

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Weekly

THE

Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

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

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—51 YONGE ST., TORONTO. }
BOX 500 P. O.

No. 10.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1865.

Four Cents per copy.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH is like an echo,
Falling softly on our ears;
Gently leading us to holier thoughts,
And banishing our fears;
Weaving peace within our sinful hearts,
And drying all our tears.

HOPE is like an Angel,
With healing on her wings;
For ever in our darkest night,
She consolation brings;
Melodious are the sounds that fall,
From her harp's golden strings.

And CHARITY's an Angel too,
Half human, half divine;
With smiles for those who smile in joy,
And tears for those who pine;
If a guardian Angel I might choose,
Charity should be mine.

THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XLIII—Continued.

'And what have you got to sell?' demanded the damsel, when the old man had come to a pause.

'Pins, needles, threads, laces, my dear; buttons and bodkins, hooks and eyes, and thimbles, and—'

'Oh, I don't want anything,' said Susan, stopping the old man in his enumeration of his

slender stock of haberdashery, which I now perceived he had slung in a basket by his side.

'Oh, don't say nay, charming Judy,' quavered the old man, in a feeble attempt to carol the words of an old song which at that time was, or had lately been, popular in London and elsewhere. 'May be you will buy a ballad of me, my dear?' he added; 'here's lot's on 'em; I used to sing 'em; but my bellows be too shakey now—wuss luck.'

'No, no; go away, do; we don't want such rubbish,' said Susan, as the old man began glibly to quote the titles of this part of his stock in trade. Nevertheless, she lingered, and the old man went on:—

'Here's dream books, my pretty lass, to put under yer piller, to make ye dream of yer true love—'

'Stuff!' said the girl.

I need not repeat, even if I could remember, all the blandishments used by the old pedlar in puffing off his goods; nor how the servant maid so far relaxed as to be persuaded to look over the contents of his basket. I only know that the conference seemed intolerably long, before a bargain was struck for a little handful of his wares.

In the course of these negotiations, I noticed that the old man more than once shifted his position; and at last pleading fatigue and thirst he seated himself on a stone horseblock within the yard, and entreated the girl to give him a draught of water or small beer; 'anything,' he said, 'to wet his whistle.' And when Susan disappeared for a moment on the benevolent errand, I could see that my old acquaintance looked sharply though furtively and pryingly round, and glanced quickly at the range of

kitchen offices by which he was partially surrounded. I thought little of this at the time, only that I supposed he was on the look-out for any thing that was neither too hot nor too heavy to purloin and carry off unperceived and I was glad when the damsel returned before my old ready-fingered acquaintance had had time or opportunity to indulge in his lifelong habit of 'picking and stealing.'

'Here's luck to ye,' said the old man lifting the mug to his lips and draining it to the bottom. 'You've got a nice place of it here my dear?'

'Oh, the place is well enough,' said she, 'not too much to do, nor too many to do it.'

'A rich man, I reckon, the master; what did you say his name was, my pretty one?' said the insinuating old vagrant.

'I didn't say his name was anything in particular,' said the girl; 'but my master's name is Mr. Simmonds; and he is rich enough, I dare say, but he dosen't make much show of it.'

'Ha! keeps his money safe locked up, does he?'

'I reckon so,' said the girl; 'but that's no business of mine, nor yours either, is it?'

'Oh dear no, not the least in the world,' said the old man, carelessly. 'I suppose now you couldn't—'

What he supposed my fellow-servant could not do or say, neither she nor I was doomed to hear; for at that moment the shrill voice of the housekeeper was heard calling loudly from the kitchen, reproving Susan for idling her time, and bidding the old man go about his business. Now the voice of Mrs. Latham, the housekeeper, was a voice potential, and not to be disregarded. Accordingly, Susan scuttled

away; and the old man, after again keenly treated by the burglars, some five or six in glancing around, slung his basket over his shoulder, and hobbled off to the melody of his own cracked voice, singing, or attempting to sing, another of the popular songs of that period.

I need not say that I felt relieved when the old ballad-singer had disappeared, though I was still in doubt whether his pedlarship was not a deception to cover some iniquitous design; and I could not feel secure that I was not the primary object of his visit. More troubled perhaps, than I should have cared to acknowledge. I resumed my gardening occupation, until, having worked myself into a pleasant perspiration, I began to smile at my fears. For I remembered that this poor, wicked, but weak old man had been a wanderer through a long life of alternate wretchedness and self-indulgence, of petty crime and appropriate punishment. It had been his boast, years ago, that he knew every nook and corner of England. I had heard him say that he should go on tramping through the country till he would most likely lay himself down to die under a hedge. And was it therefore more likely than that, without any definite design, he should once more have set out on a long and toilsome tour—the ruling passion strong in extreme age, without any more definite design than that of indulging his vagrant disposition? And as to the distance from London into Yorkshire, why, he might have been a month, or two months, or three, upon the road.

And then if my existence in England had been suspected at Thieves' Castle, and it were thought necessary for the safety of that criminal community to carry out the threat of the ruffian Kite, they would scarcely have employed a feeble and laggard old man like this "Pinetar," as he was called there, as a spy. My fears, therefore, naturally as they had been raised, rapidly faded away; and when two or three months elapsed, and I saw no more of the old man, and heard nothing to disturb my security, I had almost forgotten the sudden alarm I had experienced.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TEMPLETON LODGE IN FEAR.

"FIFTY POUNDS REWARD. Whereas, on the night of the —th of November last,"—and then the handbill went on to recount how a farmhouse, some twenty miles distant from Templeton Lodge, had been broken into and robbed, the inmates having been barbarously

and conviction of the offenders, or any of them. This handbill, which fell into the hands of Mr. Stiamonds' groom, and was transferred by

him to our kitchen table, was the first intimation received in our secluded household that a desperate gang of house-breakers had invaded the outlying rural districts of the broad county. It was not the last, however. Throughout the ensuing winter—it was the winter after the alarm I experienced from the sudden appearance of my old Whiskers' Rents and prison acquaintance—rumours reached us from time to time of similar outrages in different directions, but all at some little distance from Templeton Lodge. Now, it was a lonely farmhouse which was attacked; then, a gentleman's seat in another part of the country, some thirty miles off, the owner and many of his servants being absent; again, the shop and dwelling-house of one of the principal tradesmen in a considerable market town, many miles from either of the former scenes of violence, was ransacked; and before the consternation which these events caused had subsided, another source of alarm arose from the fact that highway robberies were committed on many of the public roads, attended with such circumstances of daring determination as proved that the perpetrators, whoever they might be, were not only expert and practised in crime, but were formidable in number and resources.

For it required no great penetration to conjecture that the principal actors in these and many similar scenes of violence were banded together. Where numbers were required to overpower resistance and ensure success, numbers were engaged in the unlawful deeds; and where, on the other hand, the victims were feeble and timid, one or two only of the robbers appeared in the business. But in all the cases of house-breaking, one powerful and brutal man, as far as could be gathered from the hurried observation and after description of the plundered and ill-used inhabitants, was invariably present. His countenance, it is true, was covered with a mask of rrape, as were the faces of all the robbers; but the threats of fearful vengeance uttered by the leader in these outrages, and the plans he adopted for silencing and securing his victims, so as to prevent immediate alarm and pursuit, were in every case so similar, that identity was almost established. On the other hand, this burglar never appeared as a high-

wayman or footpad: these acts of crime were principally committed by an evidently young and athletic man, who in the exercise of his profession condescended sometimes to playful levity, though couched in vulgar language, in dealing with those whom he called his customers and clients.

Perhaps I owe an apology to my readers for giving even these brief outlines of occurrences which spread serious alarm at that time through the neighbourhood, for many miles round Templeton Lodge. It will be seen presently, however, that they have a considerable bearing on my personal history; and I must yet add another circumstance or two.

One of these was, that the offer of rewards for the discovery and conviction of the ruffians seemed utterly ineffectual, not only with regard to the end designed, but even in checking the misdeeds. Perhaps this is not to be so much wondered at when the unsatisfactory state of the country police of that day is borne in mind; especially when it is remembered that even now, in spite of an improved system and greater vigilance, some painful instances of atrocious crime have been committed with apparent impunity, so as, at least, to baffo all the skill of men trained to the pursuit of the guilty.

To be sure, a few arrests were made, and some suspected persons were examined by country magistrates, but as they were able to give a reasonable account of themselves, and their identity with either of the miscreants could not be established, they were necessarily discharged.

Another circumstance connected with these events was that competent judges declared, without hesitation, that the burglars must be practised London hands. For there was then, as I believe there is now, a superior execution and finish—if the expression may be allowed—in metropolitan crime, rarely attained by mere country practitioners. In this case, the skill, foresight, and arrangement evidently exercised in these robberies, bore all the marks of superior London training. This, at least, was the deliberate and firm belief of an experienced thief-taker, who was employed in the vain pursuit and detection of the criminals.

And this it was that set my thoughts wandering to Thieves' Castle. My readers will remember the brief description I gave, some chapters back, of that den of infamy, and the correspondence maintained there with house-breakers and highway robbers in different parts of the country; and I could not conceal from myself the great probability that my unhappy

father was concerned in the affairs I have just described. The description given, too, of the principal burglar tallied well enough with my remembrance of the ruffian Kite; and, added to this, was the previous appearance of the old ballad-singer in our part of the country. It seemed all plain to me now. The regularly organized community of evil-doers had fixed on this distant spot for their winter campaign; had commissioned the wretched old man to obtain needful information of available points of attack—an office for which, alas! he was too well fitted by long habit and inclination; had probably furnished for him means of more expeditious transport from and to headquarters than his own bodily powers could have furnished; and had taken care to provide such retreats for themselves, with other appliances for baffling the pursuit of justice; as long experience would suggest. Looking at it thus, it was no longer a mystery to me that the nefarious plans of the housebreakers had been so far successful.

I need not describe the agony these thoughts produced in my mind, and the attempts I made to escape from their obvious conclusions. Oh, what would I not have given, if the most costly gifts had been at my disposal, to have been assured that I wronged my unhappy parent by these suspicions! And how mournfully did I regret that my father had ever sought and made himself known to me! An orphan condition would have been comparative bliss! I was worse than orphaned.

'You have done right to tell me of these suspicions of yours, Roland,' said Mr. Simmonds, when I spoke to him on the subject; 'and it seems likely enough that they are well founded. And you think that we have to expect a visit from these people before they leave this part of the country?'

'I am afraid we must, sir,' said I, remembering the inquisitive glances cast by the old spy over the available parts of the house, and knowing that he had ample means of finding out the weakness of our garrison.

'I think so too,' said Mr. Simmonds, pale and trembling with apprehension, (I have intimated that he was both timid and hypochondriac); 'and I don't know what I had better do.'

'Would it not be well to let the groom and gardener sleep in the house?' I suggested; 'and if you would not mind the expense, sir, it might be prudent to employ a night-watchman for a few weeks, till these alarms have passed away.'

'No, no!' exclaimed my master vehemently, 'I will not have men in my house; they are not to be trusted, Roland. You are the only one I can trust, and I won't have anybody else about me.'

I expected this; for it was one of my poor master's fancies that every person he employed had base designs on, not only his property, but his life; and it seems as strange to me now as it did then, that he had made a solitary exception in my favour; and could see that even my proposal, natural as it was, excited for a moment his jealous suspicions of my good faith.*

'No, no,' he repeated more calmly, 'I think that you and I should be a match for the villains, if they come; and open enemies are better than false friends, eh, Roland?'

I would do what I could, I said; but if the men were the gang I supposed them to be,—and, indeed, judging by what they already had done, whoever they might be—they were very desperate villains indeed. And would it not be well to write to Mr. Richard, (my employer's son), and ask him—

'You don't know what you are talking about, Roland,' said Mr. Simmonds, hastily, and relapsing into his previous nervous excitement. 'Do you think I would expose my dear boy to such danger as you seem to fear? No, no; we will be a match for them; you are not afraid, are you?' he demanded, speaking more harshly than he had ever before spoken to me.

It was impossible to move Mr. Simmonds from his determination; and thus, with no human protection against the designs of wicked men, our small household separated and retired night after night—thankful every succeeding morning for another day's reprieve from the fears which had haunted our very dreams.

Meanwhile, however, tidings of the outrages

* I have not cared to dwell upon the eccentricities of my kind employer; and I will not do so now. But some of my readers may remember a somewhat similar instance of mental hallucination, in the case of the Rev. Mr. H—, who, though possessed of large property, and living in a large mansion, could not be prevailed on to keep more than one servant of either sex; and who was so painfully suspicious even of them that he securely locked them up every night, lest they should be tempted to rob him, and perhaps murder him for the sake of his wealth. 'He lost his life,' says his biographer, 'in the following extraordinary manner. Going one morning to let out his servants, who according to the narrative, must have slept in a detached building, his dog fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond. The servants heard him call for assistance; but, being locked up, they could not help their master, and he was accordingly drowned.'

I have described reached the ears of Mr. Richard; and it was some relief to me, at least, when he unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied by a servant, and declared his intention to remain at Templeton Lodge for the protection of his aged father, until the cause for alarm had been removed.

CHAPTER XLV.

SLOPPY STEVENS MAKES HIS LAST APPEARANCE—IGNOMINIOUSLY.

That same night I was aroused from the first refreshing sleep I had had for many preceding ones, by the violent ringing of an alarm bell, the cord of which I knew to be in the chamber of my master; and by tumultuous sounds from the lower part of the house, closely followed by the shrieks of the two female servants, who, like me, had been thus suddenly awakened.

It was past midnight, dark and stormy. Wind howled in and around the chimneys, and heavy rain rattled against the casements of the old mansion; but above this peaceful din I could distinguish voices.

I sprang from my bed bewildered. In another moment I had hastily cast on some of my garments, and was groping my way down the dark staircase. At the first landing place I nearly stumbled over a man, who was crouching, as it seemed, against the wall.

'Is it you, Leigh?' gasped he. It was Mr. Richard's servant, who, the previous evening, had been rather loud in his boastings of what he would do if the house were attacked.

'Yes. What is the matter? What do these noises mean?'

'They have got in; and they are murder—don't go away from me; if you go down, you'll be murdered too,' he cried, trembling violently, and clinging to me: but I broke from his grasp.

The noise appeared to come from Mr. Simmonds's chamber; and as I hastened toward it, it became more loud and distinct. I could now not only distinguish voices, but I knew them; and I know not now whether my blood more curdled with fear, or boiled with indignation; they were the voices of Kite and Slop-py Stevens, raised in threats of fearful import. There were other voices, too—those of my poor master, entreating for forbearance and mercy, and of his son, shouting for assistance. Then there was a scuffle; and, before I could reach the spot, the sound of a pistol.

I rushed forward. I claim no credit for ex-

treme courage; nine men out of ten would probably have done precisely as I did. Besides, I had not been so delicately nurtured as to think much of bodily injury. I rushed forward, then, and sprang into the chamber.

A night lamp was burning in a bracket, and a fire, which I had made up three hours before, was yet blazing in the grate, and by this light a scene presented itself which my memory still vividly retains.

Struggling desperately in the grasp of two men, disguised in crape masks, was the son of my employer. They had dragged him to the floor; and the pistol which he had fired in self-defence, but without effect, had been wrested from his hand, and was now being turned as a murderous weapon of offence against him, by the strong arm of one of the robbers.

Another and yet more helpless conflict had, as it seemed already terminated; for the aged owner of the mansion lay stretched on the floor apparently senseless, and disregarded by two other wretches, who were already silently but expeditiously proceeding with their work of pillage. A small bureau had been forced open, and the chink of money told that they were thus far successful in their criminal enterprise.

It was only in a rapid and momentary glance, however, that these particulars were impressed on my senses: for as I instinctively rushed forward and arrested a blow which would probably have added murder to robbery, a cry, which I knew to be that of the ruffian Kite, rang through the chamber.

'Tis young Roland Leigh, riz from the dead!' he shouted, with a fearful cry; and, the next moment, every veiled face was turned towards me, while their owners fell back with obvious terror from my unexpected apparition.

The panic was complete and decisive. The hardened villains, who would not have scrupled at committing murder rather than be defeated in their unlawful object, and whose brute courage had carried them through many scenes of desperate resistance and real bodily peril, were not proof against superstition. As it afterwards proved, my face was familiar to them all, for they had known me in my involuntary sojourn at Thieves' Castle, where it was firmly believed that I had perished in the wreck of the *General Washington*; and my sudden appearance among them, while thus engaged in their dark deed of violence, struck them, one and all, with deadly fear. For an instant only they staggered and attempted to rally, and then, overpowered by their superstitious dread

of contact with a spirit, as they afterwards confessed, they turned and fled.

Meanwhile, my master's son had risen to his feet; and, though unable to comprehend the moving cause of this sudden flight, he was sufficiently collected to take advantage of the obvious terror which had fallen upon the robbers. And in our pursuit of them we were joined by his servant, who had, partially at least, shaken off his temporary cowardice, and regained some presence of mind. I shall not further attempt to describe the particulars of that stormy and perilous night, let it suffice to say that, after a renewed and desperate struggle, two of the miscreants were disabled and captured before they had reached the window through which they had effected an entrance, and the other two, though they managed to escape, were hotly pursued by the groom, who had been aroused by our shouts, and by Mr. Richard himself, and gave themselves up as prisoners. As I have already intimated, one of the burglars was my old Whiskers' Rents acquaintance, Sloppy Storens, and another the ruffian Kite, of Thieves' Castle.

I shall spare my readers the report of a criminal prosecution and trial; for though my history has led me to a record of crime, I would not that it should catch the features of a *New-gate Calendar*. I will briefly say, therefore, that the unhappy men were, after several weeks' imprisonment, placed at the bar of justice for attempted burglary. Two words will tell the result—**GUILTY: DEATH**. And thus, though hand had joined in hand, the wicked did not go unpunished.

They did not suffer the full penalty of the law, however. Perhaps they owed this exercise of mercy to the earnest prayers and strong influence of their prosecutor; but it may be that they purchased it by treachery to former companions in crime, and unwilling service to the State. I know only this—that following hard upon their trial, a sudden enlightenment fell upon the police of that day respecting a notorious haunt of thieves and coiners, in an old house on the banks of the Thames, very near to London, and that a strong detachment of constables forced an entrance. They found the nest, and many undeniable and unequivocal proofs of the criminal character of its inmates, but the birds were flown.

They were scattered over the country offers of reward for the capture of certain individuals who had rendered themselves obnoxious to justice. Conspicuous among these was one—

Captain Leigh. His person was described with minute fidelity, and his usual haunts were expressly indicated.

But these offers produced no response. Months passed away, and no further discoveries were made.

Meanwhile the small establishment at Templeton Lodge was broken up. Indeed, Mr. Simmonds never returned to his home after the trial of the burglars; for his health gave way beneath the excitement to which he had been exposed, and, with his health of body, his mind sunk into confirmed imbecility. I will not dwell upon this, it is enough to say that my poor master—after a few months of harmless and not entirely unhappy lunacy—died in the arms of his son, and under his roof.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEW LODGE.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. R. Middlemore, Provincial Deputy of Albion Lodge, assisted by a number of the officers and members of Albion, Mount Pleasant, and St. John Lodges instituted a new lodge in Carleton, under the name of Andrews Lodge, No. 38, of the B.O.G.T.

The Lodge was formed under the most favourable circumstances, and there is good reason to believe that large numbers of the people in Carleton will become connected with, and labor for, the spread of Templarism. The material of which the lodge is composed is a sufficient guarantee of its success.

It may, perhaps, be gratifying to the few individuals who opposed the introduction of Templarism into Carleton, to learn that a Lodge has been really organized. Those narrow minded people who think that British Templars are laboring to destroy, or even injure the Order of Sons of Temperance, should be sentenced to live in an empty rum hogshead for the remainder of their lives,—for they are a living mass of inconsistency unworthy of the name of temperance men, and the day is not far distant, when they will have a clear demonstration of the futility of the position they take. There is certainly opposition enough outside of the temperance ranks, without the professed friends

of the cause lending their aid to its foes. We trust the Sons and Templars in Carleton, as elsewhere, will work together for the spread of temperance.

The following are the officers for the ensuing term:—

- W. Andrews,.....Chief
- John McLaughlan,.....Vice
- J. Beacon,.....Chaplain
- J. McKenna,.....Secretary
- D. L. Dykeman,.....Treasurer
- J. A. Calwell,.....Financier
- Geo. L. Brittain,.....Marshal
- William Gray,.....Inner Guard
- William Coocy,.....Outer Guard
- J. Graham,.....Right H. Supporter
- F. Brittain,.....Left H. Supporter
- W. H. Culbert,.....Asst. Secretary
- R. G. Stackhouse,.....Past Chief

—Monitor, Nov. 25.



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6, 1865.

CONCERT.

The members of Crusade Lodge, B. O. G. T., are now making arrangements to hold a Concert in their lodge room, Missionary Church, Elizabeth street, on the 20th instant. Henry Lloyd, Esq., has kindly consented to take the chair. Our friends will please remember this. We will give further particulars in our next issue.

NEW BRUNSWICK GRAND LODGE MEETING.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Office of the Worthy Supreme Grand Chief, Berlin, C.W., Dec. 2, 1866.

Dear Bro. Stewart,—Allow me to supplement the notice you kindly gave in your

last issue, to your numerous readers, of the proceedings of the second annual session of the Provincial Grand Lodge of British Templars in New Brunswick held on the 11th and 13th ult.

The following is extracted from a leading article in the *Colonial Monitor*, published in St. John, New Brunswick, by Bro. J. R. McCready, Esq., a thoroughgoing British Templar, who is doing good service to the cause of Temperance in his valuable paper:—

“THE SUPREME QUESTION.—The question in reference to the legality of the Supreme Lodge of British America was brought before the Grand Lodge at its recent session, and discussed at considerable length. The debate throughout was conducted in a spirit of ‘brotherly love,’ and when the vote was called for ONLY ONE VOTE was recorded against the Supreme Lodge. Now that this vexed question, which has been the cause of so much trouble in Canada and Nova Scotia has been settled—so far as New Brunswick is concerned—we hope the matter will die out, and nothing more be heard of it. We feel assured that the able and eloquent young man who entered so fully into the discussion, no doubt with a desire to do good, will join heart and hand with the constituted majority. Since the introduction of British Templarism into this province nothing has transpired to mar the harmony, or injure the reputation of the Order, and it is of the utmost importance to the future prosperity of the cause that it should long continue so.”

The above, I know, will be so gratifying to each loyal British Templar throughout Canada that I cannot forbear troubling you with its insertion in your welcome *Weekly Visitor*. And now that four Provincial Grand Lodges, after mature deliberation, with all but a unanimous vote, have fully decided upon adhering to the Supreme Lodge, let us devote all our energies to the dissemination of the great and glorious principles of British Templarism.

Rejoicing in, and grateful for, success already obtained, yet, believing in, and working for much greater,

I am, ever yours, in F., H. and C.

WILLIAM SAVAGE.

UNION OF THE B. A. AND B. O. G. T.

We have been informed that an amount of underhand work is now being carried on by certain parties in relation to the contemplated union between the British and British American Good Templars, and what tends to give a colouring to the story is the length of time that has elapsed since the Stratford meeting without the action taken by the B. A. Grand Lodge being transmitted to the G. W. Secretary of the British Order. We are told that it has been stated that the next meeting of the Supreme Lodge will be its last! if the measures now sought to be carried out by the B. American party be adopted by the different British Grand Lodges before they fully understand the true intent of them. We therefore ask our brethren to weigh the matter well.

For the Weekly Visitor.

NOVA BRITANNIA LODGE, No. 374, B. O. G. T.

This Lodge is steadily advancing and propagating the great principles which characterize our Order. In defiance of the vindictive manifestoes put forth by rumsellers and their agents the members stretch forth their hands to lift the poor misguided inebriate from his degraded position and raise him to that position to which all men are entitled while they comply with the laws of religion and country. We have enrolled under the banner of British Templarism, since last May, about forty members, good, true, and devoted advocates of our noble institution, those who have come out boldly to aid and support our temperance movement through all its trying ordeals, members who are loyal to the heart and head of our noble Order—the Supreme Grand Lodge,—and who discountenanced and disregarded the false accusations sent forth by that part of the ex-Executive who disgraced themselves and our Order by breaking their obligations, and betraying the confidence placed in them.

British Templars, our Order having commenced the conquest of rumland, let not our past adversities dishearten us, but rather let them animate us to a new determination to make the flag of British Templarism float proudly over the British dominions, the acknowledged leader of the temperance confederacy, defying alike both the secret and open hostility of our foes.

I remain, yours in F. H. and C.

M. H. FIELDHOUSE; P. Dep.

Perey, Dec. 2, 1865.

THE MISER'S DEATH.

The straggling beams of fire
Shone dimly on the hearth;
Where sat an aged sire,
A wealthy peer of earth.

Whose brow was knit with care,
The furrows of old time;
His marble head was bare,
For long had passed his prime.

All haggard was his look,
Dark fear and discontent;
His trembling knees they shook,
His body down was bent.

His cheeks were sunk and thin;
His gray eyes keenly roll;
And oh, the loquacity of sin,
Lay thick upon his soul.

And slow he would unfold
Huge bags of yellow clay,
While stores of yellow gold
Upon his table lay.

Gold alone was his friend,
And gold his daily shrine;
With gold his joys would end,
There still his hopes would twine.

Around he gazed, afraid,
As if some spirit there,
In whispers faint had said,
To meet thy doom prepare.

Again he counts his store.
Then sinks upon the chair;
And he shall count no more,
For death's dread hand is there.

Then o'er his trembling frame
Spreads the deep hectic flush—
The cold dew o'er him came,
Blood from his cheeks would rush.

His heart turn'd all to stone,
Upwards glared his eye;
And hark! a low faint groan;
This is the hour to die.

Then thro' the barren room
The placid moon forth shone,
Chasing the murky gloom
Where the miser sat alone.

There lay the heaps of gold
Beside its kindred clay;
Yet breathless now and cold,—
The soul had fled away.

THE REVIVAL OF TEMPERANCE. WHO CAN PAY FOR BUTTER NOW?

On Thursday evening last an immense meeting of the friends of Temperance was held in the Rev. T. L. Cuyler's Church, on Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. Over 2,000 were present, numbering many of the most prominent citizens. The mayor, Col. Wood, presided. Dr. Chas. Jewett, of Norwich, Conn., delivered a powerful scientific address on the nature of alcoholic beverages. He demonstrated that alcohol contains no nourishment; that being the product of decay in vegetable matter, it tends to decay and destroy the human frame, and always predisposes those who use it habitually to cholera and violent diseases. Dr. Jewett was followed by the Rev. Mr. Cuyler, who pleaded for total abstinence on the ground of self-denial for the good of others.

This large meeting is one of the many signs of a general revival of the temperance reform. A new "National Temperance Society and Publication House" has lately been organized in New York. Its President is William E. Dodge. Among its Vice Presidents are Gen. Howard, Gov. Buckingham, Bishop James, and Gen. S. F. Cary. William M. Booth is Treasurer, and the Rev. T. L. Cuyler Chairman of the Executive Committee. The Board of Managers is composed of men, representing the various religious denominations and the different temperance Orders and societies in the country. The payment of one dollar a year constitutes an annual member—of twenty dollars, constitutes a life member—of one hundred dollars, a life director.

The new society proposes to open a publication room in New York for the issue of total abstinence books and tracts similar to the National League in Great Britain. It also proposes to work through the Christian Churches and Sunday Schools. Lecturers will be employed, and efforts made to awaken a "temperance conscience" in the community. The society will go into full operation and issue its first paper on the first of January. The Rev. J. B. Dunn (No. 18, Nineteenth street, is the temporary acting Secretary of the organization.—N. Y. Tribune.

The following exquisite ditty is sung to the air of a popular American war song, and is retailed at thirty cents a roll:—

See the kine so sleek and hairy,
Calmly chowing at their cud;
Pastures green around them growing,
And gad flies buzzing in the wood.
Tell them that you'd know their answer,
As you question every cow—
"Mooly," tell me, tell me truly,
Who can pay for butter now?

Chorus—Around the market I am marching,
Asking who can tell me how,
In the name of all that's fearful,
Who can pay for butter now?

The farmers tell us, to our sorrow,
That the cows are dry this year;
But who from this can comfort borrow
While butter's so extremely dear?
Should you offer them but twenty,
They'd kick up a precious row;
So I insist on loudly bawling—
Who will pay for butter now?

Chorus—Around the market I am marching,
Asking who will tell me how,
In the name of all that's dreadful,
Who can pay for butter now,

Lightning rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.

'My dear husband, am I not your only treasure?' 'Certainly, and I should like to lay you up in heaven.'

BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The TORONTO CITY Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The QUEEN CITY Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings at 8 p. m. in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.

W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The JESSIE KETCHUM Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7:30 p.m., in the Coldwater Hall, Brock Street.

J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The GREYHOUND Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.

P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF

To mark the sufferings of the babe,
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony,—
This is a mother's grief!

Through dreary days, and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shorten'd breath,
To watch the last dread strife draw near
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief!

To see, in one short hour, decay'd
The hope of future years,
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears,
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief!

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think "My child is *there!*"
Thus best can dry the gushing tears,
'This yields the heart relief';
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Thirty years ago almost the entire kingdom and nearly every civilized nation in the world, were profoundly ignorant, if not blind, in relation to the nature and properties of intoxicating drinks. At that time all classes believed that these drinks were highly conducive to health and strength—that they were the gift of God to his intelligent creatures—the blessings of a bountiful Providence which ought to be received with grateful hearts, and hence, when the doctrine of total abstinence was first propounded, it was regarded as the most wild and Utopian idea ever submitted to the consideration of rational beings, and its teachers were looked upon either as fools or knaves, or a mixture of both. But now, to use a scripture form of expression, and to apply it to this subject, "the darkness is passed and the true light abineth." It may be true that some, who in

other respects are highly educated, still remain blind in relation to this question—our Secretary of State for the Home Department being a mournful illustration of this fact, yet we rejoice that millions of blind eyes have been opened, that the thick darkness which brooded over the nation for so many ages has been rolled back, and tens of thousands are singing—

"But now the spell is broke—abstain, be free!
No more shall this vile yoke enslave the free,
Come join with heart and hand our firm teetotal band,
On the rock take your stand—abstain, be free!"

"Then shall your homes be blessed with peace and love,
That type of Heavenly rest, that world above;
And as ye onward press, through this great wilderness,
Heaven's guidance you possess—abstain be free!"

Thirty years ago it was a doubtful question whether a confirmed drunkard could be reclaimed. No Christian man possessing any proper conception of the boundless resources of the Supreme Being could doubt his power to arrest even a drunkard in his downward course, but such a manifestation of Divine power was an event of such rare occurrence, that the total and entire ruin of a confirmed drunkard was generally regarded as merely a question of time. But now we have an overwhelming array of facts that indisputably prove that the worst the most inveterate, and most degraded drunkard in existence can be reclaimed. It is true there are still some highly respectable gentlemen who entertain the notions of a bygone age on this subject, and if you happen in conversation to hint at the great work of reform which has been accomplished during the past thirty years, they shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, while they politely tell you that it's all a mistake—a mere picture of the imagination by which kind benevolent ladies and gentlemen continue to impose upon themselves a pleasing delusion.

When conversing with those antiquarian gentlemen, we have found it necessary to point out living men and women who have been reclaimed from habits of intemperance, and thus to convince them, by the evidence of their own senses, that Temperance reformers are not imposing upon themselves or the public any mere creation of philanthropic fancy. And, thank God! this is an easy task—that is to say, the number of reclaimed ones is so great, their moral and religious improvement is so decided,

while the comforts of their wives and children are so patent to all who know them, that the most sceptical must feel convinced that teetotalism possesses a power to grapple successfully with the vice of drunkenness in its most inveterate forms; and of those who are not convinced by such overwhelming evidence we are ready to conclude that, if the facts to which we have referred fail to remove their old-fashioned prejudices, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Thirty years ago the trade of the licensed victualler and publican was considered to be not only respectable, but its introduction into a destitute neighbourhood quite an acquisition. It is true the law always regarded the business of making and selling strong drink as a dangerous one, and hence none but persons who are certified to possess a good moral character are permitted to engage in it.—Other branches of business may be followed by persons of any character, or of no character at all, but before a man is permitted to engage in this business he must produce a certificate of good moral character, signed by the clergy, or other respectable gentlemen; and various other restrictions and safeguards clearly indicate the dangerous character of the trade. But though always regarded as dangerous, thirty years ago it was held to be respectable and honourable. What a change has come over the spirit of this dream? Not only is the trade beginning to be looked upon as unnecessary, but as a positive source of evil, and lords and nobles, as well as other owners of public house property, are removing them as nuisances from their estates. We do not mean to say that there are no respectable persons in the trade. We are not speaking of the persons engaged in this business, but of the business itself, and none are more thoroughly convinced of its disreputable character than many who are engaged in it, and hence at every meeting of licensed victuallers various attempts are made to bolster up a sinking reputation which must go down, because it has no foundation upon which to rest. The brewer may pass his compliments to the trade, and solicitors to licensed victuallers' associations may display their oratory in praise of the traffic, but, in the words of one of themselves, publicans feel that their business is 'a villainous affair.' These facts seem to indicate that 'the beginning of the end' has become visible; we may, therefore, hope that the providence of God will so arrange the course of events that in due time 'might will be with the right,' and a business which is more de-

grading in character, and more cruel and destructive in its operations, than the slave trade itself, will cease to exist.

Thirty years ago the clergy of the Established Church, and the ministers of the gospel generally, regarded the Temperance movement as unsound in theory and dangerous in practice. The spread of total abstinence was, in their opinion, the spread of error, the effects of which would be the removal of those barriers in which vice and infidelity have hitherto been held in check; and these groundless alarms found utterance in one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance many years ago on the question raised by one of its most influential members, 'What connection is there between teetotalism and infidelity?' But now how changed are the views and feelings of many of the brightest of our common Christianity, both in the Church and out of it. Instead of a foe to vital godliness, total abstinence is found to be a friend, instead of retarding the social, moral, and religious progress of the people, the Temperance movement is removing the hindrances and stumbling blocks that stood in the way of those improvements, and instead of increasing the difficulties of the rector of a parish or the pastor of a congregation, the Temperance enterprise is found to be a most valuable auxiliary in parochial work and pastoral visitation.

We are prepared with any number of facts, illustrative of the various positions we have taken in this article, but we have purposely refrained from giving them for the sake of brevity. Upon the whole, the progress of thirty years is so decided and extensive, that we may reasonably hope for great things in the future, and the most natural conclusion to which we can come is to thank God and take courage.—Weekly Record.

COUNTY LODGE OF YORK, B. O. G. T.

- Chief, Bro. Jas. Robertson, P.G.W.S.
Lecturer, ... Bro. F. Lecch.
Counsellor, ... Sister Williams.
Chaplain, ... Sister C. A. Lecch, P.G.W.V.
Vice, Sister K. Poole.
Secretary, ... Bro. W. Millichamp, P.G.W.L.
Treasurer, ... Sister E. Morrison.
Financier, ... Sister Gibbons.
Recorder, ... Bro. D. Stewart.
Marshal, ... Bro. W. A. Poole.
Dep. Marshal, Sister F. Lecch.
Inner Guard, Sister S. E. Stewart.
Outer Guard, Bro. W. Harwood.
Past Chief, ... Bro. P. H. Stewart, S.G.W.M.

Agents for The Weekly Visitor.

- Mr. P. Stewart, City and General Agent
Thomas Yellowless, Downsview
Samuel James, Bruce Mines
Chas. Parnoke, Rockwood
J. Chapman, Brighton P. O., Northumberland
Mr. B. Brisson, Brighton P. O., C. W.
George Mansfield, Postmaster, Charlottetown
Miss Maria McTavish, Clinton P. O.
A. T. Geo. Prestice, P.G.W.F., B.O.G.T., Columbia, N.C.
John W. Moore, Darlington—Downsville P. O.
Daniel Williams, Hampton P. O.
S. H. White, Erie P. O., Wellington
W. Allan, Fullarton P. O., Perth
Mrs. M. E. DeGru, Greentank P. O., Reach
W. Wickes, Garafra
John Wilkins, P.G.W.R., B.O.G.T., Hamilton
John Camichael, Staffs P. O., Illbr
Chas. E. McInnes, Kirkfield P. O.
Matthew East, Kilsberry
Rev. F. W. Frazer, Locknow P. O., Bruce
R. S. DeLor, Madras P. O., Lunenburg
John Clehan, Madras P. O., Vespa
Daniel Bishop, Morpeth P. O., Kent
John Cook, Dep. Registrar, Newmarket
James Neilland, Normanton, Co. Bruce
J. B. Keddie, Oshawa
J. W. Hodgson, Oshawa P. O., Tp. of Erie
Edward Vincent, Oshawa P. O.
William Wadon, Oshawa P. O., Township of Wilby
E. R. Jackson, Oshawa P. O., Carleton Place
T. G. Porter, Oshawa P. O., Carleton Place
T. V. Wilkinson, Oshawa P. O., Carleton Place
J. P. Thompson, Oshawa P. O., Carleton Place
Jas. Isaac, G.W.O.A., B.A.O.G.I., Stratford and Arvonon
Jas. T. H. Kerr, Solihull, P. O., Co. Laidman
Miss Margaret MacIntyre, St. Thomas
W. B. W. Ayer, Trenton and Waterloo
John P. Hays, Trenton and Waterloo
John Hays, Trenton and Waterloo
John Hays, Trenton and Waterloo
M. H. Fiddler, Trenton and Waterloo
Rev. Mr. Savage, S.G.W.F., B.O.G.T., Trenton and Waterloo
Rev. Jas. Scott, S.G.W.S., B.O.G.T., Trenton and Waterloo
J. W. Phillips, Wooler and Frankford, C. Northumberland
John Duncan, York P. O.
Sam. Hewson, News Agent, Yorkville

CANADA EAST.

- L. C. McKinstry, Darlington P. O., C. I.
Freeman Smith, Johnsville P. O.
John Phillips, Windsor
J. K. Watt, South Durham P. O.
C. H. Baker, Windsor, East P. O.
John Baker, Windsor, East P. O.
Jas. Cralmer, South Gables, St. Stephen
W. Wisam, Waterville P. O.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- G. P. Tanton, Esq., Charlottetown P. O.
John B. Ferguson, Esq., No. 41 Leque P. O.
H. C. Chisholm, Esq., Charlottetown P. O., Beque

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- James McNicholl, Esq., St. John.
Capt. A. Simpson, Shediac.

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

SUPREME GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

- Rev. Wm. Savage, Berlin C. W. Chief
R. McNeill, Esq., Charlottetown, P. E. I. Lecturer
J. Ryan, Esq., Sussex, N. B. Counselor
Rev. S. N. Jackson, Montreal, C. E. Chaplain
Jas. McNicholl, Esq., St. John, N. B. Vice
Rev. James Scott, Waterdown, C. W. Secretary
— Mack, Esq., —, N. S. Treasurer
H. B. Mitchell, Esq., Chester, N. S. Financier
J. A. McColl, Esq., Wooler, C. W. Recorder
P. H. Stewart, Esq., Toronto, C. W. Marshal
Mrs G P Tanton, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Dep. Marshal
— Chandler, Esq., Windsor, N. S. Inner Guard
A. M. Phillips, Esq., Murray, C. W. Outer Guard
Capt N. Matheson, —, P. E. I. Past Chief

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF CANADA WEST.

- Rev. David Cantlon, Peterboro' Chief
Mrs. S. O. Robertson Vice
Rev William Savage Lecturer
Miss C. A. Lecch Counsellor
James Welsh, Esq. Chaplain
Jas Robertson, Esq., Toronto Secretary
J. J. Williams, Esq. Treasurer
A. M. Phillips, Esq. Financier
P. H. Stewart, Esq. Recorder
of H Fieldhouse, Esq. Marshal
Miss S. E. Stewart Dep. Marshal
Miss E. J. Williams Inner Guard
J. A. McColl, Esq. Outer Guard
Wallace Millicamp, Esq. Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

- W. P. Flewelling, Esq., Clifton Chief
G. H. Wallace Esq., J. P., Sussex Lecturer
F. Morton, Esq., Barrister at Law, Sussex Counsellor
Rev Wm Downey, Sussex Chaplain
C. T. Curtis, Esq., Shediac Vice
E. N. Sharr, Esq., A. B., Apohaqui Secretary
J. S. Wetmore, Esq., J. P., Clifton Treasurer
T Scott Esq; M. D., Kingston Financier
A. Manger, Esq., Kingston Recorder
G. Allan, Esq., St. John Marshal
Miss C. A. Flewelling, Clifton Dep. Marshal
N. H. Upham, Esq., Upham Inner Guard
D Johnson Esq, Sussex Outer Guard
J. McNicholl, Esq., St. John Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- Rev. Wm Ryan, Pownal Chief
James W. Falconer, Esq. Lecturer
Angus B. McKenzie, Esq. Counsellor
Rev. Alex. McLean, A. M. Chaplain
Geo. P. Tanton, Esq. Vice
Frederick Spargo, Esq., Cornwall Secretary
F. R. Hall, Esq. Treasurer
J. S. Laue, Esq. Financier
— Recorder
J. C. Gidley, Esq. Marshal
Miss Martha Gay Dep. Marshal
Joseph Wise, Esq. Inner Guard
Alexander Campbell, Esq. Outer Guard
J. W. Coles, Esq. Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

- J. N. Freeman, Esq., High Sheriff for the County of Queen's, Liverpool P. O. Chief
Rev. Joshua Jordan, Truro Lecturer
Elihu Woodworth, Esq., Lower Horton Counsellor
Rev. J. G. Angwin, Dartmouth Chaplain
Mrs Charlotte E Mitchell, Chester Vice
Frederick A. Lawrence, Esq., Truro Secretary
Charles A. Masters, Esq., J. P., Kentville. Treasurer
John F. Chandler, Esq., Windsor Financier
Stephen Sheffield, Esq., Cambridge Recorder
Nelson Hardenbrock, Esq., Wolfville Marshal
Miss Sarah Nichener, Canning Dep. Marshal
Miss Gould, Wolfville Inner Guard
Henry Mitchell, Esq., Kentville Outer Guard
John Murray, Esq., Windsor Past Chief