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No. 1.

HOW AND WHERE I SPENT THE DAY BEFORE MY WEDDING.

It was in the autumn, when grouse shooting was in full swing, and partridge shooting had already begun more than three weeks, that my wife and I went to stay with my old chum, Walter Dyas; I for sport, and she for variety and change of air.

One day, in the shade of the orchard, where Dyas and I were sitting after dinner, banished from the ladies' company, on account of the obnoxious odor of our cigars, he suddenly clapped me on the shoulder, saying, “Why, Cliffe, isn't to-morrow Michaelmas Day, the first anniversary of your wedding? We must have some jollification then, think, what would you, or rather your wife, like us to do?”

“So it is,” I replied, unheeding the latter part of his statement; “and that reminds me of what happened this day a year ago, and how nearly I was never married.”

“I remember there was something queer about your wedding,” said Dyas. “But I was away from England, as you know, and never heard the cause. Tell me what was it?”

“You never heard of what, at the time it occurred, was a nine days' wonder among all my friends?” I cried, in astonishment.

“No, indeed not,” he replied.

“Then I must tell you,” I said, “for it is too good a joke—now it is passed, of course, I mean—for I need hardly inform you I by no means held it so then.”

“I suppose not,” he said. “I have been often curious on the subject, but diffident of inquiring, not knowing in the least what the matter was.”

I drew a long puff at my cigar, watched the thin blue smoke wreath away in the hot autumn air, flung away the stump, and began to relate my story.

“My wife is, as you perhaps know, a native of the manufacturing town of Steepleton. A week before my wedding I came down to stay there till I should leave it a married man; and the last few days before the ceremony, finding that I could enjoy little of Emma's society, as she was so taken up either with milliners, dressmakers, and similar feminine nuisances, or else by her relations, who claimed her for these last few hours, at which I could not reasonably demur, I

began to wile away my time by poking about the town, visiting its few sights and antiquities, and finally determined to inspect some of its famous manufactories.

"Our wedding was fixed for Michaelmas Day, it being a whim of Emma's to be married at the same date as her parents had been; and though this fell on Monday, to my mind the most uncomfortable day for any festivity, she would not relinquish the idea, and I had of course to concede, it being, after all, a whim on both sides—hers to be married on the same day as her parents had been, mine to dislike Monday.

"On the Saturday before our marriage I went to the largest manufacturer in Steepleton, Mr. Furton by name, and requested him to allow me to inspect his mill

"'With the greatest pleasure in the world, Mr. Cliffe,' he said, 'but you have chosen a bad day for the purpose. My workmen leave early on Saturday. However, as it is too late now for you to take another chance, you are welcome to see what you can of the place.'

"Therewith he proceeded to show me all over the spacious building, with its piles and bales of goods ready packed to be sent away to different parts of the world, the room in which the process of packing was carried on, and the innumerable number of apartments, in which goods were seen in every stage of manipulation, from the raw material to the ready-finished article.

"The noise of the machinery was deafening, the air warm and unpleasant; but by and by, as we entered the last few rooms in which work was yet carried on, the din grew fainter, the wheels moved round less swiftly, and my cicerone told me that in about half an hour all the steam would be spent, and the machines not set in motion again till early the following Monday.

"'Except Sundays, the manufactory is at work both night and day,' he explained, 'changing hands for night and day labor, as it would be too great an expense to allow the steam to be wasted all night; and to extinguish the fire would not answer either, as the right temperature could not be attained quickly enough next day. As it is, the fire is lighted again in the middle of Sunday night for the next week's work.'

"You can imagine I was highly interested in all I saw, and so were my companions; for, just as we were starting on our tour of inspection, two ladies had joined us—a daughter and a friend of Mr. Furton—who had called in to fetch him home, and requested to be allowed to accompany us, as the friend, who was a Londoner, like myself, and only staying at Steepleton for a short time, desired also to see the interior of that grim, square, many-windowed block, that looked so drear and uncanny all day and was so brilliantly illuminated at night.

"We then left the building, from which the work-people were just streaming out, both men and women. The former were fine, muscular fellows, many of the latter of surprising beauty; they were laughing and talking loudly, their mirth was boisterous, and their style of behaviour such as I have observed, is most prevalent in towns solely given up to manufacture, and where the so-called 'hands' form the greater portion of the population.

"As I have said, we had just left the building when Miss Furton discovered that she must have lost a small parcel in one of the rooms, and requested me in the sweetest of tones, to turn back and get it for her. I never could refuse a lady's petition, as you know; so I immediately promised to comply, though Mr. Furton desired to save me the trouble, which, naturally, I would not hear of, as he had already wasted so much of his leisure time on me.

"Thanking him for his kindness in showing me over the factory, I bade him and the young ladies, 'Good-bye,' as I did not wish them to wait for me, knowing that to look for a small parcel over that vast area of space was neither an easy nor rapid task, and I promised either to bring it myself, when found, if I had time before dinner, or else to send it round to them in the course of the evening.

"I re-entered the building and searched the ground floor unsuccessfully; then determining to act upon the principle that when we look for a thing it is

sure to be in the last place we search, I decided to begin at the top, and continue my journey of discovery downwards, and stepped into the lift to avoid mounting the numerous stairs that led to the highest floor. This lift, chiefly employed for goods, was moved by steam—the powerful workman in that vast pile—and was so constructed that the person who was in it could cause it to descend at will, not, as in most cases, requiring the extra service of another below.

“When I went up with Mr. Furton and party I had of course not touched the ropes; but seeing no one about the place to assist me, and not deeming it as hard to move the lift as to climb the stairs, I jumped in, pulled, and it began to raise from the ground, though but gently and slowly not with the same speed as it did a few hours back.

“I ascribed this to my want of practice in guiding the machine, and after what seemed a very long time, arrived at an open, light space, near which the figure ‘P’ was painted in dazzling white, denoting that the first floor was gained. ‘He who goes softly goes safely,’ I thought, and I proceeded to pull, but the contrivance began to go slower and slower. I tugged, I dragged with all my might at the cords, but nothing would induce it to hasten its pace; it was gradually slackening its speed, and at last to my astonishment and dismay, it stopped altogether, leaving me in almost total darkness between the first and second floor.

“At first I felt inclined to treat the matter lightly, thinking my strength was a little exhausted, and that after a few minutes rest I should recover, and the ponderous lift, more like a small room than ought else, again be set in motion; so I sat down on the hard, bare floor, and endeavored in this uncomfortable posture to rest myself from the fatigue of my labors.

“I certainly must have ascended very slowly, for though I had spent much power, yet here was I not up to the second story, and quite tired out already. ‘When I get there I will walk the rest of the way,’ I soliloquised, ‘for at this rate I will be worn out with fatigue by the time I reach the sixth floor.’

“I spent a few moments meditating thus, when suddenly I leapt to my feet; my blood rushed to my head; I felt I knew not how, for it had just flashed across my brain why the lift had stopped, and with it another fearful idea.

“Idiot that I was, not to remember that the speed of the wheels had been already lessening when I was in the work-rooms, that this lift was also worked by steam, that it was expended, and (oh, horror!) that it might be my wedding morning before I could see a chance of being released from my enforced confinement. Had I only bid Mr. Furton wait for me, my long absence would have caused him uneasiness, but as it was he had gone home, and would doubtless not think much of it if he did not see or hear from me in the evening.

“Should I be able to survive the long fast my imprisonment would necessarily impose upon me? next rushed through my brain; and then, putting myself out of the question, what would my affianced wife—what would her father and mother, her friends and relations—think of my non-appearance? They might think I had been base enough to change my mind at the last, and decamped. No, they would not—she, at least, would not—think so hardly of me. But then the world is so uncharitable; and, if nothing else, the anxiety they would endure, and the thought of it, redoubled my own anguish.

“Vainly I tugged again at the ropes, knowing it to be useless, and yet upheld by the hope that the lift might move a little—I could not surely be more than four or five feet from the next story. At last I had to abandon it in despair, and flung myself on the hard boards in anything but a happy mood, as you may well imagine. Mahomet’s coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, occurred to me, and my position seemed to bear some resemblance to his.

“The anguish and *ennui* of that evening and night, the dead silence, unbroken save by some wretched dog howling dismally in the neighborhood, the darkness, the discomfort, and last, but far from least, the already very keenly sharp hunger, I shall never forget. But to talk of it recalls it in all its fearful vividness. The hours crept on so slowly, I seemed to have been

there for months. I paced the floor of the lift, in my restlessness, the greater half of the night, feeling much like the caged lions and bears in the Zoological Gardens must do, when they find themselves, at two strides, at the end of their promenade, and forced to turn back again.

"O, what misery! I thought, when Sunday morning dawned (I could tell the march of the hours by means of my repeater watch); I much fear midnight will not find me alive, and I see no chance of release from this den before then. I had been in that dismal hole since four the preceding day, just fourteen hours then. Once fatigue had overcome me, and I dozed away a little time in my uncomfortable posture, but it was no peaceful sleep; disagreeable dreams haunted me, and I could not forget, even in my slumbers, where I was.

"Shall I survive!—shall I not starve?—were the questions uppermost in my mind.

"Fortunately I had cigars in my pocket, and smoking soothed in some measure the pangs of hunger. I began to feel charitable to the poor who had often appealed to me in the streets with the words, 'I am starving.' I determined never again to pass one of these destitute beings without giving him a dole; even if there are impostors among them some may speak the truth, and now I know what it is to be hungry. The thirst, too! Oh the thirst was almost worse than the hunger!

"I tried to recollect how long a man could exist without food, and remembered to have read somewhere that he can live a week thus before death releases him from his agonies—if that can be called living, for I had been there not quite twenty-four hours, and felt more dead than alive, and every fibre in my body ached painfully. I wonder if the *Cura per mediam*, which some doctors love to recommend, and of which I have heard my medical friends talk, is anything in its sensations like what I endured; if so, I sincerely pity all poor patients who try to better their ailments by it. Cure, indeed! I should think it would cure them, effectually and for ever, too, by removing them from this world. But to proceed.

"By evening my stock of cigars was smoked out, my throat hot and dry, my lips and tongue parched, my inner man craving for food. All my mental anxieties sank in the background then. I touched my repeater for the hundredth time; I counted the beats; one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—only three hours more. I tried to be merry, but was far too weak and exhausted to do so, and I crouched down again in despair, as another idea rushed through my brain.

"First, it would be some time before there was enough steam power to move the lift; secondly, should I be able to work it in my feeble state, and, if not, how could I make myself heard, the lift being in a part of the building far from the furnace? and, thirdly, the man came, probably, only to light the fire and then left again; so, if even I escaped from this hole, I could not get out of the factory till morning.

"Should I cut the ropes? suddenly flashed across me. Should I take my chance of what must necessarily be a fearful fall? If I reached the bottom with unbroken limbs, I could then leave when the man came to light the fire. Should I do it! Should I place my life thus at stake?—risk that if— My knife was already out of my pocket, the strongest blade chosen. I began to cut gently, then desisted. Could all the cords be severed at once, I thought, the lift would, at least fall straight down; but dividing first one, and then another, it might be thrown on one side, and the consequence incalculable. No I had better not. I closed my knife and replaced it in my pocket. The fancy was mad—the emanation of a brain weakened by hunger and anxiety. Better now wait patiently a few hours more. I had waited so long, I would not, at least of my own accord, place my life in the hands of chance.

"Then I grew too enfeebled to think more, and fell into a dreamy state of half-unconsciousness; even in this stupified condition I was aware that the more I pondered over my position the worse it became.

"What length of time may thus have elapsed I can scarcely say. but after a space which seemed interminable I was aroused by a whirling sound. It was

the dim echo of the noise in the work-rooms recommencing that struck upon my ear. Touching my watch, I found it was five o'clock, and recollected that it was Michaelmas Day, and my wedding morning.

"Good Heavens! should I ever get out of this hole in time? and if I should, would Mr. Hilton believe my story?"

"Frenzied by such fancies, I gathered all my strength together; but, alas, it was too small, from long fasting, to stir the lift an inch! Then I called for help, but my voice was powerless, and reached no human ear. In utter despair I sunk down on the floor again, resigning myself to fate.

"Four hours later—it must have been quite that—I was again aroused by feeling myself gently descending, and fully awakened, as I heard the cry of astonishment escape the lips of the workman who had been the accidental cause of my release, as he needed the lift, and by no means expected to find it occupied. The man instantly decamped when he saw me, but returned soon after accompanied by Mr. Furton, who looked petrified at my unexpected appearance.

"Thank God, Mr. Cliffe!" he exclaimed, when he had found speech. "You have been searched for all over the place since Saturday, and have caused no little heartache and anxiety. We never thought to find you here. Tell me, pray, how I come to find you thus?"

"He did not proceed further, for he began to perceive my exhausted condition, and desired some men to carry me to his private room, there employing restoratives, and administered food in small quantities to me with tender care. He immediately dispatched a messenger to Mr. Hilton, who arrived soon after, looking pale and worn, being in a towering rage, and demanded how I had dared—

"Hush, sir!" said Mr. Furton, "see his state, and have pity on him. I feel convinced, when Mr. Cliffe recovers, that he will explain all to our satisfaction. I already begin to have an inkling of the cause of this unfortunate accident."

"Well I'd like him to know when he comes to himself," stormed Mr. Hilton, "that no girl of mine shall ever be his wife; so you may tell him."

"He was going to depart, and I was far too weak to detain him by even a word, for I could not utter a single one from sheer exhaustion, when Mr. Furton held him back by main force, and soon after I revived sufficiently to speak.

"Briefly I told my story, and Mr. Furton confirmed my statement by saying he could perfectly understand the way it had all occurred.

"But the irascible old gentleman was inexorable at first, accusing us of having plotted this accident as an insult to himself and family. At length after nearly an hour's reasoning, his anger began to cool; he could no longer pretend not to see my miserable condition, and that no man would voluntarily impose such a one upon himself. He began also to be ashamed of his unseemly violence, and hastily entreating my pardon, sent a message home to say the bridegroom was found, and that the wedding should take place. This was at my urgent request, as I did not wish it postponed, knowing Emma's heart was set upon its being on this Michaelmas Day.

"So we drove to church, where the bride, her mother and brother joined us, (bridesmaids and guests had been already put off.) We were married very quietly, just in time to save the last stroke of twelve; and then, instead of leaving for the Continent, as we had intended, stayed a week in Steepleton, during which time I was carefully nursed back to health.

"There," I said, sinking back into the soft grass, "I've told you my story, and I declare I feel almost as if I had been living it over again. I see I must not repeat it often; I have not before had courage to recall it since that dreadful time; and now it has excited me as though I had indeed been through it once more in all its terrors."

"Yes," said my friend; "you seemed quite to forget all around you, and I am sure transported me with yourself into that dungeon. Come let us saunter back to the house and join the ladies. We'll spend to-morrow night joyfully in commemoration of your happy deliverance from starvation, and in remembrance of last Michaelmas Day."

L I N E S

Written by Bro. Robert Morris, of Kentucky, to commemorate the Union between
the two Grand Lodges of Canada, July 15th, 1858.

There never was occasion, and there never was an hour,
When Spirits of Peace on angel-wings so near our heads did soar;—
There's no event so glorious on the page of time to appear,
As the union of the Brotherhood sealed by our coming here.

'Twas in the hearts of many—it was in the prayers of some—
That the good old days of Brotherly Love might yet in mercy come;—
'Twas whispered in our Lodges, in the East, and South, and West,
That the time was nigh when the plaintive cry our God would hear and bless.

But none believed the moment of fruition was at hand;—
How could we deem so rich a cup was waiting our command !
It came like rain in a summer drought on drooping foliage poured,
And bade us look henceforth for help in all our cares to God.

The news has gone already upon every wind of Heaven :
The Wise, the Press, the busy Tongue, the intelligence have given ;
And every man who loves the Craft, or loves the things of Peace,
Has answered, " Praise the God of Love ! may God this Union bless !"

Vermont takes up the story—her " old man eloquent,"
Long be his days among us in deeds of mercy spent,—
He speaks for the Green Mountains, and you heard him say last night,
" Bless God that I have lived till now to see this happy sight !"

Kentucky sends you greeting—from her broad and generous bound,
Once styled of all the Western Wild, " the dark and bloody ground"—
Kentucky cries, " God speed you ! Heaven's be on you spread,
Who first took care to be *on the right*, then boldly *went ahead*."

From yonder constellation, from the Atlantic to the West,
Where the great pines of Oregon rear up their lofty crest,
From the flowery glades of Florida, from Minnesota's plain,
Each voice will say, " Huzza, Huzza, the Craft is one again !"

Old England soon will hear it ! not always will the cry
Of suffering Brothers meet her ears and she pass coldly by,—
There's a cord in British hearts vibrates to every tale of wrong,
And she will send a welcome and a Brother's hand ere long.

Then joyful be this meeting, and many more like this,
As year by year shall circle round and bring you added bliss ;
In Quarry, Hill, and Temple, Peace ! nor cruel word nor thought,
Disturb this perfect harmony the gracious God has wrought.

But while your *Walls* are thus compact, *Cement* strong and good,
Your *Workmen* diligent and just, a mighty *Brotherhood*,
Remember, Brethern, o'er the earth and on the stormy sea,
How many a heart there is to-night that sighs " Remember me !"

By the *Sign* the world knows nothing of, but to our eyes so clear,
By the *Grip* that speaks in darkest hours and tells a Brother near.
By the sacred *Voice* and *Word*, and by " the hieroglyphic bright."
Remember all the wide world round who claim your love to-night.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

"Will you buy my body, sir?" I, Charles Markham, a young physician, was sitting alone in the dusky little room that the sign without dignified with the title of "Office," when the words fell upon my ears. I had just returned from visiting the few patients I could boast of, thoroughly heartsick at the want of humanity in the world, wet to the skin, and more than half frozen.

I never remember a worse night in all respects. It was cold as the Arctic; blustering; and the sleet that rattled upon the windows soon covered me with a coat of ice. It had stormed heavily all day, the stores were closed, and the side-walk vendors driven to shelter.

"God help any one who is forced to be abroad to-night," had been my thought, as I hurried along after finishing my professional duties, and breasted my way homeward.

But scarcely had I reached it, changed my saturated garments, coaxed the sparkling anthracite into a cheerful glow, made myself comfortable, and begun building castles in Spain of the time when I should have a lucrative practice, ride in my carriage, and own a brown stone front, when the strange and heart-chilling words fell upon my ears, causing all my pleasant fancies to drift away in an instant.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

I sprang from my easy chair, dropping my well-colored meerschaum in my astonishment, and turned to see who it was, like Poe's raven, had uttered the terrible words—

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

The question was repeated for a second time before I had sufficiently recovered myself—before I was convinced that it was no ill-omened bird, but one of human resemblance at least. Yet the request was so utterly unusual, so much at variance with all preconceived notions of barter and sale, that all I could do was to push a chair towards the intruder, and stand in silent wonderment.

In a few moments the self-command I had learned during hospital practice came to my aid; and I saw that my visitor was a woman—girl, rather, for she could not have been more than nineteen or twenty at the utmost; and, that is, if it had not been for the extreme pallor of the face, the pinched-up look about the mouth, and the sad, sunken eyes, she would have possessed, far more than is ordinarily the case, the rare gift of beauty.

The flickering light of the fire flashed upon the soft brown hair, giving it a more golden color, and dissolving the snow-flakes that had lodged there, made them glitter like liquid pearls. This much, and that the dress and shawl were of the cheapest material, and but a poor defence against the howling storm and pitiless cold, and the strange request darted again with lightning rapidity through my brain.

"Draw nearer to the fire," I said—"You are numbed. Warm yourself, and—"

"I have no time—must not stay," she answered with a sigh, though she dropped heavily into a chair, and brushed away the snow-drops from her face with her hands.

Without waiting for further remonstrance, I hastened to get some reviving medicine, of which I saw she stood so much in need, and with gentle force, held it to her lips.

"I cannot—cannot," she gasped, half pushing it away.

"You must," I insisted. "Remember I am a physician, that this is a prescription, that your life may depend upon it."

"Life! O God! How long and sad! Will it give me strength?"

"That certainly is the object I have in urging you to take it. What else should it be?"

"Give it to me."

And she swallowed it without a murmur, yes, with thankfulness.

I wheeled her chair up nearer to the fire; stirred the coals to a more brilliant glow, hoping that the potion would quiet her excitement, wake the chilled blood to a warmer, swifter flow, and that sleep would follow. And, for a moment, I fancied I was right. The little hands dropped nervelessly into her lap; the softly-veiled lids dropped over the blue eyes; the head fell forward upon the breast. But alas! it was only a momentary delusion. In another instant she sprang to her feet again, pressed her hands upon her temples, as if to still their throbbings, and looked wildly around.

"O God!" she exclaimed; "I here, amid warmth and comfort, and—and"

Convulsive sobs checked any further utterance.

"Sit down and tell me the reason of your coming here," I almost commanded, as I placed her in the chair.

"Ah! I remember now. Remember! Is there any such thing as forgetfulness? Yes, I remember all. I came here to—to."

"Be calm. I understand you are in need, and came for my assistance."

"I came," she replied, and looked upon me with such utter despair, and spoke so calmly that it made my blood run cold; "I came, Doctor, to sell you my body."

Was I talking to a sane woman or a maniac? The latter was certainly my thought, but I could detect nothing in the clear blue eyes of the wanderings of insanity. "Sell her body." She spoke of it as an every-day transaction.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, laying my fingers upon her pulse with the expectation of finding it bounding with race horse rapidity, but, on the contrary, finding it more calm than my own. "Great Heaven! You cannot be in earnest?"

"I am in earnest. God alone knows how much in earnest. It was my last resort. Will you buy it?"

And she reached out her hands towards me as a miser would have done who heard the dear sound of jingling gold.

"How can I purchase it? You are yet alive."

"But I will soon die, and then—then you can claim it. For the love of Heaven give me a little—just a little money."—And the hitherto dry eyes were flooded with tears.

"Why do you wish to sell it? You cannot but understand that it is an unheard-of proceeding. Our profession never purchase bodies (how I shuddered as I gazed into her face, while I was forcing myself to calmly utter these words,) before death, no matter what we may do after."

"I know it—I know it, but I must have money, and there is no other means left me to get it. I must have it,—now—instantly."

And she would have arisen again, but I resolutely held her down.

"For what purpose do you wish it?"

"To purchase food, fire, medicine."

"For yourself?"

"Ah! no. Had that been the case I would never have come hither. I would have laid down in the gutter and died—God knows how willingly. But tell me," she continued, almost fiercely, "will you give me some money? I must have it—must have it."

"If not for yourself, in the name of Heaven, for whom would you make such a fearful sacrifice? Is it one who is very near and dear to you?"

"It is—is—my little sister."

The words dropped from her tongue as they might have done from that of an angel, and her face wore as holy a light as if she had been already star-crowned.

"Then she is sick?"

"Dying! dying! and I am sitting idly here."

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"Because I had begged so long in vain. I had no money to pay the doctor, and who would go forth upon such a night as this without it?"

My blood boiled so that I could not answer. Could there be such men?—Alas! reason told me in a moment that her words were but too true, and I almost cursed my race. Without delay I gathered such things as I thought might be of service, wrapped the delicate form in a heavy cloak, and, with a few whispered words of comfort, we sallied out together into the black night, and merciless storm and cold.

Fortunately the distance we had to travel was a short one. A few blocks passed, and she led me up several flights of dismal, creaking stairs, into a room.

"Florence, is that you?" I heard asked by what my ear convinced me was a pair of childish, almost infantile lips.

"Yes, my darling, lie still for a moment."

"I am so glad. You have been so long, so very long away, and I am so sick, and cold, and hungry, and it was so dark, and I have been so frightened at the strange noises."

My fair guide had been making preparations to obtain a light; but when she heard the words she flew to the other side of the room, and I knew that many warm kisses were given and returned.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, as she turned and lighted the remnant of a candle. "Excuse me, but I have been so long away from Bessie."

I answered not. Her voice had a melody in it, now attuned by love, that I wished to linger unbroken upon my ear, like the strains of some songs I have heard, and which haunted me for years.

In a moment the candle shed a sickly light around the little room. Little, indeed, and unfurnished to nothingness!—One scantily covered bed was all! But, within I saw a sweet, wee face, that made me forget all else. I approached it, and laid my hands upon the pulse of the little sufferer.

"Who are you?" she asked, drawing back in alarm.

"He is a doctor, Bessie; a dear, good, kind friend," replied her sister; and from that moment she became perfectly passive in my hands.

It did not require one learned in the science of *materia medica* to see what was required. I made the proper prescription, saw that it was tenderly administered, told the elder sister that I would be back in a few moments, and resisting all her attempts to light me down stairs, groped my way into the street. I had noticed an eating-house at but a little distance as we came along, and a statement of the case, backed by the all-powerful king of the world, gold, soon procured the loan of a disused stove, a couple of chairs, fuel, light and proper food, and, in a brief half-hour, that little room wore something like an air of comfort. Another hour, and the eyes of the child were closed in slumber, and I urged her sister to seek repose; but in vain.

"At least lie down and let me cover you with my cloak," I urged.

"No, doctor," was the constant reply, "I cannot, I am so happy. It must have been God that directed my wandering steps to you."

And so we sat with the night wind roaring without, watching the almost angelic face of the peacefully slumbering child—sat and talked of what I was more than anxious to hear. But the conversation of those long dark hours can be condensed into a very brief space.

She who would have sold her body for the sake of giving a little life to her sister, was the daughter of at least supposed wealth. But a few years previously, she could have held her head as high as the highest. Both birth and education fitted her for it. But misfortunes came—a series of disasters upon the land and sea, against which no human forethought could guard, combined with treachery and ingratitude of the deepest dye, swept away all. In their footsteps followed the death of the mother, leaving an infant of but a few months old. The fond father struggled against the tide manfully for a time—then his health gave way—he followed his wife through the dark valley and beyond the shining river, leaving the elder sister to provide for the younger.

"For a time," continued the poor girl, "I was able to live comfortably by the sale of the furniture and articles of value I possessed. Then—but why should I unbosom myself to a stranger?" she asked, stopping suddenly, and looking me full in the face.

"Because," I replied, with a smile at her earnestness, "because you have found a true heart, and one that can feel for you."

"Yes, may kind heaven be thanked! I feel that is so. Well, I struggled on—no, fought were the better word," she continued, with the lines about her mouth suddenly becoming hard—"I fought for life, sometimes teaching, sometimes obtaining a little sewing; in short, doing anything that my strength permitted, until sickness came. Still I gave not away to despair. Truly, I was bound to the stake—a sweet one—my darling sister. Of the insults I received while seeking work, I shall not speak. They must remain for ever locked in my own breast," and the stolid face was flushed scarlet, even at the thought.

"And found no employment?"

"None! Piece by piece I parted with the little furniture I was possessed of, until what you see was all that remained."

"My poor child."

"It is true—" I saw that she was perving herself to tell me something that was painful, and would have stopped her, but she resolutely continued—"It is true, some money was offered me by more than one man, but I instantly and indignantly hurled it back into the insulter's face. Then, great heaven! upon this bitter night, with all hope gone, I determined to sell my body to some surgeon."

"What, in the name of Heaven, could have put such an idea in your head?"

"I don't know—I cannot tell. Somewhere I had either heard or read of something of the kind."

"You must have been very desperate."

"On the verge of distraction! I had but *one dream—one desire—to save my darling even a single hour of pain.*"

"Have you no relatives?"

"Not a single one that I know of. Both of my parents were mere children, when their parents came from foreign lands."

She paused, and turned to smooth the hair of the slumbering Bessie, and imprint a kiss upon the curl-wreathed and snowy brow; and I thought what desperate trials one like her must have passed through in order to bring her mind to look calmly upon giving herself to the knife and the ribald jests of the dissecting room! And I thought too, of the sterling truth of her young heart that could resist the allurements of gold when so hedged by want and pain in their most terrible shapes. I thought, too, but she interrupted me with—

"My kind—indeed, I might say my only friend—whom God raiseth up to me in the hour when all was darkness and misery, and black death, and a pauper's grave was staring me in the face. My kind friend, but I am, have been keeping you from rest."

"Me. A physician's life is one that is constantly broken in upon, and—will you pardon me? I have never had my heart so deeply touched, or my feelings so interested, in all my life."

A faint rose-blush crept up from the exquisitely molded throat, and mantled her soft cheeks. She took my hand and pressed it to her lips, leaving a warm lingering kiss upon it. Did I suddenly build any castles in Spain?

When the morning light broke again over the gay city, the storm had ceased, and nature smiled—cold, it is true, but brilliantly. There was a peaceful breakfast served in that little room, but the dinner was taken in far other quarters.

As I write these lines, I (with some, at least, of my dreams of wealth and position realized) sit in a cosy study, and listen to the wrathful howling of the storm without. There is a beautiful brown haired woman sewing near—a sprite of a girl decorating a snow-white kitten with crimson ribbons, on the rug in front of the glowing grate. I look up suddenly from the book I am reading; at the former. Our eyes meet. Are we both thinking of the past? It may be so. She steals softly behind my chair, and twines her arms around my neck.

"Darling, do you remember such a night as this scarcely a year ago?" she asked.

"Yes. I was thinking of it."

"And what brought me to you?"

"Yes."

She bonds still nearer to me. I felt her warm breath upon my cheeks—such a one as only a young and loving wife can give; and I hear, as it were, whispered rather by spirit than mortal lips:

"Now, my darling, I am yours, body and soul."

Thank God that it is so.

AN awkward man attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now," exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner!" "Oh, no, my dear," answered he, "it is safe—I have got my foot on it."

"LENNY, you're a pig," said a father to his little five-year old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lenny?" "Yes, sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

THE ties that connect business men—advertise.

"I say, Jim," said a plow boy one day to his companion, "I know of a new fashioned way to keep out the wet." "What is it?" "Why, if you eat a red herring for breakfast you'll be dry all day."

It is maintained that the most inspiring natural sight which a glazier can contemplate is the gleam of early day breaking through the windows.

Dogs are said to "speak with their tails." Would it be proper to call a short tailed dog a stump orator.

"MOTHER," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron horse' had but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engineer, of course."

MRS. SMITH says that "a lady can show anger as well by her back in leaving a room as by her face." This must be when her "back is up."

THE author of a radical total-abstinence novel wrote in his book, "Drunk-ness is folly." He was much chagrined when the work came home from the press to find that the printers had made it read, "Drunkenness is jolly."

THOMAS HOOD's last letter was written to Sir Robert Peel, and in it his last joke was made: "Death stops my pen, but not my pension."

PARIS is delighted at a grim joke by Thiers, who, on being asked if he intended to speak at the coming session, said, "Not at all. You should never make a noise in the chamber of a sick man!"

SOME descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked, that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them!

A fool occupying a high station, is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

A popular author gives the following advice to wives:—"Should you find it necessary, as quite a number of you undoubtedly will, to chastise your husbands, you should perform the affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom and not with that vulgar part called the handle."

"My dear," said an anxious father to his beautiful daughter of sixteen, "I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any wild, worthless boy of the present day. You must marry a man of sober, mature age, one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice rather than with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in paterfamilias' face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered: "I think two of twenty-five would be much better, pa."

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you any reward of merit?"

"I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merits two."

HEALTH AND RELIGION.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The best boys I ever saw occasionally upset things and got boisterous and had the fidgets. The goodie-goodie kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find a colt which does not frisk become a horse that will not draw. The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and in a race, far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm. The most solemn-looking mule on our place kicked to pieces five dash-boards.

There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think she must be destined to marry a missionary, and go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals, who while very fond of cold missionary, are averse to diseased meat; or finding that their son is looking cadaverous, thinks he is either going to die or become a minister, considering that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart who, while the Presbytery are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hands on its stomach.

Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it. Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals.—*Hearth and Home.*

BEFORE you consent to that which is wrong—prostitute the noblest powers God has given you to base and unholy purposes, will you pause and reflect a moment upon the dignity of your own nature? You are but a little lower than the angels. From your rank in the scale of being, you are allied to the whole spiritual world—to angels and archangels. You may even claim kindred with God Himself, for his awful image is impressed upon you. Then be not irreverent, profane or thoughtless. Walk according to the spirit. Live for truth and virtue—for humanity and heaven.

PECULIARITIES OF THE CHINESE.—The Chinese of San Francisco are a very singular set of beings. Almost daily something new and curious turns up about them. In their quarters where they reside they are seldom idle, but are always to be seen making slippers, boots, clothing, cigars, cutting up pork, packing, cooking, smoking. They take an ordinary room and put a floor through its centre, making two stories of it—one above the other. Eleven Chinamen will make cigars in a room 6 feet by 10. They sell hogs weighing 150 pounds each, roasted whole. Pork is their principal article of animal food. They eat everything of the creature, inside and out, and his hoofs too. At their theatres the women sit by themselves in the galleries, smoke cigars, and nurse babies. The male auditors, the actors, and musicians, all smoke incessantly. The orchestra consists of gongs, cymbals, parchments stretched across sticks, half-globe drums, and steel triangles.

A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday School: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

BARNUM'S RAILWAY COURTSHIP.

The managers of railways running west from Chicago pretty rigidly enforce a rule, excluding from certain reserved cars all gentlemen travelling without ladies. As I do not smoke, I avoided the smoking cars, and, as the ladies' car was sometimes more select and always more comfortable than the other cars, I tried various expedients to smuggle myself in. If I saw a lady about to enter the car alone, I followed closely, hoping thus to elude the vigilance of the brakeman, who generally acted as door-keeper. But the car-Cerberus, is pretty well-up to all such dodges, and I did not always succeed. On one occasion, seeing a young couple, evidently just married, and starting on their bridal tour, about to enter the car, I followed closely, but was stopped by the door-keeper, who called out:

"How many gentlemen are with this lady?"

I have always noticed that newly-married people are very fond of saying "my husband," and "my wife." They are new terms, which sound pleasantly to the ears of those who utter them. So, in answer to the peremptory inquiry of the door-keeper, the bridegroom promptly responded:

"I am this lady's husband."

"And I guess you can see by the resemblance between the lady and myself," said I to Cerberus, "that I am her father."

The astonished husband and the blushing bride were too much "taken aback" to deny their newly-discovered parent, but the brakeman said, as he permitted the young couple to pass into the car:

"We can't pass all creation with one lady."

"I hope you will not deprive me of the company of my child during the little time we can remain together," I said, with a demure countenance. The brakeman evidently sympathised with the fond "parent," whose feelings were sufficiently lacerated at losing his daughter through her finding a husband, and I was permitted to pass. I immediately apologised to the young bride and her husband, and told them who I was, and my reasons for the assumed paternity, and they enjoyed the joke so heartily that they called me "father" during our entire journey together. Indeed, the husband privately and slyly hinted to me that the first boy should be christened "P. T." My friend, the Rev. Dr. Chapin, by-the-by an inveterate punster, is never tired of ringing the changes on the names in my family; he says that my wife and I are the most sympathetic couple he ever saw, since she is "Charity" and I am "Pity" (P. T.) On one occasion, at my house in New York, he called my attention to the monogram, P. T. B., on the door, and said, "I did it." "Did what?" I asked. "Why that," replied the doctor, "P. T. B.—Pull The Bell, of course," thus literally ringing a new change on my initials.

At another time during my western lecturing trip, I was following closely in the wake of a lady who was entering the favorite car, when the brakeman exclaimed,

"You can't go in there, sir."

"I rather guess I can go in with a lady," said I, pointing to the one that had just entered.

"Not with that lady, old fellow; for I happen to know her, and that's more than you do; we are up to all these travellers' tricks out here; it's no go."

I saw indeed that it was "no go," and that I must try something else.

"Look here, my dear fellow," said I; "I am travelling every day on the railroads, on a lecturing tour throughout the west, and I really hope you will permit me to take a seat in the ladies' car. I am Barnum, the Museum man, from New York."

Looking sharply at me for an instant, the altogether too wide-awake brakeman said:

"Not by a d—n sight, you ain't! I know Barnum."

I could not help laughing; and, pulling several old letters from my pocket and showing him the directions on the envelopes, I replied:

"Well, you may know him, but the 'old fellow' has changed his appearance, perhaps. You see by the letters that I am the 'critter.'"

The brakeman looked astonished, but finally said: "Well, that is a fact, sure enough. I know you when I come to look again, but really I did not believe you at first. You see we have all sorts of tricks played on us, and we learn to doubt everybody. You are very welcome to go in, Mr. Barnum, and I am glad to see you," and as this conversation was heard throughout the car, "Barnum, the showman," was the subject of general observation and remark."
Life of P. T. Barnum.

CHARLES DICKENS ON EDUCATION.—The London correspondent of the American "Literary Gazette" writes:—"I hope you may read with interest these remarks, made the other night by Mr. Charles Dickens, to the members of the Birmingham and Midland Institutes.—The subject of the address was education, and in the course of it he said: 'I would further commend to them a very wise and witty piece of advice on the conduct of the understanding, which was given more than half a century ago by the Rev. Sydney Smith—wisest and wittiest of the friends I have lost. He says—and he is speaking, you will please understand, as I speak, to a school of volunteer students—he says, "There is a piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against, the foppery of universality, of knowing all sciences, and excelling in all arts—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education very often is: Take the admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing. Now, says he, my advice on the contrary is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything. To this I would superadd a little truth, which holds equally good of my own life, and the life of every eminent man I have ever known. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study, and in every pursuit, is the quality of attention. My own invention of imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily toiling, drudging attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas—such mental qualities, like the qualities of the apparition of the externally armed head in Macbeth, will not be commanded—but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will; like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it can be cultivated by any one, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flowers and fruit.'"

AIM OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.—As a general rule, I think that the aim of a liberal education ought to be not to fit men for this or that special profession exclusively, but to supply such acquirements and to sharpen such faculties as shall be equally useful in any. It is not good, I am sure, for anybody to be too early and exclusively buried in his own special pursuit. If from circumstances it is necessary that he should be so, let him accept the necessity for that as any other privation, without complaining. But do not let him assert or think that it is in itself a good. Law, medicine, architecture, engineering, practical art—all these are pursuits of the highest usefulness and even necessity, but no man can even dabble in them all, nor has the architect any particular use for law, nor the lawyer for architecture. What they both want what they both have taste for, is accuracy of thought, clearness of expression, and that ind. finable something—excluding pedantry on the one hand, and vulgar coarseness on the other—which marks the man to whom literature has been more than the amusement of a casual hour.—*Lord Stanley.*

THE GAVEL.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1870.

TO-DAY, we present to our readers the first number of THE GAVEL. The paper is not all that we desire, but trust our brethren will excuse us on this occasion. They must remember, that we are not so much accustomed to journalism as some others, and perhaps, may not consequently, have issued as first-class a journal as may have been anticipated. It may be asked by some, why we have started a second Masonic Journal in the Dominion? Our only answer to this query is, that we believe by so doing the best interests of the Fraternity in Canada will be served. We may be wrong, but though we have no reason to complain of the "*Craftsman*," but rather to thank the proprietors for their courtesy and fraternal favors; nevertheless, it must be admitted that numbers of our Masonic Brethren are anxious to have another organ in which to express their views, in case they should materially differ from those of our Hamilton contemporary.

We believe in this country there is a large enough scope for two Masonic papers. Our brethren are cultivating a taste for Masonic literature, and there is nothing that can possibly develop the great principles of our Fraternity, to a greater extent, than an independent and enlightened Masonic press.

The GAVEL will, in no instance, be the organ of any particular clique or party of the Masonic Fraternity, and consequently will not oppose those brethren, who, more particularly, devote themselves to certain branches, as it were, of the Masonic Tree. For example, many of our most enthusiastic Masons prefer the A.° and A.° S.° Rite to the simple teachings of Symbolic Masonry, others again devote their attention more exclusively to the Christian Orders of Knighthood as exemplified in the ritualistic ceremonies of the Templar Degree, whilst a third party, perchance, are desirous of cultivating the Red Cross Order of Rome and Constantine.

We maintain that all these parties are perfectly justified in pursuing their respective courses, and under these circumstances, the GAVEL will not denounce any class of Brethren, who conscientiously advocate any branch of the so-called higher grades. On the other hand, we will, in no instance, admit, that because a man has received some twenty or thirty degrees, he is in any respect a better Mason, or in any particular more faithful to his Masonic obligations than the Master Mason, who refuses to seek admission in the Royal Arch Chapter, the Lodge of Perfection, or the Conclave of Rome and Constantine.

With regard to the recent action of our Brethren in Quebec, we, in this number, have expressed our views so clearly, that "he who runs can read," and under these circumstances, we deem it advisable not to enter into any discussion in this place upon such an important subject.

In conclusion, we ask our Brethren throughout the Dominion to support us in our efforts to advance, as we believe, the interests of Freemasonry on this continent, and give us that material assistance by which alone we shall be able to carry on our present enterprise.

OUR QUEBEC BRETHREN.

We approach the subject of our Quebec Brethren with mingled feelings of delicacy and hesitation. As a Freemason, acknowledging the supremacy of the Grand Lodge of Canada, we hesitate in opposing what are supposed to be the sentiments of the majority of the members of the same, and on the other hand, it may appear to many of the readers of the GAVEL, presumptuous on our part to interfere upon a subject, that according to the vote of the representatives assembled in Grand Lodge, last month at Montreal, should remain in abeyance until the regular session of that august assemblage, in Toronto, next July. However, as many members of the Craft have urged us to commence this publication, we propose at once to express our views relative to the present position of our seceding Masonic Brethren in the Province of Quebec. The following, then, we hold to be the actual position of affairs in our sister Province:

1st. We take it for granted that since the confederation of the Provinces and the consequent separation of the legislative union that had, previously, for many years existed, the majority of the Freemasons of Ontario have known that their brethren in the Province of Quebec were desirous of seceding from the so-called Grand Lodge of Canada.

2nd. It is also an admitted fact that a secession (or rather a friendly separation of the Lodges in the Province of Quebec) was expected at the past two sessions of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and with all due respect to the present M. W., the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, he was elected not only on account of his energy and enthusiasm in all matters concerning the Craft, but also because he was a member of a Quebec Lodge.

3rd. It cannot be denied that officials, high in the confidence of Canadian Masons, saw, as soon as the Confederation of the Provinces was accomplished, the anomalous position in which the Grand Lodge of Canada was placed, and urged upon the Craft, the importance of either a Supreme Grand Lodge for the whole Dominion of Canada, or Independent Grand Lodges for each individual Province.

Now, we maintain that the above three statements are correct in every particular. We are anxious, when writing upon so important a topic to be very guarded in our expressions, and on no account to allow ourselves to draw hasty conclusions. We believe, and we say it with all due deference to friend or foe, that unfortunately party feeling, pride of position on the one side, and love of arrogant independence on the other, has in more than one instance, caused bitterness of feeling, and prejudiced and narrow-minded expressions of sentiment. These must be thrown overboard when engaged in discussing this important subject. Let us in the first place ask ourselves honestly and squarely, what our Quebec Brethren have done, and in the second place, let us put ourselves in a similar position, and say, each one to himself, how would I have acted under similar circumstances?

What have these Quebec Brethren done? Our Quebec Brethren ever since the separation of the legislative union, have desired an Independent Grand Lodge for their own Province, as can be proved by their action in Grand Lodge and before committees of the same, ever since that act came into force. This matter it was decided could not be discussed in Grand Lodge. How then could the matter be brought forward? Only by a convention composed of Delegates from the Subordinate Lodges within the Province of Quebec. Such a Convention was held. The Grand Master of Canada suspended those Masons, including some not on the register of the Grand Lodge of Canada, on the ground of SECESSION and REBELLION. The question then arose, what course was to be pursued? The answer was, protest against the action of the Grand Master, appeal to the Grand Lodge of Canada for redress, and in the meantime organise an Independent Grand Lodge for the Province of Quebec. This course was pursued.

If we (the Masons of Ontario) had been a small minority of the Grand Lodge of Canada, instead of a large majority, would we not have desired a separate and Independent Grand Lodge for the Province of Ontario? We believe every Freemason in the Province of Ontario, who conscientiously asks himself this question, will answer in the *affirmative*. Is there a Freemason in the enlightened Province of Ontario, who would bind his Quebec Brethren to an Organization that was distasteful to them, or refuse the same privilege to the Masons of Quebec, that he freely grants to his brethren in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, viz., an Independent Grand Lodge for each Province in the Dominion. We cannot believe that Freemasonry has come to this, that she will force men unwillingly into some particular fold, and if they conscientiously differ and wish the same privileges granted to others in a similar position, that *we will refuse to grant it and SUSPEND THEM.*

Our views may appear crude and our reasoning possibly grounded upon a false basis, but all men are apt to err. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the principles of our Fraternity teach moderation of

expression and a broad liberality of thought. It is, therefore, most important that this matter should be decided in a calm and impartial spirit. It is natural the M. W., the Grand Master of Canada, should dislike during his administration to see the Lodges within the Province from which he hails, secede; and, on the other hand, it is equally probable that the sentence of Suspension passed upon a number of the most prominent members of the Craft in that portion of the Dominion, should have irritated and annoyed hundreds of our Brethren there; but the grand landmarks of our Institution will yet vindicate themselves and prove that ours is a Fraternity, true to the noble principles of BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF and TRUTH.

The foundation of Freemasonry cannot be shaken by these petty, frivolous jealousies that are innate to man's nature. Our whole history shows, that though we frequently err and too often forget our precepts, yet at last the lessons taught in our lectures prevail, and so we believe will be the case in this instance. We cannot, and do not believe, that after mature deliberation and calm reflection, the Masonic Fraternity of Ontario desire to force the Grand Lodge of Canada upon the Brethren of Quebec, and we moreover feel certain, that if we did attempt any such piece of despotism, that it would avail nothing, and only produce rancor and bitterness of feeling, which would last for years, and do a vast amount of injury to the GLORIOUS CAUSE OF FREEMASONRY.

We urge then, upon every lodge in Ontario, the importance of a free discussion of this matter. It is absolutely necessary that every Entered Apprentice in the Province should thoroughly understand the position of affairs. We must weigh well the consequences of a refusal of recognition and a continuance of the suspension of the leading Masons of a Sister Province. Other Grand Lodges will, sooner or later, recognise them, and we believe *no power on earth can force them into the fold of the Grand Lodge of Canada. Already the trump of war has been sounded, and each party before July will have martialled its forces. Upon our action at the next session of Grand Lodge, will rest the onus of a refusal of recognition, or the honor of being the first in the great Sisterhood of Grand Lodges to recognise OUR OWN OFFSPRING—BONE OF OUR BONE, AND FLESH OF OUR FLESH.*

In conclusion, we would remind our readers that at one time the Grand Lodge of England refused to recognise us, and the result was that for a period, we were in a similar position to that in which our Quebec Brethren are now placed. It behoves us, therefore, to be very careful in judging others, who, to all intents and purposes, are acting in exactly a similar manner to that in which we ourselves participated at the formation of the Grand Lodge of Canada. We feel sorry to lose our brethren from our own Grand, Lodge; we shall miss many a well-known face, but we shall feel when once we recognise them, that we shall always meet with a warm and cordial welcome when we visit the Lodges of our Sister Province. LET

US, THEREFORE, EXERCISE THE GREAT PRINCIPLE OF OUR FRATERNITY, AND JUDGE WITH CHARITY THOSE WITH WHOM WE HAVE WORKED SO LONG, AND WHO HAVE CONSCIENTIOUSLY AND HONESTLY SOUGHT A SEPARATION FROM US.

MODERN FREEMASONRY

ART. No. 1.

We propose in the present series of articles, to give our views somewhat *in extenso* regarding Modern Freemasonry. The Masonic world heaves and tosses like "the Bark of Æneas in the tempestuous sea," but bravely fights against the storm; and, although assailed from within and without, drives fearlessly on to its glorious goal.

What is that Goal? Who dare utter it? Who dare write it? Is it not the enlightenment of the human race? The elevation of the human intellect; the shattering of human shackles; the shivering of human fetters from the hands of man, from the ankles of woman, from the souls of children? Such we believe to be the principles of Freemasonry.

Modern Freemasonry has so glorious a mission, that the Church itself can scarce surpass it in the nobility of its character; the holiness of its cause. Why then are we assailed? Why do many moral men differ from us? Why do some branches of the so-called Christian Church denounce us? Why do certain temporal powers restrict our actions? A thousand answers would scarce explain these apparently simple questions.

The learned Priest of the ancient Church of Rome; the ignorant and illiterate ranter of the way-side meeting-house; the rigid Puritan and grey-coated follower of Penn unite in opposing us. The strict and noble advocate of Total Abstinence has shaken hands with the degraded sot of the wine cup, in a crusade against our Holy Order. But to what does it amount? A million tongues throughout the world answer—NOTHING! Priestcraft, puritanism, bigotry, and rationalism alike stand dumb-founded before our Institution, and why? Fortunately, the answer this time is easy of solution. WE RECOGNIZE IN EVERY MAN A BROTHER, AND IN THE CREATOR A COMMON FATHER.

Again, our Fraternity is progressive in its character; man's nature is progressive; the whole world is progressive. Trace history from her very foundation, and what do we find? Take the Bible from a historical standpoint as our text-book, and note the changes that have taken place. View the crude, untutored belief of our first parents, whose acquaintance with the Infinite was so great that they walked with Him through the flowery paths of Eden. Note the drunkenness of Noah, the most favored of God's servants. Mark the course of Solomon, the wisest of men, whose passions

led him beyond the limits of prudence. Such was the religion of our forefathers for nearly four thousand years. This barbaric intercourse between the All-wise and the created, was gradually ceasing. The era of Christianity then dawned upon the Jewish nation, and the benign teaching of the gentle Nazarene cleared the clouds from the blackened horizon. Critics may refuse to believe it was the religion of Emmanuel that alone did that; that point we do not discuss. The progressionist may declare it the mere advance of the intellectual mind of the world; the Christian calls it the atonement so long demanded by an All-wise Being. The fact, however, remains the same; no longer was the brutal maxim of a tooth for a tooth demanded, nor an eye for an eye exacted. He taught love and peace. The priesthood, however, still ruled. Fifteen hundred years later, a schism occurred in the Church; a vast revolution broke out; whole countries threw off the supremacy of Rome. The Printing Press was discovered, and liberality in thought and expression was the result. Was this the work of man or the fulfilment of the theory of the Creator?

Note the fact, Protestantism without the printing press was a failure, with it, a success. Years passed by and the absurd idea of the divine right of kings was cast aside. Despotisms, to a great extent, ceased to exist and a Corsican Corporal became the Emperor of the world. Was this chance? Was it destiny? Or, was it the progressive march of the intellect of nations? It was not chance; it was not destiny; it was the maturing of ten thousand thoughts that for a thousand years had been incubating, until, at last, they burst forth from their shell that had so long confined them.

But, what has Freemasonry to do with all this? The question is easily answered. The Masonic Fraternity, consisting as it does of nearly two million men, the picked and chosen of the earth, is either fighting the battle of progress or else retreating before our opponents. Which is it? We must either progress or retrogress. The history of man as portrayed in the Bible itself, without reference to the theological doctrines therein contained, but simply viewing it as the outline of the various sparks of human events, clearly and forcibly shows that the mind, the genius, the intellect of the human race advances. To lower us to the illiterate dogmas of our forefathers is to curb the reason of the present age. Every man is part and parcel of a vast assemblage, an immense body, that writhes and throes in endless revolution. Then what is Modern Freemasonry? Is it the Masonry that some call Ancient Craft Masonry, which a high authority insinuates was taught by the Deity to Adam, by Adam to Enoch *et hoc omne genus*? Certainly not. If such a system of allegory, &c., did in some shape or form exist thousands of years ago, it resembled the religion of that age as followed under the Mosaic Dispensation. It was crude—a mere outline of principles without the development of facts. There may have been, let us admit for argument sake there were, certain signs, tokens,

words, &c. Admit all this—but no one can date the period at which Freemasonry first sprung into existence. But what matters it? As a learned brother remarks: "We defy the scoffer to point to the age in which Freemasonry did not exist." So be it—but what difference? A few centuries back and Columbus had not discovered America—is the Western Hemisphere for that reason to be scoffed at by her sister of the Eastern sphere? The fact remains the same—age, though venerated for his hoary hair, is not privileged to abuse youth for his stalwart form, strong arms, and manly limbs; but on this question we will not enter. To fight for trifles is frivolous, to die in battles for honor and virtue is noble. So mote it be.

We waive then the theory as conveyed by tradition regarding "Our First Grand Master K.: S.:" We even cast aside the beautiful legend regarding our Patron St. Albans; we do not search for, or care from what source our Order sprang. Is it a matter of such vast importance to us whether a Hebrew King was our first G.: M.: or not? The untutored E.: A.: may view all our traditions as facts, while the earnest searcher after truth looks upon them as mere romances, within and around which are interwoven the sacred principles and holy tenets of the Fraternity. These are minor points—Freemasonry rests upon a nobler basis—her landmarks are Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth; her wisdom is exemplified by Faith, Hope and Charity; her strength by Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice and her Beauty by Charity and a belief in T.: G.: A.: O.: T.: U.:—Modern Freemasonry then is simply a noble system of morality, based upon the common brotherhood of man and the great fatherhood of God.

THE ORDER OF THE RED CROSS OF ROME AND
CONSTANTINE.

We have received through the courtesy of our Ill. Bro. † Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore, 33°, a little book containing the General Statutes of the Imperial, Ecclesiastical and Military Order of the Knights of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, and as this branch of Freemasonry is about being established in this country, we deem it advisable to give our Brethren a general idea of these ancient and chivalric grades. We find from this book that at the union of the two Grand Lodges of England, the Grand Mastership of the Order was held by the Duke of Sussex, that these Lodges were at that time recognized by the United Grand Lodge of England. From 1813 to 1837, the Order was in a flourishing condition, but it after that period languished "until May, 1865, when a few members assembled, and having reconstituted the Grand Council, and elected the Honorable Sir Knight William Henry White, Past Grand Chancellor, as Grand Sovereign, proceeded to re-establish the Order upon a working basis. Upon the death of Sir Knight White, in April, 1866, the members unani-

mously elected Lord Kenlis in his stead," and, at the second tri-ennial assembly of the Order, held at Freemasons' Tavern, March 5th, 1868, his Lordship was unanimously re-elected, and, in the presence of some fifty Knights, enthroned as Grand Master.

Since 1865 then, the Order in England has steadily progressed, and as a Christian branch of Masonry, is very generally admired for its beautiful ritual and moral teachings.

By referring to the Statutes we find that the Supreme Sovereign Body is styled "The Grand Imperial Council of England," consisting of thirteen members, the principal officer of which is termed "The Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign." This Council is the Appellate Court, and consequently its decisions are final.

The Grand Senate consists of thirty-three members, including the thirteen members of the Council, and twenty Sovereigns or P. S's. The members of the Grand Senate are elected for life, and in case of a vacancy through the death of any of their number, they elect some Sovereign or P. S. to supply his place.

The Knights of the Grand Cross are fifty in number, including the thirty-three members of the Senate.

The Grand College of Viceroys consists of the members of the Senate, and all present and past Sovereigns and Viceroys, provided they are regular subscribing members of conclaves under the jurisdiction of the Grand Council.

The General Grand Conclave of the Order meets triennially for the purpose of electing the Grand Sovereign, and consists of all the members of the Grand College of Viceroys, with the addition of all actual Generals and High Prelates of Subordinate Conclaves.

A complete subordinate Conclave consists of eleven officers; but may however be constitutionally allowed to work with three members, and is retained on the roll of the Order, "in conformity with tradition so long as a single member thereof shall be in existence."

There is a "Grand High Almoner's Fund," to which every Conclave has to yearly contribute, whose moneys are to be solely appropriated to benevolent and charitable purposes. The fund is under the control of a Committee of five, viz: The Grand Almoner and Grand Recorder, (ex-officio), and three Past Sovereigns elected by the General Grand Conclave.

The above is a somewhat condensed compilation of the principal statutes of the Order. It will be noted that the legislative powers are to a great extent confined to the General Grand Conclave, whereas the Grand Council really exercise the executive. The other bodies appear to us principally as honorary grades for the more distinguished members of the Order.

Lord Kenlis, the present Grand Master, has appointed the Provincial Grand Prior of Canada, Col. † W. J. B. McLeod Moore 33°, Inspector-General for the Dominion, and our Ill. Bro. T. D. Harington, 33°, Inspector-General for the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec; we cannot doubt, therefore, that under the auspices of two such distinguished Masons, the Order must flourish in this country, provided that in the words of the history of the same, as published in its statutes—"Faith, Unity and Zeal are the principles upon which this chivalric fraternity is founded. A reverential belief in the New Covenant, the blessings of fraternal union, and the advantages of zeal in a good cause, are impressed upon the minds of their aspirants, who are taught to reflect not only upon the mysteries of life, but on the solemn secrets of the Hereafter. In this respect, the Order may well claim Kinship with the noble institution of Freemasonry, from which its members are chosen, and with which they consider it their duty, as well as their privilege, to continue allied."

THE DUTIES OF THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

BY WOR. BRO. C. S. ELLIOT, M.D.

Masonic writers, journalists and jurists have ever given the highest consideration to the duties, privileges, and prerogatives of those who succeed to the Oriental chair of King Solomon. In this brief article, it is our intention merely to recapitulate the more important of them, and to dwell in more detail upon some of those duties which have been considered of minor importance, and in many instances entirely overlooked.

It is universally conceded that the powers and privileges of a Master of a Lodge are almost unlimited in extent; his power is absolute; he has a right to demand the most rigid obedience; his Lodge cannot remove, censure, or suspend him; vote him out of the chair or prevent him from taking it; cannot compel him to open, close, or adjourn the Lodge; he decides all points of order, ceremonial, Masonic law, discipline, including arrangement of business, &c.; he may command the attendance of his officers or members at any time; and open, close, or call off his Lodge at pleasure. No appeal from the decision of the Master in the chair can be taken to the body of the Lodge, right or wrong, as individual members may suppose, it is final, and reversible only by himself, or by the Grand Lodge, to which body, alone, he is amenable for his conduct while in the chair. The Wor. Master of a Lodge being, therefore, a complete autocrat, as far as his Lodge and its members are concerned, it will be readily admitted that his qualifications should be of no inferior or ordinary character. We find in the summary of ancient charges his general qualifications concisely enumerated, some of

which we quote: "He ought to be true and trusty; of good repute; held in high estimation among the Fraternity; skilled in Masonic knowledge; a lover of the Craft; exemplary in his private conduct; courteous in his manners, and steady and firm in principle." These, we maintain, are essential qualifications, for, as his power is great, so are his responsibilities correspondingly great, and the consequences of a lack of them cannot but be disastrous to the Lodge over which he presides, as well as to the Fraternity at large; and yet, how often, alas! do we find Worshipful Masters possessing but few of the required qualifications.

It is frequently urged as a sufficient reason for this, that, in some Lodges, especially those in the country, where the number of members is limited, it is impossible often to find a Brother properly qualified, and willing to undertake the responsible duties of governing a Lodge. Now, while we admit that, in some instances, this may be true, we cannot but regard it as a very unfortunate circumstance, that there are to be found so many inefficient and incompetent Worshipful Masters. We have no hesitation in saying that this, more than anything else, injures our glorious cause, and, even, in some localities, brings it into disrepute. Sufficient caution is not exercised by members of Private Lodges in the election of him who is to preside over them, because they, through ignorance or carelessness, do not attach sufficient importance to this matter. To all such we wish to raise a warning voice, to beware of incompetency in the Brother whom you exalt to this responsible and time honored position. Every member of Society at large exerts an influence for good or for evil over those with whom he associates and comes in contact, and how much more is this true in a society like ours, and especially as regards him who is at once placed in the position of both ruler and teacher. As is the Master, so is the Lodge over which he presides. We may lay this down as a maxim which will invariably be found to be true. In a world like ours, composed of individuals of all degrees of intelligence, cultivation, and moral susceptibility, it is not to be wondered at that we find a vast diversity of opinion as to what constitutes a model of excellence, which can be held up for imitation and example: but in a society like that of the Freemasons, where plans and precepts for our guidance are so plainly laid down, it is difficult to imagine how such numbers can differ so widely in what they conceive to be the duties and responsibilities of their position. We have known some Worshipful Masters, who devoted a great deal of time and energy in the getting up of Masonic rituals and set formularies, and when they had delivered themselves of these, before their Lodge, with school-boy exactness and monotony, congratulate themselves on, not only having performed their duty, but as having distinguished themselves as Masters, in a manner worthy of imitation—while at the same time their Lodge is shamefully ruled as regards discipline and Masonic harmony.

Others we have known, who pay but little heed to Masonic ritual, or ceremonial observance, stumbling and blundering through them in a most painful and unimpressive manner, while they rule their Lodge with an iron hand and an iron will, proud of the position which gives them despotic power. Officers and members soon become disgusted with this overbearing and domineering conduct, but discover too late that they have made a mistake in the selection of their Wor. Master.

Another class is perhaps more common than either of those we have just mentioned; we allude to those, who from apathy and indifference to the cause, and entire disregard of the duties and responsibilities they have solemnly undertaken, neither pay attention to the ritual nor the proper ruling of their Lodge, the result of which is that the members soon fall into the same apathy and indifference—they find nothing in the Lodge to interest them, and consequently allow other engagements of a minor and perhaps trifling nature to interfere with their regular attendance, and instead of a healthy, flourishing Lodge, dispensing light and knowledge to its members, and promoting the best interests of the Fraternity at large, we find one which had much better yield up its charter and have its very name erased from the register, as well as from the memory of every true and faithful Brother.

There is still another class, perhaps less common than either of the above, and one which enlists our warmest sympathies. We sometimes find "good men and true," who possess many, if not all the qualifications enumerated in the ancient charges, and who are competent to govern and instruct a Lodge of Master Masons, but who from low circumstances and want of social position are incapable of filling the office with credit to themselves or their Lodge. While Masonry does not recognize worldly goods with social rank and position as qualifications for the office of W. M., we maintain that these, as well as knowledge and experience, are required to preserve respect and maintain authority, and that it is impossible to discharge all the duties of the office without possessing some claim to them.

We admire the thorough ritualist and disciplinarian, and contend that no Lodge can flourish unless its Worshipful Master is more or less of both, but aside from these indispensable requisites, there are other duties devolving upon him, which are frequently omitted or ignored. We allude to affording the members of the Lodge proper Masonic instruction, upon the principles and tenets of the Order, and information on Masonic literature in general; the latter, we wish to refer to in particular. A very small portion of the members of Lodges are regular subscribers to any Masonic journal or periodical, and if Masonic news, and matters of general import and interest to the Brotherhood are not brought up and discussed in open Lodge, the majority of the Brethren remain in total ignorance of what is transpiring in the Masonic world. It is true in a Masonic sense,

as well as in a secular, that what is nows and politics to-day becomes history, to-morrow; and if we want enlightened and intelligent members of our fraternity, they must be instructed and interested in those matters, by him who has assumed the position of their teacher; and who has solemnly engaged, by his assent to the ancient charges, to be true to his trust. We may mention as a case in point, the object of the special communication of Grand Lodge, held in Montreal on the 1st ultimo.

We should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, if for no higher motive, how many Brothers there are within this jurisdiction, who have not merely heard that such a communication occurred, much less being acquainted with the object of it.

We think we are justified in concluding that there are many, when we take into consideration the fact, that more than one-third of all the Lodges within the jurisdiction, was not represented by either their own properly qualified officers or by proxy; and we doubt if those Lodges, which were represented by proxy, in nine cases out of ten, ever heard the matter mentioned again. We scarcely know in what terms to characterise the conduct of those Wor. : Masters, who pay no heed to the summons sent them by our Grand Secretary before each communication of Grand Lodge; but we do know, that we cannot but come to the conclusion (however unwillingly) that if they neglect this duty, they neglect others equally or more important, and cannot but express a regret that so weighty a trust has been reposed in them. They seem to have forgotten that at their installation, they solemnly "promise a regular attendance on the communications of Grand Lodge, on receiving proper notice thereof." This gross and wilful disobedience should be punishable with nothing short of suspension for at least three months. If this course were adopted, we should find a larger and more regular attendance on Grand Lodge and the consequent diffusion of a larger amount of knowledge on Masonic matters. We assert that it is the duty of every Lodge to pay the expenses of, at least, one delegate to Grand Lodge at each Communication and the proper representative is the Wor. : Master. No Lodge can possibly be so low in funds as to prevent this being done without any inconvenience to the Members, while it cannot be reasonably expected that delegates should expend both their time and private means for the general good of all.

It is the Master's duty to see to this, and if a delegate is not sent to each and every communication of Grand Lodge, and all necessary expenses therefor, paid by the Lodge which sends him, he alone is accountable, and should be punished for such culpable neglect of duty.

The question discussed and disposed of by Grand Lodge at the recent Communication, was perhaps one of the most important that has ever been brought before it. It marks a crisis in the history of Masonry in these Provinces, and is a question which should be thoroughly understood by

every Entered Apprentice, as well as Master Mason, in every Lodge within this jurisdiction. It was, therefore, clearly the duty of every Master of a Lodge, who received the summons, to attend this Communication, to obey that summons (as it emanated from the G. M., and he promised strict obedience to him), and while in Grand Lodge to gather all the information he possibly could—return home and communicate that information to his Brethren in open lodge. If the regular communication was fully occupied by the ordinary Lodge work, it then became his duty to summon an Emergency as soon as convenient, so that he might have an opportunity of giving a full and complete report and courting discussion thereon by the members present. If this duty were performed, not only in this instance, but in every similar one, we should not be pained by finding so much ignorance on Masonic matters, and country Masons would not be open to the imputation which was cast upon them by a P. G. M. the other day at Montreal. It was this, that delegates from country Lodges generally knew but little of Masonic matters beyond the concerns of their own private Lodges, and their views and opinions could consequently be but of little value to Grand Lodge, or something very much to that effect. We sincerely trust that the time will very soon be past when any such accusation will apply to any Brother under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

We have much more to say on this important subject, but as it is our intention to supplement this article with another in the next issue of the *GAVEL*, under the head of "Masonic Apathy and Ignorance," we will at once bring it to a close.

MASONIC ITEMS.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—We solicit contributions from all interested in the prosperity and general welfare of the Craft.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We to-day present the first number of the "*GAVEL*" to the Masonic Fraternity, and as a publication of this kind involves a great outlay, earnestly request our friends everywhere to at once solicit subscribers for us and forward without delay the names of those who are willing to support us in our undertaking. We have issued a very large edition, and are determined to carry on the work now that we have commenced it. We trust, therefore, that our Masonic Brethren, who have kindly volunteered to assist us, will exert their influence among the Craft generally, so that we may be enabled before the next issue to form some idea of the size of our subscription list.

MASONIC ELECTIONS.—We would request the officers of Lodges, Chapters and Encampments to forward us at their earliest convenience such matters of local interest as they may see fit for publication.

APPOINTMENT.—The Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Masons of the State of Nebraska, M. W. Bro. Henry P. Deuel, has been pleased

to appoint Wor.: Bro.: Robert Ramsay, of Orillia Lodge, No. 192, G. R. C., the representative of the Grand Lodge of Nebraska, near the Grand Lodge of Canada. We may add that Freemasonry in that State is in a highly flourishing condition.

THANKS.—The Grand Secretary, Rt.: Wor.: Bro.: T. B. Harris, 33°, has our thanks for several copies of the proceedings of the Special Communication of Grand Lodge, held at Montreal, December 1st.

WEBSTER'S RETAINING FEE.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster, related to me not long since, I have never seen in print :

One day a gentleman from New Bedford waited upon Mr. Webster in his office in Boston—the little old office in Court street—wishing to engage him for the defence in an important case at law. The visitor was himself the defendant, and the amount at stake in the suit was from sixty to seventy thousand dollars. He presented all the important points, and Mr. Webster was willing to undertake the task. But the client could not tell exactly when the case would come on.

"Very well," said Webster, if you wish to retain me for the defence in this suit, I will hold myself in readiness, and will not engage for the plaintiff."

The gentleman asked what the retaining fee would be."

"A thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars?"

"See what I engage to do, sir. I not only hold myself at your command, perhaps for a month or more, but I debar myself from accepting any offer, no matter how large, from the plaintiff."

The applicant filled out a check for one thousand dollars, and gave it to the great expounder.

"And now, sir," said Daniel, after he had put the check in his pocket, "I will give you a bit of advice gratis. If you can compromise this business, upon fair terms, with the plaintiff, you had better do so."

The client acknowledged his thanks, and then took his leave. Daniel sent the check to bank, where it was duly honored.

On the next day the gentleman from New Bedford called on Mr. Webster again. The plaintiff was in Boston—had come on the previous day on purpose to compromise, and a compromise had been made.

"In short," said the client, "we have made a fair and satisfactory settlement."

Mr. Webster was very glad; and having so expressed himself, and duly congratulated his visitor, he would have turned to other business; but the visitor seemed to have something further on his mind—something that made him restive and uneasy.

"Of course," he ventured, after a pause, "I shall not require your services, Mr. Webster."

"Certainly not, sir."

"And—and—how about the thousand dollars I paid you?" faintly queried the gentleman, who couldn't see the propriety of paying such a sum for services which were never to be rendered.

"O,—ah," responded Daniel with a bland smile, "you don't seem to understand. It is very simple. That was a retaining fee—called, in law, a *retainer*, by virtue of the contract, I, also, become a *retainer*. What should I retain if not my fee?"

And the gentleman from New Bedford went away thoroughly instructed in the legal signification of "a *retainer*."—S. C., JR., in the *N. Y. Ledger*.

Correspondence.

CONGRATULATORY LETTER.

TORONTO, ONT., December 23rd, 1869.

MY DEAR BRO. RAMSAY,—

I was pleased to hear, when attending Grand Lodge at Montreal, that you proposed, on the first of the month, starting a new Masonic journal. Without flattering you, I can say that your articles on Freemasonry, which, from time to time, have appeared in various Masonic publications, have impressed me and others with the conviction that, under your auspices, any paper devoted to Freemasonry must necessarily prove of great advantage to the Craft in Canada. I admire the manner in which, although yourself a member of the "hautes grades," have always advanced the great principle that Blue Lodge Masonry is the root and foundation of all Freemasonry, and that the Degree of Entered Apprentice is THE DEGREE of the Fraternity.

These points appear important to me, and I hope you will always maintain the position you have so long upheld in your Masonic writings. I am inclined to admire the beautiful symbolism of the Royal Arch Degree, and that of the Rose Croix, but these are only branches of our noble old tree, and although I have no objection to brethren taking these degrees, still, I think they should not on that account neglect their Lodges, in which Ancient Craft Masonry is taught in all its simplicity and purity.

I have heard that your views relative to the recognition of the so-called Grand Lodge, of Quebec, are of a somewhat *ultra* character. I trust that such is not the case. I should like to see our brethren of Quebec restored to their original status; but as a Canadian Mason, I am inclined to back, *at all hazards*, the decision of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, A. A. Stevenson, Esq. The Grand Lodge must, in my humble opinion, always endorse the actions of its Grand Master, and under those circumstances, I hope you will not too readily advise, through your journal, immediate recognition. Apologising for occupying so much of your space, I am

Fraternally yours,

A TORONTO FREEMASON.

[NOTE.—We thank our venerable friend for the flattering remarks relative to ourself; at the same time, we cannot agree with him that the Grand Lodge must, *at all hazards* sustain the decision of the presiding officer. If once we acknowledge that doctrine, there is no object in the Craft yearly assembling in Grand Lodge to discuss the various topics of importance that annually present themselves before that august assemblage. All due deference should always be paid to the decisions of a Grand Master, but they are fallible, and we believe that his powers are limited and that he even has no right to encroach upon the prerogatives of his Grand Lodge.—ED. GAVEL.]

SHOULD WE RECEIVE ROMAN CATHOLICS INTO
OUR ORDER?

KINGSTON, ONT., December 10th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Gavel,—


DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—A few nights since I visited a Lodge in which a member of the Roman Catholic Church was proposed for initiation, and to my surprise, he was strongly objected to by several members present, on the ground of his religious convictions. Now, I may be wrong, but I don't believe we have any right to black-ball a man because his views on the Christian Faith differ

somewhat from ours. Freemasonry is universal in its character, and we find men of every creed, sect and color, believers in the Craft.

I have heard it stated that in the neighboring Republic, there are some twenty thousand masons, who belong to the Roman Catholic Church. I admit the Clergy of that Church are opposed to our Institution, so are the Baptist ministers, but for that reason are we to refuse them admission when they knock at our portals, if in other respects they are worthy and well qualified?

Yours fraternally,

M. C.

 [NOTE.—We heartily endorse the sentiments of our correspondent.—ED. GAVEL.]

ANCIENT ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE.

LONDON, ONT., December 20th, 1869.

BRO. : ROBERT RAMSAY.

MY DEAR SIR AND ILL. : BRO. : 32°.—Having heard upon good authority that you propose at an early date issuing a Masonic Paper, I take the liberty of suggesting, that if such should be the case, you might favor us with a series of articles on the A. : A. : S. : R. : . The subject is one of sufficient interest to the craft in Canada to justify such a course. I admit our numbers are few, but amongst them are some of the leading Masons in the Dominion, and it would be as well to let the craft generally have some idea of the working of this beautiful branch of Freemasonry. It has been most unjustly attacked by some, as if its members were traitors to their Masonic vows, instead of being the Champions of our Fraternity. Under these circumstances, I trust you will oblige your brethren of the A. : A. : S. : R. : ., as well as those of the Craft generally, by adopting the suggestion I have taken the liberty to offer.

I am, my dear and Ill. : Bro. : Robert Ramsey 32°

Yours fraternally in the sacred numbers,

A WELL-WISHER TO THE A. : A. : S. : R. : .

[NOTE.—We should have been most happy to have given our views of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, as suggested by our Illustrious Brother, but fortunately, we believe, it will not be necessary for us to do so, as a Brother high in the Order, and one whose attention is more exclusively devoted to it, will in all probability advocate its claims with ability and judgment, through the columns of this journal. In fact, we had fully intended to have published a letter, which we received from him some weeks ago upon the subject, and which, for the beauty of its diction and the earnestness of its style, we have rarely seen excelled; unfortunately, it was mislaid. In the next number, however, we trust the error will be rectified.—ED. GAVEL.]

PRAYER is a communion with God; but it is, moreover, a commiseration for men. Religion bends its knees, but it stretches its hands; it turns its eyes up to Heaven, but it pours its sympathies out upon the world. The prayer said is a mockery unless it be a prayer done.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S island, Juan Fernandez, was recently ceded to a German colonization society numbering about seventy individuals. The island, which is described as a fertile and delightful spot, is one of the stations at which whaling-vessels take in water and wood. The society, on taking possession, found there countless herds of goats, some thirty half-wild horses, and sixty donkeys, the latter animals proving to be exceedingly shy. They brought with them cows and other cattle, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing apparatus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations.

Masonic Jurisprudence.

T. L.—What works do you consider the best on Masonic Jurisprudence?

ANSWER.—Oliver's Jurisprudence is decidedly the best for Canadian Masons, although we would also advise the study of Mackey's and Simon's. The former is particularly interesting, whilst the latter is very practical and condensed into a very small space. Chase's Digest is also an invaluable work of reference.

AN EXAMINER.—A Brother, from New York, presented himself at our Lodge the other evening, and in the course of examination admitted that he was initiated one week, passed the next, and raised two weeks afterwards. Could the Lodge that gave him those degrees have acted constitutionally, and under the circumstances had we any right to admit him?

ANSWER.—Our correspondent must be aware that sometimes dispensations are granted to allow a Brother to take the three degrees, without the requisite intervening space of time demanded by the constitution; for example, on the 18th of October last, the Grand Master Mason of Scotland, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, granted a special dispensation to St. Andrew's Lodge No. 45, for the purpose of conferring the three degrees of E. : A. : C. : J. : & M. : M. : in the course of one evening, upon H. R. H. Prince Rhodocanakis. But according to the constitutions of the Grand Lodge of New York, Ohio and others, it is not necessary to wait a month between each degree, it is simply requisite that the candidate shall be versed in the lecture of the preceding degree, and wait till the succeeding regular communication of his Lodge, and as many Lodges in the United States meet weekly, a man might be proposed April 1st, initiated April 8th, passed April 15th, and raised April 22nd, thus legitimately and constitutionally, according to the regulations of these Grand Lodges, taking the three degrees of symbolic Freemasonry in the short space of three weeks. The brother, therefore, that "An Examiner" alludes to, was, in all probability, legitimately raised, and his Lodge in so doing did not infringe the constitution of its Grand Lodge.

ENTERED APPRENTICE.—I am obliged to leave for Toledo before I can receive my second degree; as I expect to make it my permanent residence, should I not take a demit from my Lodge and at once apply to some Lodge there for the other two degrees?

ANS.—We regret to inform our young friend that according to the constitution of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, an E. : A. : has to reside one year in the State before he can receive the degree of F. : C. : The law we deem most unjust, but so it is.

Y.—Can a brother taking the degrees of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, receive the 33rd in this country?

ANS.—The thirty-third degree of the A. : A. : S. : R. : is an executive grade, and cannot be obtained anywhere, unless the illustrious brother about to receive it has been strongly recommended by some of those possessing the degree; there are only, at present, in Canada, five, who have had that distinction conferred upon them, viz., Ill. : Bros. : Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore, Capt. Wilson, T. D. Harington, J. W. Murton, and T. B. Harris.

ENQUIRER—I was present at a lodge the other evening during the election of the officers for the ensuing year, which was done by open vote. Was that constitutional?

ANS—Certainly, such a course was irregular as in the Constitution, under the heading of "Private Lodges," we find in the second clause, "Every Lodge shall annually elect its Master, Wardens, Chaplain, Treasurer and Secretary by ballot." Every Brother should, upon his initiation, be presented with the Book of Constitution, and then these mistakes would not so frequently occur.

R. : A. :—Have I the right to wear my Royal Arch Regalia in a Blue Lodge?

ANSWER.—Certainly not. The Constitution is very explicit upon this subject, and while you have the privilege of wearing your Royal Arch Jewels on the breast, you must in Blue Lodge wear the apron of your work, viz., that of E. : A. : , F. : C. : , M. : M. : , or Past Master. We would here remark that as the Grand Lodge of Canada does not recognise the Templar degree, it is not constitutional to wear the Jewel of the Order. Custom, however, has almost done away with the regulation, and the Fratres now very generally, in addition to their R. : A. : Jewels, adorn their persons with the Star and Cross of their Knighthood.

THE NEW GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.—The Earl of Zetland, after holding the responsible position of Grand Master of England for over a quarter of a century, has resigned, and the Deputy Grand Master, the Earl de Gray and Ripon, has been unanimously elected in his stead. It is very generally understood by the Craft in England, that in future the Grand Mastership shall not be held by the same individual for a longer period than three years. This is decidedly a move in the right direction.

NEW LODGES.—We find by the *Craftsman*, that the Most Worshipful the Grand Master has authorised dispensations for the following new Lodges, viz. :

"Norwood," at Norwood—W. : Bro. : W. E. Roxbury, Master.

"Zurich," at Zurich—Bro. : William Carrick, Master.

"Bernard," at Listowel—Wor. : Bro. : George Towner, Master. We wish them all every success.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—We learn that Sir † Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore, 33°, Prov. : Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada, has authorised the granting of a Dispensation for a new Encampment to be called "Mount Calvary," at Orillia, Ont. Frater † Robert Ramsay, to be Em. : Com. : Fratre † M. H. Spencer, to be first Captain, and Fratre † J. K. Kerr to be second Captain.

ST. JOHN'S DAY, KINGSTON.—The Brethren of Kingston dedicated their new hall, and gave a grand banquet on St. John's Day; in our next number we shall present our readers with a full report.

OFFICIAL VISITATION.—The *Keystone* announces that the Grand High Priest, M. : E. : Comp. : Geo. Griscom, of Pennsylvania, is paying a series of official Visitations to many of the Chapters within his jurisdiction. The result is a greater interest in Capitular Masonry.

If ever there was a man determined to be "known by his *walk*, rather than by his conversation," it is a party in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, called "Crazy Odell," who has for twenty years, with necessary intervals for sleeping and eating, walked in shine and storm, from Meadville to Penn Line, a distance of twenty miles. No matter how hard it rains, snows or blows, he continues his incessant tramp, tramp, tramp. The old man imagines himself the Duke of Wellington, and is always marching to the battle-field of Waterloo.