

THE
CANADIAN JOURNAL
OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

VOL. II.]

MAY, 1876.

[NO. 5.

THE FUNERAL OF ISAAC MOSACKER.

ALL the Jews in Lyons were invited to attend the funeral of Isaac Mosacker.

What number of these Jews the city contained could never have been guessed by the lawyer who sent the invitations, had not the deceased left a list of them. He must have taken years composing this list, for there figured on it the names of Jews long dead, and of others but just born. The lawyer sent no invitations to the dead, but every living Jew, man or child, was bidden. From the richest banker in his gilded mansion down to the puling babies of the peddlars who hawked their wares among the poor weavers of the "Croix Rousse," all the Jews in Lyons received a black-bordered card bearing these words:—

"For the love of God you are requested to follow the body of Isaac Mosacker to its last resting-place, on Thursday, the 21st January inst., at 6 o'clock, a.m. And he shall render unto you fourfold."

The winter happened to be exceptionally severe, and at the time when the postman delivered the cards it was freezing hard and the streets were swept by a cold north-east wind cutting as a razor. It was not likely many Jews were going to turn out in such weather, and at 6 o'clock in the morning to trudge behind the coffin of an humble bric-a-brac vendor; and Isaac Mosacker's invitation conse-

quently excited some amusement. The richer Jews tossed it aside as a bad joke. Some of the poorer ones who had had dealings with Isaac, and knew him to be a cross-grained churl hard to tackle, thought that if it had been summer-time, and if the burial had been appointed for the cool of the evening, they might have gone to it for brotherhood's sake; but six o'clock in the morning of a winter, with the thermometer seven degrees below freezing-point—no thank you! Only one Jew in the whole city decided that he must attend Isaac's funeral, and that was Reuben Manasses, who owed him money and could not pay. Reuben had an idea that if he did not render his creditor the supreme homage of mourning, Beelzebub might possibly look into the matter.

On the morning of the 21st, however, it snowed so hard that Reuben Manasses resolved to let the devil do his worst. There was really no going out in such weather. In the darkness, lean, shivering Manasses peering through his panes, saw the fleecy flakes falling in soft ceaseless succession and whitening everything, so that the roofs of houses and their eaves, the doorsteps, the roadway, all seemed covered with a hoary frost. It has never been written that a debtor shall catch cold in honor of his creditor's decease, and lean Manasses was sadly liable to

influenza. Let it be considered, also, that he had other creditors to think of, and owed it to them not to let his health be imperilled; all of which explains why he crept back with chattering teeth into bed and dozed an extra hour's sleep, the cost of which he had cause to remember to his dying day.

Meanwhile the hearse had started from Isaac Mosacker's door, unattended and unmourned.

It was a one-horse vehicle, without trappings, plumes, or pall, and the sort of hearse that is used in sixth-class funerals, for Frenchmen can get themselves interred in six different styles, not counting a seventh style for infants. A spindle-legged master of the ceremonies shuffled before in cocked hat and cloak, and high-perched on the box sat an aged coachman, who cut a wretched figure enough with his tall boots and benumbed fingers. These two, and a pair of mutes who had come to help to carry out the coffin but not to follow it to the cemetery, cursed the presumptuous folly of a Jew who had wished to be buried at an earlier hour than the rest of the world; and yet this Jew was not exceeding his privilege. At any hour between six in the morning and six in the evening has a man a right to be buried, nor will any amount of cursing on the part of those who are charged to see him safely laid under earth put him in the wrong.

So the hearse started quite noiselessly and slow. Its wheels turned quietly in the spongy snow, and its horse's footfalls trod on the white carpet with a muffled sound scarce audible. The flakes continued falling, and a capricious wind blew drifts of them into the aged coachman's face. The master of the ceremonies had to keep his hand on his cocked hat to prevent it from flying off, and the wind took advantage of his comparative helplessness to inflate his cloak behind him like a balloon, or to whirl it between his legs at street corners, and in so doing dashed little puffs of snow into his ears and down the nape of his neck, causing him to swear, for he was a man who stood much upon his dignity and did not like to be rendered ridiculous by the elements. All the while there was not a soul in the streets—not a dog, not a cat; nothing but wind and snow playing

their pranks in the darkness of a winter morning, amid thoroughfares so silent that it looked as though the whole city had gone to sleep never to wake again.

And yet no; for at the turning of a street, a window, behind which a light had been burning all night, was opened, and the head of a young girl of twenty peeped out timidly into the darkness, the light in the room forming a golden framework at her back.

She was a sempstress, and had been sewing ever since morning the day before at a ball-dress that was wanted for a great lady that would not wait. On the stroke of six she had finished her last weary stitch, and had been deliberating whether she would not lie down and take a little rest before commencing a new day's labors, when an impulse—what impulse, and how to account for it?—had attracted her to the window to see what kind of weather it was. At sight of the hearse, looming like an apparition, so black and so melancholy in its solitariness, the sempstress gave a slight start, and the coachman fancied he heard mingled with the sighing of the wind an exclamation like "Poor soul!" Then the window closed, and a minute afterwards the young girl issued from the house like a shadow, tripped lightly across the road, and took her stand behind the hearse, to follow to his or her grave this unknown human being who had no friend.

She was of frail build and had no shawl; but the snow as it descended in light pure flakes seemed to wrap her with infinite tenderness in a cloak more dazzling than a wedding garment. And perhaps the white carpet which heaven had laid down was not too cold under her kindly feet, and perhaps the winter wind made itself warm to play about her sweet young face, which two tears of pity had bedewed. Anyhow she walked without appearing to heed snow or blast, but intent only on the deed of charity she was performing towards one whom she had felt to be in kinship with her, since his pauper's hearse proved him to have belonged when alive to the great brotherhood of the poor and miserable.

Still slowly the hearse proceeded, followed by its one young mourner, until at a new turning, where there was a baker's shop, a young journeyman who had been

working at the ovens all night, came out on his way home. To bakers, day is as night and night as day. This journeyman, who was twisting a comforter round his throat, lifted his cap, at first unconcernedly, to the hearse, but as he did so the light of a gas-lamp streaming on the sempstress enabled him to recognize her. Surprised, he darted at once into the roadway, bare-headed and held out his hand.

"What, Marie, is that you? This is no relation of yours, I hope!"

"No, I don't know his name," said Marie, with an artless smile; "but it seemed so wretched to see him going to the cemetery in this cold, alone!"

"And so you followed him! Ah, that's just like your goodness! But you will be catching cold yourself, more likely, than the dead man. Here, take this wrapper and my jacket!"

"No, I don't feel cold," said Marie; "but are you coming too?"

"How can you ask?" answered the workman. "Of course I will go wherever you go?"

"Hush!" said Marie, gently; and they walked on together side by side, Isaac Mosacker having now two mourners instead of one.

Note that all this had been done and said without the cognizance or privy of the master of the ceremonies, who was too much occupied with the state of the roads in front of the hearse to pay any attention to what was going on behind. He was therefore astonished, almost mystified, when, on reaching the cemetery, he saw two young people step out from behind the vehicle, and watch with heads bent while the coffin was being lifted out and placed beside the open grave.

A rabbi was in attendance—a black-bearded man with a long gown, who was not in the best of tempers at having been roused out of bed so early—and he began to gabble prayers. At this juncture Marie pulled the sleeve of her companion.

"But they don't take him to the chapel, Jacques; and I see no priest!"

"I think yonder man is a priest," whispered Jacques; "the dead man must have been a Jew."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Marie, in a tone of distress; "but they don't have any holy water, or make the sign of the cross over him!"

"I think it comes to the same thing," observed Jacques, philosophically.

But Marie was not of the same opinion. She knelt down in the snow, and recited over the Jew's coffin a Pater, an Ave, and the Credo of the Christian faith; then when a'l was over, and when the rabbi, glad to have finished, was scuttling off shivering, with his gown drawn close round him, the young sempstress glanced round to see that she was unobserved, and pulling off a little silver cross that hung round her neck, let it fall into the grave. * * * Possibly that little cross did the Jew no harm when he stood with it in his hand on the threshold of heaven praying for admittance.

Dawn was breaking as the sextons began to shovel earth on Isaac Mosacker's body, and as Marie and Jacques walked out of the cemetery arm in arm. But at the gate a man met them—smooth and polished manners.

"You have been attending the funeral of M. Isaac Mosacker?" he inquired bowing.

"We didn't know his name," answered Jacques, fumbling in his pocket, under a vague impression that alms were going to be begged of him.

"There can be no mistake, for there has been but one funeral yet this morning," replied the stranger, more and more courteously. "Well if you will do me the favor of coming with me to my office I shall have a message to give you. I am a notary."

"But I have work to do," pleaded Marie. "I have begun a dress which is ordered for to-morrow."

The notary smiled.

"I think that is a dress that will remain unfinished," said he. "Here is my carriage, pray step in."

* * * * *

In the course of that day a very surprising rumor went about Lyons. It was circulated that Isaac Mosacker had left a fortune of one million francs to be divided equally amongst all who should prove their regard for him by attending his funeral. A workman named Jacques and a sempstress called Marie were the only two who had been present, and so this made them a fortune of 500,000 francs

apiece—or rather they would have the million between them, since they were betrothed to each other.

And when this rumor came to be proved

a fact, there were many Jews in Lyons who slept poorly, but one slept more poorly than the rest, and his name was Reuben Manasses.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE ?

THEY are sowing their seed in the dawnlight fair,
 They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
 They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
 They are sowing their seed in the solemn night ;

What shall the harvest be ?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought,
 In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought ;
 They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
 Where the mosses creep and the flower buds swell ;

Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of word and deed,
 Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,
 Of the gentle word and the kindly deed,
 That have blest the heart in its sorest need ;

Sweet shall the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
 Of late remorse and a maddened brain,
 And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
 Ere they root the weeds from the soil again ;

Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
 Yet they scatter seed on a fertile land,
 And some are sowing the seeds of care,
 Which their soil hath borne and still must bear ;

Sad shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
 With a sleepless watch and earnest heed ;
 With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,
 And the fields are whitening where'er they go ;

Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
 Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
 Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
 In the broad workfield, or the shadowy path—

Sure will the harvest be.

OUR OPPONENTS.

AS I wish to state clearly and fairly the precise position and character of each class of our opposers, that their principles and modes of opposition may be properly understood, I have classified those who belong to sects which, *as sects*, oppose us, separate and apart from those who oppose us as individuals merely. The former, as we have seen, feel bound by their church covenant, discipline, and government, to oppose all so-called "secret societies."

Construing the church covenant by their own definitions, it is an oath, as it is an appeal to "God, angels, and men." Those who take it, then, are (by their own judgment) "oath-bound." And taking them at the measure by which they measure (as they suppose that our obligations bind us to do many things contrary to truth and righteousness, and to violate our duties to those who are without), we might suppose them "oath-bound" to oppose us right or wrong, and by means foul or fair, false or truthful. (And it must be admitted that some of their principal writings show that the truth is wonderfully bent and twisted in their statements against us, and their quotations from our writings.) If this statement of their principles and position is deemed by them to be unjust and prejudiced, what is their judgment of us? We only judge them by their own standard—with what measure they mete unto us, we measure back unto them again; but we do it merely to show them what a narrow, false-bottomed, unjust measure it is!

The other class of our opposers—those who act on their own judgments and consciences (*passions* and *prejudices* may be the proper terms), may suppose that their church covenant also binds them to oppose us (and thus feel "oath-bound" also); but they are not supported in that view by their respective churches. But there is one thing very singular—seemingly very inconsistent—if they really deem themselves "covenant-bound" to oppose us. It is this: Their churches permit members to become Odd-Fellows, and many of their members, and not a few of their clergy, are active members in our

Lodges and Encampments. The opposers profess to believe that ours is a heathen, anti-Christian, irreligious institution—its prayers a mockery, its morality a cloak, its benevolence a sham—and that a union with them is a blot upon Christian character, and a violation of the church covenant and Christian duty. And yet professing all this, and knowing that their ministers and fellow-members meet with us, unite in our labors and officiate in our ceremonies, they continue to fellowship them as Christians, and participate with them (giving or receiving) in the communion. They declare that these Odd-Fellow ministers and members are living in opposition to Christian obligation and duty, yet bringing no charges against them—institute no process of discipline against them, to reclaim them from their irreligion and impiety, or expel them from the church of Christ. Such inconsistency seems to declare either that they do not believe Odd-Fellows to be wicked and reprobate, or that they themselves are criminally negligent of their duty as members of the church.

Those of our opposers who are pastors of churches, are yet more criminal. They know that some of the best and most active of their members are Odd-Fellows; and yet they, the pastors of the flock, specially and solemnly charged with the preservation of its purity, bring no charges against them, and withhold not from them the sacred elements of the communion. In some cases where their Odd-Fellow members asked from their pastor letters of dismissal, that they might unite with some church where charges of heathenism and impiety would not be hurled at them, and where they could quietly commune with their fellow-members, the astonished pastor virtually ignored his base charges, by refusing to dismiss his parishioners, and declaring himself ready and willing to admit them to the communion as heretofore! Singular Christian conduct this, in any Christian minister. Where was his sincerity in making the accusations against Odd-Fellows?—where his conscientiousness in dealing with alleged delinquent church members? Are such clergymen slanderers and vilifiers of their brethren in

our Order? or are they partakers in the alleged anti-Christian conduct of these erring brethren?

Some of these opposing clergymen, availing themselves of the advantage given by their sacred office, preach, and even pray, *at* their Odd-Fellow parishioners, as if they would provoke them into saying or doing something improper, by way of defence or retaliation, on which an accusation might be founded, and so bringing them under discipline on a side issue. The pastor who can thus intrench himself behind the sacred desk to preach and pray at a parishioner, shows not only his cowardice, but also his lack of reverence toward God and His holy place where he should exercise his office only. And he also proves himself more of a worrying wolf than a Christian shepherd of his flock. Better, at least braver and more honest, if really sincere in believing Odd-Fellowship the sinful thing they allege, to come out openly in denouncing its adherents—in refusing to administer the communion, and in bringing them to church trial as violators of Christian duty and obligation. Some have done this, and rent their churches in twain, and scattered the flocks, leaving their places marked with the desolations of ecclesiastical strife and warfare. If not sustained by the higher tribunals of the church, they can further manifest their sincerity and consistency, by denouncing the *church itself* as derelict in duty, and can leave it to seek one *more worthy of them!*

But I must confess that my sympathies go with those parishioners who are worried by their pastors—preached *at*, and prayed *at* for seeking to extend and enlarge their means of well-doing and well-being by becoming Odd-Fellows, and who are provoked into indignation by such cunning insinuations against their characters as honest men and earnest Christians. I wonder not that some lovers of peace and quiet, unable longer to endure such bigotry and abuse, should decide to withdraw from the church of their choice, and seek more Christian treatment in some kindred communion. Others, again, unwilling to leave their church, but worn out with the contention and strife, and unable longer to endure covert obloquy and slander, conclude to withdraw from the Order, and abandon the Lodge. But

while I sincerely sympathize with both these classes, and deeply pity their condition, I am constrained to say that both have probably decided wrongfully. They have a duty to perform and a testimony to bear, which are more important than any mere personal feeling—more valuable than any ease or peace to be obtained by such evasion of truth and duty. They are not alone. There are those united with them in church and in Lodge, to whom their moral support is due, and with whom their example has great moral influence. No one of us liveth for himself. To yield place to a petty persecutor, who would usurp God's prerogative and lord it over the heritage of the Redeemer, by withdrawing from the church, is to admit his assumption that the church is opposed to Odd-Fellowship, when it is not—or, that the pastor is superior to the church, and his dictation to be obeyed rather than the church's rules and permission. And all this contrary to the approval of your own judgment and conscience. Such a yielding, if general, would destroy the balance of power in the church, unsettle its course of action, and finally subvert and change its government and character. In matters of mere expediency and of little moment, we may yield much and often for the sake of peace; but in matters of duty and principle, we should not consider personal gratification—there should be no expediency, no "policy," no abandonment or desertion. There can be no real peace without righteousness and purity. "*First pure, then peaceable,*" is the teaching of the Bible, as it is of human experience. Especially is this true when a patient, Christian endurance and fortitude are united with a zealous maintenance of right—when both united are sure, sooner or later, to win over the church to change its unjust and injudicious pastor for one who, in the spirit of his Master, will do his work in righteousness and speak the truth in love. And then the church and the Lodge, not being even seemingly antagonistic, will usefully and pleasantly work, each in its own way, in the great and much needed labor of ameliorating human want and suffering, and elevating human character and influence.

If, on the other hand, out of regard to the unjust charges of your pastor, you withdraw from your Lodge, you thus far

indorse his false charges. For to yield to the demand of false accusers is a stronger testimony in their favor than any verbal denial can be against them. Your action speaks louder than your words—and your act confirms his assertion that duty to an Order is inconsistent with duty to the church and to Christianity—and that your

brothers, who adhere to our Order, are violaters of their obligations as men and as Christians. Are you prepared to do this? I hope not. No intelligent Odd-Fellow can truthfully declare this; and if you know whereof you affirm, and regard truth, you will not affirm this.

—REV. A. B. GROSH

FRIENDSHIP.

HOW many beautiful things have been told about friendship, and yet the half has not been told. By its inspiration the poet's lyre has awakened the sweetest music, and by it the painter's hand has been nerved to the divinest touch. In answer to her sweet voice the noblest and sublimest heroism has found its place in history. The records of the immortal deeds which it has inspired are beautifully woven, as the thread of gold, into the whole warp of history. In the wide earth-field where its mighty work is moving ever onward, it is confined to no clime or country. It blooms in every soil, and kindles a light of supernal brightness above all the desolation of human life. How strikingly does it express itself in the familiar though still beautiful narrative of David and Jonathan. The heart that has not moved with refreshing emotions at the mention of such a friendship cannot be human. Who has not wept tears of gratitude, that amid the wrecks of humanity strewn around the earth, there were two who loved each other so well. Their souls were knit together. Were they not "odd" fellows? How soothing to the desolate soul is the memory of Ruth and her immortal friendship for her kindred and friends. How elequent with true friendship her noble words: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die; and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if nought but death part thee and me." How beautiful on the dark background of war leans Virgil's picture of true friendship as exemplified by his Nisus and Euryalus. Down by the yellow Tiber the scene is laid amid the Trojan and

Rutulian camps. The followers of Turnus meditated an early attack upon the Trojan camp, for which the Trojans are ill prepared, owing to the absence of Æneas their trusted leader. Amid the deliberation of a council of war, two youths of the Trojan band, cemented by the cords of true friendship, discuss the situation at their post of duty, and resolve to offer themselves as the bearers of dispatches to Æneas, asking his speedy return. Their generous offer is accepted. Each in his turn pleads with the other to allow him alone to attempt the perilous mission. Friendship's bond draw so strongly that they dread the loss, each of his friend, and for the same reason they resolve to go together. In the stillness of the night they steal forth from their encampment and pass with noiseless but terrible slaughter through the sleeping camp of the Rutulians and gain the dark wood beyond it. As they enter the forest they are surprised by the sudden approach of a troop of Rutulian horseman, and at once attempt to escape by flight in the dismal forest. They are soon separated. Nisus is beyond the reach of his pursuers, but he is alone. He must seek his companion. He hastens to retrace his steps, and sees in the first dim twilight of the coming morning the flashing spears and swords of his embittered foes. O, how his generous heart grows sick and faint as he sees, amid the throng, his friend and companion dragged to the slaughter. Then the tide of friendship flows afresh, and nerves his arm with sinews of steel. One by one the would be executioners of his beloved friend fall by death-dealing darts that fly from his unseen hand. At length one great prince, Volscens by name, stung to the quick by revenge, undertakes to slay at once poor Euryalus before the eyes of

his friend. The heart of Nisus can bear no more. How could true friendship endure such a scene. With a tiger's spring he flies from his covert to the narrow field where his friend lies bleeding and dying. Mighty Volscens falls before him, and then, with gaping and streaming

wounds, he reels backwards upon his stricken friend, and in the warm embrace of that three-fold cord, Friendship, Love, and Truth, death freezes them together in the bonds of an immortal friendship.—

—D. E. BUCHNELL.

STRANGE DRINKS.

“MAN, being reasonable, must get drunk!” Many people accept that as an axiom who never heard the name of the poet who wrote it. On that head the most forlorn and stupid of savages are at one with civilized folks; and some extremely curious, let alone nasty concoctions, does human ingenuity hit upon in its desperate desire to produce a beverage that will cheer and inebriate. The cocoa-nut tree is a great boon to thirsty man, giving the weary traveller a draft of pure water, rewarding the early riser with a cup of sparkling toddy, and delighting lovers of strong potations with its potent arrack. The first beverage is contained in the fruit; the less innocent ones are made from the sap of the tree. The operations of the Cingalese toddy-drawer are simple enough. He binds all the shoots bearing embryo nuts firmly together, cuts off the ends, and attaches beneath them an earthenware vessel holding about a gallon, and so leaves matters for four-and-twenty hours—from sunrise to sunrise. When the time is up, the chatty is lowered, emptied of its contents, and replaced; and so the process goes on, until the flow of sap is exhausted. The liquor thus obtained looks like milk and water, and tastes like soda-water and milk slightly flavored with cocoa-nut. In a few hours, rapid acetous fermentation takes place, and by mid-day the sap becomes toddy, resembling a poor acid cider, and from this arrack is made by distillation. The same source supplies the subjects of the Rajah of Sarawak with their national beverage, which is kept in huge jars, and hospitably handed to all comers in cans, bottles, or cocoa-nut shells, whichever happen to be handiest. Mr. Boyle says it looks like thin milk, and smells like five hundred negroes drunk in a slave pen, while its flavor seems to be as unique as its smell.

“When first taken into the mouth, it

suggests an idea of cocoa-nut milk gone very sour, and holding in solution a very considerable quantity of brown sugar and old cheese; when it reaches the throat, the agonized novice becomes aware of a hot peppery flavor, causing him to believe that starch mingled with the finest cayenne must have a great share in the composition; and, finally, should it safely reach its destination, and the sufferer be compelled to put his head precipitately through the railings behind he conceives with astonishing suddenness that he is waiting for the crisis in a rolling vessel at the change of the monsoons.”

When the Marquesans are in a humor for a drinking bout, a number of boys are set to work preparing aroo, by squatting around a large bowl, and masticating cocoa-nuts, which they spit into the bowl when sufficiently chewed. Enough being prepared, the vessel is filled up with fresh water, and stirred, and the pleasant mess left to settle, when the flowing bowl is passed about for the merry-makers to drain to the lees.

Another drink, in high esteem among the South Sea Islanders, is made in a similar manner from the ava root, and ava drinking forms an essential feature of all Feejean ceremonies. In Rewa, when the ava has been duly chewed, as the water is poured in, the expectant spectators, ranged in a semicircle round the chief operator, set up a howl, finishing off with a cry of “*Ai soou.*” Then the operator strains the liquid into an immense wooden bowl, singing all the while; his song being taken up by the company, who, at the same time, imitate his motions to the best of their ability, varying the performances at every important stage of the proceedings by clapping their hands. The brewage concluded, the drinking cups are filled from one having a hole in it; over the hole the ava maker placing a finger when dipping, withdrawing it to let the

liquor run out in a stream. The drinking of the king's draft is followed by an extra loud clapping ; that of an inferior chief by the exclamation : "*Sa Madaa* !" (It is empty): After ava, his Rewain majesty rinses his mouth, lights his cigar, and takes his ease on his mat. The royal barber, not being permitted to touch anything with his hands, has to find a friend to hold the cup to his lips while he drinks his allowance. The royal ava drinking at Somu Somu is equally ceremonious. Early in the morning the king's herald or orator cries out in front of his house : "*Yango-na li ava.*" To this the people reply with loud shouts, meaning "prepare ava." The chiefs and principal men assemble immediately with their bowls and ava roots, which are handed over to the younger folks, while they have a palaver about things in general. The ava preparers must have clean and undiseased teeth, and are liable to punishment if they are detected swallowing any of the precious juice. The chewing over, and the water poured on the ava, the herald draws out in the vernacular : "Make the offering." The ava is then strained through cocoa-nut husks—a tedious operation. Then the herald repeats his cry, and the chiefs join in the chorus. Somebody is despatched with the royal ava, and the company go on singing. The orator invokes their god, Tava Sava, and his companions implore their dead friends by name to watch over them. Then prayers are raised for the king's life, for rain, the arrival of ships, for riches, and life to enjoy them. The chorus, "*Mana endina sendina le,*" a sort of "Amen, so be it," is repeated again and again, each time in a higher pitch, until the force of human lungs can no higher go, when the performance ends in a general screech of "*O-ya-ye* !" which is taken up by the outer mob ; and then the king drinks his ava, the chiefs clapping hands while he does so, and when he has finished, setting to work upon their own account, and afterwards to business with what soberness they may. No one dreams of doing anything until the king has emptied his bowl ; and if a visitor wishes to keep on good terms with his hosts, he must be careful not to do any work, or make any noise, until the ceremony has come to an end. The picvorree of Guiana and the chica of

Chili and Brazil, like ava and aroo, are produced by the masticatory process ; the first named being a concoction of cassava bread, saliva, and water ; while the principal ingredient of the Brazilian chica consists of maze dough, thoroughly chewed by a parcel of old women.

Among the many strange acquaintances made by M. du Chaillu was a drunken old chief named Olenga-Yombi, whose head wife favored the gorilla hunter with the following account of her worthy husband's bringing up : "When he was quite a child, Olenga Yombi's father used to put him in a big bag, and carry him to the top of a palm tree, where he plied him with the intoxicating palm wine. Every day he repeated the dose, till the child came to like palm wine better than his mother's milk, whereat the father was greatly delighted, because he wished him to be renowned when he was grown up for the quantity of palm wine he could drink. 'So you see, Chaillu, you must not be angry with him, for it is not his own fault.'" This frightful example was always going to the drink, on the drink, or sleeping off the drink, and must have furnished a nice text for the total abstainers of those parts, supposing they preferred their principles to their heads.

Genuine palm wine is obtained from the palmyra palm, and is far superior to that of the cocoa-nut tree. As the trunk of the tree is too rough for hands and knees to be used in climbing, the wine drawer adopts another mode of ascent. He passes round his body and the stem of the tree a hoop of bamboo, which serves to support his back. Pressing his feet firmly against the trunk, and grasping the hoop as firmly with his hands, he draws slightly forward, keeping his foot steady, and slipping the hoop up a little higher, advances a step or two with his feet ; and so he goes up some fifty or sixty feet, till he reaches the leafy crown of the palm. He then bores a hole in the trunk, about half an inch deep, and inserts a leaf rolled up funnel-wise into it, the other end being inserted into the mouth of a calabash, which he sends down as soon as it is full. A tree will yield a quart of wine twice a day for a month ; and if the hole is carefully stopped with clay, wine may be drawn from the same tree for many successive years. Captain Burton says the

oil palm yields the finest wine of all, a drink surpassing the best of cider. His Majesty of Dahomey, however, with an eye to the oil trade, prohibits his subjects from drawing their liquor from this source, because, like the kroomen, they fell the trees first; so that the thirsty souls of Whydah have to content themselves with bamboo wine, tasting like soapsuds laced with vinegar.

Dr. Livingston found the Magenja of the Zambesi the possessors of a grateful beverage, which satisfied the cravings of fever at one draft, and almost justified the advice of a friendly chief: "Drink plenty of it, and as it gets in it will drive the fever out." This beer is made from vegetated grain dried in the sun, pounded into meal, and gently boiled. When a day or two old it is fit to drink, and is then a pinkish, sweet, acidified liquor of the consistence of gruel. It only intoxicates when deep and long continued potations are indulged in, and then even no permanently evil result follows, for the Magenta are, for Africans, a very long-lived race, although, in contempt of European sanitary notions, they never wash themselves unless by accident. Drinking is the one enjoyment of their existence, and the completion of a family brewing an occasion of merry-making. Sometimes a selfish couple will pretend to be ill, and shut themselves up in their hut until they have put away all their brewage; but they generally invite their friends, who in return praise the beer as so good that the taste reaches the back of the neck, or declare that it will make their stomachs cry "Tobu, tobu, tobu!" at every step on the road home.

Abyssinian beer, known as sona, tallah, or donqua, according to its quality and strength is made by mixing Dagbusha flour into a dough, and leaving it two or three weeks to ferment, when the dough is made up into cakes and baked on hot iron. These are put into a jar of water, with a mixture of barley meal and water, with a small quantity of a bitter herb called "geso," growing abundantly on the plains. After remaining quiet for a few hours, the beer is considered fit for consumption. Moack, made from this beer by boiling it with eggs, honey, butter, and spice, is declared by a traveller to be a drink fit for the entertainment of gods,

when in the good old Abyssinian times they used to pay that land an annual visit. But the favorite beverage among our whilom foes is tedge or honey wine, which was praised years ago by the Jesuit Father, Foncet, as a delicious liquor, pure, clarified, and the color of Spanish white wine. The process of manufacture is a simply one. To one part of wild honey is added five or six parts of cold water; this is well stirred and put into a narrow-mouthed jar, with a little sprouted barley, some biccalo or taddoo bark, and a few geso leaves. After three or four days exposure in the sun, this ferments, and is generally drunk as soon as it has nearly lost its original sweetness, being even then a muddy sort of liquor. Mr. Parkyns speaks disparagingly of it, and quotes Bruce against it; but the natives appreciate it highly, and drink inordinately of it when they have the chance. In Shoa, the manufacture of tedge used to be a royal monopoly, and it was not allowed to be sold in public. Of course it was to be procured by bribery, but even then, Mr. Johnson says, the purchaser probably got the rations of some economically disposed guest of the king, who had poured his daily allowance into a large jar instead of drinking it. A superior sort, made for his Shoan Majesty's own use, was prepared by adding kuloh berries (resembling our elder berries) to the other ingredients, and allowing the liquor to be undrawn for some months. This was called "barilla," from its being handed to guests in small Venetian bottles of green glass, the accidental breakage of which was a serious offense in the monarch's eyes. Mr. Henty, the war correspondent of the *Standard* newspaper, describes the taste of tedge as resembling a mixture of small-beer and lemonade made from mouldy lemons. With three comrades, he went into a native public house at Abtegrat fair, and called for tedge. It was brought in a flask resembling a Lucca oil-flask, but rather flatter, and with a larger neck. As it did not hold half a pint, the hot and thirsty customers soon called for more, but were made to understand that they must wait for it to be strained, an operation they witnessed with dismay. A large jar was brought in; the wife of the proprietor put a part of her very dirty garment over the mouth, and poured the liquor through

it into the flask. Luckily, Mr. Henty and his friends had learned not to be over-squeamish, and were able, spite of some qualms, to satisfy their thirst; he does not say whether the straining process improved the flavor of his honey wine, or otherwise.

Besdon, a drink in high esteem in some parts of Africa, is made like tedge with honey, but in this case the only addition is some millet, the beverage being brought to perfection by being exposed for ten days to the action of the sun. The Soosoos extract a tolerably palatable liquor from "yinying" root, by burning it and infusing the ashes in water. The people of Unyon think it wasteful to eat the plantain. They bury the green fruit in a deep hole, and keep it covered with earth and straw until it ripens. It is then peeled and pulped into a large wooden trough, well mashed, and thoroughly stirred; in a couple of days it is fit for use. The Bulloms go a different way to work; they let the fruit ripen naturally, remove the skin, and bruise the rest in hot water. In twelve hours or so, this mixture is strained and bottled, being corked closely for a week, by which time it has become a beverage of moderate intoxicating power. The folks of Taboga find their wine all but ready-made. When the flower stalks of the American agave begin to sprout, the heart of the plant is cut out, and the juice collects in an artificial well formed by the operation. One plant will yield as much as three pints a day for a month; and when the juice has fermented, it will cause intoxica-

tion, and the end of the collector is attained.

Dampier relates how his friend Laut, Rajah of Mindinao, with all his courtiers, got as drunk as swine upon rice drink, which must have been a similar beverage to raki, beloved of the Japanese, who make it all degrees of strength, from that of weak wine to potent spirit; and much the same sort of thing as the Chinese samshu, and, in the opinion of Sir R. Alcock, quite as good or bad. Marco Polo, perhaps because he had not tasted it, is much more complimentary. He says: "The greater part of the people of Cathay drink a wine made of rice and many good spices, and prepare it in such a way that it is more agreeable to drink than any other liquor. It is clear and beautiful, and makes a man drunk sooner than any other wine." This is praise indeed. But of all curious drinks, commend us to Ladakh beer, which possesses the great merit of portability. It is made of parched barley, ground, mixed with rice and the root of an aromatic plant, pressed into a hard solid cake. When wanted, a piece is broken off, and thrown into a vessel of water to ferment. This resembles gruel in appearance, and has a sour spirituous smell. What a boon it would be to our soldiers and sailors if the beverages of Bass and Whitbread could be thus solidified? Where is the inventive genius not above taking a hint from the savage, who will make it possible to carry a pint or two of Berlin ale or London porter in one's waistcoat pocket?

LOVE MAKING.

AT the commencement of each year the Registrar-General can foretell with tolerable accuracy how many of Her Majesty's subjects will enter into the bond of matrimony before its conclusion. A more than usually abundant harvest might increase the number beyond his calculations, or a war might depress them; but his average would not be very far astray. But what Registrar-General can tell us the average number of proposals which are made each year, or how many rejections go to make one marriage? Indeed it is by no means easy to define exactly what is, and what is not, to be called a proposal. When a man says to

a girl with whom he has waltzed several times that, if ever he becomes a Benedict, he hopes his wife will exactly resemble her and dress precisely as she does, if the girl answers "You must ask papa," there may reasonably be a difference of opinion as to whether the pretty speech can be twisted into a proposal or not. When, however, a shy man, having got his mother to plead his cause, says to the beloved one, with a tremulous gasp, "Won't you do the thing my mother asked you?" there is no doubt that to all intents and purposes he has asked her to be his wife. Proposals do not necessarily precede marriage, any more than does marriage

necessarily succeed a proposal, and many a servant-maid becomes a wife without the young man with whom she has kept company for so many alternative Sundays ever asking her in plain words. Much of the romance of love-making has, in fact, disappeared since the number of marrying men has become so small in comparison with the number of women who wish to become wives.

It is not uncommon to hear a mother detail to her friends how Mr. Longacres would have proposed to dear May, but that really, owing to the most extraordinary complication of circumstances, he never got an opportunity; and that now he is married to a designing little fortune-hunter, and is miserable. She tells how one day he got so far as to propound a riddle to May, which, if she had only been able to guess it, would have certainly led the way to a declaration of his affection. Indeed it really did amount to a proposal, for what could be more plain than saying, "My first is myself, my second is a plaything, my whole you are." Of course if a woman is a man's idol he wants to marry her. But poor May became so agitated by the way in which Mr. Longacres looked at her that, although she had heard the riddle before, and recollected its answer the moment he was gone, the opportunity was unfortunately gone also. Then the mother goes on to say that she is quite sure one of Violet's lovers intended to come to the point in returning from the Derby, but he lost so many dozen pair of gloves from having backed the favorite that he also lost his temper. He scarcely spoke to any one the whole way home, although she had taken care to give him an excellent luncheon and the driest of champagne. The next week he was ordered abroad, so of course had only time to say a hurried good-by.

Generally speaking, this idea of men not being able to find opportunities to tell their love is arrant nonsense. A man may sometimes not propose where he fears to be refused, but when he wishes for a Yes, and is pretty certain he will get it, the question does not remain unasked, no matter what the difficulties which have to be overcome. There is no place where the ardent lover, if such a being still exists, cannot tell his tale. There are no circum-

stances, serious or gay, which cannot be turned to good account by a skilful wooer. True, many men are neither ardent nor skilful, and contrive almost to insult a woman while paying her the highest compliment in their power. But others know exactly when and where to press their suit with success. A young parson travelling in Palestine, and asked to join a pleasant party, among whose numbers he found a noted heiress of passionate piety, did well to restrain the expression of the ardour of his affection until he found himself lying at her feet on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, looking towards Jerusalem. Scarcely any girl with a spark of religion or poetry in her composition could have said No to a white tie and a pair of handsome brown eyes under such well chosen circumstances. The officer whose leave had nearly expired without his having been able to bring a little coquette to the point of acknowledging that she cared for him even a little wee bit, was not unwise to take her, ostensibly for the purpose of sketching, to the top of the church tower, to lock the staircase door, put the key in his pocket, and vow that if she did not promise solemnly to marry him within a month he would throw himself off the parapet before her eyes, key and all. Of course he gained his point, for he frightened her into tears, and then had things all his own way. More than one proposal has been made by underscoring the lines in the marriage service, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband," and passing the book with a pencil during the sermon to the adored one. It sometimes comes back with a faint but still visible stroke under the "I will." It is curious how at least the semblance of religious feeling is apt to get mixed up with love-making; not of course to the absurd point of asking a blessing before each kiss, and returning thanks afterwards; but a case of breach of promise scarcely ever comes to be tried that, when the letters of the defendant are read, they are not found crammed with prayers and texts. The piety was probably as real as the love, and both were genuine for the time being, and took wing together. A sort of revivalist religion seems somehow mysteriously allied to the tender passion, although truth-telling, which is supposed to be a Christian virtue,

is a rare accompaniment. A great many recording angels could be kept fully employed in booking the fabrications, conscious or unconscious, with which a large proportion of proposals are embellished. But we will not try to bring a blush to the cheeks of those who remember their misdeeds in this direction. It is often well even to act a little romance, if it gives pleasure and can be kept up.

Although circumstances will not prevent a man who is in earnest, and who has every reason to expect a favorable reply, from trying his luck, still circumstances are the cause of many a proposal. A gentleman once confided to an old friend who asked him to tell "all about his marriage," that the wife of his bosom

had attained that enviable position simply by choosing at a supper table blanc mange instead of whipped cream. He had no desire to have her for a wife, but he resolved, while dancing with her at a ball, that she should become the unconscious arbiter of her own fate—in fact, that he would toss with her in dishes instead of half-crowns. If she had said whipped cream, he would have withdrawn from her acquaintance with a peaceful conscience, and never have thought of her again, except to congratulate himself on his escape. Every one knows numberless instances where a broken bone or even a sick headache has led to a proposal, and shipwrecks and railway accidents are sometimes excellent matchmakers.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA.

YOU Dinah ! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.
De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.
Umph, dar ! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June.
I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle soon !
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears, *dey* sees the world, like, th'u' de cracks dat's in de do'.
For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o' dim,
But den, th'u' *dem*, temptation's rain won't leak in on old Jim !
De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben,—bless de Lord, and praise his holy name—
Dat shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de same
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de frame !

Who *call* me ? Listen down de ribber, Dinah ! Don't you hyar
Somebody holl'in' "*hoo Jim hoo*" ? My Sarah died las' y'ar ;
Is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim f'om, hyar ?

My stars, 'lat cain't be Sarah, shuh ! Jes' listen, Dinah, *now* !
What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row ?
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow ?

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive, jes' hear,—ker-woof, ker-woof—
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin', shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof !

I'se pow'ful skeered ; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away ;
 I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed day.
You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan ! Let us pray.

O hebbenly Mah'sr, what thou willest, dat mus' be jes' so.
 And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.
 Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below !

Scuse Dinah, scuse her Mah'sr ; for she's sich a little chile,
 She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de home-yard stile ;
 But dis ole traveller's feet been tired dis many and many a mile.

I'se wuffless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stack.
 De rheumatiz done bit my bones ; you hear 'em crack and crack ?
 I cain't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spoke is warped and split, and rotten ?
 What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life done picked my cotton ?
 I'se like a word dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.

But, Dinah ! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,
 De sap 's jes' risin' in her ; she do grow owdaciouslee—
 Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down, cut me !

I would not proud presume—but yet I'll boldly make reques' ;
 Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too, gwine do my bes' ;
 When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered Yes !

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de bread,
 Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head ?
 T'ink of de 'conomy, Mah'sr, ef dis ole Jim was dead !

Stop ;—ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on up de stream !
 Jes' now he squealed down dar ;—hush ; dat's a mighty weakly scream !
 Yas, sir, he's gone, he's gone ;—he snort away off, like in a dream !

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high !
 De Debble's fai'ly skeered to def, he done gone flyin' by ;
 I know'd he could'n' stand dat pra'r, I felt my Mah'sr nigh !

You, Dinah ; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you did'n' trust to grace ?
 I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed his face !
 You fool, you think de Debble couldn't beat *you* in a race ?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar,
 When folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u' de a'r.
You, Dinah, whar'ould you be now, ceptin' fur dat pra'r ?

THE
Canadian Journal  of Odd-Fellowship.

CL. T. CAMPBELL, Editor.

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, MAY, 1876.

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

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

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

“BLACK AND WHITE.”

OUR New York contemporary, the *Heart and Hand*, seems to have become somewhat excited over a communication published in the JOURNAL some time since, under the above heading. Not content with criticising the communication, however, the *H. and H.* expresses its displeasure because we printed the article “without comment,” which, we are told, was an “unworthy” proceeding.

With all due deference to our critic, we most modestly claim to be as good a judge as he of what is worthy or unworthy conduct on the part of an editor; and we fail to see wherein we have offended. We are ready to insert any communications from members of the Order on subjects that they may deem of importance, whether we agree with them or not; and so long as it is generally understood that we are responsible only for editorial articles, we do not feel called on to comment on every letter we receive and insert.

The “Black and White” question has

been discussed before, in the G. L. U. S. and in the publications of the Order, and our correspondent was perfectly justified in ventilating his views thereon if he saw fit. We know that some of our American brethren are so sensitive on this matter that any reference to it has about the same effect on them as the exhibition of a red rag has on a wild bull. But an excitable temperament is scarcely the most suitable with which to enter into a discussion; and those who “can't keep cool,” had better keep out of the fight.

The laws, rules and regulations of Odd-Fellowship are not like the enactments of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. Every member on joining, promises obedience to our laws, but that is not understood to prevent him from advocating any charge that he may think advantageous. If a brother thinks it would benefit the Order to have the limit of age 18, instead of 21; or if he thinks it would be wise to admit women; or if he wishes, like “M. B.”

to strike out the word "White," and let in Indians, Chinese, Negroes, he is perfectly justified in advocating the alteration. Those who are opposed have the privilege of refuting his arguments as vigorously as they choose. They should be content with that, and not wish to prevent all discussion, except that which favors their own ideas.

We are always ready to give both sides of a question ; and as our readers have had the opinions of Bro. " M. B.," we will now give them the views of the editor of the *Heart and Hand*, a P.G.M. and P.G.R. of the State of Georgia. The following is the article:

"SAVE US FROM OUR SO-CALLED FRIENDS(?)"

When we see reflections, fault-findings, and sneers in those few publications that are openly published in the interests of the clique known as the Anti-Secret Society League, we are neither surprised or astonished, for that is their avowed business, and the hobby they ride for their bread and butter. It is their capital and stock in trade, and did they not unceasingly "howl" upon this theme, their occupation would be gone. We sometimes feel like using the expression toward them that the looker-on did toward the Taurean animal who deliberately took his position on the railroad track, and with head down, awaited the collision with the lightning-express train : "We admire your pluck, but think your judgment at fault."

The assaults of enemies we are prepared for, and expect. That they will do what in their power lies to injure us, is what they openly avow. They strike at us, it is true, with all the venom they possess, but like the rattlesnake, they give fair warning, and we respect them for that. Give us an openly declared enemy any time before a so-called friend, who, under the guise of pretended affection does damage when he praises, and while ostensibly trying to do good is accomplishing results just the reverse—and knows that he is doing so.

We are led up to these thoughts from perusing the following communication in the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP, an article full of false deductions and

assumptions, unworthy the pen of a true Odd-Fellow, and unworthy to be printed without comment, in any publication claiming to be an organ of American Odd-Fellowship.

(Here follows the article by M. B. in the JOURNAL.)

Without going into criticisms upon the faultiness of the quotation with which the article commences, we will proceed to some of the assertions of " M. B."

"The man whose skin is not white is debarred from enjoying the privileges that Odd-Fellowship extends to all whose skins are white."

What are these privileges? associating in social intercourse in and out of the Lodge room with each other, attention and care while sick, burial when dead, and protection to widow and orphan. This is, in brief, our privileges. Because our Order has founded a society with such privileges, can it be truly said that we debar any man or class of men, of our own, or any other color, from forming or belonging to any organization with like privileges? Every society, or association has a right to make its own Constitution, By-Laws, Rules, and Regulations. These are well-known and understood, or ought to be, by every one who applies for admission. They are subscribed to and a willingness expressed to act in conformity with. We say a person shall be 21 years of age. It might with just as much propriety be held that some persons are just as tall, or heavy, or sensible at 18, as others are at 21, and exception taken because those of 18 are not admitted. But our rules say 21. If our young men of 18 desire to belong to an association of a mutual relief and social nature, does Odd-Fellowship debar them from so doing because its rules require the age of 21? No, our young men have their own associations. Our Constitution requires that "males" only can be admitted (except wives of Brethren who are entitled to the Rebekah Degree): does this debar the women of our land from forming societies of a similar nature! It is simply impossible that we, as an Order or as individuals, could hinder any one from organizing or belonging to a society with any and all the privileges we may have in our own.

It is held by "M. B.," because Odd

Fellowship recognizes the great scripture truth, "For he hath made of one blood all nations of men that dwell upon the face of the earth," that the recognition of that truth demands that we are to throw open our doors to every one, and that we have not the right to select who shall be our fraternal and social associates? Civil, religious, and political equality are guaranteed and arranged by the laws of a nation, but social equality is regulated by individuals and families, and the idea that all men, even of the same color, stand upon the same plain of social equality with each other is so ridiculous, that it only needs to be mentioned to show its fallacy.

Any Order, like ours, to be successful and harmonious must regard this element of social equality, and we have carefully arranged this feature, not for the purpose of "debaring," or infringing upon other's rights, but upon the inherent rights every individual and family possess of selecting their own companions and associates. So much for "debaring from privileges."

The queries as to the "intellect," "senses," "eloquence," "reason," etc., of the white, black, or red man have nothing to do with matter, and the inquiries as to "souls," "distinctions," and similar allusions, are entirely out of place, and what might be proper questions in some connections, sound like mere "buncombe" when asked here.

"Is it not uncharitable for us to put our foot on the head of those who differ with us in color?"

Here is an assertion, embodying, upon the part of the writer, an admission that such is the case. The truth of this assertion or admission we emphatically deny. We regulate our family concerns as shall best conduce to the harmony, happiness, and prosperity of that family, but, because we do not admit the world *en masse* to our home, we do not, by such a proceeding, either put our foot upon, or crush any one else, and such an assertion is unkind and ungenerous as it is untrue.

Because persons cannot enter our home and mingle with our family and enjoy its privileges, and associations, does that prevent them having their homes and their families, and the right and custom of a man or body of men selecting their associates be construed by those whom they do not select, as a desire to put their foot

upon their neck? The deduction and inference is an unworthy one.

"Why not let them work with us, side by side? Why not give them our hand and clasp theirs as brother clasps brother's?"

What is our work? let it be summed up by the motto of our Order: "visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." Does any law of our Order prevent any man from doing this, and do not many do these deeds of love who belong to no organization? "Why not give them our hand?" A true Odd-Fellow will not only give his hand, but the earnest prayers of his heart for the success and prosperity of any one, of whatever race, who faithfully does a man's duty in the great battle of life.

"Then why should the black or red skinned be debarred admission to our ranks? Will some authority answer?"

The "then" in the above would seem to imply that some good reason had been given why they should be admitted to our Order, when the whole article is, in fact, only a labored effort to convince the reader that Negroes and Indians are human beings the same as white men. We do not suppose any one was ever foolish enough to deny the fact. There is some difference of opinion among scientists as to whether any other nation is, in point of intelligence, equal to the "white," but that is neither here, nor there, so far as we are concerned.

It is not a question of intellect, feeling, blood, or eloquence. The reason why our Order is restricted exclusively to the "white" race, is because it is greatly a social organization, and social equality does not exist between white and other races. We need go into no argument to prove this fact. While civil, political, and religious equality may be, and are extended to the black or red man, it is a well-established fact that, save in rare instances, social equality is not. And in the white race, even, those of different nationalities and religions, select their associates and friends from "their own."

The day may come when all men, of every race, shall be equal socially, as well as otherwise, but one thing is certain and positive: THEY ARE NOT SO NOW, and we would be introducing dissension, discord,

and trouble, to endeavor to precede public opinion and custom upon this point. Experiments in this direction, in other organizations, have led to sad results, disadvantageous to all concerned, and knowing this, our Supreme Grand Body have wisely discountenanced the introduction of a subject that would materially interfere with the harmony that now prevails throughout our entire domain.

This is a reason, and a good and weighty one, why we restrict our admission to our own color. But we do so without prejudice or the desire to reflect upon any other color or race; we do it because we believe it best for all concerned. Other colors have their own associations and Orders, and move along prosperously and harmoniously. Each in their own sphere, doing their duty faithfully, no envy or uncharitableness should prevail. Laboring for the same object, though there may be some difference of detail or custom, even as different religions have the same great goal in view, let us bid "God speed" one to the other, and not find fault with our own or some one else's organization because rules and regulations may be a little different from what we think they ought to be.

Since the above was put into type another issue of our New York friend is at hand; and this time he is in trouble about the communication entitled "Where the Money goes to," in our last number. The same remarks we applied to the criticism on "Black and White," will apply to this. The JOURNAL is not responsible for the opinions of its correspondents, though the tone of the *Heart and Hand* would seem

to infer that the article in question was an editorial, instead of a communication. We do not undertake to defend our correspondent "Canadensis;" he is able to do that for himself. The friends of Lord John Russell used to say that his daring was such that he would undertake the command of the Channel fleet at an hour's notice. And we believe "Canadensis" would be bold enough to tackle even so great an institution as the *Heart and Hand* itself, if he thought the cause of truth or the interests of the Order would be served thereby. But while we do not defend our correspondent's opinions, we claim for him the right to express them. Things would come to a pretty pass if the acts of the Supreme Body were to be considered sacred from all criticism. If that is our contemporary's idea he ought to take up his residence in despotic Turkey, instead of Republican America.

It is a little singular, by the way, that while criticisms of the G.L.U.S. have frequently appeared in American periodicals, we have no recollection of the *Heart and Hand* ever becoming indignant before. Is it because he thinks that we foreigners in Canada should be sufficiently thankful for our connection with an Order whose headquarters are in the U.S., without presuming to criticise any of its enactments?

"P. P. C."

WITH this number, the present occupant of the editorial chair retires from that seat of honor; and the control of the JOURNAL passes into other hands.

Since our first issue in January, 1875, we have used our best efforts to present the fraternity in Canada with a magazine

of which they might have no reason to be ashamed. How far we have succeeded in our endeavor is for our readers to say.

We are pleased to know that many brethren have approved of our efforts, and that, as a consequence, a Canadian Odd-Fellows' magazine is now an established fact. The work has been to us in many

respects a pleasant one. At the same time the labor involved was more than we could properly attend to without interfering with our more legitimate occupations, on which we have to depend for our daily bread and butter.

Due regard to our personal interests thus required that a successor to our editorial honors and labors should be sought. And a suitable offer to purchase the JOURNAL having been made, our Association judged it advisable instead of simply changing editors, to change publishers also, and to place the complete control of the magazine in other hands.

In doing so, we feel that we can confidently recommend to our readers the brethren who are about to take our places. Bro. W. D. Gordon, a past officer of the Grand Lodge, and the D.D.G.P. of Kingston Encampment, who will be the Secretary of the new company, and the editor of the JOURNAL, is well and favorably known to the fra-

ternity. The brethren associated with him are fully competent to conduct a magazine properly, and we feel satisfied that they will do so. Of course, the office of publication will in future be in Kingston.

In returning thanks to our friends who have supported us in the past, we ask them to continue the same hearty assistances to the new publishers. Canada needs a periodical of its own. No magazine published outside the Dominion can take the place of a local organ, devoted to local interests, and giving local news. It is the duty of Canadian Odd-Fellows to support a periodical published for them; and we feel confident they will not fail in their duty.

And now, like the renowned Cid Hamet Benengeli, we will give a rest to our pen, in the hope that the pleasant relations that have heretofore existed between editor and reader, will be continued in greater intensity between the new editor and his readers.

BOOK NOTICES.

R. W. GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF WISCONSIN.—Our acknowledgments are due to Grand Scribe Hills for a copy of the proceedings of this R. W. Grand Encampment, and also for an advertisement of the JOURNAL, which in common with other O.F. publications is inserted on the cover. In looking over this neatly printed volume of 120 pages we find plenty of evidence of the progressive and enthusiastic character of our Wisconsin brethren. Among the enactments of the session, arrangements were made for the appointment of a Grand

Instructor, for both branches of the Order. We understand that Bro. M. P. Lindsley, whose interesting communications have frequently appeared in our pages, has been appointed for that office. The right man in the right place, we doubt not. An instructive addition to the proceedings is the report of a Committee on Correspondence, who give a digest of the proceedings of the various other Grand Encampments in the States, with remarks critical and explanatory. The forty pages devoted to this subject provide some excellent and interesting reading.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers for the weeks ending April 1st and 8th, begin a new volume of *Littell's Living Age*. Among the noteworthy articles contained in these two numbers are the following: Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist, by Matthew Arnold; John Forester, by Blanchard Jerrold; Maxims and Reflections, from the German of Goethe; A Sermon of Buddha, translated from the Pali Version of the *Sutra Pitaka*; A Century of Great Poets, from 1750 downwards—Alphonse de Lamartine—from *Blackwood*; The Royal Bengal Tiger, by Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.; Natural Religion, Part V. *Macmillan*; Mr. Thackeray's Sketches, *Blackwood*; A Negro Methodist Conference, *Cornhill*; Food in Nervous Diseases, etc. "La Bella Sorrentina," "An Unimportant Person," and an instalment of "The Dilemma," and select poetry and miscellany, are included in the numbers.

The opening of a new volume affords a favorable opportunity for the beginning of new subscriptions. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, (or more than 3000 pages a year,) the subscription price (\$8) is low, or, still better, for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid.

ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER is the title of a little manual for the use of deliberative assemblies, societies, etc., published by Gindele & McCormick, Chicago, price 75c. It is neatly printed and carefully prepared. The only fault with it, as far as we are concerned, is that it is emphatically American and not English; it is ahead of Cushing in this respect. Of course that will be in its favor across the lines; but renders it comparatively useless to Canadian societies whose rules of order are founded on English practice.

Speaking of rules of order, we have often regretted that the brethren who selected the rules for Odd-Fellows lodges in Canada many years ago, had not adopted English practice exclusively. Not that we consider English rules in every respect superior to American, but we think it would be to the advantage of the members of all societies if they would make their rules correspond as far as possible with the

parliamentary practice of their own country—whether in the States or Canada. Confusion would thus be avoided, and a man who had learned the rules of order in one society would find them useful in any other deliberative assembly of which he might become a member. As it is, our Rules of Order are neither English nor American exclusively, but a mixture of both. For example, a motion to adjourn is not debatable in American practice, but it is in English; we adopt the American rule. When the Previous Question is negatived, in American practice the debate on the subject continues, in English practice the subject is dismissed; here we follow the English rule. And so on. It is difficult now to alter rules that have been in use for many years; we can only regret that they were not better framed originally.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—In *Lippincott's Magazine* for May, the fifth paper of the Centennial series, "The Century: its Fruits and its Festival," gives an account of the minor structures of the Exhibition, public and private, with pictures of the most important and attractive of them, and a plan of the grounds, in which the positions of all the buildings are distinctly noted. The first of two illustrated papers on Constantinople, by a lady who has not only explored the streets and bazaars of the Turkish capital, but had access to several harems, is written with great liveliness, and goes into details of domestic life and manners which will claim especial attention from female readers. A weightier article is that on "Berlin and Vienna," by Prof. J. M. Hart. It traces the history and contrasts the characteristics of these two capitals, and indicates the share that each has had, and may hereafter be expected to have, in the national development. Some hitherto unpublished facts respecting Benedict Arnold, and the beautiful and accomplished wife who shared his disgrace, are communicated in a very agreeable style by the writer of "An Old House and its Story." Lady Barker writes with undiminished zest of her home in Natal. A translation of Tourgueneff's new story, "The Watch," exhibits the Russian novelist in a new light, as a painter of common life. There is a well-written article on George Ticknor, by F. S. Perry, anecdotal as

well as critical. The number contains also poems by Sidney Lanier, Emma Lazarus, and Margaret Preston, and many

good things in the "Monthly Gossip," "A Reminiscence of Macaulay" and "A Dinner with Rossi" deserving particular notice.

ODD NOTES

PREMATURE.—We are informed by the Chicago *Guardian* that "the Grand Sire of Canada has issued the usual annual proclamation, calling on the members of the Order to observe the anniversary in a proper manner, and with the proper formalities." We have not learned that there is any Grand Sire for Canada just yet; but, if there was such an officer, we do not doubt that he would issue a proclamation for the purpose mentioned.

DON'T BLAME US.—Our attention has just been directed to a notice of the *JOURNAL* in the February number of the *Hamilton Craftsman*, a Masonic periodical, in which we are accused of having had a "fling at Masonry," in the matter of funerals; and regret is expressed that anything should be done to create ill-feeling between Odd-Fellows and Masons. The only reference that we have ever made to this subject appeared in January, 1875, seventeen months ago; and if the editor of the *Craftsman* will take the trouble to read the article, he will see that we are just as anxious to preserve harmony between these two institutions as he is. The law passed by the Masonic Grand Lodge, forbidding their members to attend the funeral of any Mason if other societies turned out at the same time, was, we thought, a specimen of bigotry calculated to raise ill-feeling. We thought so then and we think so now. And for that reason we expressed our regret at the action of our Masonic friends. And we can only repeat the words that we used seventeen months ago, that we trust it shall never be said of us as Odd-Fellows, "that we could not carry the remains of a brother to the tomb and read our simple service over him if any but ourselves should wish to do him the same honor, and show him the same respect."

TAKE NOTICE of the publisher's note on the last page, and kindly attend to it. The Association in Stratford retain all accounts due for advertisements and subscriptions up to May, 1876; and those who are indebted will greatly oblige by sending in the little sums due.

OBITUARY.—Death has of late removed several active and valued members of the Order. Among them are Gustav Leweck, Grand Representative of the Grand Encampment of New York, who died on the 8th April; Stukely Ellsworth, Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, who died at his residence in La Grand on the 28th January; and John F. Comstock, Grand Master of Connecticut, who died at New Haven, March 31st.

GRAND MASTER BUTTREY'S many friends will be pleased to learn that he is now in a fair way of recovery from the serious illness with which he has been afflicted since last January; and it will afford special gratification to the members of the fraternity from the fact that his illness was incurred through his devotion to the duties attendant upon his position as the head of the Order in Ontario. We believe his recovery was for a time considered doubtful; but he is now convalescing, and will in a short time, we trust, be restored to his usual health.

IMPOSTERS.—About this time there seems to be an unusual number of persons prowling around the country who "are not what they seem." Many professing to be Odd-Fellows are imposing

on the brotherhood, and obtaining money by claiming membership in lodges that utterly repudiate their pretensions. Probably some may have been members of other lodges under other names, but it is probable they have been expelled from other lodges than those they claim membership in. It is a safe rule to demand of all applicants the requirements of the laws. Extend relief to no one who cannot produce a proper card, and prove himself by the regulations of the Order, and the cases of imposition will be few. We append a few notices from the publications of the Order :

Rev. David Hodson, representing himself to be a member of Russiaville Lodge, No. 105, Indiana, is not a member of that lodge, and is not known in Russiaville as an Odd-Fellow.

John J. Shaw, holder of a visiting card from Warriner Lodge, No. 75, Port Hope, Ontario, Canada Card revoked, and if presented to a lodge it is requested to be returned to Warriner Lodge.

J. H. Sutton, alias Wineman, 30 years of age, say 5 feet 7½ inches high, weighing 135 pounds, dark complexion, Jewish features, claims to belong to Utah Lodge, No. 1, Salt Lake City. The Relief Committee of Cincinnati, Ohio, say investigations seem to prove him a gambler and a dead beat.

Mrs. Sarah Reynolds, representing herself as a member of Saginaw Lodge, No. 32 (D. of R.), East Saginaw, Michigan, is not a member of the Rebekah Degree Lodge in East Saginaw or Bay City.

James P. Clark, about 47 years old, heavy build, gray hair and beard, about 5 feet 2 in height, claiming to belong to Fidelity Lodge, No. 141, Big Lick, Roanoke county, Virginia. Has no card but tells a pathetic and plausible story.

J. J. Kents, of Lykens, No. 102, Berrysburg, Pa., who borrowed five dollars from C. V. Clark, G. Secretary, G. Lodge of New York, September 2, 1875, was suspended by his Lodge, October 2, and is now under charges for defrauding two of the members out of six hundred dollars.

Wm. Seymour is not, and never was a member of Tarratine Lodge, No. 27, Old Town, Maine. The members think his real name is probably Wm. Mulligan,

whose membership ceased July, 1872.

Daniel M. Beekman was expelled from Highland Lodge, No. 65, N. Y., March 30, 1875.

Charles S. Austin is not a member of Highland Lodge.

J. W. Sherer, claiming membership in Ringold Lodge, No. 27, Maysville, Kentucky, is not a member of that lodge. He is about 25 years of age, and has lost the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand.

Henry Williams, claiming to be a member of Selina Grove Lodge, No. 197, Pennsylvania, is pronounced by the lodge to be an imposter.

S PREAD-EAGLE. — Our Brethren across the lines are getting fearfully excited over their Centennial show. Canadians and other foreigners who venture on the "sacred soil" this year will have to take their shoes from off their feet, and get into a back seat. This is the way P. G. Sire Nicholson, Philadelphia, writes in a contemporary : "Come on and let us bind this broad continent in a fraternal embrace that will send a thrill through the blood, that our children's children shall inherit the impulse, and make them one people in spirit and sentiment, down to the time when the angel shall stand with one foot on the sea, and one foot on the land and swear that time shall be no more. We want to put the Fourth of July, the Past Grand's charge, the Declaration of Independence, the Five Degrees of the Order, Websters Union Speeches, and the Golden Rule Degree, in one hopper, and grind out a grand Hallelujah chorus, that will be heard from St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Huzza ! Huzza !! Huzza !!! for our united brotherhood."

N O ODD-FELLOW NEED APPLY.—Senator Cameron, of Wisconsin, a member of the present Congress, recently introduced a petition setting forth that secret societies are inimical to Republican institutions, and that Congress-

should pass a law prohibiting Masons, Odd-Fellows and other members of secret societies from holding office!

ANOTHER TENT.—The patri- archs in Exeter had all the neces- sary arrangements made to pitch a tent in that thriving village; and it was expected that the institution would take place on the 27th April.

HOLLAND.—The Order is spread- ing in the old world, the latest report being that an application has been made for a lodge at Amsterdam, there being six members of the Order residing at that place, and as soon as certain form- alities are compiled with the lodge will be instituted.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Applica- tion has been made for a charter for a new lodge, to be located at Honolulu.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.— Under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia there are now five Subordinates with a membership of 460. There is one Encampment in the Province, and it is said to be flourishing.

STILL PROGRESSING.—We have just received, too late for this issue, an interesting account by C. B. Stevens, D.D.G.M., of the institution of Teeswater Lodge, No. 173, at Teeswater, on the 28th February; and Dufferin Lodge, No. 186, at Flesherton, on the 5th April. It will appear in our next.

COMMUNICATED.

PRESENTATION AT AURORA.

Aurora, March 28, 1876.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Our Past Rec. Sec. Bro. Curtis, on leaving this place for England, was presented, on the 24th March, with the enclosed address which we would like you to insert in the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP. Bro. Curtis has always been a prominent member of our Lodge, and has exerted himself a great deal for its prosperity, and has also been very much respected in this place. Last Sunday he was presented by the teachers of the Sunday school with a beautiful Bible, and the Bible class, of which he is teacher, presented him with a nice book of poems. Also, on Monday night, 27th inst., a large number of citizens gave him a supper and an address signed by the principal men of this place.

THE ADDRESS.

To Bro. Wm. A. Curtis, Past Rec. Sec. of Aurora Lodge, No. 148, I.O.O.F.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Whereas at the last meeting of the above lodge,

held on Tuesday evening, 21st inst, you stated that circumstances in your business rendered it necessary for you to go to Eng- land at an early date.

And whereas this lodge, feeling grateful to you for your persistent and energetic efforts to advance its interests since you joined our lodge, feel that they cannot permit you to remove from amongst us without expressing to you our high appre- ciation of your conduct while amongst us as a good citizen and a worthy and promi- nent member of our noble Order.

We also beg to express our deep sense of obligation for your arduous efforts to promote its prosperity; also to assure you that Aurora Lodge will ever cherish a kindly remembrance of one who was ever foremost in every good measure which has tended to bring it to its present prosperous condition.

With the heartiest wishes for your pros- perity, not unmixed with regret at our own loss occasioned by your removal from amongst us, we will conclude by wishing you a safe journey, and hope ere long to have the pleasure of giving you a hearty welcome back again; at the same time in- voking the Grand Master above to grant to you every comfort and success while

here below, and hoping to meet you in the Grand Lodge above.

We are, dear Bro., in behalf of Aurora Lodge, No. 148, I.O.O.F., yours fraternally, in the bonds of friendship, love and truth.

(Signed,) L. H. Pease, N.G.; Alex. Brodie, V.G.; James A. Peregrine, R.S.; W. Whelan, P.S.; S. Russell, Treas.; G. F.

Pepper, R.S.N.G.; T. J. Hartman; G. Johnson, S.S.; D. Eade, L.S.V.G.; Robt. Newberry; R. D. Kewis; A. Graham, O.G.; C. H. Pierce, S.S.; G. W. Johnson, P.G.; James Spears, Chap.; R. W. Hillary, M. D.; M. B. Faughner, J. L. Shephard; D. D. R. Foster, W.; J. Crew, L.S.N.G.; G. Grant; M. Fluery.

Aurora, March 24, 1876.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

Toronto, April 14, 1876.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—I am most happy to inform you that we are making great progress in Odd-Fellowship in Toronto. I expected to be able to send you a good account of how we were going to celebrate the anniversary, but am very sorry to inform you that the Odd-Fellows in Toronto are not in favor of a joint celebration. However, Covenant Lodge will have a supper, and Queen City Lodge will attend Divine service.

The various lodges have considered the Grand Lodge Constitutions and By-laws, in as much (as suggested by the JOURNAL) they have referred them to Committees who have not only devoted a great amount of time in reviewing them, but have made some few amendments, which will be received, I am sure, with good feelings by the revising committee.

As I intimated in one of my previous letters that the brethren in Newmarket were on the eve of starting an Encampment, I am most happy to inform you that on the 6th April, Pat. G. H. Carey, D.D.G.P., in accordance with instructions received from the G. P., assisted by M. D. Dawson, Grand Scribe; J. F. Craig, as H.P.; Wm. Sloune, as S.W.; and John Donogh, as J. W., instituted at Newmarket, a new Encampment to be hailed and known as "Newmarket," No. 32.

The following are the names of the charter members and first officers of the new Encampment:—L. Atkinson, C. P.; C. T. Winson, S.W.; C. Sutherland, H. P.; J. E. Hughes, R.S.; — Ross, F.S.; G.

McCormick, J.W.; G. H. Fox, Treas.

After the installation of officers, Bro. Dr. Widdifield, M.P.P., and three others were initiated, advanced, and exalted in due form; Patriarch J. F. Craig performing the duties of Guide.

During the evening refreshments were served in the ante-room in the shape of coffee, &c. It is much to be regretted that such short notice was given, the result of which was to prevent a great many Bros. from Toronto going to Newmarket. Yet the work was performed in a highly effective manner.

Newmarket Encampment bids fair at no late date to be one of the finest Encampments in the jurisdiction. I understand that an Encampment will soon be started in Aurora, and also one in Brampton.

In reference to the suggestion of an active D.D.G.M., I am requested to state that our D.D.G.M. is not disposed to accept the suggestion, in as much as he feels assured that I will give a correct account of every thing that transpires in reference to Odd-Fellowship, in Toronto or its district. I should, therefore, prove recreant to my trust as a correspondent were I to omit to state that the brothers in Toronto are to be congratulated upon the very happy choice they have made in the selection, not only of D.D.G.M. but also of D.D.G.P.; and let me assure you that no inducement (just as it ought to be) could make them more diligent in their duties. If we want our D.D.G.M. or D.D.G.P. we always find them in Camps or Lodges, not only imparting instruction, but always prepared to fill the highest or lowest office.

Yours fraternally,

WM. JEFFRIES, P. G.

WE DON'T WANT HIM.

A CERTAIN individual once asked me to loan him a copy of our by-laws and constitution, as he was contemplating joining the Order, provided he was satisfied with the regulations, and was accepted. Seeming well pleased with what he read he asked me to give notice of proposition, which I did. But now an unsuspected obstacle barred his way. He and his wife on talking the matter over found out that he might live for ten or perhaps twenty years and all this number of years he would be paying his dues and perhaps never receive an equivalent in money. He might not be sick and yet he would be contributing a certain amount each year and never receive any substantial return. If after all those years they would give him so much each year for life it would be better. And again he might have to go and stay by the sick bed of a brother, and he would get nothing for it. My answer was, we don't want you. No man who joins the Order merely for its money benefits can be a good Odd-Fellow. Any man who can find no satisfaction in its beautiful, systematical distribution of assistance can never be a good Odd-Fellow. He who does not possess that trait of brotherly love which can direct him to the sick bed of an afflicted fellow mortal without counting the profits in dollars and cents can never be true to the core. Many a parting soul who during his life has

contributed his yearly dues and never received any money benefit, has realised the full meaning of Odd-Fellowship, when his feet were treading the dark valley of the shadow of death—realised it in the warm pressure of the brother's hand—realised it fullest when with a look of unutterable anguish he gazed perhaps for the last time on those dear ones so soon to be left alone. How the smile of joy mantled the dying one with a look of happy resignation, when his ministering brother whispered, all's well, they shall be cared for. Is there not a better equivalent than money can bring in doing that which is our imperative duty? What if it amounted to three or four hundred and you got none of it back again, there are those who do. Yon orphan is fed, clothed and educated with it. Yon woman clothed in the dress of mourning, thanks God that her husband did not leave her without protectors. Yon man worn, wasted and in a strange land finds its benefit. For is there not a brother there who stands by his side and speaks words of comfort, words of hope; and not only words but by actual deeds shews the benefit of your contributions. A man who possesses not enough of brotherly love so that he can extend a helping hand to the distressed, is not fit for an Odd-Fellow. Without charity, without feeling and striving to lessen the sufferings of the child of sorrow, without faith that in the hereafter there is a richer reward than all the gold in the world could outbalance, he is not fit for a member of our Order, and we don't want him

M. B.

FROM THE LOWER PROVINCES.

DEAR SIR,—At a regular session of this Lodge held Friday, 10th inst., the enclosed resolutions were unanimously passed, and the Sec'y directed to enter them on the minutes and forward a copy to the widow of our deceased Bro., and to the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

Yours, etc.,

FRED. L. HEA.

DIED—At St. John, N.B., on Thursday, 24th Feb., Bro. Alfred Pendlebury, aged 45 years. Bro. Pendlebury was a member of Pioneer Lodge, No. 9, and a Charter member of Millicete Encampment, No. 11. He was buried with the honors of the Order.

Pioneer Lodge, No. 9, I.O.O.F., }
St. John, N. B., March 13, 1876. }

To Mrs. Alfred Pendlebury—

DEAR MADAM,—At a regular session of this Lodge held Friday evening, the 10th inst., the following resolutions were unani-

mously passed by the members of the Lodge, viz.:—

We, the officers and members of Pioneer Lodge, No. 9, I.O.O.F., St. John, N.B., humbly tender you and your children our unanimous sympathy at the loss, in the Providence of God you have sustained, in being bereft of a faithful husband and tender-loving father.

As a brother of our fraternity, he had most deservedly gained the individual respect of all, by his gentle unassuming manner, and never changing kindly disposition. Ever ready to show his generosity in every deed of charity connected with the Order.

We mourn with thee in losing him, who was the type of a true and faithful Odd-Fellow. By his sudden departure, we are reminded, that in the midst of life we are in death. In turn, one and all will be stilled in the cold and cheerless house of the dead. Bless and comfort, oh Lord, the widow and the fatherless, who have been bereaved of their earthly support. Buoy them up under their sad calamity. Sustain them against despondency. Be their father and their God, and send down blessings on their heads, and unto Thee shall we render praise.

ACROSTIC IN MEMORIAM OF ALFRED PENDLEBURY,

As God in his goodness, has called him away,
Let us cherish his memory through life ;
For his fatherless children, let us be their stay,
Relieve their distress, and protect his dear wife,
Entreat them to walk in the paths of the just,
Dealing nobly by them, we would claim as our trust.

Preserve them, and guide them on life's devious way,
Each night, and each day be their comfort and stay,
No blessings withhold from their desolate abode,
Dispel every gloom, be their Father and God.
Let them grow in Thy grace, and fear Thee aright,
Enshrined in Thy love, accept Thee with delight,
By Thy wisdom and goodness true friendship impart,
Unellied receive them, in bliss to Thy heart.
Rest assured by his Friendship, his Love, and his Truth,
You must honor your God in the days of your youth.

Believe me, Dear Madam,

Your sincere friend,

FRED. L. HEA,

Rec. Secy. Pioneer Lodge, No. 9, I.O.O.F.

FROM MAINE.

Portland, Me., April 7, 1876.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—In accordance with my promise I will write you a short account of the lodges I visit, and the progress of the Order in the places they are held; so I will commence with "Ancient Brothers" Lodge, No. 4, Portland Me. This lodge has a membership of about 750, and is held in the Odd-Fellows' Hall on Exchange-st. It has well arranged premises, with commodious ante-rooms, &c., and nicely furnished, but the lodge-room proper is a rather small room, about half the size of our own lodge-room in Stratford. But they hope about November to get into their new hall on Congress-st., now in course of erection at a cost of \$50,000, and when it is finished they say it will be the best in the State. They dispense a large amount of money at present, as they have a great quantity of sickness here among the members. They intend furnishing their hall by 2 cent

contributions taken up at each meeting of the several lodges. There are three other lodges in the city, Maine No. 1, Ligonias, No. 5, and Beacon, No. 67, with a membership between them of about 1250, making with Ancient Brothers Lodge, a total membership of about 2,000. There are also a Rebekah Degree Lodge with a membership of between 300 and 400, and three encampments, the membership of which is about 1100.

On Friday the 7th, I visited "Ligonias" Lodge, No. 5, and passed a very pleasant evening. The brothers appear to be heart and soul in the good work, and to fully carry out the grand principles of our benevolent Order. Long may they flourish to keep on in the same course.

I would like to have visited one of the encampments, but was unable to do so, there not being one that met on either of the evenings of my two days' sojourn in Portland.

To-morrow, the 8th, I embark on the

S. S. *Scandinavian*, for the shores of Old England, whence I will write to you again, after I have visited the Lodge and Encampment in London, and let you know

how they are getting on. No more at present.

Yours fraternally,
T. W. MINGAY.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

ONTARIO.

MITCHELL.

The members of Bissell, assisted by a few ladies of Mitchell, gave a concert in their new hall on Friday, March 10—the entertainment consisting of readings, recitations, vocal and instrumental music. The well selected and vaired programme was well rendered, if the applause of one of the most respectable and largest audiences ever assembled in Mitchell can be a fair criterion from which to judge. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Those who furnished the evening's entertainment were the Misses Ryans, Miss Gœbel, Miss Power, Miss McKenzie, Mrs. Edwards, Miss McNeil, Miss McPhail, Miss Burritt, Mrs. May, and Messrs. Thom, Aikens, Hord, Bremner, Wills, Rev. Boyd, Davis, Holland, May, Hennicke, Way and others. The proceeds of the concert will sum up to a nice amount, and will prove very convenient to Bissell, whose expenses of late for furnishing, &c., have been heavy. The attendance of the public plainly shows that they appreciate the Order of Odd-Fellowship and acknowledge the work which our Order is so vigorously striving to accomplish. All left the hall well satisfied with the rich treat which they had partaken of.—COM.

PRESCOTT.

W. D. Gordon, Esq., Sec. Odd-Fellows' Relief Association, Kingston, Ont.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—We have much pleasure in furnishing you a resolution that was passed by Amity Lodge, No. 80, on March 8th, 1876, as follows :

Whereas, our late respected brother, George Tyner, being up to the time of his death a member of the Odd-Fellows' Relief Association of Canada,

And whereas upon the death of our late Brother George Tyner, the sum of \$650 was due his mother, Mrs. Ellen Tyner,

and this amount being very promptly paid by the said Association,

Be it therefore resolved, that the members of Amity Lodge, No. 80, respectively tender their most sincere thanks to the officers of the Odd-Fellows' Relief Association of Canada, for the very prompt and satisfactory manner in which they have responded to the claim consequent upon the death of our late respected Brother George Tyner.

And be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Secretary of the Odd-Fellows' Relief Association of Canada.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN, N.G.
SAMUEL DOWSLEY, R. Sec.

The Relief Association seems to be prospering fairly, having a membership of over 700.

WATERLOO.

On Tuesday, March 28th, D. D. G. M. Jeffrey, of Berlin, assisted by a large number of visiting brethren from Berlin, Guelph, Galt, Hamburg, Ayr, Stratford, and other places, instituted Germania Lodge in the town of Waterloo. The following charter members were elected to the principal offices: A. L. Bowman, N. G.; L. Greyville, V. G.; Henry Nafe, R. S.; Jno. Miller, P. S.; J. Kalbfleisch, T. Several candidates were then received by card, and by initiation, and the appointed offices filled as follows: J. Nichol, W.; Harper Miller, R. S. N. G.; C. Hamell, L. S. N. G.; J. Peppin, R. S. V. G.; J. Morton, L. S. V. G.; J. Titler, R. S. S.; L. German, L. S. S.; G. Succour, I. G. At the close of the services, the members of Germania Lodge gave their visitors most hospitable entertainment until the midnight trains east and west carried them home. The prospects of the new lodge are said to be excellent. Our German brethren make enthusiastic Odd-Fellows.

CHATHAM.

On Thursday evening, March 30th, as we learn from the Chatham *Planet*, a large audience composed of the wives, daughters, sweethearts and friends of the Brethren of Chatham Lodge No 29, I. O. O. F. assembled with them in their Lodge room on the corner of King and Fourth streets for the purpose of witnessing a presentation to Rev. Bro. John Rannie, M. A., Past Grand. The Hall which was completely filled had been comfortably arranged with chairs and forms to accommodate about 350, the extra sittings required having been kindly loaned by the trustees of the Baptist Church. There were present also, Ministers of nearly all the Protestant churches in Town, who thus testified to their appreciation of Mr. Rannie's worth and the esteem in which he is held by all denominations.

After spending some time in music, recitations etc., the chairman, Dr. Lennox, rose and made some complimentary remarks in reference to Bro. Rannie, who was about removing from them to undertake a missionary work in British Guiana, and concluded by reading the following address:

"Brother John Rannie, your Brethren of Chatham Lodge, No. 29 of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, in view of the fact that you are about to remove from among us, to a distant part of America, that God, in His wisdom seems to have designated other fields for your labors, and, that it is possible you will never in this world, be permitted to meet with us again, have determined as a mark of the very high esteem in which you are held by them, to present you with this Pitcher Set, as a token of love, friendship, and respect. During the time you have been a member of this Order, you have upon all occasions manifested a lively interest in its behalf; and by your earnest Christian deportment you have not only gained the esteem of your Brethren, but have influenced them for good.

I therefore on behalf, and in the name of the Brethren of Chatham Lodge No. 29, of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, present you with this Pitcher Set, hoping, that when you look upon this gift, in the distant home to which you are going, your mind may be carried back to this hour, and that your heart will breath a silent prayer

for the well-being of Chatham Lodge.

Allow me, also, to present you with this purse as a further token of the high esteem in which you are held by us. And now as you go from us, we earnestly pray that the God of the Christian and of the Odd-Fellow may ever be your God, that He may protect yourself and family in this life, and that if we meet no more in this world we may be permitted to greet each other in the home of those who shall be eternally blessed.

C. P. LENNOX, *Chairman*.

JOHN P. YOUNG,	R. M. PATTON,
C. P. LENNOX,	JOS. E. PEERS,
JAS. MOORE,	J. McLERIE,
JOHN OGLE,	I. SMITH, <i>Committee</i> .

Mr. Rannie, who found at first great difficulty in replying, said that as the committee could bear him witness, he was unaware of the terms of the address, although he had been made aware that the presentation would be made. He need not say how greatly he felt his position, nor the difficulty he had in giving proper expression in words for their great kindness. He felt moved and greatly affected, not only by the address, but also on account of the magnificent present made him. No words could express to the Brethren his appreciation of their kindness. He felt assured that no gift was needed to remind him of Chatham Lodge No. 29. He was glad to say publicly that he was thankful that he had been permitted to join. At first he had grave doubts about applying, and as it was impossible to know the secrets before initiation he was dubious about taking the step, but understanding that all the work and secrets had direct foundation on the Holy Scriptures, his scruples gave way, and he could now say that no man need be ashamed. The secrets were not much themselves, apart from the purpose for which they were conceived. The whole teachings were in harmony with the highest law, and connected with the chiefest duty of man. The foundations were deeply laid by God himself, our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer. One part of the design of Odd-Fellowship was to bring practically before its members their duties toward each other, and enable them to take practical shape. Its aims were to alleviate distress and suffering, shield and protect the widow, educate the orphan and

bury the dead. The speaker alluded to other good influences within the Lodge. It was a training school, made men amenable to authority, and in a country tending toward Republicanism, would exercise a beneficial effect in counteracting too great a license toward unrestrained ideas. In concluding his admirable reply, which space prevents our extending, he said the gifts now presented him would occupy a conspicuous place in his house; and as for the money, "it will buy things." Though the Church Society had dealt liberally with him, yet it could not be expected they contemplated providing for a man going out with a wife and eight children, and their kind thoughtfulness this evening would be of great assistance to him. He closed with again thanking the brethren, and stating he would ever hold them in the highest regard.

The Rev. Bro. was heartily cheered on concluding. Several of the resident ministers followed in short addresses expressive of their regard for Mr. Rannie, and wishes for his welfare.

The Silver Pitcher Set presented to Mr. Rannie consisted of a very handsome ice pitcher, two goblets, bowl and tray, accompanied with a purse of gold. On the tray was engraved, "Presented to Rev. Bro. John Rannie, M. A., Past Grand, by the officers and members of Chatham Lodge No. 29 I. O. O. F., April 5th, 1876." On each of the other pieces were the three links and his initials.

ALLISTON.

On the evening of Thursday, Feb. 24th, the Odd-Fellows of Alliston held a *Conversazione* in the Agricultural Hall for the purpose of increasing their Widow's and Orphans' Fund. There was a large and appreciative audience present. The members of the Order assembled at the Lodge room, and proceeded in procession to the hall in full regalia, presenting a most creditable appearance. The chair was occupied by Bro. J. J. Ramsay, of Covenant Lodge, Toronto. The meeting being called to order the chairman gave a lengthy and edifying speech on the vast amount of good done, and the benefits derivable from Odd-Fellowship, quoting facts and figures of importance which had taken place since its inception. The gentleman brought his remarks to a close and received a very hearty applause.

Speeches were given by Bro. Wilson, Alliston, and Bro. Sleight, Newmarket. Rev. W. M. Clarke gave a reading "The vulgar little boy" with good effect. Bro. Ramsay gave a humorous reading, entitled "Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say Voyage," which convulsed the audience with laughter. He also gave a recitation "The Smack at School" which provoked much merriment. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed a number of excellent pieces of music (vocal and instrumental):—Mrs. Poole, Misses Drury, Segar, Maginnis, Mawhinney, and Knight, Messrs. Knight and Sawyers, and Bros. Maginnis and Hender, which served very much to enliven the evening. We do not wish to institute any invidious comparisons as all acquitted themselves in an excellent manner, but the quartett and chorus by Bro. Maginnis, Mrs. Poole and Misses Drury and Maginnis was the gem of the evening. Mr. Sawyers gave a number of songs, fully maintaining his high reputation as a vocalist, receiving frequent *encores*. An intermission occurred during which tea, etc., was liberally supplied, the audience testifying in a most unequivocal manner their appreciation of the ladies' efforts in carrying out so successfully this feature of the programme.

Although being disappointed by the non-attendance of some of the speakers, the entire affair passed off in the most felicitous manner.

The Widows' and Orphans' Fund benefitted by this occasion to the extent of about \$40.00.

The Lodge here, though young, is vigorous, and promises, at no distant day, to become an important lodge. It now numbers over thirty members, and is steadily increasing.

H.

COOKSTOWN.

The members of Cookstown Lodge, No. 164, I.O.O.F., propose having a grand demonstration on the 24th May, when there will be present a number of the leading Odd-Fellows of the Dominion. A good time is expected. H.

WELLAND.

On Thursday evening, March 28th, the members of Orient Lodge, Welland, met in their hall to celebrate their second anniversary. The ladies of the brethren, some visiting brothers and a few invited

guests, were present. The hall had been handsomely decorated with flags and drapery, neatly festooned, and the two tables—one on either side of the hall—were literally loaded with good things provided by the lady friends. The chair was taken by the present N. G., A. Williams, Esq., who with a few happy introductory remarks stated the object of the gathering, and concluded by calling on Miss Allie Page for a solo, who responded by singing very sweetly "Sing me a Song of my Norah." The refreshments were then partaken of, and good justice was done to the ample supply provided. Although about eighty-five were seated at the first table, a large number had to be accommodated at the second table. An extensive programme of singing and speaking was then entered upon, and occupied the time pleasantly and profitably until one o'clock.

LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.

"Prince Albert" Lodge, No. 26, on the Registry of the Grand Lodge of L. P., B.N.A., was organized in the hall in the town of Moncton, on Thursday night by Deputy-Grand Master Gilbert Murdock, Esq., assisted by Grand Representative R. Radford Barnes, Esq., and by Messrs. John E. Hughes, Alex. Rankine, H. A. Vradenburgh, F. Barnes, and Noble Crandall, from St. John, and a number of the members of the Order, from Halifax and Pictou. There were 21 candidates initiated, who, together with the five charter members from Beacon Lodge, No. 12, of St. John, made the total number, 26.

The following officers were elected by the Lodge, and installed by the D. G. M.: A.S. Foster, N.G.; Wm. Peacock, V.G.; Wm. Hayward, R.S.; Thos. Glendenning, P.S.; Geo. Craig, Treas.; David Murray, W.; T. W. Barry, Con.; T. Baffer, I.G.; P. Law, O.G.; I. McLafferty, R.S.N.G.; R. Dickson, L.S.N.G.; J. McCall, R.S.V.G.; Hill Urquhart, L.S.V.G.; Burns McCallum, R. S.S.; Geo. Murray, L.S.S.

Immediately after the close of the lodge, the grand officers and visiting brothers were invited by the members of Prince Albert to the Royal hotel, where an excellent supper had been prepared, and to which about forty sat down. After ample justice had been done to the good things on the table, the Grand Lodge of

L. P., B. N. A., was proposed by A. L. Foster, Esq., and responded to by Gilbert Murdock, Esq., in his usual happy style. The toast of "Prince Albert, No. 26," was responded to by A. L. Foster, W. Hayward, W. Peacock and others; that of "Pioneer, No. 9," by Messrs. John E. Hughes and Gilbert Murdock. "Beacon, No. 12," brought out Mr. R. Radford Barnes in his warmest and happiest style. "Peerless, No. 19," was responded to by Mr. H. A. Vradenburgh, of that lodge.

As it was getting late, and Odd-Fellows are proverbial for keeping good hours, the meeting, which had been so harmonious and creditable to the members of the new lodge, broke up, with the best wishes for the prosperity and usefulness of "Prince Albert, No. 26."—*Telegraph, St. John.*

HALIFAX, N. S.

Reports from this city were to the effect that Halifax Encampment, No. 12, was to have been organized during April.

ST. JOHNS, N. B.

Six years ago there were only three members of the Order in St. John, New Brunswick. To-day three lodges, with a membership of over 400, are located in this thriving place; new members are being constantly added, and another lodge is talked of. The encampment participates in the prosperity of the lodges and is growing rapidly.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

A new Lodge was instituted in Charlottetown, March 14th, by John C. G. Ellis, D. D. G. M., assisted by the Past Grands and officers of St. Lawrence Lodge, to be known as Wildey Lodge, No. 27, so called from the name of the founder of the Order in America—Thomas Wildey. It starts out under the most favorable circumstances, and judging from the names of its Charter members, mentioned below, promises to be an enterprising and prosperous institution. The utmost good feeling exists between the members of both Lodges here, and the brothers of St. Lawrence Lodge assembled in large numbers to give "Wildey" a good start. The following are the officers for the present term: E. David Stair, N. G., F. Herbert Beer, V. G., Edmund M. Estey, Rec. Secretary, E. H. Brennan, P. S., Jas. McKenzie, Treasurer, A. D. White, Warden, Benj. Bremner, Con.—all the appointed offices have not yet been filled.

Regular Convocations will be held every Friday evening, at Odd-Fellows' hall Queen-Street.—*Patriot.*

There are now three lodges in Prince Edward Island, Wildey, No. 27, just organized; Prince Edward, No. 22, instituted at Sommersville, on the 5th August last; and the old Lodge St. Lawrence, No. 8, of Charlottetown. The two city lodges, St. Lawrence and Wildey, are having new regalia manufactured for the officers, and on the 26th of April they anticipated having a grand procession of the three Lodges in the afternoon, and a mammoth entertainment in the evening.

VIRGINIA.

The Grand Lodge met at Alexandria Tuesday, April 11th, with a large attendance of members. The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, escorted by about sixty uniformed Patriarchs left Washington on the 6 p. m. boat, and on their arrival at Alexandria were received by the Grand Lodge of Virginia and escorted to Sereptia Hall. Hon. M. J. Durham, Grand Sire; F. D. Stuart, P. G. Sire; Theo. A. Ross, Assistant G. Secretary, G. L. U. S.; C. H. Rawlings, G. Representative G. Lodge of Maryland, and other visitors, were of the party. Hon. E. H. Fitzhugh, Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, introduced the visitors, who were cordially welcomed by A. R. Courtney, Grand Master. A lengthy address was delivered by the Grand Sire, and brief remarks made by other visitors, as well as by several Virginia brethren.

CALIFORNIA.

The following is the Annual Report of the condition and workings of the Order

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.H. writes as follows: "I always read the correspondence columns in our several publications with interest; but sometimes I find answers that seem to me considerably astray. For example, I clip the two following from the *Heart and Hand* and would ask if you think they are correct?"

"O.—An expelled brother is reinstated by the lodge which expelled him. The course to be pursued is the same as in cases of other reinstatements. In some

for the year ending December 31, 1875:

Number of working Lodges.....	228
Number of Members.....	19,342
Initiated.....	1,973
Admitted by Card.....	650
Reinstated.....	157
Withdrawn by Card.....	586
Suspended or dropped.....	631
Expelled.....	36
Deceased.....	196

SUMMARY.

No. members per last report.....	18,005
Initiated during the year.....	1,973
Admitted by Card.....	656
Reinstated.....	157
Total.....	20,791
Withdrawn by Card.....	586
Suspended or dropped.....	631
Expelled.....	36
Deceased.....	196—
	1,449

Now in membership.....	19,342
Net increase.....	1,337
Current Expenses.....	\$140,043 72
Relief and Charity.....	146,799 26

Total.....	\$286,842 98
Amount of Receipts.....	419,410 94

Net gain.....	\$132,567 96
Average expenses per member.....	\$14 83
" assets " ".....	63 42
" receipts " ".....	21 68
Total assets.....	\$1,220,302 37
Number of Brothers relieved.....	2,035
Widowed families relieved.....	181
Amount paid for relief of Brothers.....	\$98,620 03
Relief of widowed families.....	17,305 78
For education of orphans.....	1,053 19
For burying the dead.....	17,604 58
For special relief.....	12,215 68

Total relief.....	\$146,799 26
Number of weeks sickness for which benefits were paid.....	11,094
Average age of members.....	37.90

Since January 1st, 1876, to April 1st, three new Lodges have been instituted, making 231 working Lodges, with an additional membership to make the total number to date about 20,000.

jurisdictions, after a lodge has passed a vote to reinstate an expelled member, it is required that the approval of the District Grand Committee, or of the D.D.G.M., or Grand officers shall be obtained. But in the absence of any special law requiring this, or any other additional consent, the lodge which expels can reinstate by its own vote, after a committee have reported upon the application.

"D.—"Dropped" is equivalent to "Sus-

pended for N.P.D."—means the same thing.

ANS.—To the 1st: No lodge can reinstate an expelled member of its own motion. The consent of the Grand Lodge to which it is subordinate, or, by its authority, of the Grand Master, is necessary. See Journal G.L.U.S., p. 5, 281.

2nd. "Dropped" and "Suspended for N.P.D." may mean the same thing in New York, but they do not in Ontario. A member dropped has lost his connection with the Order altogether; a member suspended is still a member of his lodge, though under disabilities.

C.M.—Your Encampment refused you sick benefits on the grounds that you had withdrawn from the sub. lodge, and therefore your connection with the Encampment had ceased; and 2nd, that notice of your sickness at the time it occurred had not been sent as required by the by-laws.

The first objection is not valid, as your membership in the Encampment is not

affected by your withdrawal from the lodge for a year after such withdrawal.

The second objection is a better one; but if you can show that you could not send notice at the time you were taken sick, owing to the severity of your illness or from any other cause, the objection would not hold good.

There is no doubt your encampment is morally bound to pay your benefits; though it may be able to slip out of its just obligations through informality in the application. The case is, however, worth appealing to the State Grand Encampment.

C. C.—After a lodge is duly opened, and the Guardian taken his station in the ante-room, should he wish to enter the lodge room to ballot for a candidate, or for any other purpose, is it necessary for him to salute the chair?

ANS.—No one is authorized to enter the lodge-room, without the regular formalities—both enter-sign and counter-sign.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Having transferred the JOURNAL to other parties, we have now to call on all, lodges and individuals, who are indebted to us for subscriptions or advertisements to settle their little bills. All accounts for the JOURNAL up to, and including, the May number, are payable to the Association in Stratford. Each brother can easily find the amount of his bill by remembering that \$1.50 per year means 12½ cents per month. Those whose subscriptions commenced in January, 1876, if they have not yet paid up, will owe us 62½ cents, those who commenced in January, 1875, will owe \$2.12½, and so on. A large number of these accounts are due; small in themselves, they amount to a large sum in the aggregate. Be kind enough, then, to note the figures pencilled on the margin of this notice and pay the amount to the local agent, or send it by return mail to any one of the officers of the Association. Change can easily be made in postage stamps. "Forget it not! Forget it not!"

LODGE CARDS.

ONTARIO.

DOMINION LODGE, No. 48, LONDON, meets every Wednesday evening. H. J. Boyd, N. G.; Geo. Heron, R. S.

MAPLE LEAF LODGE, No. 57, ORANGEVILLE, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Travelling brothers invited to attend.

LUCAN LODGE, No. 70, LUCAN, meets every Tuesday evening. Sylvanus Gibson, N. G.; Chas. F. Pashley, R. S.

WARRINER LODGE, No. 75, PORT PERRY, meets every Monday night, at their hall, Bigelow's Block. A cordial welcome extended to all visiting Brothers. I. J. Davis, P. G., N. G.; E. Worthington, Secy.

RELIANCE LODGE, No. 89, GUELPH, meets every Monday evening. Jas. H. McGregor, M. D., N. G.; Wm. Bourne, R. S.

GRAND RIVER LODGE, No. 91, PARIS, meets every Thursday evening. Thos. Walker, N. G.; T. Armstrong, R. S.

NITH LODGE, No. 96, NEW HAMBURG, meets every Thursday evening. Otto Preseprich, N. G.; B. Tauber, R. S.

ST. THOMAS LODGE, No. 76, meets every Wednesday evening at 7.30, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Victoria Block, Taibot st., St. Thomas. Visiting Brothers cordially invited. A. Murray, N. G.; F. Lindsay, V. G.; J. Ferguson, R. S.

GOLDEN STAR LODGE, No. 101, BRAMPTON, meets every Thursday evening. H. Endacott, N. G.; John Reynolds, R. S.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE No. 88, WOODSTOCK, meets at Odd-Fellows' Hall, west of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, every Monday evening. John Morrison, N.G. H. W. Hill, Secretary.

HARMONY LODGE, No. 115, BRANTFORD. The officers are: Josh. T. Johnston, N. G.; John Dodimead, Sec'y.

ROMELO LODGE, No. 164, STRATFORD, meets every Tuesday evening. C. W. Young, W. Young N. G.; A. G. U. Coulton, R. S. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.

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

ORIENTAL LODGE, No. 163, CORNWALL, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Commercial Block. T. B. Blyth, N.G.; Geo. H. Weagant, R.S.

QUEBEC.

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