desired. Supplied then, with a full purse and the letter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out of his native city, about the latter end of November, in the year 1757.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travellers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle classes aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public waggon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry, he took the coche. In those days of rare intercourse between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveller who was going all the way, met with a companion similarly intensioned. For the most part, people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not unfrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces intervened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable *ennui* of having nobody to talk to.

Henri Bodry's prospect at starting was of the latter cheerless character; for after passing Trevoux, he found himself the sole occupant of the coche, and this irksome solitude lasted until he reached the ancient city of Macon. The coche, as soon as it was dark, put up for the night at the auberge called "The Cross of Burgundy," and in a large room, containing four beds, the usual complement at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how he might until eight

o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him the prospect was not a pleasant one; but, while he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger looked about him as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and without any preamble, asked him if he was travelling and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the newcomer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and, as freely as he had enquired, went on to say, that he had come some distance across the country, and if Monsieur had not already eaten his supper, would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served, and over a bottle of Moulin a Vent, the wine for which Macon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age, there are no reserves; Bodry entered into his own affairs without the slightest concealment, described his position, stated the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confession, the stranger said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blaireau—the son of an advocate at Bourgen-Bresse; that he was not over burthened with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather spend a fortune, than be at the trouble of making one—but what would you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travellers was not diminished by

the time they reached Paris. On the contrary, it had grown into a strong friendship. Their habits and tastes were so closely allied, that what the one proposed, the other was sure to agree to.

Amongst the subjects which engaged them during the latter part of their journey was the question where they should lodge on their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew nothing of Paris, and therefore made no objections to the Quartier Latin when it was proposed by Blaireau; so they went to the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes—an auberge which the latter had heard his father praise, when slightly in his cups, as being the only place in Paris for drinking Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable part of the town, but the college was near and the residence of Monsieur Gombert not remote.

Notwithstanding this proximity, it seemed that neither love nor law was meant to be the first consideration with Messieurs Bodry and Blaireau. Together, they saw the Marionettes on the Boulevard du Temple; together they went to dance at the gardens of the colisee; together they dined at the Moulin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the extra-mural taverns of Paris; together, they went everywhere in short, except to the College of Law and the Church of Saint Merri.

One evening, when they were returning home, accident led them through the Rue Saint Martin, and a qualm of conscience came over Bodry when he remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capital without delivering his letter of introduction or making any inquiries after Monsieur Gombert and Mademoiselle Madeleine. A qualm of conscience sometimes arises from a physical cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of sorts, and proposed—like a certain gentleman when he fell sick—to do something extraordinary by way of amendment. When he reached the "Ecu d'Argent," however, he felt so much worse that he went directly to bed; in the course of the night he was seized with a violent fever, and though in some degree abated on the following morning, he remained very ill. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Henri Blaireau. He sat by his friend's bedside all night, ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his conversation.

Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what was uppermost in his mind at the moment of his seizure; and his desire to make the long-neglected visit was increased by a letter which arrived from Lyons, asking him many questions respecting the silk merchant's family. But it was in vain he strove to rise; the fever still held him in thrall; yet in the perversity of his malady, he persisted in declaring that the visit must immediately be paid. Henri Blaireau urged that Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his being in Paris, with various other arguments, and concluded by saying that if his friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Saint Martin and explain the circumstances of the case.

This last suggestion operated singularly on the mind of the feverish invalid. Yes! Blaireau should go as he proposed; but he must not say a word about his illness, he must present himself as the real Bodry—keep Blaireau entirely out of sight—and by-and-bye, when he was able to appear in person, they might make merry over the joke and laugh it entirely away. Blaireau combated this proposition at first; but, finding that his objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

His task was not a difficult one, for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The worthy silk-merchant embraced his visitor with all the effusion the approaching connection seemed to warrant, and met with a demonstration no less cordial. It was in Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the greeting took place, but, the greeting over, the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her *bonne*, who had nursed her from her cradle, was occupied by her embroidery. A feeling almost akin to envy was Blaireau's first sensation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom Bodry was betrothed, but it lasted only a moment, being quickly superseded by the pleasure he experienced in looking at, and conversing with her. At the end of a couple of hours he found himself head over ears in love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and the old nurse, who had a voice in everything, was all he could have desired, provided always that

he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly, at last, he rose to take his departure, and lingered as he pressed the hand of Madeleine Gombert, which was not, he fancied, too suddenly withdrawn; neither did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome when he renewed his visit. All this was consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood towards the family Gombert; but, somehow or other, Blaireau could not divest himself of the notion—which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have entertained—that no small share of the reception according to him was a tribute to his personal qualities.

Oh his return to the Rue des Carmes, he found Henri Bodry much worse. A physician was sent for; Blaireau was unremitting in his attention, but the fever increased alarmingly, and as evening drew on, he began to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's request, Blaireau related to him all the particulars of the interview in the Rue Saint Martin, and the subject still engrossed the mind of the sick young man, to the exclusion of every other. Even when conscious of his own danger, he still continued the theme.

"I have often been ill," he said, "but never before as I feel now. Should I die, Henri Blaireau, promise me here, that you will still be Henri Bodry. Think what a desolation it would be to Monsieur Gombert and Madeleine to be told of my death! Marry her, for my sake; then, I shall feel that I have done my duty in giving her the husband she expected. No, no, I am not light-headed, I know very well what I say. Unless you promise this, I cannot die content."

Blaireau felt convinced that his friend's mind was wandering, but to keep him quiet, he again promised all that was required. For half-an-hour Bodry remained silent, and his anxious attendant believed he was asleep; but suddenly he rose up in bed, and a distressing change was apparent; his breathing came short and thick, his voice was faint and low, the hand of death was evidently upon him. Grasping Blaireau's arm convulsively, as if striving to draw him closer, he feebly whispered the word "Remember!" and then fell back dead.

II.

It was ten o'clock at night, and Monsieur Gombert was alone in the counting-house. Everything was silent in the apartment but the ticking of one of those large clocks, white-faced, blue-figured, and highly bedizened with gilding, which we call of the age of Louis Quatorze, though they belong to the time of his great-grandson. The clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke had hardly ceased to vibrate when Monsieur Gombert, who happened to raise his head, became aware of some one who was standing near the door. He had not heard anybody enter, perhaps because he had been absorbed in his accounts, and his astonishment—not unmixed with fear, for he was of a nervous and timid nature—was very great.

"Who is there?" he asked with a hesitation. "Is that—you—Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confidential clerk; but no Jacques replied, and the silk-merchant remained speechless, with his eyes fixed on the figure which now slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it seemed to him, without noise. As the figure drew nearer, though the light from his solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face which wore an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were wide open and glittered exceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair streamed wildly. Monsieur Gombert gasped for utterance, but it was denied him. The appearance came nearer still, and then Monsieur Gombert imagined—but doubted, notwithstanding—that he recognized features he had lately seen. This supposition gave him a glimmer of courage.

"My friend," he said, "what brings you here at this hour?"

"Death!" answered the figure, in a deep, sepulchral voice.

"How! Death! Has any misfortune arrived?"

"The greatest that can happen to man. Henri Bodry died an hour ago. I come to invite you to his funeral!"

"You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!"

"I was—this morning!"

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the merchant, and fell senseless from his stool.

At this outcry and the noise he made in falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the

bonne, who were at work in the next room, rushed into the counting-house. They supposed Monsieur Gombert was in a fit, and hastily applied such remedies as they could devise. After a few minutes the silk-merchant opened his eyes.

"Where is he?" he said, looking round with horror.

"Who, sir?" asked Madeleine. "What do you mean?"

"Who?" he repeated slowly, again looking round him. "Who? Henri Bodry. He was here this moment."

"Impossible, sir!" said Petronille. "You were alone when we came, which we did on the instant you called out. There was not a shadow of a person in the room."

"The shadow!" returned Monsieur Gombert. "Ah, that is it. The shadow. It was no living being."

"I beseech you, my father," said Madeleine, "to tell us what is the matter. You look ill and frightened."

"I have reason to be so," replied Monsieur Gombert. "I have seen a spirit."

He then, as collectedly as he could, related what had occurred.

"This is a fancy," said Madeleine. Monsieur Gombert shook his head.

"A dream," observed Petronille. "You supped well on that famous goose of Alençon—you had more than one glass of Burgundy, in honor of Monsieur Bodry"—the silk-merchant shivered—"over your books after supper, a wrong time, you became sleepy, an indigestion arrived—there!"

Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory to Monsieur Gombert.

"I saw him," he persisted, "as distinctly as I see either of you. It was the face of a dead man. He invited me to his funeral."

These words and the earnestness with which Monsieur Gombert spoke infected Madeleine and Petronille with some of his own fear; they also looked timidly about them, dreading to behold some hideous apparition.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to regain her presence of mind.

"Let somebody be sent at once to ask news of him."

This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in the house with the rest, was

thought the most proper person to employ; and, without being made aware of the motive which had led to his errand, was directed to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry could come and see Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than half-an-hour he returned, with a countenance much disposed.

"Sir," said he to Monsieur Gombert, "I bring your very sad tidings. The young gentleman who came here only this morning so full of life and spirits, died about an hour ago!"

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But it was more than astonishment. There was a pang at her heart. That fine handsome young man, who had so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Petronille and his daughter kept watch beside him with as many candles burning, as there were candlesticks in the house to hold them; and, further to scare away all evil spirits, Madeleine read aloud the Office des Morts, Monsieur Gombert joined fervently at the end of every psalm with the anthem "Heu mihi!"

So much affected, indeed, was the honest silk-merchant by the sudden death of his correspondent's son, that he did not get the better of the shock for several days. To attend Henri Bodry's funeral was entirely out of the question; and the knowledge that it had taken place while he was confined to his room, materially contributed to his recovery.

"Once fairly underground," thought Monsieur Gombert, "he is not so likely to pay me another visit, unless—unless,"—and this doubt harassed him sorely, "unless he is vexed at my not having complied with his wishes."

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked over the sad event with old Petronille: it was the only consolation she could find for the loss of her lover. She also sought comfort in devotion, and instead of going now and then when the day was fine, went regularly morning and evening to mass in the church of Saint Merri.

III.

In the meanwhile Henri Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of

Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had even been before. In vain he pored over Pandects and delved into Digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralized all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret if she feels any, must be all on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusation."

This hourly Jeremaid made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue Saint Martin.

One rainy evening weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The vesper service was going on, and thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the out, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little baize door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at vespers on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking as usual, of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building without noticing that anyone was there; but the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by

a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Virgin. Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worshipper, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which Madeleine looked round in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hands and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by her altar lamp, beheld, close to her, the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To run after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but he had not gone three yards before he tripped over an old woman who was fast asleep (at her prayers) in the aisle, and came down on the pavement with a crash. In the midst of a furious scolding, Blaireau picked himself up as well as he could, and then remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. To quiet the old woman, whose occupation (besides praying) was the letting of rush-bottomed chairs to the pious, he gave her all the sous he had in his pocket, and then stole away on tip-toe, thinking himself lucky in not having drawn on his head the fulmination of the officiating priest. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain: he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portals were closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue Saint Martin,—could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious the next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in the church of Saint Meri, but she made a confidante of Petronille. The old *bonne* crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself,—did it speak,—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

IV.

The next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous second-hand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat and a long grey dragoon-cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twelve years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragoon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitered Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the door-posts of the open gateway was an *escriteau* announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the *concierge*. It was not on the ground floor, for there were the silk-merchant's ware rooms; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no *entresol*), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the staircase, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a *mansard* or *garret*, and there we have the *joli* apartment, *bien meuble*, as the *concierge* politically de-

scribed it. What furnished it well, consisted of a truckle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs and still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles which, in spite of their color, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it; but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to his wretchedness. He returned to Eau d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own, and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe where gossip holds its head-quarters, it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth as it is in the reign of Napoleon the third. The occupants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Pocheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter everthing in the menial line, and their marriage has been as much an affair de *couenance* as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Mongomency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a *garret* at 10 livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond: so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed it to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame Le Pocheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own

enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest-born is Curiosity. The old *bonne* became curious about the mysterious dragon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when this process was at an end, and he found that stretch his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a court-yard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the stair-case, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing in the doorway of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was,—and clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word, before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down stairs; and, the *porte cochere* being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille, for she it was who had been lying in ambush, continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquet, with out daring to lift her head, until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever, had gone again to vesper service in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, sir! sir!" she replied, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I—myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk-merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding-sheet—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question. Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicite, the *file-de-chambre*, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of heaven!"

"One, two, three—as low as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the stair-case, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vesper. How can I tell why I waited to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the *Ecu d'Argent*, in the *Rue des Carmes*. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the door.

Everybody (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the *concierge*, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are much the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts."

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs were shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille, than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the *bonne*, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you—my duty now compels me to reveal it—that Mademoiselle Gombert in her turn, has seen the spirit? No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Cure."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend, Pierre, run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also, ask Monsieur le Cure to come as soon as the service is over."

The *concierge* no longer presumed openly to deny what was declared on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

V.

When Henri Blaireau got into the street, he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations—loftier, nobler, altogether more becoming a lover—lead him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly, he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arriving there, he made no pause in the church, lingered not an instant in the nave, took no heed of priests or old women, but plunging into the south side steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled-up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mademoiselle Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unlucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced, therefore, at a quick step, covered his face with both hands, took advantage of a devotee's privilege by plumping himself on his knees beside Madeleine, and bending down his head he began to pray with great fervor.

Though such an association in worship was not so uncommon as to be remarkable Mademoiselle Gombert felt a little uncom-

fortable at the close proximity of the stranger.

"Beate mater," murmured the new supplicant, "et intacta virgo, gloriosa regina mundi, intercede pro nobis ad—" He paused for a moment or two, and then, turning towards Mademoiselle Gombert, substituted for the right word "Magdalenam;" and, before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused your trouble."

Madeleine rose hastily to her feet, and moved from the chapel; but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Can it be?" she said, faintly. "Do the dead return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeleine's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers—a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle forgive a deception which was not premeditated, nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry is, indeed, no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. O, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common lawyer but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous.

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice close behind them—the voice of Pierre, the old *concierge*, carpet-bag in hand, and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits and everybody is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided, when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running into his arms, "I grieve for you distress—for poor

Petronille's—but there is one behind me—do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance—who can explain all."

About a quarter of an hour afterwards the cure of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling

air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

TWO low whistles quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!
As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Lovesong or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you;
Working or waiting, good night!" it said.
Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence—
"Nothing amiss—
Nothing!—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.
Summer and Winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced though the budding bows o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned:
Sang as it flew:
"To our trust true,
First of all duty—good night," it said.
And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stonnington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

A YOSEMITE LEGEND.

TOTOKONULA was once chief of the people; a mighty hunter, and a good husbandman; his tribe never wanted food. But while out hunting one day, the young man met a spirit maid, the beautiful Tisayac. She was not as the dusky beauties of his tribe, but white and fair, with rolling, yellow tresses, that fell over her shoulders like sunshine, and blue eyes, with a light in them like the sky when the sun goes down. White, cloud-like wings were folded behind her shoulders, and her voice was sweeter than the song of birds; the strong chief loved her with a mad and instant love. He reached toward her, but the snowy wings lifted her above his sight, and he stood again alone upon the dome, where she had been. No more Totokonula led in the chase or heeded the crops in the valley; he wandered here and there like a man distraught, ever seeking that wonderful, shining vision. The land began to languish, missing the industrious, directing hand that had tended it so long; the pleasant garden became a wilderness where the drought laid waste, and the wild beast spoiled what was left, and taught his cubs to divide the prey. When the fair spirit returned at last to visit her valley, she wept to see the desolation, and she knelt upon the dome, praying to the

Great Spirit for succor. He heard, and stooping from his place, he clove the dome upon which she stood, and the granite was riven beneath her feet, and the melted snows of the Nevada rushed through the gorge, bearing fertility upon their cool bosom. A beautiful lake was formed between the cloven walls of the mountain, and a river issued from it to feed the valley forever. Then sang the birds as of old, laving their bodies in the water, and the odor of flowers rose like a pleasant incense, and the trees put forth their buds, and the corn shot up to meet the sun, and rustled when the breeze crept through the tall stalks. Tisayac moved away as she had come, and none knew whether she went; but the people called the dome by her name, as it is to this day. After her departure the chief returned from his weary quest, and as he heard the winged one had visited the valley, the old madness crept up into his eyes; he turned his back on the lodges of his people. His last act was to cut, with his hunting-knife, the outline of his face upon a lofty rock.

He never did return from that hopeless search, but the graven rock was called Totokonula, after his name, and it may still be seen, three thousand feet high, guarding the entrance of the beautiful valley.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

THE fort of Calcutta (says a traveller) commonly known as Fort William, is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any part of the globe. It is very spacious, and somewhat resembles the Tower of London, in that it consists of various streets and squares, adapted for different military purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly-built rampart, which is surrounded in its turn by a broad and deep fosse over which are placed draw-bridges, leading to the principal gateways. The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The per-

formances of these strange people have been so often described that I shall only make mention of one which struck me as being curious from its having a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history, as having been performed by the magicians in Egypt, and in the time of Moses, in the presence of Pharaoh. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindu tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity can exist.

The particular trick alluded to is the apparent conversion of a brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself about

five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me, on a forum in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin I held firmly in my right hand, but crossing that hand with equal tightness with my left I enclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my double fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation accompanied by a monotonous discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words, "Ram, Summa," during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, giving at the same time a puff with his mouth.

At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or something equally soft, nasty and disagreeable, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, also to the astonishment of others, and, opening my hand, found there no coin; but to my horror and alarm (for of all created things I loathe and detest the genus,) I saw a young snake, all alive—oh! and of all snakes in the world, a copra-di-capello, folded, or rather coiled, roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, trembling with rage and fear, as if already

bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the alarm and amazement of everyone present. The juggler now got up for the first time since he had sat down, and catching hold of the snake displayed its length, which was nearly two feet—two feet all but an inch and a half. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and, opening his own mouth to its widest extent, let the head of the snake drop into it, and deliberately commenced to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail was only visible; then, making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed.

After this he came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat, but no snake's tail was visible; it was, seemingly, down his throat altogether. During the remainder of the performance we never saw this snake again, nor did the man profess his ability to make it reappear; but he performed another snake trick which surprised us very much. He took from his bag another copra-di-capello, and walking to the centre of the room inclosed it in his hands in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, hey! presto! the snake was gone and in its place appeared several small ones, which he suffered to fall from his hands, when they glided, with their peculiar undulating movement, almost like the waves of the sea about the floor.

ILL-NATURED REPORTS.

IF cats have nine lives, an ill-natured report has ninety-and-nine. It is as hard to slay as that old Hydra who baffled so many assailants before the advent of the destined conqueror. You cut off one head and another spouts out in its place; while you are busy pounding to powder one joint of the interminable tail, another is rattling miles away. Do your best, meet every clause face to face like a man, see them fall away into the mist as you meet them, unable to endure investigation, impossible to bear dissection; the instant you are gone the cloudy shapes re-unite and take a tangible form—the heads spout out afresh, the disjointed tail rattles ominously—heads and tails may both

be the weaker and fainter for your onslaught, but they are not destroyed; there always remains the imperishable core, that pineal gland of indestructibility. There is something in it. You are told by a mischief-making busybody that your friend has spoken of you unkindly. When you sift what he said and she said, and what they both said together, and what someone else was heard to say, and again someone else beyond was believed to be heard to say, you find a mere nothing, a bubble, a foam of froth, misinterpreted and mishandled. This is made as clear to your understanding as that two and two are four not five, and that each magnet has two poles. Nevertheless, if you are of the ordinary

sort, and have not a strain of magnanimity and working common sense beyond the grasp of most, you are never satisfied. It always seems to you as if there must have been something in it. You scarcely know why you think so, nor what that something was. Matters have turned out better for your friend on inquiry than you had ventured to hope in the beginning. You can come to nothing definite, nothing in the least degree probable or provable; all the same, it is the one well-known point that sticks, the one little burr that clings fast and is never wholly dislodged. There must have been something in it, else why was it ever said? So let the report of a man's insolvency creep out into the world in which he lives, though no bill is presented to him twice, and his banker's account is as satisfactory to the management as it is pleasant to himself; though he lives, as he has always lived, within his income; though he dies, not to say unembarrassed, but positively affluent—yet it will never be forgotten that (it was once said) he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and how did he escape? And though no one ever saw the breakers ahead, or fathomed the sandy shoal in which (it was said) he had drifted, yet none the less will it be stoutly maintained to the end that there was a shoal over which he floated dexterously, for there must have been something in the report. It does not signify so much if this report gets afloat concerning a private individual; all that he has got to do is to keep on and

never mind. But it is different when it is said of a man in business, a bank, a firm, or a company: then, unfortunately, the words prove themselves. The report becomes true because it is said to be true; the pressure put on the concern by the frightened creditors and shareholders is too sudden and too heavy to be withstood; and so the house goes down while it was perfectly secure, because people said it was tottering. It is the old story of the mad dog. Give the bad name and hang him out of hand. Clearness, decision, proof, which are the necessities of all positive science, all accuracy of knowledge, are the qualities we dispense with in our dealings with each other. Here the wildest improbabilities are received as not so very unlikely if you think of this and allow for that; the loosest statements are nursed up into the twin sisters of proved facts; nothing is too hazy, nothing too vague for credence of the most positive kind, and reputations are ruined for a phrase and lives destroyed for an "if." We cannot be too strict in our requirement of proof before we accept an ill-favored report of our neighbor as true; and we cannot be too stern in our determination to have nothing to do with that cloudy remnant of dissipated slander: "There is something in it, else it could not have been said." It could have been said when there was nothing in it. Let us understand this clearly and act on it—our action the rejection of all that will not bear the strictest analysis and the strongest daylight.

LOVE MAKING IN PORTUGAL.

THE young men, however, have one occupation more important even than wearing tight boots, and which almost, in fact, goes with it—that of making the very mildest form of courtship known among men. The process, indeed, is carried on in so Platonic a manner, and with so much proper feeling, that I doubt if even the strictest English governess would find anything in it to object to. The young gentlemen pay their addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of their affections, while the young person in question looks down approvingly from an upper window, and there the matter ends.

They are not within speaking distance, and have to content themselves with expressive glances and dumb show, for it would be thought highly unbecoming for the young lady to allow a billet-doux to flutter down into the street, while the laws of gravitation stand in the way of the upward flight of such a document—unweighted, at least, with a stone, and this of course, might risk giving the young lady a black eye, or breaking her father's window panes. So the lovers there remain, often for hours, feeling no doubt, very happy, but looking unutterably foolish. These silent courtships sometimes continue for very long periods

before the lover can ask the fatal question, or the lady return the final answer. I heard a story of one such protracted courtship, which an ingenious novelist might easily work into a pretty romance.

About forty or fifty years ago, before the suppression of convents in Portugal, a young lady was engaged to be married. For some reason or other, the marriage did not come off, and the girl was placed in a Benedictine nunnery at Oporto. Soon after came the abolition of convents ; but, while the monasteries were absolutely dissolved, and the monks scattered, the nuns who were already inmates of religious houses were suffered there to remain. The young lady accordingly, on the suppression occurring, did not leave the Benedictine convent. It is presumed,

however, that the rules of this particular establishment were somewhat relaxed, for the young gentleman who had been engaged to this nun was observed to take his constant stand before the barred window of his former mistress's cell, while she would become visible behind the grating. Here the romance I have imagined, would, perhaps, rather lack incident, and except in a master's hand, might grow monotonous, for this hopeless courtship lasted no fewer than four and thirty years, till a bowed and middle-aged man paced the pavement, and looked up to a gray-haired mistress. It only ended with the death of the lady, a few years ago. Many persons have assured me that they had often been eye witnesses of what I have described, and I found that the fact was quite notorious in Oporto.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern ;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn ;
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink.
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
 He passed again, and lo ! the well
 By summer never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart ;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last !

THE
Canadian Journal  of Odd-Fellowship.

CL. T. CAMPBELL, Editor.

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, JANUARY, 1876.

G. L. U. S.—By authority of resolution of the G. L. U. S., the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP is a recognized organ of that body, and authorized to publish its proceedings, and all official documents issued by it to the Brotherhood.

ONTARIO.—“I consider the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP invaluable to every Odd-Fellow. I trust the representatives will give it the support its importance demands, and spare no pains to increase its circulation throughout the length and breadth of Ontario.”—*Grand Master's Report, 1875. Endorsed by Grand Lodge.*

LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.—By several resolutions passed at its session in August, 1875, the R. W. Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces, “recommends this national journal (THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP) to every member of the Order.” * * * “The object in our estimation, being thoroughly worthy the encouragement of this R. W. Grand Body.”

WHAT WE WANT.

WE WANT a great many things. Most people do. As a rule, it may be safely held that man wants all he can get; though he seldom gets all he wants. But the managers of the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP want certain things in particular. And here are some of them.

We want 10,000 Odd-Fellows in Canada to take the JOURNAL, and pay for it, and read it. That is about 90 per cent. of our membership in the Dominion, and looks like a large proportion. But there is no reason, except unwillingness on their part, why that number should not be on our subscription book by the 1st of April.

We want the secretary of every lodge and encampment to send us word of every occurrence in his neighborhood of interest to Odd-Fellows. Dedications, celebrations, institutions, installations, anniversaries, or anything else.

We want every subscriber to do the same thing, for fear the secretaries might happen

to forget. No matter if we get a dozen different accounts of the same thing; and no matter how well or how badly written, we will undertake to put the item into shape.

We want every reader of the JOURNAL, who is in the habit of using his pen—whether he be minister, lawyer, editor, schoolmaster, doctor, merchant, mechanic, clerk, or anything else—to write a short article for the JOURNAL—either grave or gay, on Odd-Fellowship or something else—not long, but brief and pointed.

We want every Lodge and Encampment to insert its card in our advertising pages. By so doing, they will keep themselves before the Fraternity, secure a copy of the JOURNAL, and never miss the \$3.00 spent.

We want—but there is no use in saying what more we want. If we get all we have asked for we will be satisfied—the JOURNAL will be improved—and our subscribers will reap the benefit as well as ourselves.

THE DEAD YEAR.

EIGHTEEN hundred and seventy-five has passed. Day by day it wrote its history in telegrams, press correspondence, diplomatic letters, council minutes and reporters' notes. The speculations that accompanied its birth have passed away with it, and have given place to facts. The bright anticipations and joyous hopes that heralded the New Year twelve months ago, have passed away—some into happy fruition, and others into sad disappointment.

To the civilized nations of the world it has not been an eventful year. There have occurred no startling events to mark the dead year as a great era of joy or sorrow. No serious wars, no national calamities, on the one hand; nor, on the other, have there been any wonderful discoveries or inventions calculated to add greatly to the happiness and comfort of the human race.

In our own Order's history, we can record a year of peace and prosperity. Though we will not be able to gather the full statistics of 1875 for several months, yet sufficient has come under our notice to justify the assertion that Odd-Fellowship has been pressing forward with vigorous steps. The number of both Grand and Subordinate Lodges has largely increased; its membership has been added to by hundreds and thousands; its treasuries have grown fuller; and its influence has become greater. And while it has advanced in riches and strength, it has not grown cold in its charity, nor retreated a single pace in the great contest it wages against vice in all its forms. Many a sick and distressed brother has received the warm sympathy as well as the pecuniary

aid of the Fraternity. To many a bereaved widow and orphan has it ministered with tender care. Many are the sorrows that have been alleviated, many the griefs assuaged, many the heavy burdens lifted by the kind hearts and willing hands that the great soul of Odd-Fellowship has quickened and moved during the past year. And who can number the many lessons of virtue and moral truth which this great society, with its 6,000 subordinate branches, has taught to its half-a-million of members, and through them has impressed upon the human race? Only in part can we ever sum up the work of the brotherhood. We can note down the dollars and cents that have been paid out from its treasury to relieve the distressed, to support the widow and educate the orphan. But this can give only a faint idea of the earnestness and vigor with which it cultivates its great beneficent principles; and not until the last great day of account makes bare all that is now concealed from mortal eye, will the good work of Odd-Fellowship be seen in its fullness and in its beauty.

And yet, as we individually look back on the year whose labors are finished, how many golden opportunities can we recall which have been allowed to slip through our heedless hands—opportunities which, if rightly embraced, might have made some one better and happier? How many failures may not our memories bring before us—failures in the practice of our principles—in the performance of our duties—in obedience to our obligations?

As we enter a new year, let the memory of the one past encourage us to fresh effort for the future, so that at the close of

1876 we may have less to reproach ourselves with than we have now—more from which the Order and ourselves may gain credit. And as it is certain that some of us will never see another New Year, let each one

“So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.”

“THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.”

IT seems to be either the duty or destiny of every man who wields the editorial goose quill in these northern latitudes to make some reference during the winter season to “the beautiful snow.” It is somewhat akin to that impulse which forces every P.G. who attends lodge, to make at least one speech a month—if not several—whether he has got anything to say or not. We did suppose that the editor of an Odd-Fellows’ magazine would be above that sort of thing—that he would be able to confine himself to essays on morality and benevolence, with an occasional disquisition on law. But who can resist his fate? There is snow on the ground; snow in the air; snow beating against the windows and creeping under the doors; we cannot look out without seeing snow, and we cannot go out without feeling snow. And we have either got to write about snow, or else stop writing—an alternative scarcely practicable while the imp typographical is besieging the *sanctum* for “copy.”

When the winter sets in cold and dreary, and the ground is frozen hard, and the air bites the toes and nips the nose of the wayfaring man, how we grumble and growl—beyond the natural quantity of grumbling and growling—if there is no snow. It is

very unseasonable we declare, as well as unreasonable; and by no means according to the constitution and by-laws which are supposed to govern a well-regulated Canadian winter. And not until the white clouds come tumbling about our ears, enveloping us in that

“Noontide twilight which snow makes
With tempest of the blinding flakes,”

do we begin to feel any approach to that contented state of mind which ought to belong to every Odd-Fellow whose dues are paid in advance.

There may be various opinions about winter. The poor and destitute shrink from its icy touch; to them it brings nothing but

“Heavy gloom and influence malign.”

And even many who can afford to buy coal and wood at present prices, and pay their tailor’s bills promptly, have little love for a season which adds to their expenses without adding very materially to their comforts. Personally, we do not feel very enthusiastic about it; and would be quite content if some enterprising contractor would cart all our frost and ice to Timbuctoo, or some warm country where they need it.

But whatever we may think of winter, we are prepared to maintain that one of its best features is snow. How beautiful

to watch it falling in heavy flakes, as

“Peacefully, dreamily, slowly,
It comes through the halls of air,
And bows to the earth like a spirit
That kneels in her beauty at prayer.”

And how grand a spectacle is a snow storm when the whirling drifts chase each other madly, while the biting winds sweep wildly over the white earth, buffeting unfortunate pedestrians, piercing through their thickest clothing, blinding their eyes and otherwise abusing them. A glorious sight—providing you view it from the window of a warm room, and have no occasion to come into personal contact with it.

And then, when the storm is over, what a useful thing is that same snow. What fine roads it makes. The great Macadam could never have filled up the cracks in the frozen earth, and laid out a smooth track on every street and concession line in so short a time—not if he had been twenty Macadams rolled into one. Over the well-packed roads the farmer brings in his produce to market—buyers and sellers look busy and brisk—and the horses, if given to meditation, bless the smooth snow over which their burdens glide so easily.

And other people are pleased besides those who have business to do. On due consideration, and after considerable experience, we are prepared to maintain that there is no winter pleasure superior to a sleigh-ride. Skating is not to be despised; a healthy exercise, and agreeable—after you learn. But the best of skaters has to sit down suddenly on the ice occasionally—and a poor skater does it very often; and the ice will sometimes break, and the

water under it is always cold. But a well-packed road; a comfortable cutter; plenty of buffalo robes; a horse that can “get up and get;” and somebody with rosy cheeks and bright eyes to sit by your side, and laugh, and chatter, and squeal when occasion requires—or doesn't require (of course we mean your sister, or wife, or some other person's sister or wife, it is not material); if any one knows of anything much better than this—always excepting the pleasure a man feels when some one comes along without being dunned and offers to pay some money—we would just like to hear about it.

Of course, when a person reaches our age, especially if he follows an occupation like the one by which we get our bread and butter—and that's not by editing—not much; when rosy-cheeked maidens don't ride with him quite as much as they used to do; when he has to ride all alone very often, and sometimes when he would much sooner sit by his “ain fireside;” when rheumatisms begin to twinge, and the cold air makes the old stumps in the jaw-bone jump; then the romance wears off, and the pleasures of sleigh-riding take a more subdued tone.

But, take it on the whole, we rather like it; and if it is necessary for us to have winter we decidedly prefer taking ours with a little snow in it. In fact, we would be open to the charge of disloyalty if we did not like the snow; because snow and sleighing are Canadian institutions, and a winter in this country without them is like an Odd-Fellow who does not read the *CANADIAN JOURNAL* regularly -- *very slow*.

Michigan men don't feel as though they had eloped if they don't leave a wife and four children in destitute circumstances.

It has been cold enough in Kansas to freeze whiskey, and some of the drunkards there have become solid men.

ODD NOTES.

LECTURES.—Grand Representative Perry proposes starting on the lecture-path this winter. He has a very interesting lecture on the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and other sights and incidents connected with a trip south, which he intends delivering to the brethren and their friends in our cities and towns—the proceeds going to defray the furnishing account of the Lodge in Whitby. Bro. Perry is quite competent to give an address that will be equal to the productions of many professional lecturers; and the brethren who may secure his services will be well re-paid.

THANKSGIVING.—We learn from the *Record* that as is usual in the jurisdiction of Rhode Island, the Lodges remembered the widows of their deceased members by presenting them with a Thanksgiving dinner in the shape of turkeys, and where it was thought that further help was needed made a donation of \$25.00, more or less. One Brother says on his return from delivering these little charities, "You ought to have seen the recipients and heard their thanks, accompanied as they were, with tears of gratitude and joy."

REVIVAL.—The *Odd-Fellows Chronicle*, in noticing certain meetings being held by the brethren in Cincinnati, makes a good suggestion which, if adopted, would obviate the necessity for any spasmodic efforts at "revival." It says: "The Odd-Fellows of Cincinnati, Ohio, are holding preliminary meetings for the purpose of devising ways and means by which they can get up a revival of interest in the Order in that city. If they will order a few thousand copies of the different publications of the Order, and distribute them judiciously, it will produce a revival that will be powerful and permanent, because it will operate on the reasoning faculties of the people entirely, and not upon the excitable."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE FOR 1876.—In no other way can so much of the best work of the best minds of the time be obtained so cheaply or conveniently, as through this standard eclectic weekly. In 1876 it enters upon its thirty-third year, having met with continued and increasing success, and being now, since its absorption of "*Every Saturday*," practically without a rival in its field. With its weekly issue, and its *three and a quarter thousand* large pages of reading matter a year, it is enabled to present with a freshness and satisfactory completeness, attempted by no other publication, the ablest essays and reviews, the choicest serial and short stories, the most interesting sketches of travel and discovery, the best poetry, and the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific, and political information from the entire body of foreign periodical literature. Such distinguished authors as Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. Max Muller, Prof. Huxley, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Prof. Tyndall, R. A. Proctor, the Duke of Argyll, Edward A. Freeman, Frances Power Cobbe, Jas. Anthony Froude, Mrs. Muloch, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Thackeray, Jean Ingelow, Geo. Macdonald, Thomas Hardy, Wm. Black, Anthony Trollope, R. D. Blackmore, Mrs. Parr, Julia Kavanagh, Mrs. Macquoid, Matthew Arnold, Henry Kingsley, Thomas Carlyle, F. W. Newman, W. W. Story, Robert Buchanan, Tennyson, Browning, &c., &c., are represented in its pages; and during the coming year, besides the best fiction by the leading foreign novelists, it will give the usual amount, unapproached by any other periodical, of the most important literary and scientific matter of the day, from the pens of the above named and many other of the ablest living contributors to current literature. *The Living Age* has always stood "at the head of its class," not only as the best, but all things considered, the cheapest of the eclectics; and in the multiplicity of quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, it has become

almost a necessity to every person or family of intelligence and taste ; for it, alone, furnishes such a compendium of whatever is of immediate interest and permanent value in the literary world as to render it an invaluable economiser of time, labor and money. The subscription price (\$8 a year,) is cheap for the amount of reading furnished : or for those desiring the cream of both home and foreign literature, the publishers make a still cheaper offer, viz. ; to send (*postage prepaid on both periodicals*) *The Living Age* and either one of the American \$4 monthlies, or weeklies, a year for \$10.50. With *The Living Age* and one or other of our leading American monthlies, a subscriber will, at remarkably small cost, be in possession of the best, which the current literature of the world affords. The volume begins Jan. 1st. Littell & Gay, publishers, Boston. *The Living Age* will be sent with our JOURNAL one year for \$8.50 in advance.

MANY of our paid-up subscribers for last year, who we have reason to believe are satisfied with the JOURNAL, will receive this number. We should like to retain them on our subscription list for 1876, but if any of them are not disposed to continue they will be kind enough to hand it to their postmaster, and he will return it to us. Otherwise, we will keep their names on for the year. It is not likely that any will do as two or three big-souled brothers did in 1875—wait until the end of the year, and then send back the December number, and say they don't wish to subscribe !

WEARING EMBLEMS.—A writer in a Masonic paper lectures the wearers of emblems in a very severe style. His objections are no doubt over-stated. Good and worthy men often wear some small emblem of the society to which they belong, and only the hypercritical could find fault with them for so doing. At the same time there is a certain amount of truth in the statement that many members of societies of this description sport their

emblems for purposes of display ; and that a little more modesty in the exhibition would be highly advisable. Of course, Odd-Fellows, being human, may err in this direction as well as other people ; and for their benefit we submit a quotation from the article mentioned : “ It looks as if about one half of the Order had been taught to believe that they were not Masons unless they carried with them their entire set of emblems—the larger the better—and that they must display them so as to be observed by every one. To see the great number of squares, compasses, keystones, and various other what-nots, sported by every third man we meet, ought certainly to convince the most sceptical that our Order is indeed “universal.” Who will gainsay the fact that half of our initiates and members sport their gilded pins or heavy ornaments before they are far enough advanced to even say where they were “first” made Masons, let alone possessing any knowledge of the meaning of their show cards? Too often we blame the female sex for their love of display, their brooches and their ear-rings, their fingers clustered with diamonds, or something equally as useful, so easily obtained from the dollar stores, scarce remembering that it has ever been one of the characteristics of the fair sex to adorn themselves and add to their already too numerous charms, that of personal adornment ; and yet, at the same time, we must confess that those who wield the implements of the craft, and who belong to the sterner sex, very often eclipse them in the exhibition of their ornaments. The emblem-wearing mania, so strong at present, is not too highly calculated to elevate us in the regard and esteem of those not numbered with us. The true Freemason requires no outside badge or sign to proclaim himself as such. He who cannot make himself known without converting his body into a walking sign-post had better begin afresh to study up his forgotten knowledge—provided he ever had any to forget—and then he may feel disposed to have the size of his decorations slightly curtailed. Regalia and decorations are beautiful in themselves, when properly and appropriately worn ;

but they have their proper time and place for exhibition. How soon does anything lose the charm of novelty and beauty by constant exposure to our every-day gaze? It is a bitter truth that the public displayers of Masonic emblems are the very ones who are the least often seen in their lodge rooms, and who know, least of all, those things which make the good and true Mason, or solve the meaning of the 'emblems' so largely displayed."

THE several Lodges of Indianapolis have appointed a committee to take into consideration the purchase of one hundred feet square in Crown Hill Cemetery for burial purposes. The lot owned by a few Lodges in the same cemetery is too small, and is nearly filled with graves of transient members of the Order, who have died whilst sojourning in the city.

COMMUNICATED.

THE EMBLEMS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

THE FIRST DIVISION.

THE lessons of morality, brotherly love and charity which Odd-Fellowship inculcates are largely taught by symbols. Not that the teachings of the Order are by any means confined to emblematic representations. Our ritual abounds in lectures the most ample, in which our doctrines are fully exemplified in language simple and easy to be understood. But, at the same time, symbols are used to illustrate our theories; so that while the language of our charges falls on the ear, appropriate emblems shall appeal to the eye; and the mind thus be approached by the same truth through different channels. As the recognized emblems of the Order illustrate all the various doctrines of Odd-Fellowship—constituting a pictorial text book of all that we believe, and endeavor to practice—it may be of advantage to us to study them more closely than we are perhaps in the habit of doing, and endeavor to impress upon our minds more deeply the varied lessons they are designed to teach. This we shall attempt to do in a series of

short articles, commencing in this number with the first division of our emblems—the All-Seeing Eye, the Three Links, and the Skull and Crossbones.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

The idea expressed in the first emblem to which the attention of every initiate is called is easily understood—Omniscience. An eye that never closes, whose powers of sight never grow dim, which knows no rest nor sleep, nor weariness, watches over the actions of men. There is no secret hiding place which can conceal us from its piercing glance. The darkness of midnight can interpose no barrier; dense forests give no shelter; thick clouds cover us in vain. If this were the eye of an enemy watching us for evil, ready to take advantage of every opportunity to injure us, how grievous would be the infliction. It is said that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI. of France, confined in a dungeon, had the eye of a vigilant sentinel continually resting upon him; and if his own eyelids grew heavy with sleep, the sleepless eye of the watcher noticed it, and a warning voice calling to him forbade even the attempt to escape his punishment in slumber. Apart from all his other torments how discomfoting must have been the conviction that turn wherever he would, do whatever he might, the eye at his

dungeon grate never for a moment relaxed its vigilance!

But what human eye could be compared to the Divine All-Seeing Eye? Mortal sight might fail; space too extensive for it to penetrate might intervene between it and its object; a hiding place might be secured which it would fail to discover. Bound by no such limitations is omniscience—even the hearts of men lie bare before it.

And yet the thought need bring no discomfort to the mind. It is the eye of a friend—of the Great Father of Men—watching His children not in anger but in pity and tender compassion. Only at sin does it look with displeasure; only the wicked need shrink from before its gaze. Here then is the lesson taught us as we look on this expressive emblem: Remember your obligations; you may deceive your brethren, but there is an eye no human skill can blind. Tempted to forget the solemn vows you have taken; tempted to transgress the law; tempted to sin against God or your fellow man—remember the eye of a just and holy God is never closed. Or, wearied with care and sorrow—groaning under the burden and heat of the day—feeling deserted by all helping hands of men—remember the eye of the great Father of all ever looks with pity on distress, and sees every tear that falls. And the same power that can detect every thought or deed, that can recognize all the conflicting emotions of the human breast, will not be slow either to punish or reward.

THE THREE LINKS.

The bond of union existing between members of the Order is symbolized by the links of a chain. The chain is flexible, it is not a solid, stiff, unyielding mass. And its component links have all a certain measure of freedom; if necessary, one can be moved without the others being materially disturbed. And yet they cannot be separated. Attempt to detach them from each other—attempt to break the chain—and how difficult the task becomes. And the strength of the chain depends on the strength of the individual links. The mechanism that binds them is the same always; but if the links are thin and feeble the chain is easily snapped; if they are stout and strong it requires a giant force to break it.

And such is the Order of Odd-Fellowship. This great chain is composed of links in all parts of the habitable globe; they do not all touch each other; but they are all connected. Pull on the great chain and try to break it—and every link feels the strain. And if it does break at any point it is only because of some feeble link whose power of resistance is weak. The power that binds depends for its strength upon each individual member.

Bound to each other as the links of a chain we are dependent on each other for counsel and support. Members of one family, the obligations of brotherly love rest on us all. No matter from whence a brother hails—no matter what his nation or creed—he justly claims from us all the assistance we can give, or his wants may demand. Each one is called to put his shoulder under his brother's burden—to reach him the helping hand—to give him the word of counsel or of sympathy. No duty is more imperative; for on the foundation-stone of Fraternity does the whole superstructure of Odd-Fellowship stand.

And from this emblem there comes also to each one a word of personal exhortation. As the strength of the chain depends on the strength of the individual links, so the power and influence of Odd-Fellowship must depend upon the faithfulness of its individual members. None of us can say, it is nobody's business what I do or how I live. We hold the reputation of the Order in our hands; we can make it a power for good—respected and honored by all; or we can make it a rope of sand—with the outward appearance of strength, but without the reality.

THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES.

How strikingly does this emblem remind us of the perishable nature of the things of time! To every one on earth death cometh soon or late. Wealth cannot keep him away; rank and power are no protection. No strength of mortal arm can bar his onward march; no entreaty can turn aside his stroke. He is no respecter of person. The ruddiest cheek turns pale at the touch of his breath; the brightest eye grows dim and closes for ever before his glance; the stoutest heart ceases to beat when he lays his hand upon it; the strongest frame totters and falls before him. As he moves swiftly but silently along he

lays on one and another his chilling touch, and they fall on either hand lifeless and cold. Friends and loved ones mourn for a brief space; but the busy whirl of society moves on heedless of the fallen; the tears of the mourners soon dry; and then nothing is left but the bony casket that once held a soul. That, too, soon crumbles into dust and vanishes, and only the good or evil of the dead man's former life remains behind.

If life is short and death so certain, how can we be heedless of the life we live, or careless of the death we die? Life is the time to labor; the night of death comes all too soon, and then labor must cease. Waste not the hours—so precious and so fleeting. Is there any good to be done? Do it now: to-morrow may be too late. Our Order is not a refuge for drones; it is a place for work. Every man who joins our ranks agrees to bear his part in relieving distress, and warring against vice in all its forms. He comes to us to work; or he should not come at all. And to every

worker the solemn emblems of mortality declare with emphatic voice: Work now!

Have you a dispute with your brother? Hasten to be reconciled while life gives you opportunity. Have you done evil to any one? Hasten to repair the wrong while you have time. Have you any good and worthy object in view? Strive to attain it while the day for labor remains. Have you griefs and sorrows to bear? Bear them cheerfully, for life is too short for sighing.

“Up then! to work again;
God's word is given
That none shall sow in vain,
But find his ripened grain
Garnered in heaven.

“Longer the shadows fall—
Night cometh on;
Low voices softly call:
‘Come! here is rest for all—
Labor is done!’”

SIRACH.

THE ORDER IN WISCONSIN.

THE Grand Lodge of Wisconsin was organized in the then village of Milwaukee—now the city of over 100,000 souls—on the 14th day of June 1847; and its 28th annual session has just been held, Dec. 1st, at the city of Oshkosh—a place of 17,000 inhabitants, and ranking in population the second city of the state. When the Grand Body was organized it was a small hamlet of only a few log and frame houses—and the northern half of the state little better than a “howling wildernes”—there being only here and there on the southern border of it a settler's shanty and a wagon road—so that Odd-Fellowship, therefore, especially in the western part, is contemporary with the settlement and civilization thereof. A hand-maid of no mean ability and power has she proved herself to be in the march of progress—civil, social and moral—which has characterized this young and vigorous commonwealth.

The session was a grand one in many respects. It was the first ever held north of Milwaukee and Madison, and in this regard was deemed an experiment. It was on new territory. It was a concession to the earnest and large hearted members of that portion of the state. It gathered fresh interest from its novelty and felt necessity. It inspired men and awoke new energies. Summoning to its side the memories of hardship and toil of early days on the border.

The Grand Lodge opened with one hundred and thirty-three big-hearted Brothers at the door, asking for the Grand Lodge Degree. Their request was granted and forty-nine more presented themselves for similar honors the following day—making 182 altogether—being the largest number ever received at a single session.

About 400 Representatives and Past Grands were in attendance during the sittings.

The reports of the Grand Officers showed a considerable degree of progress and a healthy condition of the Finances.

Among other things done, I recall the

fact—that one lodge was tried and expelled, a proceeding as unusual as it is severe, yet in this case it seemed absolutely necessary in order that the lodge might be purged of corruption.

Past Grand Seley's General Insurance scheme was quietly tabled—the brothers fearing that its establishment might injure our present excellent system.

A Grand Lecturer was provided for—whose duty it shall be to visit and instruct the Lodges and Encampments and generally to harmonize the work and disseminate our principles throughout the Grand Jurisdiction. This officer is to take the place of Grand Master and Grand Patriarch in this department of the work—thereby relieving them of most of the outside—but highly important labor.

The law imposing a tax of ten cents for Educational and Orphan Asylum purposes—which fund now amounts to over \$10,000—was repealed—unwisely perhaps—yet legally—in view of the adverse decision of the G.L.U.S. in the case of our sister jurisdiction—Michigan—on the same subject.

An enjoyable episode during the Session, was a public reception given by the brotherhood of Oshkosh to the Grand Body. Speeches and music were handsomely sandwiched, with dancing, sup-

per, and a general commingling of people and fraternity to close with.

The following Grand Officers were elected and installed: Jas. V. Jones, G.M., Oshkosh; J. W. Oshander, D.G.M., Jefferson; John Clark, G.W., Lancaster; L. B. Hills, G. S., Madison; David Odler, G.T., Milwaukee; Theo. Rodalf, G. R., La Crosse. Harmony and a hearty good will characterized the deliberations throughout.

The Grand Encampment met at the same place just previous to the sitting of the G.L. About 150 Patriarchs attended. It is a much pleasanter body because not so large and unwieldy. The reports showed quite satisfactory work and progress, although there seemed more necessity for the stirring services of a Grand Lecturer than in the other branch, and accordingly such office was heartily created in connection therewith.

Hon. R. P. Hotchkiss was unanimously elected Grand Patriarch. A gentleman of high standing in the state and a brother of great industry and worth in the Order. Dr. J. H. Vivian, P.G.P. of Mineral Point was elected Grand Representative to G. L. of U. S.

Fraternally,

M. P. LINDSLEY.

Green Bay, Wis., Dec. 8th, 1875.

AMONG THE LODGES.

NEW HAMBURG.

ON THE 25th of November, I visited Nith Lodge, No. 96, in New Hamburg. There was a good attendance. Here I found a very neatly furnished room, and everything in good working trim. One of the brethren informed me that they had about \$500 in their treasury, and a membership of near 50. This is not a very large lodge; but it is situated in a small place; and considering the extent of the field from which they drew their membership, it has done well, and is in a healthy state.

Here I learned that in Plattsville, a small village in the vicinity, there are a number of Odd-Fellows, who are going to organize a lodge as soon as they can find a hall suitable.

BERLIN.

The next evening saw me in Berlin among the brethren of Grand Union, No. 97. It was their meeting night; but it was also the night of their annual ball; and, of course, the latter had the preference. Very little business was done; the lodge closed early; and all the brethren, myself included, took up the line of march for the ball room. I must say that a more enjoyable evening I never spent. The affair was a great success in every respect. There were upwards of eighty couple present—the members of the Order all appearing in regalia. The Grand Master had kindly given us permission to wear our "good clothes" on this occasion—provided the regalia was not worn outside of the room, and the restriction was obeyed to the letter. Several visiting brethren were present from Guelph, Ham-

burg, Brampton and Ayr; and it was also patronized by the Mayor and leading citizens of the town. The lodge here is in a very flourishing condition; and has a large German membership—this being quite a German neighborhood. There are very few English in this lodge; but among them is Bro. Wm. Jaffray, the D.D.G.M., of District No. 25—one of the most enthusiastic Odd-Fellows in the jurisdiction.

GUELPH.

Though it is not four years since the Order was introduced into Guelph, there are already two lodges here, both doing well. And they are preparing to advance further and institute an encampment in a short time. Several of the brethren are joining Brant Encampment; and it will not be long before they pitch a tent of their own. On the 29th, I visited Reliance Lodge, No. 89. There was a large attendance—between 70 and 80 being present. I saw one initiated. I could not make it convenient to visit Progress Lodge; but I learned that it was true to its name, and was progressing. Their membership in Progress is about fifty—one of the number being the D.D.G.M. for District No. 14—Bro. G. W. Jessup.

BRANTFORD.

I only made a flying visit to Brantford. On the 30th, I met with Harmony, No. 115. On account of a number of entertainments in town, the attendance was slim. Gore Lodge, the home of P. G. M. Woodyatt, Grand Sec. King, and many other well-known brothers, I did not

have an opportunity of visiting. But, of course, Odd-Fellowship will be found all alive where such brethren live.

AYR.

The 1st of December saw me in Ayr, where I met with Dolman Lodge, No. 174. This is an off-shoot of the lodge in Paris, and has just been organized. There was a full attendance of officers and members. I assisted in initiating a candidate, one of the clergymen of the place. This is an energetic lodge, bound to go a head. The leading men of Ayr take quite an interest in the lodge; and they have worked their membership up to about 30—not bad for the few weeks they have been in existence.

PARIS.

After enjoying myself with the child I had to visit the mother; so the next day I called on Grand River Lodge, No. 91. I found a large attendance; but they told me it was nothing unusual there, as the members all attend well. One candidate was initiated, and considerable business transacted. The lodge appears very prosperous—for which it is no doubt greatly indebted to the earnest labors of the late Dr. Lawrence, who was their first N. G., and at the time of his death last May. D.D.G.M., of the district. As he was one of the leading citizens of Paris—he was elected Mayor last January—his influence was of great assistance to the Order in this place.

Fraternally,

C. T. MARSHALL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T.—Is it proper to give the Grand Honors at a public entertainment such as a ball, or concert?

ANS.—The Grand Honors are to be given only to Grand Officers when visiting a lodge or encampment. It is difficult to understand for what purpose they could be given at a public entertainment.

X. L. C. R.—If a Brother charged with an offence pleads guilty, is it necessary to proceed with trial and take evidence.

ANS.—It is not absolutely necessary; but in many cases it would be highly advisable to do so, in order that the lodge might be in a fit position to judge of the full extent of the offense, and thus decide on an appropriate penalty.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

ONTARIO.

MITCHELL.

On Monday last, 29th, the new Odd-Fellows' Hall in this town was publicly opened. The day was very stormy and cold, and many distinguished brethren from a distance, including the Grand Master, were, in consequence, prevented from being present. Still, Bro. Perry, P. G.P., from Whitby; Bro. Jaffray, D.D. G.M., from Berlin; Bro. John Gibson, P.G.M., from Stratford, and a number of brethren from neighboring lodges put in an appearance. At about half-past two a procession of Odd-Fellows in full regalia, headed by the town band, left the town hall, passed up on the south side of Main street, and down on the other side of the new lodge building, when the dedication ceremony immediately commenced, Bro. Jaffray acting as Grand Master, Bro. Perry, as Grand Chaplain, and Bro. Langlais, as Grand Marshall. The opening ode was then sung. Bro. J. Boyd, President of the Hall Committee, addressing himself to the Grand Master, said: that the work in which they had been engaged was finished, and requested that the hall be set apart for the business and work of Odd-Fellowship. In the name and behalf of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the Province of Ontario, the Grand Master then dedicated the temple for the use for which it was intended, praying that beneath its roof benevolence and charity would be encouraged, and the good work of Friendship, Love and Truth forever presented as the only acceptable sacrifices. Bro. J. Cline, Dr. Dunsmore, J. Brimmer, and W. R. Davis acted as Grand Heralds on the occasion. The ceremony was a most imposing one, and as the dedication was public a large number of both ladies and gentlemen, not connected with the Order, graced the opening with their presence, and were much pleased as well as edified with the services. At the close of the ceremony Bros. Jaffray, Perry and Gibson delivered orations. While all the addresses were good, that of Bro. Perry was perhaps one of the best ever delivered on any subject in Mitchell. He spoke for nearly an hour dealing with the general principles of

Odd-Fellowship, and giving a vast amount of information before unknown to even the members of Bissell Lodge, who are generally considered well posted in the matters appertaining to their society. He was repeatedly greeted with rounds of applause, and on taking his seat received a perfect ovation. The affair was a great success, and reflected the highest credit on the managing committee.

In the evening the occasion was celebrated by a concert in the town hall, which was so numerously attended that many were scarcely able to find standing room. The chair was occupied by Bro. W. R. Davis, P.G., who, in his opening address, pointed out the merits of the institution, traced its progress during the past seven years, and showed that although yet in its infancy in Ontario, it had done much for suffering humanity, and is destined to do still a great deal more.

* * * *

After the concert a public dinner was given in the Hicks House. The large dining-room was crowded; every seat at the tables being occupied. W. R. Davis occupied the chair, supported on his right by Bro. Gibson, P.G.M., and on his left by Bro. Jaffray, D.D.G.M. The honors of the vice chair were in the hands of Mr. Hord. Song and sentiment followed, and a few very pleasant hours were spent, all "Happy to meet, sorry to part, but happy to meet again."—*Mitchell Advocate*.

KINCARDINE.

The members of Penetangore Lodge, having completed and furnished their new hall, it was formally dedicated on Tuesday evening, 7th December, by the Deputy Grand Master of Ontario, assisted by several of the grand officers. At the conclusion of the ceremony and lodge meeting which followed, a number of ladies (wives of the members) entered the hall, and presented the Lodge, through its chief officer, Bro. J. R. Peckham, with an address and magnificent Bible. After the delivery of a suitable reply by the chairman, and the serving of refreshments, a programme consisting of songs and readings were indulged in up to a late hour of the night.

THOROLD.

G. Patriarch Harper Wilson instituted a new encampment at Thorold, on the 1st December, which starts out on its course with excellent prospects.

ARKONA.

The members of Sycamore Lodge celebrated the anniversary of their organization on the 24th of November, by an entertainment in Jackson's hall. The programme consisted of an address by Bro. Cl. T. Campbell, of Stratford; recitations by Messrs. Kay, of Watford, and Wilkins, of London; songs by Misses Brett and Finlayson, of Watford, Misses Harvey and Frazer, of Strathroy, Miss Hawkshaw, Mr. Ward and Dr. Brett, of Arkona. The Rev. H. Richmond occupied the chair. The attendance was large and the entertainment highly successful. The lodge in this town has had a very prosperous career. Though only a year old it has a large and energetic membership; possesses real estate from which it derives a small income; is free of debt; works harmoniously; and has excellent prospects for the future.

GRANTON.

The first anniversary of Wildey Lodge, No. 153, I.O.O.F., was held in the Temperance hall, on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 25th. The programme consisted of appropriate addresses by the chairman, C. S. Jones, Esq., of St. Marys, and Dr. Cl. T. Campbell, Stratford, interspersed with music from both Lucan and St. Mary's brass bands, readings and songs by Messrs. Ingraham, Robson, Potter and Prof. Robinson, the blind musician, whose accompaniments on the piano were most universally admired. The hall was comfortably filled on the occasion, and the audience behaved in the creditable manner for which all Granton audiences are proverbial. After the close of the literary entertainment the greater part of those present repaired to the new hall in connection with the Ontario House where a bounteous repast, oysters, fowl, &c., had been prepared by the members of Wildey Lodge and their lady friends, which having received ample justice, the visitors from St. Marys and Lucan repaired to the station to await the various trains, the bands meanwhile playing, and each individual apparently doing all in his power to make successful the first anniversary of Odd-Fellowship in Granton. *London Advertiser.*

ST. THOMAS.

The Odd-Fellows of St. Thomas held a very successful concert on the evening of the 20th November—the proceeds being devoted to charitable uses.

WELLINGTON SQUARE.

On Monday evening, Dec. 6th, Bro. Gillett, D. D. G. M., assisted by Bros. R. Evans, W. J. Hodgson, W. F. Collier, Jas. McMahon and others, instituted a Lodge at Wellington Square, and installed the following officers: W. S. Bastedo, N. G.; W. J. Douglass, V. G.; C. V. Emory, R.S.; R. B. Adams, P. S.; D. McKenzie, Treas.; R. B. Smith, W.; V. T. Atkinson, Con.; S. M. Durkee, R. S. N. G.; James Allen, L. S. N. G.; W. Kearns, R. S. V. G.; H. Peart, L. S. V. G.; G. M. Peer, R. S. S.; William Stuart, L. S. S.; John Harradence, I. G.; John Lang, O. G.; S. Douglass, Chaplain. After which the brethren adjourned to Mr. Evans' hotel, where a splendid supper was provided, and to which full justice was done.—*Hamilton Times.*

LOWER PROVINCES.

Crystal Wave Lodge, No. 25, was instituted at Pugwash, on the evening of Nov. 12th, by M. W. Grand Master Hockin, of Pictou. The following officers were elected and installed: E. A. Bent, N. G.; E. A. Elliott, V. G.; S. O. Huestis, S.; Joseph Hume, T.; A. Chisholm, W.; D. Kennedy, I. G. The new Lodge has been materially assisted by Eureka Lodge, of Spring Hill, and Eastern Star Lodge, of Pictou.—*New Glasgow Chronicle.*

RHODE ISLAND.

"Little Rhody," as she is called, still claims to be the Banner State for Odd-Fellowship, considering her population and territorial acres. There are about a dozen Subordinate Lodges in Providence, besides several Encampments and Rebekah Degree Lodges. There is hardly a town in the State of any population, but what has an Odd-Fellows' Lodge. The home of Roger Williams is proverbially hospitable, the inhabitants are fraternal and kind. Hence, the growth of our Order there. Notwithstanding the business depression in Providence, the Order has taken no backward step, but has gone steadily forward during the year.

ENGLAND.

We are informed that Bro. R. H. Morrison, P. G. R., and Grand Treasurer of Grand Lodge, Michigan, and special delegate to England for the purpose of establishing American Odd-Fellowship in that country, has returned from his transatlantic trip, and reports he has been successful in instituting Thomas Wildey Lodge, No. 1, in the city of London, with a membership of twenty-five, and flattering prospects. The N. G. of No. 1, is said to be one of Her Majesty's Privy Council. The Lodge has already leased a block of buildings, and commenced the work of fitting up their room. They start with \$1,200 in the treasury. An encampment was also instituted. They will each receive their charters from the G. L. U. S., under whose guidance they will work.

WISCONSIN.

The Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows of Wisconsin met at Oshkosh commencing on Tuesday evening, November 30th, with a large attendance. The following are some statistics of the Encampment, presented at the meeting on the 30th, at which M. W. Grand Patriarch, John H. Vivian, of Mineral Point, presided :

Three new encampments have been instituted the present year and two revived. The receipts for the year were \$1,769, of which \$1,731 were used. The gain in this branch of Odd-Fellowship, during the year, has been 176 members. The report of the Grand Scribe was then read, from which it appeared that the total number of Patriarchs in good standing in this State is 2,126 of whom 621 are members of the Grand Encampment. Twenty widowed families have been relieved during the past year, with other individual relief to members of this branch of the Order.

On Tuesday evening the election of Encampment officers resulted as follows : G. P., R. H. Hotchkiss, Sheboygan ; G. H. P., T. B. Elliott, Milwaukee ; G. S. W., G. E. Weatherby, La Crosse ; G. J. W., T. W. Haight, Waukesha ; G. S., L. B. Hills, Madison ; G. T., David Adler, Milwaukee ; G. Rep., J. H. Vivian, Mineral Point.

Wednesday was devoted to various business for the good of the Order. A proposition to change the time of meeting to June was laid over under the rules. A resolution was adopted accepting the invitation of the Grand Lodge of the United States to send a delegation to the Centennial meeting at Philadelphia, and the Grand Patriarch was instructed to appoint ten members of said delegation.

Wednesday evening the Grand Lodge convened at Oshkosh, Grand Master Rodolf, of La Crosse, in the chair. After conferring the Grand Lodge degree on about 150 Past Grands, the Grand Master and Grand Secretary presented their annual reports, which showed the Order in their jurisdiction to be in a flourishing condition. The total membership in the State was put at 12,588, with 220 working Lodges,—a gain of eight Lodges and 956 members during the year. The number in the Rebekah Lodges was stated at 1,318.

The reception Thursday evening was a finely arranged affair. An address was expected from the Rev. Dr. Fallows, of Chicago, but he failed to appear, and the time was taken up with short speeches.

A committee was appointed to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a building as headquarters of the Order for the jurisdiction. It will report at the next session.

NEW JERSEY.

The Grand Encampment met at Washington Hall, Trenton, Tuesday, Nov. 16, Gr. Patriarch Mull presiding, and a full attendance of officers and patriarchs.

The Grand Patriarch gave an interesting report, announcing that the word was still "go on," and closing with some good advice, of which the following is a specimen :—

Patriarchs, we find by the able reports of our D. D. G. P's that cheering news come to us along the whole line. That there has been an awakening interest manifested, and while no decided advance has been made, the whole army is in motion for the forward march, and I think every lawful means should be used to carry on our great purpose. Therefore, I cannot help but call the attention of the Order to one of the means which I fear is too much neglected. I allude to the pub-

lications of our Order, which are not supported as they should be. If the members of the Order would only patronize the publications they would soon find that they would become interested in them, and also, they would find themselves more interested in the Order, better posted in the work, and acquainted with the work of the whole jurisdiction, besides which they would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were helping to make the press a mighty lever in the cause of Odd-Fellowship. We have several good publications which should be sustained.

The Grand Scribe, Lewis Parker, jr., reports forty-five Encampments in good working condition.

The following statement will show the condition on the 31st day of December last, as compiled from the reports received from the Subordinate Encampments :

Number of members per last report.....	2,618
Initiated.....	203
Admitted by card.....	11
Reinstated.....	15
Total.....	2,847
Withdrawn by card.....	17
Suspended or dropped.....	212
Expelled.....	1
Deceased.....	17
	— 247
Net membership, Jan. 1, 1875.....	2,600
Number of Patriarchs relieved.....	253
Amount paid for relief of Patriarchs.....	\$4,303 71
Amount paid for burial of the dead.....	665 00
Total.....	\$4,968 71
Amount of annual receipts.....	\$11,816 59

The officers were installed by P. G. Sire Stuart ; Geo. N. Nutt, G. P.; Charles Carpenter, G. H. P.; Thos. R. Blackwood, G. S. W.; E. G. Ford, G. J. W.; J. C. Stephens, G. Scribe ; Oliver Pierce, G. Treas.; A. B. Crane, Rep. to G. L. of U. S.

The Grand Lodge convened at 11 a.m., Nov. 17, at Trenton, C. Miller, G. M., presiding, all the officers and a very large number of representatives present.

One hundred and seventy-one new members were admitted.

From Grand Secretary Parker's report we extract :—

Eight new Lodges have been added to our number during the past year.

We have now 165 Lodges in good working condition.

The following statement will show the condition of the Order throughout our jurisdiction, as compiled from the reports received up to the 31st December last :

Number of brothers per last report.....	15,251
Initiated.....	1,512
Admitted by card.....	155
Reinstated.....	116
Total.....	17,034
Withdrawn by card.....	193
Suspended or dropped.....	1,286
Expelled.....	14
Deceased.....	114
	— 1,607
Number of members, Jan. 1, 1875.....	15,427
Net increase.....	176
Number of brothers relieved.....	1,489
Number of widowed families relieved....	131
Number of weeks' benefits paid.....	9,665
Paid for relief of brothers.....	\$47,694 86
“ to widowed families.....	3,897 45
“ for educating orphans.....	950 66
“ for burying the dead.....	10,036 08
Total.....	\$62,579 05
Amount of annual receipts.....	\$155,531 11

The officers were installed by P. G. Sire Stuart : Wm. H. Iszard, Elmer, G. M.; M. B. Murphy, Paterson, D. G. M.; James S. Kiger, Trenton, G. W.; Lewis Parker, jr., Trenton, G. Sec.; James B. Cleaver, Newark, Rep. to G. L. of U. S.

FLORIDA.

Florida Lodge, No. 1, of Jacksonville, has issued a circular asking assistance to build an Odd-Fellows' Asylum, or Home, on the same lot on which their Lodge building is situated, there being ample room for the said Home. As set forth in their circular, this is for the benefit of sick Odd-Fellows, who are driven there for relief from lung trouble, and other diseases, from the cold North, and, not having means enough to pay board and medical attendance, languish and die from want and proper attention. Florida Lodge is composed of live, hard-working men, and they cheerfully do all they can to relieve the sufferings of those who go there. But this is a great task, and they are anxious to have the help of the fraternity in providing the required relief in a way which will be better for the visiting brothers, as well as easing the burdens of those resident in the place. It is their desire to have the Home in operation this winter.

INDIANA.

The Grand Encampment of Indiana met at Indianapolis, on Tuesday, November 16th. Reuben Robertson, M. W. Grand Patriarch, presided, and submitted his annual report, announcing the institution of encampments during the preceding six months at Camden, Carpentersville, Oxford and Decatur.

B. F. Foster, Grand Scribe, reported the work of the subordinate encampments for the term ended June 30, as follows: The net increase over all losses by withdrawals, suspensions, expulsions and deaths is 225. Three hundred and sixty-five patriarchs and nine widowed families have been relieved, at an outlay of \$5,065.24, not including \$923 for burying the dead, and \$115.42 for other charitable purposes. The present number of encampments is 134, and membership 5,606. The total expenses, including the relief fund, have been \$12,918.65, and the amount of receipts by the Grand Encampment from various sources are \$1,520.68. The balance in the treasury is \$1,170.32.

The election of grand officers for the next term resulted as follows: G. P., J. W. Smith, Gosport; G. H. P., John Morgan, Madison; G. S. W., G. A. Milne, Fremont; G. J. W., George L. Curtiss, Indianapolis; G. Scribe, B. F. Foster, Indianapolis; G. Treas., T. P. Haughey, Indianapolis; G. Rep., Reuben Robertson, New Albany.

The Grand Lodge met on the Wednesday following. The report of the Grand Master, D. B. Shideler, showed an encouraging degree of prosperity and increase during the year. Twenty new lodges were reported instituted, with petitions for three more.

B. F. Foster, Grand Secretary, reported that during the term 1,621 brothers had been relieved, and 167 widowed families. The total amount of relief was \$41,674.06, an increase of \$8,243.74 over the preceding term, as follows: For relief of brothers, \$25,515.88; widowed families, \$3,782.43; educating orphans, \$453.32; burying the dead, \$7,647.66; other charitable purposes, \$4,274.77. The net gain in membership over withdrawals, suspensions, deaths, etc., was 1,232, making the total membership at close of term, 25,962, and a present membership but little short of 27,000. The Grand Lodge receipts show up to the 1st Nov., a total from charters,

books, etc., of \$11,444.78, and the treasury a present balance of \$9,719.67, \$10,644.59 having been expended for mileage and per diem, and other expenses.

The election of grand officers for the ensuing term resulted as follows: G. M., J. B. Kimball, of Kendallville; D. G. M., Leonidas Sexton, of Rushville; G. W., W. B. Myers, of Anderson; G. S., B. F. Foster, of Indianapolis; G. Treas., T. P. Haughey, Indianapolis; G. Rep., D. B. Shideler, Indianapolis.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania held its semi-annual session on Monday afternoon, November 15, at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, corner of Sixth and Cresson streets, Philadelphia. Sullivan S. Child, Grand Patriarch, presided. The Grand Encampment Degree was conferred upon sixteen P. C. Patriarchs.

The following resolutions were adopted, bearing on the Centennial meeting next year: "That the Grand Encampment cordially unite with the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and the Grand Lodge of the United States, in making such arrangements for a public procession of the Order or other demonstration necessary to manifest the high appreciation of this branch of Odd-Fellowship in the glorious event which the Nation unites in celebrating.

"That as the Patriarchal Order enjoys the exclusive privilege of appearing in public in distinctive equipment, and as numerous bodies are already organized, and others organizing in our own and other jurisdictions, and equipping as the law of the Grand Lodge of the United States has prescribed, for the purpose of participating in the general display, it behooves the Patriarchs in this Jurisdiction, and especially in Philadelphia, to prepare to bid them welcome—organized and equipped in the same manner as the visitors expect to be received. It would be a stain on the reputation of the members of the thirty-three Encampments of Philadelphia if no sacrifice is made by them to appear in style and numbers, in proportion to our means, to welcome brethren from a distance, who are making much larger sacrifices of time and money, to do honor to the great occasion; therefore, every Patriarch is earnestly invited to unite with

some equipped organization, whether of his own Encampment or that of others; and every Encampment is recommended to urge on its members, especially those within the city of Philadelphia, the necessity of a general and hearty co-operation in maintaining the reputation the Patriarchal Order has acquired in this Jurisdiction.

"That the Patriarchal Order of Odd-Fellows are strongly impressed with the remarkable blessings which have accompanied this people during the century nearly ended; this Grand Encampment, therefore, earnestly invites all under its jurisdiction to manifest their appreciation by participating in the grand display contemplated, and recommends the appointment of a delegate from each Encampment intending to take part therein, to form a general Joint Committee of Arrangements, in conjunction with committees from the Grand Lodge of the United States, and the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

"That the foregoing be issued in circular form, and a copy sent to each Encampment in the Jurisdiction, and that each Encampment is respectfully requested to send the name and address of the delegate selected, to the Grand Scribe as early as possible."

The Grand Lodge met at 9 o'clock a.m., on Monday, November 15, and adjourned on Tuesday, at 4 o'clock p.m. The Grand Lodge directed that charters should be issued to fourteen new lodges, numbering from 908 to 921. Similar resolutions to those passed by the Grand Encampment, in relation to the Centennial, were adopted. Each lodge in the State, intending to participate in the celebration, is requested to select and send a delegate to represent the lodge in the General Joint Committee of Arrangements. Lodges are requested to send the name of their delegate to the Grand Secretary, at an early day.

TENNESSEE.

The Grand Encampment of Tennessee convened in annual session, in Nashville, on Monday, October 18, all the Grand Officers being present, and a full delegation from Subordinate Encampments. The usual routine of business—reports of officers and committees—was acted on;

charters were granted to two Encampments instituted during the fiscal year; the Constitution of the Grand Encampment, amended and reported by a special committee, was adopted; the Constitution for the government of Subordinate Encampments was received and adopted. The returns from Subordinate Encampments show little change in membership—perhaps a slight decrease from last year.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—T. S. Bingham, Memphis, G.P.; W. A. Smith, Columbia, G.H. P.; John Young, Clarksville, G. W.; J. R. Harwell, Nashville, G.S.; Robt. Thomson, Nashville. G.T.; John T. Stark, Jackson, G. J. W.

The Grand Lodge of Tennessee convened in Nashville, on Wednesday, October 20, all of the Grand Officers being present, and a full delegation of Representatives. The report of the Grand Secretary gave an interesting resume of the Order during the past year, showing that, notwithstanding the great depression in business and failure of crops, almost disheartening our people, Odd-Fellowship had not only held its own, but had made fair progress, and in no instance had he heard of a Lodge failing to comply with its best and highest mission—charity. Five new lodges were instituted during the past year, and an increase made in the total membership.

The following officers were elected:—Geo. B. Boyles, G. M.; S. D. J. Lewis, D. G. M.; Geo. C. Taylor, G. W.; J. R. Harwell, G. S.; Robt. Thomson, G.T.

OHIO.

The lodges in Cincinnati, with a view to getting up a "revival" in that city, have appointed a general committee to devise ways and means. The following are some of the suggestions of the committee:

That each individual member enter upon the work and strive to make his Lodge room a place attractive alike to young and old. The cause of Odd-Fellowship is worthy of our noblest efforts, and to rally our members around its standard is a work that should claim our time and attention.

That this General Committee pay one visit each week to some lodge in the city.

That the various Lodges in the city be recommended to hold frequent literary and other social entertainments, in which

their own members can take a prominent part.

In view of the fact that we are all striving for one purpose, viz.: the fraternity of the human race, that we do earnestly recommended that the German and English working Lodges visit each other, and endeavor to cultivate such a spirit of Brotherly love as should exist among those who are bound together by the ties of Friendship, Love and Truth.

To the end that a spirit of just emulation may be fostered among the Lodges of Cincinnati, we suggest the following: That beginning with the first meeting night in December that all Recording Secretaries

be requested to note on their minutes the greatest number of members of that Lodge present at any one time during the evening. That on the last meeting night in December he certify the result to this Committee under seal of his Lodge. That this General Committee then by comparison ascertain which lodge has had the largest average attendance for the month, in proportion to the number of contributing members, and then award to said lodge some suitable article which shall be emblematical of championship, until the next return shall be made, when the article shall again be transferred to the Lodge having the largest average attendance.

RECESS.

The cheapest way to live is to breathe.

A clear case—An empty dry goods box.

Good place for spirit-rappers—Knoxville.

Criminals should come to a halt or halter.

Drains on the public purse need re-trenching.

There is nothing more depressing to a thermometer than cold weather.

Many opinions go for nothing—it costs nothing to “ex-press them.”

Young men never say die when there’s a pair-o-dice within your reach.

The New York *World* wants to know if a man with a cough is not a hackman?

A realistic poet with a bad cold seizes his lyre and sings:

He pressed his face against the pane;
(It was the Christmas Eve)

A moisture gathered in his nose—

He wiped it with his sleeve.

Living on excitement is very expensive living.

The stamp of civilization—The postage stamp.

I should call a landlord’s poor relations his *ten-aunts*.

There seems to be a tidal wave of chicken stealing just now.

A Paris paper says, “Violence is better than chloroform.”

It is enough for one thing at a time to happen, especially twins.

The jewellery for the sea shore is undoubtedly salt-air diamonds.

The obituary notice of a much respected lady concludes with—“in her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends.”

Why are sheep the least moral of animals? Because they gambol in their youth, spend much of their time on the turf, many of them are blacklegs, and they all get fleeced at last.

LODGE CARDS.

We will insert Lodge cards in the following manner, for one year, for \$3.00, and send a copy of the JOURNAL to the Lodge.

ONTARIO.

DOMINION LODGE, No. 48, LONDON, meets every Wednesday evening. J. K. Master, N. G.; Geo. Wrigley, R. S.

GRAND RIVER LODGE, No. 91, PARIS, meets every Thursday evening. Alexander Gill, N. G.; T. Armsirong, R. S.

NITH LODGE, No. 96, NEW HAMBURG, meets every Thursday evening. Jacob Ritz, N. G.; F. H. McCallum, R. S.

HARMONY LODGE, No. 115, BRANTFORD, meets every Tuesday evening. J. J. Dickson, N. G.; F. J. Grening, R. S.

DOLMAN LODGE, No. 174, AYR, meets every Wednesday evening. Jacob Shoemaker, N. G.; T. M. Anderson, R. S.

QUEBEC.

MOUNT ROYAL LODGE, No. 1, MONTREAL, meets every Monday evening, at 8 o’clock, in the Odd-Fellows’ Hall, 295 Notre Dame street, near the French Cathedral. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.

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A Magazine for the Fraternity, published Monthly by the Association.

It contains family reading, articles on the principles and practices of the Order,
and a record of the progress of Odd-Fellowship in all parts of the world. While
suitable for Odd-Fellows and their families everywhere, it will pay particular
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the following periodicals:

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The JOURNAL and the N. Y. ILLUSTRATED, \$3.75 in advance.

The JOURNAL and LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, \$8.50 in advance.

Agents wanted in every Lodge, to whom Liberal Terms will be given.

In addition to the above low charges, we offer liberal inducements in the way
of premiums, to those who will interest themselves in securing subscribers.

LOOK AT OUR PREMIUM LIST.

Sending us four subscribers will secure a copy of the Ontario Digest.

Five subscribers, an extra copy of the JOURNAL, or a copy of Nowell's 'Gems
of Odd-Fellowship.'

Six subscribers, a copy of Grosh's Manual.

Twelve subscribers, the *Canadian Illustrated News* for one year, a P. G.'s Jewel,
or a copy of Digest G. L. U. S.

Fifteen subscribers, a P. C. P.'s Jewel.

Eighteen subscribers, a Combination Collar, (P. G. & P. C. P.)

Twenty-five subscribers, a P. G.'s Collar.

Forty-four subscribers a Combination Collar, extra quality.

Sixty subscribers, a P. G.'s Collar, extra quality, or a set of Lodge Jewels.

Sixty-five subscribers, a set of Encampment Jewels

Eighty-five subscribers, set of Encampment Regalia, 7 pieces.

One hundred subscribers, set of Lodge Jewels, sterling silver.

One hundred and twenty, set of Lodge Regalia—elective officers.

Two hundred and ten, complete set of Lodge Regalia.

Two hundred and fifty, complete Encampment Outfit—except tent.

For the larger premiums we will take a less number of subscribers, and the pro-
portionate balance in cash.

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CHAS. PAECKERT, P. G., P. C. P., Vice-President.

CL. T. CAMPBELL, P. G., P. C. P., Secretary.