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MARCH,
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No. 3.

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No. 3.

OUT IN THE DARK.

Before a cheerful fire, in the best kitchen of a snug west-country cottage, sat two persons, a man and a woman, both advanced in years. All around wore an air of homely comfort. Of mere ornament there was little; but the furniture, though plain as could be, and bearing the marks of long service, was good and solid; and its trim arrangement and spotless cleanliness spoke highly for the good housekeeping of its owners. Two or three old line engravings, mostly of scriptural subjects; decorated the walls, and the lattice window was half hidden by a crimson curtain. The whole aspect of the cottage betokened competence and modern independence.

Nor were the inmates belied by appearances, for few among the inhabitants of the village were more universally respected than David and Mary Holt. In the same cottage they had lived for thirty years, paying their way, and asking no favor of any man; and for five-and-twenty of those years David had been parish clerk and schoolmaster, and in the estimation of the younger parishioners, little, if at all, inferior in dignity to the parson himself. His wife, with no less respect, won more affection; for David Holt was a stern and hard man, always just, but seldom generous; while Mary was forever tender-hearted, with a kind word and smile for everybody.

Such were the couple who sat, not very long ago, by the cosy cottage fire-side. A long clay pipe, just put aside, lay upon the snow white deal table, and David Holt was reading aloud from a ponderous family Bible, while his good wife, her hands crossed upon her knees, sat reverently listening. As befitted their solemn occupation, the faces of both were grave and quiet, but that quiet gravity seemed only to throw into stronger relief the characteristic expressions of each; David, square headed and square chested, with massive jaw and chin, heavy, overhanging eyebrows, and deep-set, keen, gray eyes, hard, proud and unforgiving, the embodiment of stern self-will and rugged pride; the old woman, gentle and quiet, with downcast eyes, soft, gray hair, and pleasant, smiling lips, that told of nothing but love and charity.

Slowly and steadily, never raising his eyes from the sacred pages, David Holt read on; but even above his loud, harsh tones could be heard the unmistakable sounds of a storm raging without. The wind howled and moaned over the wild, west-country moor, straining against the cottage eaves, wrestling with

door and casement, and piling heaps of snow against the latticed windows. It was a night in which no one, with a home to go to, would willingly have been out of doors. And yet, out in the cottage garden, under the full fury of the bitter wind and driving snow, a woman stood, bareheaded and motionless, gazing through the lattice, with wild, long and hungry eyes at the homely scene within. After a little while she crept into the porch, but not to ask for shelter. One knock at the door, as though dealt with a feeble hand, was heard; and then, waiting not the result, she came forth again, and fled swiftly, her long hair streaming in the wild wind, towards the open moor.

After a moment or two the door opened, the light from within casting a broad, bright beam into the outer darkness; and Mary Holt, shading her eyes with her hands, peered forth into the storm. She caught sight of the flying figure, and calling to her husband, the two gazed after it till it disappeared altogether in the darkness. David was the first to re-enter the cottage, saying, as he did so,—

"Come in, missus, come in, will 'ee? It's some foolish prank o' one o' the village wenches. She thought to frighten us, I reckon."

His wife turned to follow him, but as she did so, stumbled against a bundle lying at her feet. "She's left some'at behind her then," said the old woman, stooping to examine it, when a faint, wailing cry was heard, and she started back an instant, then hastily snatching up the bundle, rushed into the cottage.

"O, Davy, did 'ee ever, it's a child!"

As she spoke she laid her burden on the table, and letting fall the thick woolen cloak in which it was wrapped, disclosed a baby of three or four months old, whose wide open eyes seemed to testify the utmost astonishment as to how he got there. With motherly instinct the good soul took the child in her arms, pressing it to her bosom with murmurs of endearment. But David's brow was black as night.

"A pretty thing, the shameless jade, to saddle honest folk wi' her love-brat; but I'll find her out, I warrant—ay, that I will, if it cost me twenty pound?"

"Nay, Davy, dont 'ee be too hard on the poor soul. There's never a sin without sorrow; and she must have had a weary sight o' pain and misery before she'd be willing to part with her child."

"And serve her right, a baggage!" replied her husband. "If there's law or justice in the parish, I'll have her in the stocks before another week's out."

His wife caught sight of a small locket of gold and blue enamel, which was hung about the child's neck by a ribbon. With a cry as if she had received a blow, she gasped: "O, David, David, look at this! It's hers, it's Ally's, our own child's!"

A flash of indescribable emotion passed for a moment over David Holt's face, and lip and eyelid quivered. But it was only for a moment, and the stern face hardened again, a shade paler, perhaps, but dark and stern as ever. When he spoke, it was slowly and distinctly.

"I don't know of whom you speak. I had a child o' that name once, but she brought shame upon us. Take her who will, she's none o' mine."

"She is our own flesh and blood, David," pleaded the old woman in an agony of tears. "The Lord made her that, and bitter words won't alter it. O, to think she should have been here, close by our door, and out in the storm! Davy, wont you, wont you fetch her back?"

David sat silent, sullenly gazing into the fire.

"Davy, you call yourself a christian man. You would'nt turn a dog to door on such a night as this, and yet you'll suffer your own child to be wandering on the moor, without a place to lay her head."

"She can ask for shelter."

"Shelter! Likely that she who daren't face her own father and mother, 'ud seek shelter o' strangers!"

As she spoke she opened the cottage door, which, the moment the latch was raised, was flung back heavily by the wind, and a torrent of snow poured in. Like the timid bird, valiant in defence of her fledglings, the mother's gentle nature rose to arms, and battled on behalf of her child.

"O, David, shame on you! Have you the heart of a man, to sit there like a stone image, when your own flesh and blood may be perishing of cold and wet? Lord help me, I'm but a feeble old woman, but my only child shan't die outside my door, and me sitting by the fire within."

With eager haste the old woman fetched a pillow, and placing it upon the hearth-rug, laid the child upon it. Then, her fingers trembling with excitement, she lighted the candle in an old horn lantern, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, snatched up the cloak in which the baby had been wrapped, and rushed to the door.

As she reached it, David rose slowly. "Well, missus, if you're bound to go, I reckon I'll have to go too. But mind ye this: I'll give the light o' love food and shelter this one night, but never more,—never more, remember."

"I'm her mother, David, I remember that," said the old woman, her affection for her child overcoming even her wonted awe of her husband. "And I remember naught else to-night."

David made no reply. Closing the cottage door, the old couple started out on their quest. David was the first to speak.

"We're on a wild-goose chase, missus, I reckon. How are we to tell which way the wilful wench has gone."

"The Lord guide us?" said the old woman, despairingly.

The two stood still on the wild moor, uncertain which way to turn; all around them, far as the eye could see, a broad white sheet of snow. Their own cottage was the only dwelling near them, and the remaining houses of the village lay beyond, quite in the opposite direction to that which the object of their pursuit had taken. They gazed around them in all directions, but the driving snow obscured their vision. Not a trace was to be seen of the object of their search, and there seemed to be no alternative but to give up the quest. But the quick woman's wit, outstripping the man's slower sense, leapt to a solution of the difficulty. With the eagerness of renewed hope, the old woman exclaimed—

"We'll find her yet, Davy; wi' God's help we'll find her yet. Back to the cot, maister, will 'ee; and gi' me the light."

Hurriedly the pair retraced their steps. As they neared the porch, the old woman held the lantern close to the ground, carefully examining the snow. After a few moments' search, she exclaimed,—

"Here 'tis, sure 'nough, the print of Ally's little feet; I'd know 'em in a hundred. Now, maister, we're in the right track, thanks to the good Lord that sent the snow."

Holding the lantern low, and guided by its uncertain light, they followed the track of the small footsteps, already becoming blurred and indistinct under the still falling snow. Fearful of losing the trace before they could overtake the wanderer, they pressed on, weary and panting, but never halting, never wavering in their onward course. They had reached a considerable distance from the cottage, but still no sign, save the still advancing footmarks of her they sought.

Still pressing onward, David spoke, with a strange tremor in his voice. "Tell 'ee what, missus, there's some at wight about this—where can the maid be going o' this side o' the moor? There's never a house for miles."

His wife made no reply. Still they pressed onward, onward. Each could hear the other's breath, as they panted through the driving wind which blew in their faces, and buffeted them back, as though opposed to their errand of mercy. Suddenly a cry came from the old woman's lips, a shriek so shrill, so agonized, that for the moment it alone was heard, and the moaning wind seemed, by contrast, hushed into stillness. She clutched her husband's arm.

"O, Davy, hurry on! You're the swiftest, hurry on for dear life. She's making for the Black Pool!"

With a hoarse cry, like that of a wounded animal, a cry hardly less fearful, in its subdued anguish, than his wife's agonized shriek, David seized the light and bounded forward, the old woman following as best she might, her hand pressed to her side, and her gray locks fluttering in the night wind. The feeble glimmer of the lantern became dimmer and dimmer in the distance, and

Mary Holt felt her strength fast leaving her, when a shout came from David, and the light came to a stop. With renewed energy she pressed forward, and in a few moments was kneeling with her husband on the snow, supporting the insensible form of her lost daughter in her arms. With passionate tenderness the mother chafed the cold hands and kissed the death-white face, striving by close embraces to bring back the spark of life. But all in vain. The unhappy girl lay, as David had found her, a black heap on the snow; so still, so motionless, it seemed as though God had saved the wanderer from the last great sin by taking to himself the life she would have cast away.

Still the father and mother, clinging to the shadow of hope, relaxed not their loving efforts. Wrapping the warm woollen cloak about their child's lifeless form, they half dragged, half carried her along till they reached the cottage. Then, while David hastened for the village doctor, the mother essayed such simple means as her homely experience suggested, to recall the spark of life, if perchance it might not yet have faded into utter darkness. After a little while her loving pains were rewarded by perceiving the beat of a feeble pulse, and the appearance of a faint flush of color on the white cheek; and a little later her ears were gladdened by the sound of the well known voice, though uttered in the ravings of delirium.

But her happiness was of short duration. Soon the good doctor came, and with tears standing in his eyes, spoke words of doom. The frail form had suffered more than it could bear, and the little life left was but the fire of a fever, which might or might not burn through the night. For a little while the light of reason might come back; but if it should so come, it would be but to flicker for a moment, and then be quenched forever.

And meanwhile, all unconscious of its mother's life ebbing so fast away,—of the wind and snow without, and the rain of tears within,—of life or death,—of sin or sorrow,—the little babe lay sleeping before the fire; a dimpled arm supporting a dimpled cheek, on which the flickering firelight cast a rosy glory. And the cuckoo-clock on the mantel piece still ticked on, "Life, death—life, death." Each tick, each drop of time, as it fell into the ocean of eternity, bringing a stronger throb to the life that was just begun, and stealing one more pulse from the life that was passing away.

With quivering lips and streaming eyes the father and mother sat by their daughter's pillow, listening in silent anguish to her delirious moanings. Her dying fancy seemed to hover hither and thither about her life; straying far back in the past and recalling incidents of her childish days,—incidents long forgotten, but returning now with strange vividness under the influence of her broken sentences. And then a sadder page was turned, and the parents knew (too late!) how their darling had been drawn aside from duty; and the father learnt, with bitter self-reproach, how his own sternness had repelled the loving confidence that had often risen to his child's lips; and which might, under Heaven, have hindered that bitter feeling. At one moment she fancied herself with her betrayer, and pleading, as though she had just left her home, for his permission to write to her parents. And here the listeners noticed, with a strange feeling of surprise, that no thought of shame seemed to mingle with her pleadings; she begged as though for leave to communicate joyful tidings, rather than to confess her sin and sue for pardon.

"O, Robert darling, if you would let me tell father and mother, they would be so glad and proud. They will be a little vexed at first, of course, at our having kept it from them, but they will soon forgive that. And if it must be kept secret at present, on account of your uncle, why, I don't think they would mind, at least, not very, very much. And if the people did say hard things of me in the village, I could bear that, for your sake, darling, you know; and perhaps it would only be for a little while. And when you get your uncle's consent (and I'm sure you will, because you make everybody do just as you like, darling,) why then it needn't be a secret, any longer, need it? And I should be so proud of my darling soldier, Robert. You will let me write, won't you, dear? to please your little pet, Ally. I don't mind about anybody else, but I can't feel quite happy till father and mother know I am your wife."

The listeners started, and bent forward with longing eyes to hear more. But the feeble, fluttering spirit, exhausted by even so short a flight, had sunk down again; and the sufferer's eyelids drooped, and for a while she seemed to slumber. Presently, however, she started again, with a wild cry, and sat up in the bed, gazing with fixed, dilated pupils, and pressing her thin white hands upon her forehead—"O, Robert! don't say that. Even in fun, don't say that. You don't know how my heart is beating, even now, when I know it's a joke. Just put your hand against it, dear, and feel. Why don't you look at me, darling? Why do you turn away? Robert, it isn't, it *can't* be true. A false marriage! O, Robert, how could you do it, when I trusted you so?"

The loud, passionate sobs of the dying girl, as she sat wringing her hands, and rocking to and fro in her delirious grief, disturbed the sleeping child, which awoke with a cry. The sound seemed to touch another chord. She ceased her sobs and listened, smoothing her hair back from her forehead as though trying to recollect something. Her mother, with womanly instinct, put the baby in her arms. A look of sweet content came over the faded face, and she sank back upon her pillow, nestling the little one to her bosom, and caressing the baby head with her wasted fingers. Then the wandering mind rove into another track.

"Baby dear! baby dear! Baby will never, never go away from his poor mamma, will he? Poor mamma! left all alone with baby in the whole wide world. Hush dear, must'nt cry; poor mamma Alice may cry, but baby dear must'nt cry. Baby must be a happy baby boy, and grow up strong and handsome, like papa. O, baby, darling, pray God you may never break anybody's heart! Hush-a-by, dear, go to sleep on mother's bosom. Mammy will sing to him—sing him to sleep."

And then she softly crooned a fragment of song that had been her favorite in the old home days, a sad song of a faithless love, and with a tender, plaintive burden of one hoping against hope:—

"He will return, I know he will,
He would not leave me here to die."

The effort of singing seemed to exhaust the sufferer's strength, and soon, still faintly murmuring that sad refrain, she sank into a heavy slumber. Her mother took advantage of the opportunity to disengage the child from her arms, and to give it some milk, which it swallowed eagerly. This done, the parent's continued their quiet watch. The night waned, and the gray light of daybreak stole in at the windows; their daughter still sleeping on, so calmly and peacefully that they would have fain hoped that the worst was over, and that the dawn of renewed life might come with her awaking. But one glance at the sufferer's face forbade them to cherish the sweet delusion. The bright look of youth had faded away from it, and tears had washed away its spring-bloom; but in this last hour the graces of form and color were replaced by another and higher beauty—a beauty so spiritual, so unearthly, it seemed as though the robe of clay had fallen off, and the soul alone lay sleeping there, biding the summons to spread its wings and take flight to heaven.

At last, when the sun was high in the heavens, shedding its morning glory far and wide over the crisp white snow, the sleeper awoke. The fire of delirium had given place to the calm light of reason in her eyes, and she gazed around with an inquiring look. "Have I been ill, mother dear?" she said faintly.

"Yes, darling, very ill."

"I don't remember falling ill," said the dying girl; "everything seems gone from me."

A tiny cry from baby's lips supplied the missing link. The white forehead crimsoned, and the blue eyes filled with tears of grief and shame. "I remember now. O mother, can you ever forgive me?"

A loving kiss was the mother's only answer. But it said enough.

"And father, does he know? Will he forgive me too?"

David Holt rose, and stood by his daughter's bedside, looking down upon her with ineffable tenderness. The old love for his only child, repressed so

long, now swept away all barriers; pride, self-will, resentment, all were forgotten in the deep emotion of that bitter hour.

"My darling, may God forgive me as freely as I have forgiven you all that I have to forgive!"

"If you and mother forgive me, I can feel almost happy again. O, how nice it is to be at home! Who brought me?"

The father and mother interchanged glances.

"We found you on the moor, last night, Ally, and brought you home."

"Last night! last night! I don't remember. It's all gone from me. I seem mazed like; and O, so weak! Mother, dear, am I dying?"

The old woman tried to speak, but grief choked her. David answered for her, himself little less moved. "My child, life and death are in the Lord's hands. His will be done."

"Nay, David," said his wife, with an effort: "don't give the child a false hope now. Ally, dear, we fear—indeed we know that—that"—The mother's voice broke down, but her choking sobs told all the rest.

There was the faintest quiver of the drooping eyelids, and a single tear rolled over the wasted cheek.

"No, father, dear, I don't think I'm afraid; I've longed for death many and many a time lately, and prayed to be ready in Christ to meet it; and now it has come, I don't fear much. But it's hard to leave you and mother so soon after I have got you back, and my poor little baby. May I have him now, please, mother? It won't be very long, I think. There is such a strange feeling of numbness coming over me."

The babe was placed in her hands, and she kissed and fondled it with passionate tenderness. "O, my baby! my baby! it's very hard, very hard to leave my little wee baby all alone!"

"Not alone, darling, not alone," sobbed her mother.

"No, not alone," said the dying girl, smiling through her tears; not quite alone, after all. Mother, dear, I give him to you, the last gift of your poor wayward Ally."

"My darling, I take him, not as a gift, but as a precious trust—a trust to keep for his mother in heaven."

There was a long, quiet pause, in which nothing was heard save the heavy breathing of the dying girl, and the hard ticking of the clock on the mantle-piece, counting her life away.

The solemn stillness was broken at last by a voice so faint and low, the listeners had to bend forward to catch the parting words. "Mother, dear, where are you? I can't see you! How dark it is getting. Hark! they are calling to me."

The dying arms drew the babe closer in a last embrace. "Mother, dear—baby—don't forget, God bless"—And then the soul flew away with the blessing on its lips, and sped to finish its loving prayer at the foot of the great white throne.

A corner of the window curtain had fallen aside, and through the opening a stray sunbeam crept in, and fell, quartered by an intersection of the lattice, upon the white coverlet. Was it an omen? Was it chance? The lifeless form, with a smile on its silent lips, lay sleeping under the shadow of the cross.

And now as the freed soul shook the earth from its wings, and spread its pinions for its heavenward flight, the mother's face was sad, but the look of weary longing had passed away. "God knows best, Davy, dear," said she. "Without this bitter cup, mayhap, we wouldn't have had peace and goodwill in our hearts to-day. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name."

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A small cottage stands on a hill in a suburban district. It is embowered in the summer in green leaves. There is a large garden at the back, full of the most prolific of fruit trees, and this garden is separated by a low railing, boarded off, after an old fashioned style, from a small lane which to the left ends in a "cul-de sac," to the right conducts you to the main road. I had only to see this little cottage to like it. I had my idealisms, and one of them at least was some such bower as this. Inspiration, I thought, will hardly fail a man who, standing in the luminous shadows of pale transparent leaves, contemplates from such a height as this the poetic beauties of a broad and hilly horizon, his heart elated with a sense of freedom, his eyes delighted with a boundless view, and his ears soothed by sweet sounds, made more musical by distance.

To this retreat I transported, one fine summer's day, my young wife and child—an infant of six months. Fresh air had been my doctor's prescription for my little one, and I congratulated myself and my wife on a piece of advice which supplied us with the best plea in the world for escaping from the oriental heat of London.

When I came to bestow on my cottage the close inspection prohibited by the novelty of the "premier-coup-d'œil," I discovered that it was old—considerably older than the particularly ancient lady from whom I had rented it. Old doors swung upon rusty hinges, and hoarsely grumbled as they were moved, like old men. The flooring rung hollowly to the tread, while here and there a dislocated board made me start under the momentary impression that I should fall through the ceiling. Stains upon the wall, not to be dissembled by certain discolored prints unevenly hung to serve as a disguise, exhibited the certain indications of the periodical passage of rain through the roof. But the manifold beauties of the surroundings fully compensated for the small shortcomings of the house. The picturesque was most poetically realized; what more could a sentimental being like myself demand or expect?

My landlady, who was a Scotchwoman—a total absence of teeth not having by any means destroyed her accent—had carefully locked whatever cupboards, libraries, or closets she could. I did not object. The more she secreted, the less became my liability. It is true, she might have left me a coal-scuttle, and of the crockery might have allowed me the use of more than four tea-cups. But I comforted myself with reflecting upon the cheapness of the rent; and though I sometimes heartily wished that her economy had extended as far as the rats, which she might as well have locked away along with other household furniture, I felt that Nature had made a most liberal provision for any minor discomforts by surrounding me with the most charming scenery.

The history of this picturesque cottage was supplied by the gossiping servant of a neighbor. She informed my servant, who repeated the information to my wife, that the cottage originally belonged to a doctor; that the old landlady had been his housekeeper; and that in dying he had bequeathed the freehold to her in recompense for a long term of devoted servitude. I had the pleasure of hearing that this worthy doctor had died in my bed, a circumstance which I should not probably have dwelt upon so incessantly had I known of what disorder he had died. But what really affected me was the information that all the cupboards, closets and drawers, upon which the landlady had so religiously turned the key, contained the results of the doctor's practice, in the shape of skulls, bones, knee-caps, and many other physiological curiosities, of which I know not the names. One closet, my wife was confidently told in a low, tremulous whisper, contained a whole skeleton in an upright posture. Having confessed to a sentimental disposition, you must at least allow me to possess a highly nervous organisation. My imagination hardly needed the impulse of this final communication to picture the house as a species of mausoleum, the repository of many dreadful things. "If the building should ever be blown down," I thought to myself, "heaven knows what nameless objects might grin or glare from yawning crevices." The conjecture of a dead body

buried beneath the hearthstone became a morbid probability. Had I not been so fond of idealisms I should have escaped all this.

As I was returning home one day from the railway station, a stout man with red hair pushed a small bill in my hand. I took it, and read that the Metropolitan Cavern—manager, Mr. James Prim, late chief clown of Boodle's world renowned circus—had arrived in the neighborhood, and had unfolded a wide area of canvas on a broad patch of sward, led to by a small street which I well knew. The bill looked tumultuous with promise. The assemblage of performing animals suggested the proportions of the original Noah's ark. Africa's sands, I was informed, and Australia's gold regions had been equally ransacked for supplies for Prim's Travelling Caravan. Here was to be seen, too, the only living skeleton in the world, this gentleman being guaranteed to be several inches smaller in diameter than the renowned American skeleton, whose shadow, when he turned his side to the sun, lay so thin upon the ground that it needed a powerful glass to follow it. I was also particularly re-vested to take notice that a new and original species of the orang-outang had been specially captured for Prim's Travelling Caravan by a gentleman well known in the world of Natural History. This new species of orang-outang had a very astounding programme all to itself. Amongst other wonderful capabilities, it would get drunk on rum and water of its own accord, on the condition of those anxious to witness its intoxication paying a sum to be settled beforehand, that the manager might not lose by the incapacity which would naturally follow the orang-outang's inebriation. It was also guaranteed to smoke, to nurse a baby better than any monthly nurse living or dead—the price of admission to be restored to the mother if the baby cried. A long list of performances, all guaranteed by the manager, followed; the only promise to which Mr. Prim would not pledge himself being that the orang-outang should talk or laugh.

The reading of this stuff brought me to my home. I had had enough of dead skeletons to be by no means eager to witness a living skeleton; and, as I cordially hated the monkey tribe, I crumpled the paper in my hand, threw it from me, and forgot it.

That evening, I read myself into a depressed mood. By chance—I consider it fatality—I had got hold of two works hardly calculated to inspire one with cheerfulness and exultation. They were Poe's "Tales," and Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature." I read of cats with the immortality of ghosts; and of monks who walked in their sleep, impelled by the uncomfortable impulse of assassination. My wife had been in bed an hour. As I continued to read—do not think that such books are my usual reading; they had been left upon the table by my wife, and, having opened them, I read—my lamp seemed to emit a less cheerful radiance; the summer night-winds took a peculiarly dispiriting tone; the cottage never before seemed so lonely to me. I was prepared for burglars and for fire; for in my drawer lay a five-barrel revolver, loaded, and under my bed was a twenty-foot rope ladder, properly armed with iron claws to catch. But against such assailants, I thought, as Poe's cat, or Mrs. Crowe's monk, what would avail all the revolvers and all the rope ladders in the world? Nay, I would have nothing to do with Poe or Mrs. Crowe; I would confine myself to my own horrors, which were of a much more unconquerable and unkillable nature. I meant the skulls, and the knee-caps, and the skeletons, and the suppositious dead bodies beneath the hearthstones.

Having become somewhat chilly, I came to the conclusion that there was, after all, no place like bed. I took a candle, and went up stairs. On the landing I was stopped by the peculiarly spectral aspect of the moonshine streaming through a window. I paused, and looked out upon the garden. The wind which wailed in the front made no stir behind. The weird trees stood up in the moonlight, motionless. Their shadows made thin arms, and long, curved fingers upon the grass. A dog bayed in the distance.

I must have been asleep an hour or more, when I was suddenly awakened by a piercing shriek. So long, so terrified, so pealing was the cry, that it seemed to vibrate in many a shrill echo through the house after I had risen, and, on the support of my hands, was straining my eyes into the darkness.

"What was that?" cried my wife. "Listen," I answered. We held our breath, but heard no other sound. In a few moments my wife exclaimed, "Hush! I hear the baby crying!" Leaping out of bed, I lighted a candle, and slipping on a dressing gown, seized my revolver. I opened the door, and listened a moment in the passage. I heard the baby cry, but in a subdued manner, as I have heard it cry when being hushed to sleep.

"It could not have been the nurse," I exclaimed to my wife, "I hear her soothing the baby. It must have been the servant."

I opened the door of the servant's room. "For Heaven's sake, who's there?" were the first words I heard. The girl was sitting up in her bed, and my candle flashed a light upon her eyes, dilated in the extremity of terror. "Was that you who screamed?" I asked. "No," she answered, "I thought it was missus." I hastened to the nurse's room. To reach it I had to go through the day nursery. The handle creaked noisily as I entered, and passing through the apartment, opened the door of the bed room and looked in. As I did so, I heard a shrill cry behind me, and turning, I saw my wife sink in a dead faint upon the floor.

The spectacle I witnessed froze my blood. The window was open. The curtain pulled aside. The full beams of the moon aided the irradiation of the candle and the night-light. In a corner opposite the bed stood a gaunt shaggy monster. It was reared on its hind legs, and reposed against the wall. In its arms it held the baby, which it swayed to and fro with the regular movement of a see-saw. Its teeth gleamed in the light. Its eyeballs, glancing rapidly from side to side, seemed to emit a dull red lustre. A long tail lay coiled about the feet, which, though shagged with hair, seemed to be those of a human being. The monster had the face of a grotesque man—such a face, seen in the moon-light, as the pencil of Michael Angelo would have given to a devil of Dante's fifth circle. It looked with unutterable ferociousness from beneath the hood of curly heavy hair.

For a moment I seemed to lose all consciousness; for a moment only. The room swam, the candle shook in my hand, my hair lifted on my head, I fell back a step. Then the desire to save my child seized me. It came upon me with the sensation resembling the sudden approach to a furnace. My blood swept hot and tingling through my body. I set the candle on the floor, and cocked my pistol.

I noticed that the nurse lay in the bed with her head fallen sideways, her stiffened arms outstretched on either side, her eyes half-closed over eyeballs which were glazed. The monster—animal, devil, whatever it was—still kept swinging my child to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum. I dared not shoot; though determined, my hand still shook. I could not risk the child's life. I advanced a step. The animal uttered a sound like a demoniacal groan, then seemed to stiffen itself more erect. I levelled the pistol, not meaning to fire, but wishing to test my hand. I saw the beast turn its eyes to the window. Great heaven! if it should leap out with the baby! My nervous fingers unintentionally touched the trigger, and the pistol exploded. The ball went wide of its mark. I heard the smash of glass; then through the smoke I perceived the monster lay the child gently down, and approach me on all fours. It came towards me making hideous grimaces, as if offended by the noise and the smell of the powder. I levelled my pistol again, took aim with the deliberation I was master of, and pulled the trigger. A scream like a human being's followed the report. I saw the beast rise erect, and limp with wondrous alacrity towards the window, over which it swung itself, and disappeared. I rushed to the window and closed it. Then, picking up the baby, which lay crying on the floor, brought it to the light and examined it. It was obviously unhurt. I called the servant, who stood terrified in the adjoining room, and handed her the child. My wife was soon restored by the application of a little cold water, and her return to life was hastened by the servant placing the baby to her breast.

I then turned my attention to the nurse. She was still insensible, but the pulsation at the wrist showed that she, too, had only fainted. Whilst I was

busily occupied in bathing her forehead and chafing her hands, a noisy rapping at the door brought the servant to me, who exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice that there were crowds of men around the house. Taking another candle, and bidding her attend to the nurse, I went down stairs. On opening the hall door I discovered that the crowd of the imaginative general servant consisted of three men, of whom one was a policeman.

"Beg pardin', sir," said one of them, "for disturbin' you this time o' night; but we heerd you firin', and thought it might ha' been the orang-outang as was provokin' it. You aint seen him, have you, sir?"

I looked from one to the other in amazement, whilst the other man remarked, "The truth is, sir, a performing monkey broke loose from Prim's Caravan this evening, a little after nine, being maddened with more rum and water than was good for him. We've been looking for him everywhere. Hearing you fire, we thought you might have seen him and growed frightened."

"Then," said I, "it is your accursed orang-outang that has nearly killed my wife, choked my baby, murdered my nurse——"

"Where is he?" asked the men eagerly.

"In my back garden," I shouted, "and for Heaven's sake get him out of it." I hastened through the passage, the policeman and the two men after me, and, opening the back door, let them through. In a few moments I heard cries of "Here he is!" "He's dead!" "No he aint, he's dyin'." "Wrong again, he's gettin' up," and so forth. In a short time the animal was secured. As the men bore him through the passage, they grumbled a good deal at me for shooting at so inoffensive a creature. I was informed that I had broken its leg, and that it might die. I cried after them, as they disappeared in the night, that I heartily hoped it would die, for it had very nearly murdered a whole family; to which expression of my hopes they responded by a series of oaths which grew fainter and fainter as they moved on.

I found the nurse able to talk when I got up stairs. It appears that, finding the night very warm, she had left the window wide open, intending to shut it before she went to sleep. At about half-past twelve or thereabouts, she heard a noise of scrambling upon glass. The conservatory was under her window, and she was too used to the movements of the cats to mistake this heavier shuffle for their tread. Hardly had she heard the noise, when a hairy monster suddenly leaped sheer into the room, and, standing erect on its hind legs, stared at her. She yelled and fainted.

AN INTERESTING FRUIT.—In some of the arid portions of Africa there grows a large, wholesome, luscious perennial melon, on which the natives depend largely for food. It has a tap root that penetrates the soil to a depth of thirty feet, where is found permanent moisture, and thus the vine never suffers from drought. The skin is covered with long, sharp, and dangerous thorns, that prevent animals from breaking through to the luscious morsel, and thus it is saved for man.

PARIS has been laughing lately at the reply sent by M. Paul de Cassagnac to the challenge of Napoleon Gaillard, the bootmaker: "That he did not know how to fight with an awl." A grand seigneur of the time of Louis Philippe, a member of the Union Club, was in bed one morning when his bootmaker brought him a pair of new boots. He was out of humor with himself, the boots, and the world, so he chose to have a lively altercation with the bootmaker, and to kick him down stairs. In a few hours he received a challenge signed "X, Bootmaker, and Captain of the National Guard." He took no notice of it, but it was repeated again and again, until the affair came before the notice of the club. Opinion was divided, but a majority seemed to think that, in his quality of Captain of the National Guard, the bootmaker had a right to insist on the acceptance of his challenge. The grandee, therefore, sent two friends to the bootmaker, but that hero replied that his desire to fight had passed away, and thus the matter ended. The nobleman who did not disdain to cross swords with the bootmaker, was no other than the Marquis of Hertford.

DEATH IN THE LODGE ROOM.

BY E. W. H. ELLIS, M.D., 33°.

Surgeon Morton, of Boston, Mass., relates this incident as occurring at Fredericksburg, Va.:

"I was professionally engaged in the Baptist church this morning; it is almost packed with wounded. The tank intended for immersion is used as a bathing-tub, and the operations are performed in the small pastor's study, back of the pulpit. The Freemason's Hall is also filled with the wounded, and there remains much of the paraphernalia of the Lodge in which Washington received his degrees. I found one poor fellow who was a member of the fraternity, and at his request had his bed moved to the platform once occupied by the Master's chair, where he lay and gazed upward at the mystic letter "G," as if secure under its protection."

And this touching incident, so suggestive of the faith and hope of the Mason, I have ventured thus to paraphrase:

The Patriarchal Lodge was filled
With weary, wounded men,
And noisy tongues were sudden stilled,
For life was ebbing then;
And eyes that once flashed manly fire
With film of death were glazed,
And others with a maniac glare—
How witlessly they gazed!

Then one brave soldier—thus they tell—
Upstarted from his bed,
As if awakening from a spell—
And "Do I dream?" he said;
"This altar—how it speaks of home,
The gavel and the square—
And yon mysterious letter hung
Suspended in the air!"

The soldier closed his eyes again,
With sparkling tears suffused,
And thought of brethren far away,
And to himself he mused:
"Here, where our Washington once trod,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye,
Where all things upward point to God,
How blest it were to die!

"Ho! comrades," said the dying man,
"Come, lend a helping hand—
My sands of life are almost run,
I seek the better land;
Place me beneath that vaulting arch,
Whose dim outlines I see,
And let me breathe my spirit out
Beneath the letter 'G.'"

They laid him down—no word he spoke,
No murmur on his breath,
But calmly waited he the touch
Of the grim monster, Death;
That mystical initial oft
His dark eye wandered o'er,
And when the evening sun went down,
The soldier was no more.

They hollowed him an humble grave,
 Under a spreading tree,
 And carved him no memorial, save
 That mystic letter "G,"
 And a finger pointing steadily
 Up to the Throne of Love,
 For they deemed his spirit joyfully
 Soared to the Lodge above."

—*Western Musical Review.*

A MASONIC INCIDENT.—A little incident containing some mystical interest transpired in Wayne county, South Carolina, during the late war. It is the following: "It was late at night. The husband was absent, and the wife alone with her children had retired. Three or four soldiers rudely knocked at the door of the house and demanded entrance and something to eat. The good lady told them that it was too late; that she had nothing cooked; but, fearing that they would break the door, she got out of bed and opened it to expostulate with them. They insisted that she should cook something for them, and while she was getting it ready and they were roaming about the house, one of the party, who appeared to be the leader, happened to find a copy of 'Masonic Jurisprudence' laying upon a side table. Turning it over he found the name of the poor frightened woman's husband written on the fly-leaf. 'Is this your husband's?' he inquired of the lady. 'Yes, sir,' was the timid reply. 'Is he a Mason?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Come, boys, right about—march!' and immediately the house was cleared and quietly closed."

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S NEW REFORM.—Brigham Young is engaged in a new reform movement. He is devoting his energies to the promotion and establishment of phonetic style of writing and spelling to be used by the Mormons. He is profoundly interested in this work, and throws his whole soul into it. This new style is not merely the comparative old fashioned phonetic spelling, which sanguine and enterprising people made such persevering and fruitless efforts to introduce some years ago, but a reform or revolution, far more radical, and which really professes and endeavors to make printing the precise expression of sound. But polygamy is easier to introduce than a general system of new spelling. Most of us find it labor enough to learn one system in a life-time, and, alas! very few of us have mastered that. It is terribly hard work to learn how to spell "yacht" quickly and correctly, and it shakes the soul to think of having to unlearn it all again, and begin to write "yot." There are slanderers everywhere, and therefore it is not surprising if people should be found who say that Brigham Young, is endeavoring to introduce this new mode of spelling for the same reason which made Cæsar wear laurels, and King Louis high heels, and Queen Victoria long petticoats; in order to conceal certain personal deficiencies.—*The Galaxy.*

JULIA WARD HOWE is descended from an old soldier of Cromwell, who left his country because it became too hot to hold him. He married a daughter of Roger Williams, and became father of Richard Ward, a Governor of the State, and the grandfather of Samuel Ward, a member of the Continental Congress. The work that she daily does may seem almost incredible to ordinary mortals. She will superintend her domestic affairs, take a two-mile walk, a two-hours' dose of German metaphysics, and receive half-a-dozen callers—and all before noon; and then will write poetry all the afternoon, and entertain all the evening a dozen "philanthropists" or prosy philosophers, who revolve round her very much as mice revolve round a cheese—just to get a nibble, now and then, at one of her strong bits of genius. She is rich; lives in good style in Boylston Place; is an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a woman of the largest heart and broadest sympathies. She reads half a dozen languages; is familiar with Hegel, Crompfe, Goethe, Dante, Swedenberg, and all the great masters of song faith, and metaphysics.

THE GAVEL.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1870.

THE GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

In the first number of *THE GAVEL* we gave our views very distinctly upon the recent action of "Our Quebec Brethren," and there attempted to foreshadow what we believed to be the only just, honorable and dignified course for the Brethren of Ontario to assume under existing circumstances. It appeared to us more than useless to attempt coercion, as we felt confident that no power on earth could force men to bow to what many considered an arbitrary decision. Moreover, it was evident to all, who knew aught of the history of Grand Lodges, that the action of "Our Quebec Brethren" was almost on a parallel with our own when we separated from the Grand Lodge of England, and was the method very generally adopted by Lodges desirous of organizing an Independent Grand Lodge.

With such facts before our eyes, and being confident that one Grand Lodge after another would recognise the Grand Lodge of Quebec as a "just and legally constituted" Grand Body, we felt anxious that the breach should be healed as soon as possible, and an amicable arrangement arrived at before the subject had become a by-word to the outside world. We saw that the efforts of the Grand Lodge of Canada, to prevent her sister Grand Lodges of the United States and other parts of the world from recognising the Grand Lodge of Quebec would involve not only a serious outlay, but produce an amount of ill-feeling that it would take years to heal, and all for no object; *because sooner or later, it is an admitted fact, the Grand Lodge of Quebec must be recognised.*

We do not believe there is a single Mason in the Province of Ontario who would affirm that the Grand Lodge of Canada, would never extend fraternal recognition to the Grand Lodge of Quebec; the idea is altogether too preposterous. The very history of the formation of Grand Lodges throughout the world, points to the fact, that at first the mother who gave them birth refused to recognise her offspring, and like the Cuckoo, leaves its chicks to the tender mercies of other birds. So with Grand Lodges, tenacious of their power, proud of their prestige, arrogant in the fastness of their position, they invariably, at first, refuse to recognise or give any countenance to their seceding brethren, until the force of circumstances compel them so to do.

Grand Lodges, from their first organization in 1717, have been formed by a convention of the representatives of three or more lodges, and, accord-

ing to American usage, only one Grand Lodge can exist in a State or Territory ; this rule, however, does not apply to *foreign* jurisdictions, where Masons can take the symbolic degrees in various rites in the same country : and, as every Masonic Student is aware, up to 1813, two Grand Lodges existed in England ; and all of us remember that not many years ago, two bodies in this country claimed supreme jurisdiction, neither of which at first received the fraternal recognition of the Grand Lodge of England. Such being a brief *resumé* of the present formation of Grand Lodges, we come now to this recent organization that has produced such a shock to the Freemasons of Canada.

There are two points that we must constantly bear in mind : 1st. That there were several Lodges in Quebec, including some of the oldest on the continent, that never yielded their allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Canada—*any three of which, at any time, might have declared themselves an Independent Grand Lodge for the Province of Quebec, in the same way that a minority of the Lodges, through their representatives, owing allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and without even inviting their Brethren, who recognised the authority of the Grand Lodge of England, and whose numbers were more numerous than those on the Nova Scotia Provincial Register of Grand Lodge of Scotland, in convention, organized themselves into an Independent Grand Lodge for Nova Scotia, which Grand Body, although it was composed as we have shewn solely of Lodges recognising the authority of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and representing only a minority of the Lodges in that Province, was at once recognized by the Grand Lodge of Canada.* 2nd. That according to the well understood law on Masonic jurisprudence, as practised on this continent, every Province, State, or Territory, having an Independent Legislature, is entitled to an Independent Grand Lodge, so soon as the Lodges in that Province, State, or Territory, are powerful and numerous enough to support such an organization. Of course, the lodges in any two or more States or Territories may, deeming it more advantageous to the interests of the Craft in those States or Territories to unite in one Grand Body, do so ; but the moment three or more Lodges in either of those States or Territories organise themselves into a Grand Lodge, from that time, according to Masonic usage, that body has supreme control over that Province, State or Territory.

Such, we assert, is the only true scale by which to weigh the recent action of "Our Quebec Brethren," and the sooner we divest our minds of prejudice, and view the matter from an impartial and dignified stand-point, the more advantageous will it be to the best interests of Freemasonry in this country. Of course, we cannot extend recognition to "Our Quebec Brethren," till the next regular Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, in July, but we must be prepared at that time to insist upon a

thorough investigation of the case, and on no account allow ourselves to judge from any *ex parte* evidence. The Brethren suspended by the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Canada, must be heard in their own defence on the floor of the Grand Lodge of Canada—such a course, is not only in accordance with British usage, but with Masonic justice—*no man, especially a Brother, must be condemned by us unheard.* Take for example, the case of M. : W. : Bro. : J. H. Graham, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Province of Quebec. He stands now in the anomalous position of a suspended Mason, suspended without trial by the Grand Master of Canada, yet recognised by a majority of the Lodges of the Province of Quebec as their Grand Master, and the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, through the influence of M. : W. : Bro. : B. B. French, one of the brightest gems in the glittering tiara of Freemasonry in the United States, has extended fraternal recognition to him and his Grand Lodge as such, and again, he has been introduced at Plattsburgh, N. Y., by the Deputy Grand Master of that State to a large concourse of Masons as the Grand Master of Quebec. We must remember, too, the high station he has always occupied among the leading members of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and the position he holds at the present time both in the “Grand Chapter of Canada” and “The Provincial Grand Conclave of the Dominion.”

We would ask, then, if our Brethren in this Province would be willing to condemn a Brother, whom for years we have admired for his versatility of talent and his love for the Fraternity, *because, forsooth, he has done exactly what we, ourselves, did on the 10th day of October, 1855?* There is not the difference of a hair's breadth; the two cases are parallel, and if we recognise the right of the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to have their Independent Grand Lodges, we must also admit the right of the Province of Quebec to have an Independent Grand Lodge, and, consequently, we must not, too hastily, condemn M. : W. : Bro. : Graham and other active, honorable and honest Brethren, who viewed the organising of an Independent Grand Lodge for our sister Province, as advantageous to the Craft in that section, without giving the subject the most calm and impartial hearing. Of course, during the excitement of the secession movement, hard things were said, injudicious remarks made, false assertions bantored to and fro, improper expressions used—Masons are but men and in the hour of excitement, doubtless, much was said, that had better have been left unsaid. Both parties allowed their passions to get the better of their reason, but that day, we trust, has passed forever. The Brethren of Ontario will not readily forget the many fraternal courtesies they have received from “Our Quebec Brethren,” while they can easily forgive hasty expressions and thoughtless words that were no sooner uttered than they were repented of.

The Grand Lodge of Canada, we believe, will not prove recusant to her noble history, she occupies a position second to none in the world, so

far as the respectability and character of her members are concerned, and she does not intend, now, to stultify herself by refusing to recognise her younger sister, the fourth Grand Lodge in the Dominion of Canada. Hitherto her history has been one of which she may well be proud: Her Grand Masters (without exception) have been men, high in social rank, noted for their integrity, honored for their ability, and we are unwilling to think, in fact, we do not believe, that they will refuse to recognise the justness of the course pursued by "Our Quebec Brethren." They, true to their conservative instincts, deemed it advisable not to be too hasty in legislating upon so important a topic, especially since at the Special Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, in Montreal, in December last, the angry feelings that had been aroused had not been quieted down or smoothed over. The torrent of passion was rushing headstrong along its tempestuous course, and it was impossible to more than catch a glimpse of the beautiful pebbles of justice and truth that now are so clearly seen beneath the calm blue waters of Peace and Charity.

But we have dwelt, perhaps, too long upon this subject; it is, however, of too important a character to be passed over lightly or sneered at as seditious. "Our Quebec Brethren" are not rebels, they are our Brethren, anxious to remain on the same fraternal footing with us as ever, but they wish to be allowed the privilege of exercising the right of governing themselves. Why not allow them? Their Grand Lodge is formed and what is more, it is recognised by one of the principal Grand Lodges of the United States—it will be recognised by others. We ask, then, why are we to be the last to extend the right hand of fellowship to our own offspring? *It detracts naught from the dignity and prestige of the Grand Lodge of Canada, it detracts much from her dignity and prestige when she forgets to be just, impartial and fraternal.*

In conclusion, we ask Brethren of all shades of opinion to carefully weigh the matter, to blame none for the past, to bury the harsh feelings that may have been aroused, and judge with that fraternal spirit that should always actuate all true Freemasons. The sooner we conclude to forget and forgive a hasty decision or an unkind word, the better, and in that position we all now stand. There exists no reason why the most amicable relationship should not exist between the Grand Lodge for Canada and the Grand Lodge of Quebec. The separation of "Our Quebec Brethren" will not, to any extent, effect the financial position of the Grand Lodge of Canada, while an Independent Grand Lodge of each Province will be more in accordance with the principle so universally adopted on this side of the Atlantic, and which, judging from the past, has proved so advantageous to the glorious cause, which we all profess to advocate. For our own part, we have no hesitation in saying that a fraternal recognition and an exchange of Representatives will do more to elevate the Grand Lodge of Canada in the eyes of her sister Grand Lodges throughout the world, than any act

that she has ever yet performed. It will prove to all that Freemasonry is based upon Brotherly Love and that the Grand Lodge of Canada is not negligent or false to the high character for probity, truth and justice, that she has so long maintained.

"A MORMON LODGE."

Under the above heading, much to our astonishment, we find the following absurd statement in a periodical that should be more guarded in its remarks, considering the high position that its editor occupies among the Masonic Fraternity of the United States, we allude to Bro.: Chas. W. Moore. In his February number of the Freemasons' Monthly Magazine he says: "The Grand Lodge of Kansas has granted a Charter to Mount Moriah Lodge, at Salt Lake City. Masonically, at least, we had better leave these Mormons to themselves. They made us trouble at Nauvoo, besides disgracing the Institution."

It is only some seven months since, that we visited this same Lodge which Bro.: Moore terms a "Mormon Lodge," and from Salt Lake City we wrote a detailed account for a masonic monthly of the history of Freemasonry in Utah Territory; that correspondence was very extensively copied, as it was the first correct and precise detail of the difficulties with which our Brethren, among the Mormons, were obliged to contend. At the risk, however, of being a little tedious, we will, as briefly as possible, explain the exact position of Masonry among the Mormons, and once for all rid our eastern Brethren of the idea that the Latter-day-Saints either encourage or countenance Freemasonry.

At the present time there are two Masonic Lodges in Utah Territory, "Wahsatch, No. 8," on the register of the Grand Lodge of Montana, and the other "Mount Moriah, No. 70" on the register of the Grand Lodge of Kansas. Both these Lodges have been in existence for about two years, both are in a highly flourishing condition, both meet in the same Lodge-room, and both are fraternal to the visiting brother, and charitable to poor and distressed Masons, their widows and orphans.

With regard to Mormonism, a strong prejudice exists among the Brethren of both Lodges against allowing Mormons to become members. So strong is this feeling, that we have no hesitation in saying, no candidate professing Mormonism would have the least prospect of receiving the Degrees of Freemasonry in either of these Lodges. The fact is, that the exclusive dogmas of the Latter-day-Saints have so irritated the Gentile population of Salt Lake City, that the most bitter enmity still exists between the two classes of the population. The Mormons on the one hand remember the persecutions they suffered from the Christian (?) mobs at Nauvoo and elsewhere, the Gentiles do not forget the murder of friends who were bold enough to protest against polygamy in Mormondom.

*

Freemasonry then, in Utah Territory, is exclusively "Gentile." We believe some of the Mormons are Masons. Many Mormons assured us that Brigham Young was a Mason, and still admired its principles and teachings, but would not encourage the Order on account of the murder of Joe Smith (a Mason) in which he asserts certain Masons took part.

Religious fanaticism is the despot that is now attempting to crush the liberalism of Masonry in Salt Lake City; but we can assure our Brethren that so long as the Lodges there are presided over by such brothers as Wor.: Bros.: Ellis, Robertson and Nounnan, there is no prospect of its ever succeeding. These Brethren have the cause of Freemasonry at heart, and we can assure Bro.: Moore, from a personal acquaintance with them, that he will rarely visit Lodges better worked or find more enthusiastic members of the Craft than he will in that quiet little Lodge-room, from the windows of which he can, all the year round, see the towering peaks of the Wahsatch mountains clad in perpetual snow.

Before concluding this article, we would mention the fact that several Masons in Salt Lake City are anxious to obtain a Charter for a Chapter, so that Capitular Masonry may be also taught amidst the Polygamists of Utah. So far they have not met with that encouragement they should have received from the General Grand Chapter of the United States. We met several Royal Arch Masons there well versed, and hope next year, if spared to visit that beautiful city to be able to admire their Chapter work, as much as we did their Symbolic Rituals.

Another point is also worthy of consideration regarding these two isolated Lodges, these *oases* in a vast wilderness, they are laboring under great disadvantages, being so far from their respective Grand Lodges, and as their numbers are large, we certainly think they are justified in endeavouring to secure a Charter for another Lodge, after which they should, by all means, organise an Independent Grand Lodge. There is no question that such a move would give a great impetus to Masonry in the States, and if it would, it should certainly be done. In conclusion, then, we ask our learned Brother Moore not to condemn the G.: L.: of Kansas for granting a Charter to the Moriah Lodge, but rather give her every credit for advancing the cause of Freemasonry in a legitimate and proper manner.

MASONIC ITEMS.

AGENTS.—We forgot to mention in our last issue that V.: Wor.: Bro.: G. R. Marvin, W.: M.: Frelighsburch Lodge, has been appointed our Agent for that District.

THE GAVEL.—Every mail brings us congratulatory letters regarding THE GAVEL, and from the unprecedentedly rapid manner in which our circulation is increasing, we feel confident that our Brethren are generous and liberal in their views, and that in Canada, at least, no sectarian strife can long exist in the hearts of good and true members of the Fraternity.

THANKS.—Bro. Andrew Moffatt has our thanks for some old and valuable Masonic papers.

A. A. S. R., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—We return our cordial thanks to our Ill. Bros. of the A. A. S. R. of Cleveland, Ohio, for not only their fraternal congratulations upon the publication of *THE GAVEL*, but for the liberal support they have accorded by way of subscription to our undertaking.

MASONIC BALLS AND FESTIVALS.—As this is the season in which Masonic festivities generally take place, we trust our Brethren will send us the latest items regarding the same, together with such other matters of a local or general character as may prove either instructive or interesting to the Craft.

APOLOGIES.—We exceedingly regret the number of typographical errors in pages 56 and 57 of our last issue, but being absent ourselves, the proof reader did not understand the Masonic abbreviations, &c.; we hope such errors will not appear a second time.

LODGES.—We would ask every Lodge, Chapter and Encampment in the Dominion to subscribe for one or more copies of *THE GAVEL*. It is important that the Masons of Canada should be versed on the current Masonic events of the day, and every Lodge can afford the small sum of one dollar and a half per annum. Surely our Brethren throughout the country will, at least, favor us in this manner, although, perchance, the individual views of some may differ from our own.

AMERICAN SUBSCRIBERS.—The price of *THE GAVEL* to our American subscribers is two dollars in greenbacks. We hold ourselves responsible for registered letters.

RISEING SUN LODGE, No. 85, G. R. C.—We sincerely thank the Brethren of this Lodge for remitting amount for annual subscription for two copies of *THE GAVEL*.

DISTRICT LODGE OF INSTRUCTION.—The District Lodge of Instruction at Newmarket, under Rt. W. Bro. J. K. Kerr, D. D. G. M., was a grand success; over one hundred and fifty delegates were present; the ball at the close was the grandest ever given North of Toronto.

MASONIC APATHY AND IGNORANCE.—This excellent editorial, by Wor. Bro. C. S. Elliot, is unfortunately crowded out.

PRESENTATION.—We congratulate our esteemed friend, Rt. Wor. Bro. J. W. H. Wilson, upon the handsome testimonial lately presented to him (a Royal Arch Regalia and Jewels) by his brethren of Simcoe Lodge, No. 79. We have no hesitation in saying that to his exertions is mainly due the success of Symbolic Masonry in that section, and on him, to a great extent, will rest the responsibility of the capitular branch now established in Bradford.

RISEING SUN LODGE, No. 35, G. R. C.—We thank the Officers and Brethren of Rising Sun Lodge for their courtesy in remitting annual subscription for two copies of *THE GAVEL*, and at the same time we express our pleasure at hearing of the continued prosperity of the Lodge.

MASONIC FESTIVAL.—We learn from an esteemed correspondent that the festival given on the 28th ult. by the Fraternity at the City Hall, Welland, was a grand success. About seventy-five couple joined in the mazes of the dances, and the ladies were gorgeous in their dress, while the Brethren in their regalia added much to the gay appearance of the scene. At nine the Brethren entered in procession, when the Master, Wor. Bro. S. E. Hopkins, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced Rt. Wor. J. P. Willson, the D. D. G. M., who addressed the company in a few well chosen remarks, after which the band struck up, and soon the majority were engaged in the mazes of the giddy dance. At low twelve, an excellent banquet was provided by Bro. A. Root, and after enjoying "the hours of refreshment," they again "resumed labor," and "worked" with untiring energy till nearly four in the morning, when all dispersed hoping that Merritt Lodge would again get up another festival. We regret our friend did not furnish us with the names of the Brethren who were present.

SUPREME GRAND COUNCIL OF ENGLAND, A. S. R.—We note by an official document signed by the So. Grand Commander of England, &c., Ill. Bro. C. J. Vigne, 33°, that the Supreme Grand Council of England, while it admits "the right of every man irrespective of his color, race or religion, to be eligible to be initiated into Freemasonry," yet, since the Grand Lodge of Louisiana has sole authority over the first three Degrees of Masonry in that State, therefore it "must decline to support the Act of the Grand Orient of France in its recognition of the spurious, so-called Supreme Council of New Orleans, or in its interference in the affairs of Sister Jurisdictions."

PRINCE ARTHUR.—The grand ball given to Prince Arthur by Minister Thornton, at Washington, was held at the Masonic Temple. The affair was one of the grandest ever given in that "City of Magnificent Distances."

CONGRATULATIONS.—We congratulate our Rt. Wor. Brother Seymour, Deputy Grand Master of Canada, upon becoming heir to a large fortune in England, and hope that he may long be spared to enjoy his wealth. No Mason in Canada would make better use of it than Bro. Seymour.

SALT LAKE CITY.—We have written to Wor. Bro. R. H. Robertson, of Salt Lake City, to act as our agent for THE GAVEL. Our Brethren of Utah, therefore, desirous of subscribing, will please pay their two dollars to him. We present our fraternal compliments to our Brethren there, and assure them we do not forget their courtesy to us last June.

THREE RIVERS.—We learn that the M. W. G. M. Graham has issued a dispensation to some twenty-five brethren at Three Rivers, P. Q., to be called "The Milton Lodge." Bros. G. O. Tyler, W. M., Robert Kiernan, S. W., and W. J. Ritchie, J. W. This is, we believe, the first lodge organized under the new regime, and we trust every brother connected with the same will exemplify, by his every day life, the true principles of our noble fraternity.

SEYMOUR CHAPTER, R. A. M., BEADFORD.—We are pleased to learn that the Grand Z. has issued a dispensation to this chapter. We feel particularly interested in its success, as it is really an offspring of our own chapter (Signet), and we cordially wish it that prosperous career which it doubtless will receive under the auspices of three such enthusiastic masons as Ex. Comp. J. W. H. Wilson, (Z.) H. G. Summers, (H.) W. R. Jameson, (J.) If space permits we shall give full particulars of its inauguration ceremonies next number.

WHITBY.—The Masonic Festival at Whitby, on the 11th ult., was a grand success. The hall was tastefully decorated, and all apparently greatly enjoyed themselves. The band of the 10th Royals discoursed sweet music during the evening. We regret exceedingly that we were unable to accept the kind invitation extended to us, as we were obliged to return after getting as far as Toronto on our journey.

ST. CATHERINES.—An esteemed correspondent informs us that the Festival at St. Catherines, under the auspices of St. Mark's Lodge, No. 105, on the 4th ult., was one of the most delightful of the season. About two hundred persons were present, and the dancing was kept up till long past low twelve.

CHATHAM.—One of the grandest Masonic balls ever given west of Hamilton, took place at Chatham on the 11th ult.; about five hundred were present. Wellington Lodge, No. 46, deserves the highest praise for the successful manner in which every part of the programme was performed.

FREEMASONRY IN CANADA.—Under the above caption, the London *Freemason* of the 5th ult., has a leader on the present state of the Craft in this country, in which it reviews the proceedings of the G. L. of Canada, and those of "the Convention," &c. The writer says, "we earnestly call upon our Canadian Brethren to reconcile their differences, for while blaming our Quebec brethren for remissness in their mode of procedure, we are, on the other hand, unable to conceal the obvious fact, that wholesale suspensions or expulsions of brethren for errors of judgment, will not be tolerated in this enlightened age." In conclusion the writer adds, "There are many Canadian names enshrined in the thoughts and the hearts of English Masons: 'McLeod Moore,' 'Douglas Harington,' and 'W. M. Wilson,' are amongst the most prominent, and we

are grieved to think that discord has invaded their pleasant plains, and that dissension reigns within their temples. As the organ of the wide-spread English Craft, let us, however, implore them to use their great and merited influence at this important crisis in the history of Canadian Masonry. The study of the past will show to those intelligent minds that what is done cannot be recalled. We believe that the Grand Lodge of Quebec is an accomplished fact, and bearing this in view, we ask the brethren of 'both provinces' to cease their unmeaning fulminations of expulsion, and to accept the inevitable result. They can still unite together, paradoxical as it may sound, by agreeing to remain apart; and at any rate the interests of the Order can never be served unless each party determines to practise the simple but true maxim, 'Forgive and Forget.'

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

INDIANA.—We have received from R. Wor. Bro. John M. Bramwell, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, the proceedings of the various grand bodies within that Jurisdiction, and from the hasty glance given to them, note that Masonry in all its branches is flourishing in that State. Number of Lodges, over 400; Chapters, 79; Commanderies, 20; Council of R. and S. Ms. 66.

TEXAS.—Rt. Wor. Geo. H. Bringhurst has favored us with proceedings of the thirty-third annual Communication of the G. L. of Texas. M. W. Bro. Philip C. Tucker is the present Grand Master. The report on Committee of Foreign Correspondence is lengthy, but does not include any remarks regarding Canada. How is this when we exchange representatives with them and in the address from the throne the M. W. G. M. says: "I cannot omit to mention the fraternal greetings given to me on St. John's Day, in December last, by the Brethren in Toronto, Canada. True Masonic spirit prevailed among them, and I found them given to hospitality to strangers."

IOWA.—We return our thanks to Rt. Wor. Bro. T. S. Parwin, Grand Secretary of Grand Lodge of Iowa, for his fraternal and courteous letter; as soon as we receive the proceedings of the Grand Bodies of Iowa, we shall refer more particularly to Masonry in that State.

VERMONT.—We have received, through the fraternal courtesy of Em. Sir Kt. John B. Hollenbeck, Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Vermont, the proceedings of that body, and also those of the Grand Chapter and Grand Council of R. and S. Ms. of that State. We shall allude more particularly to the same when space permits; in the meantime we tender our thanks to our Em. Fratre for his knightly thoughtfulness.

FLORIDA.—We learn, by present note, from M. W. Bro. D. C. Dawkins, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Florida, that that august body has determined, at present, to take no action relative to the recent secession of "Our Quebec Brethren." Our Ill. Brother expresses his views to us very clearly, and evidently wishes to see peace and harmony restored among us; he thinks that the majority of Lodges in the whole of our Jurisdiction should have first given their consent before any separation took place. We fully agree with him, if it had been possible to have discussed the subject in the Grand Lodge of Canada; unfortunately, however, it was a forbidden topic, and as a *dernier resort* "Our Quebec Brethren" were obliged to organise without our consent, though in justice to them, we should add they first consulted the Grand Master of Canada.

OHIO.—Our old friend and Brother, the faithful Secretary of the General Grand Encampment and General Grand Chapter of the United States, and the Grand Bodies of Ohio, John D. Caldwell, of Cincinnati, has our thanks for proceedings of 27th Annual Conclave of Knights Templar, 39th Annual Council of Royal and Select Masters, and 53rd Annual Communication of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Ohio. In the official report of the Grand Commander, Sir Heman Ely, we note with pleasure his remarks relative to the exchange of Representatives, and while we think he materially prescribes their

limit of usefulness, we cannot help admiring the innate delicacy of our Right Eminent Frater, when he says "there appears to me a manifest impropriety either in the acceptance by a Sir Knight, while holding the office of Grand Commander, of such an appointment, or in making a similar appointment of one in another State holding the same office. Anything which by implication, even has the appearance of bargain and sale of Masonic honor, should be most studiously avoided in all departments of Masonry." Sir Heman Ely then adds, that "recognising the propriety of reciprocating any acts of Knightly courtesy from the Grand Commanders of other States, and being desirous of cementing, so far as possible, the bonds of fraternity with other Grand Bodies of Christian Knights, I have caused to be prepared Patents for Representatives, &c., &c." In the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, we regret to find that no allusion is made to Canada, although we believe it is very generally conceded by the American Sir Knights, themselves, that the English Ritual of the Order of the Temple is more in accordance with the Ancient Templar Ritual than that so beautifully arranged by Webb. A large amount of space is devoted to the discussion of the action of the Grand Commander of Missouri, against the A. A. S. R., in which, after quoting the action of other Grand Commanderies, the Committee thinks their "worthy fraters of Missouri, seeing the untenable position they have taken, will not be slow to retrace their steps." The advice is good. No Masonic Rite has a right to dictate to another Masonic Rite, and we maintain that every individual Mason is at perfect liberty to belong to as many branches of the Masonic tree as ever he likes, without asking the permission of any Grand Lodge, Grand Chapter, Grand Council, Grand Commandery, Consistory, or any other supreme authority.

Correspondence.

ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE.

To LL. FRATER ROBERT RAMSAY, 32^o,

Editor of The Gavel,

DEAR SIR,—As this branch of Masonry has been recently introduced into our Dominion, and is now beginning to claim some attention from brethren who have hitherto had to do with only one of the systems of our order. The question is naturally asked by those not conversant with the subject: What is this (to them) new rite? Whence it is derived? and what are its peculiarities? I have taken the liberty, as one of its advocates, to advance a few ideas on the subject, not for the purpose of controversy, but to tell the little I know, with a view to further the interests of an order, to which, I confess, I feel myself strongly attracted to, on account of the completeness and beauty of its ritual, the sublime lessons it inculcates and (in one of its degrees) the impressive method it has of teaching pure "Christian Faith;" making use of Masonic symbols nowhere else known or practised.

The word Rite, says the celebrated Dr. Oliver, is an item in the ceremony of conferring degrees, although in some countries, it is extended to include a number of degrees and orders.

A Rite, says the also celebrated, and more recent writer, Dr. Mackey, is a modification of Masonry, in which the three ancient degrees and their essentials being preserved, there are varieties in the ceremonies, and number, and names of the additional degrees, and is therefore in accordance with the general signification of the word, "the method, order and rules," observed in the performance and government of the Masonic system. Therefore, to me, it seems to mean simply a certain system comprehending and arranging a number of Masonic degrees.

Many of your readers, no doubt, are aware, that there were in the past century, a large number of "Masonic Rites," most of which have passed away with their originators, but some exist and flourish to-day, such as the *English* or *York Rite*, the "*Ancient and Accepted*," the *Swedish*, &c., &c., all of which

have the three craft degrees as the basis of the system, and above these, each claiming to be more ancient and more deserving of support than the other. The subject of our notice is the second on the above list, and I think, can be easily shown that as a "System of Masonic degrees it has claims to be the oldest." The former, as long as it contained only the three craft degrees, was undoubtedly the first established; but as soon as it embodied other degrees, (not hitherto known) it became another system, and as such was not as early practised as the "degrees of perfection," hereafter mentioned as part of the system of the "A. and A. R."

"Frederick the Great," King of Prussia, in 1762, finding a large number of Masonic degrees, both ancient and modern, practised in the various systems then in vogue in different states of Europe (and consequently great confusion arising therefrom), assembled a council of Masons, and declared himself Grand Master of the Ineffable degrees, which council, after mature deliberation, selected (25) twenty-five grades, and named them the "Rite of Perfection," and placed the system on a substantial basis. This constituted the system as it now stands, with the exception of eight other degrees, which were added by the same monarch in 1786 at which time, the last of all the 33° and supreme degree was created by him entirely of an executive or governing character. These 33 grades were then named The Ancient and Accepted Rite, and may be classed as follows:

Three first, not worked in this country under the authority of the Supreme Council, but under the Grand Lodge of Canada, conferred in a Symbolic Lodge.

Eleven degrees from 4 to 14° inclusive, conferred in a Lodge of Perfection.

Two degrees from 15 to 16° inclusive, conferred in a Council of Princes of Jerusalem.

Two degrees from 17 to 18° inclusive, conferred in a Chapter of Rose Croix.

Eleven degrees from 19 to 29° inclusive, (Philosophical) not conferred but communicated, and the sublime "Kadosh" or 30° conferred in full in a Chapter of Kadosh.

Two degrees from 31 to 32° conferred in a Consistory of Sublime Princes of R. S.

33° only conferred upon those selected to form a "Supreme Council," or on a very limited number elected to receive it by the same body by way of "Honorarium."

These degrees with the exception of the three first and the Rose Croix or 18° are said, by some, to have originated in the early part of the eighteenth century and while this charge may be true in the main, and is true with regard to many of the systems that have passed away, yet the knowledge of the age of each particular degree is not known and the Rite as adopted in 1762 and completed in 1786 (to forever remain so) is to-day in force in nearly every country where Masonry exists and is flourishing more and more every year. It is the one almost exclusively practised in the States of Europe, outside of Britain; it is the only one, I believe, known in the States of South America. It was, in part, introduced into North America as early as 1767 (a Lodge of Perfection up to 14° being at full work in Albany, N. Y., at that date) and is flourishing to-day in almost every city and town of any considerable size in the United States. It has been established for a long time in Ireland and Scotland, and although of more recent date (1845) introduced into England, it is looked upon there as the *ne plus ultra* of Masonry. It is now established firmly in our fair Dominion under the authority of the Supreme Grand Council of England and Wales and the dependencies of the British Crown, and as an eminent writer on Masonic subjects justly remarks, it may be considered the only Rite which is cosmopolitan, for go where you will, you find the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

Apologising for the length of my remarks, and requesting permission to renew the subject in some future number of THE GAVEL.

I am dear Sir and Ill. Bro.,

Yours in the sacred numbers,

PROVOST.

CONGRATULATORY LETTER.

THE MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS
OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA.

Office of Grand Secretary, Jacksonville, January 31, 1870.

ROBERT RAMSAY, Esq. :

Dear Sir and Brother,—The first issue of "The Gavel" is received at this office, and has been read with much pleasure and interest, especially the article commencing on page 23. From the specimen already exhibited, I have no hesitancy in recommending your laudable enterprise, not doubting that you will conduct a periodical which will prove both interesting and useful to the Masonic Fraternity.

With best wishes for your success,

I am, fraternally yours,

D. C. DAWKINS,
G. Sec., &c.

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

TORONTO, January 24th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Gavel,—

DEAR SIR AND WOR. BROS.—In common with many of my Brethren, I rejoice to know that you have decided to advocate the immediate recognition of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, by the Grand Lodge of Canada. And I trust that you will permit the use of your columns for the purpose of enabling those who approve of such a course, to advocate some course of action which will lead to united action in the interest of Quebec, at the next meeting of our Grand Lodge.

I think those who went to Montreal in December, fully determined to do their utmost to secure the recognition of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, must confess that while the meeting of Grand Lodge had many advantages, it utterly failed to satisfy our Western Brethren, who are determined that they shall *not* be drawn into a disagreeable dispute with their Brethren of the Province of Quebec.

And before making any suggestion as to the course I may consider most advisable, permit me to say a few words in reference to "Note No. 5," page 23, in the published proceedings of Grand Lodge, December Session, 1869. In that note Grand Master Stevenson in answer to the statement of our Quebec Brethren that when at the session in London, "it was stated to them that it was the earnest desire of the most prominent Masons of Ontario that the separation should still be delayed for a time, and further that, as a security, that their rights would be respected in the meantime, it was the intention of the Masons from Ontario to elect one of their number as Grand Master," says, "the interest which must necessarily attach itself to the arrangement mentioned, would have been greatly intensified, if the names had been added of those *most prominent Masons of Ontario*, who could thus barter the Grand Mastership."

In reference to this statement I can only say that "while I voted for M. W. Bro. Stevenson, for Grand Master, because I had learned to admire his excellent business qualifications, nearly every Brother who had a vote was urged to give it for our present Grand Master, *because it would crush out the agitation for a separate Grand Lodge for Quebec*," and I am not alone in remembering that such arguments were made use of at the London session. By whose authority such statements were made I cannot pretend to say, but that they were made is quite easy of proof.

Now, as to the best course of action to be adopted, I would suggest that those favorable to the recognition of Quebec should meet in Toronto, on Tuesday previous to the session of Grand Lodge, and there agree upon such a course as may be considered most advisable.

Above all things we must endeavor to have this matter brought before Grand Lodge previous to the election of Grand Master, so that, in the event, any motion for the recognition of the Quebec Grand Lodge being ruled out of order, an effort can be made to secure the election of a Brother who will rule differently. I shall be happy to secure a room for such a meeting, as I have proposed, should a number of Brethren request me to do so.

Yours fraternally,

DANIEL SPRY.

[NOTE.—It is unnecessary for us here to say that the course proposed by our Right Worshipful Brother is well worthy of careful consideration. It would be unwise for those advocating the rights of "Our Quebec Brethren" to enter the Grand Lodge without having some definite plan of action mapped out. We advise, therefore, all interested in the subject to correspond with Bro. Spry and offer such suggestions as may appear to them most feasible.—ED. GAVEL.]

ANOTHER CONGRATULATORY LETTER.

PITTSFIELD, N. Y., February 8th, 1870.

To the Editor of *The Gavel*,—

DEAR SIR AND WOR. BROS.—I have received two numbers of *THE GAVEL* recently, and have perused the same with much interest, and no little profit. Its "dress," style of execution and editorial management, are such as it seems to me must commend it to the universal approval of the Masonic Fraternity, and their general patronage also.

As Master of the Lodge in this place, I have been particularly interested in the article of Wor. Bro. Elliott, upon "The Duties of the Wor. Master." The suggestions contained in that article are very valuable and worthy the attention and serious consideration of every Master of a Lodge. The whole scope and influence of the work that are sought to be accomplished by your new enterprise and undertaking are broad, comprehensive and far reaching, and such publications seem to be required by the progressive tendencies of a brotherhood which is everywhere being annually augmented in numbers, power and influence.

We have many such publications in the States, that are productions of great influence too, and are liberally patronized by the Craft, as *THE GAVEL* will, undoubtedly, be by the Brethren upon the other side of the line which does indeed separate British and American possessions upon the continent, but which cannot disunite the Brethren of a fraternity which "conciliates true friendship between men of every country, sect and opinion."

Accept my thanks for the two first numbers of *THE GAVEL*, put me down in your list of subscribers, and receive my earnest and fraternal "God speed" in the work in which you are engaged.

Enclosed please find a list of all the officers of the different Masonic Bodies, Lodges, Chapters, and Encampments of this city, all of which are in a most flourishing condition.

With fraternal regards,

G. T. BARKER,
Master Mystic Lodge.

THE GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

To the Editor of *The Gavel*,—

DEAR SIR AND WOR. BROS.—As a Quebec Mason I feel more thankful than I can find words to express, for the very wise and judicious remarks you made in the first number of *THE GAVEL*, relative to the organi-

zation of the Grand Lodge for the Province of Quebec. You have stated the case fairly, and have left no room for any candid Mason to think otherwise than that the Grand Lodge of Canada will best consult its own dignity and the general interests of the Craft by according us, at its next meeting, as you recommend, a fraternal recognition.

And why should not recognition be at once recorded? Our Brethren who call us rebels, and all sorts of hard names, should think twice before they assume so unseemly an attitude, and make our ancient and honorable Craft an object of ridicule to the outside world. What law have we broken? What crimes have we committed that we should be stigmatised as we have been? What lawful authority have we refused to obey that we should be treated as rebels, and summoned to appear and show cause why we should not be expelled from the privileges of Freemasonry? On the contrary, I am bold to say, that when this matter is calmly investigated, the whole Masonic world will hold us justified, and feel grateful for the stand that the Quebec Masons have made against an irresponsible despotism that was fast becoming intolerable and ruinous.

The case stands thus: It has become an established principle of Modern Freemasonry that the jurisdiction of Grand Lodges shall be conterminous with the country or province in which they are organised; consequently, when, by the Confederation Act, Ontario and Quebec were no longer United Canada, but two distinct Provinces, it became a question for debate with many Masons in Quebec, whether the altered political relations of the two Provinces had not made it expedient, if not necessary, that a Grand Lodge should be organised for each of the two Provinces. Accordingly, an appeal was made to the Grand Master to call a Communication of the Grand Lodge for the purpose of considering the matter. To this appeal the Grand Master, for reasons satisfactory to himself, refused to accede. There was therefore, no alternative but to call a convention "for the purpose of taking into consideration the present state of her Masonry in this Province, and to proceed, if so decided, to the formation of a Grand Lodge for the Province of Quebec." The result of this convention, as all know, was the immediate formation of a Grand Lodge. But as the best feeling was prevailing, it is more than probable that the conclusion come to would have been to wait until the question had been debated at the next regular Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, had it not been that the suspensions which the Grand Master had begun to fulminate against our leading Brethren made it necessary to resort to the immediate formation of a Grand Lodge for our self-protection. Certainly, no one went to that convention, as Grand Master Stevenson insinuates, with the foregone determination to proceed at once to the formation of a Grand Lodge.

The above is a plain, honest statement of the leading facts of the case, and I am sure, that on calm reflection, our proceeding will commend itself to the minds of our Brethren in Ontario and elsewhere. At all events, our feelings towards them are fraternal, and our wish is that we may part as friends. As for coercing us back, the thing is monstrous and impossible. The attempt will only result in a family feud, making our Craft ridiculous in the eyes of the outside world—a scorn and a derision to the people.

Besides, have we not acted in strict accordance with the precedent established at the formation of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and which precedent has received the sanction of every Grand Lodge in the world that has since recognised that of Canada? Did the Grand Lodge of Canada await the approval of that of England and her Grand Master, to which she

had owed allegiance before she declared herself to be the Grand Lodge of Canada? No; Masons then did what we have now done, and for the same reasons, and the whole Masonic world has justified them in so doing. This precedent, therefore, thus sanctioned and accepted, now forms part of the common law of Masonry, and Masons are as much bound to yield obedience to it as nations are bound to yield obedience to those precedents that constitute the laws of nations, or as citizens are bound to obey those precedents that make up the common law of the country in which they live.

But says your respectable correspondent, "A Toronto Freemason," the decision of the Grand Master must be sustained *at all hazards*, "the Grand Lodge must always endorse the actions of its Grand Master." The same feeling also, I understand, largely prevailed at the late emergent Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and mainly prevented the immediate recognition on that occasion of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. Are these gentlemen conscious that they are living in the 19th century, and that they have to do with intelligent, thinking men? or have they been making the late Papsal Syllabus, about which so much is now said, their special study, with special application to Masonry? Certainly they are the ultra-montaines of Masonry. Their leading idea seems to be that all power emanates from the Grand Master; that the Grand Master can do no wrong; that all other Masons are his serfs, who must think as he thinks; that the Grand Lodge has no powers but those that he is pleased to accord to it, and that the only use of its assembling is to give *eclat* to the promulgation of his edicts.

But is this Masonry? Are such the views of Ontario Masons? If they are, then the death knell of Masonry is already sounded in Canada, for no one who respects himself will henceforth dare to avow himself to be a Mason. Already the rush proceeding of Grand Master Stevenson and the refusal of the Grand Lodge of Canada at its late emergent Communication to accord recognition to her new-born sister, and the empty summons to appear at her bar and show cause why we should not be expelled from the privileges of Freemasonry, has done mischief that it will take years to undo.

Fraternally yours,

C. P. R.

Sherbrooke, Jan. 17th, 1870.

[NOTE.—We heartily endorse the sentiments of our reverend and learned Brother in his remarks relative to the advisability of the Grand Lodge of Canada recognising the Grand Lodge of Quebec. The latter body is now really recognised by several of the Grand Lodges of the United States, and we cannot afford to issue edicts against every G. : L. : that recognises her. The G. : L. : of the District of Columbia has done so formally; several of the Grand officers of the G. : L. : of New York (the largest G. : L. : in the world) have honored the G. : M. : of Quebec by listening and applauding his grand oration on Freemasonry at Plattsburgh, N. Y., and it ill behoves us to be the last to extend the right hand of fellowship to Brethren whom we have loved, and with whom we have worked for years, and who now occupy honored positions in other branches of Masonry with which we are associated. The G. : L. : of Canada should be above any petty jealousy and we must, one and all, unite in an effort at the next Communication of the G. : L. : of Canada in July, to entirely decide upon the matter without prejudice or bigotry. We, for one, wish "Our Quebec Brethren" "God speed," and there are thousands of Masons in Ontario who echo "Amen" to that just prayer.—ED. GAVEL.]

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 3.—W. Bro. John Kerr, W. M.; R. W. Bro. George M. Wilkinson, I. P. M.; R. W. Bro. Alex. S. Kirkpatrick, S. W.; V. W. Bro. Edward H. Parker, J. W.; Rev. Bro. E. C. Bower, Chap.; Bro. E. R. Welch, Treas.; V. W. Bro. John M. Horsey, P. M., Sec'y; Bro. L. Clements

S. D. ; Bro. John Mudie, J. D. ; Bro. Thos. F. Taylor, D. of C. ; Bro. David Fraser, I. G. ; Bro. Thomas Graham, Tyler.

DORCHESTER LODGE, No. 4, C. R.—Bro. Geo. H. Wilkinson, W. M. ; Bro. R. P. McGinnis, I. P. M. ; Bro. Jas. S. Allen, S. W. ; Bro. E. R. Smith, J. W. ; Rev. Bro. H. Gillespie, Chap. ; Bro. John Pearson, Treas. ; Bro. W. A. Osgood, Sec'y. ; Bro. R. L. Dixon, S. D. ; Bro. John Macpherson, J. D. ; Bro. S. Jones, I. G. ; Bro. C. A. Burnell, Tyler.

SUSSEX LODGE, No. 5.—W. Bro. Wm. McKechnie, W. M. ; R. W. Bro. Thos. Wilkinson, I. P. M. ; W. Bro. W. H. Jackson, S. W. ; Bro. Alex. Stewart, J. W. ; Bro. John Wright, Treas. ; Bro. W. A. Schofield, Sec'y. ; Bro. T. J. B. Harding, S. D. ; Bro. John McLenan, J. D. ; Bro. John Slogg, D. of C. ; Bro. W. J. Saunders, I. G. ; Bro. Wm. Martin, Tyler.

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St. ANDREW'S LODGE, No. 62.—Bro. Chas. Hunter, P. M., W. M. ; Bro. D. E. Bronrick, I. P. M. ; Bro. Samuel Pattison, S. W. ; Bro. Wells Hollenbeck, J. W. ; Bro. Geo. Crystal, Chap. ; Bro. John Macdonald, Treas. ; Bro. Thos. B. Howells, Sec'y. ; Bro. Jas. Alridge, S. D. ; Bro. T. B. Galer, J. D. ; Bro. R. Canfield, D. of C. ; Bro. W. Simington, I. G. ; Bro. Daniel Galaghan, Tyler.

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Macdonald, Chap.; Geo. Taylor, Treas.; W. B. Carroll, Sec'y; Wm. N. Pregay, S. D.; John M. Minchey, J. D.; John Ormiston, D. of C.; Thos. P. Richardson, I. G.; Lewis Knight, Tyler.

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ELYSIAN LODGE, No. 212.—W. Bro. Robert Nancollas, W. M.; W. Bro. Anthony Malone, P. M.; Bro. George Cumming, S. W.; Bro. John A. Charles, J. W.; W. Bro. Anthony Malone, Treas.; Bros. G. F. Charles, Sec'y; Henry Roney, Chap.; Wm. Johnston, S. D.; Alex. Melligan, J. D.; Louis Spencer, M. of C.; R. H. Charles, I. G.; James Johnston, Steward; Samuel Anderson, do.; John Hazlett, Tyler.

CARNARVON ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 21.—E. Companion F. M. Snowdon, Z.; R. E. Companion J. H. Stearns, P. Z.; E. Companion C. Storer, H.; E. Companion F. Edgar, J.; Companion T. C. Stratton, S. E.; Companion Wm. Angus, S. N.; Companion J. P. Peavey, P. S.; Companion W. T. Franklin, Treas.; Companion H. M. Alexander, S. S.; Companion S. R. Parsons, J. S.; Companion G. A. Pearce, Organist; Companions Fred. Tabberner, R. Rowe, J. C. Thurston, P. McD. McTavish, M. of Vs.; R. E. Companion Noxen, Janitor.

SIGNET CHAPTER, No. 34, G. R. C., ORILLIA.—Ex. Comp. C. S. Elliot, Z.; V. Ex. Comp. Robert Ramsay, P. Z.; Ex. Comp. Bolster, H.; Ex. Comp. Ross, J.; Comp. Thompson, Scribe E.; Comp. N.; Comp. G. M. Wilson, P. S.; Comp. W. Ramsay, S. S.; Comp. T. Noble, J. S.; Comp. Jupp, Tyler.

ASHLAR LODGE, No. —, Q. R., COATACOOKE.—Installed December 27, 1870: V. W. Bro. Geo. Wood, Immediate P. M. and G. S.; W. Bro. Wright Sleeper, W. M.; Bro. Amos R. Fox, S. W.; Bro. Wm. H. Conhard, J. W.; Bro. Rev. J. Foster, Chaplain; Bro. A. F. Adams, Treasurer; Bro. N. W. Thomas, Secretary; Bro. R. L. Nevers, S. D.; Bro. Horatio Webster, J. D.; Bro. Thos. Pickett, D. of C.; Bro. H. W. Edwards, I. G.; Bro. R. C. Lyster, Tyler.

HOYLE LODGE, No. —, Q. R., LACOLLE.—Installed 4th January, 1870: Wor. Bro. Robert Douglas, P. M.; Wor. Bro. Richard Foster, P. M.; Wor. Bro. Thomas Kemp, P. M.; Wor. Bro. Wm. H. Weldon, P. M.; V. Wor. Bro. Vansliet, P. M. and G. Steward; Wor. Bro. D. Salt, Immediate P. M.; Wor. Bro. Thomas Featherston, W. M.; Bro. Daniel Fosburgh, S. W.; Bro. John Breslin, J. W.; ———, Chaplain; Bro. Richard Foster, Treasurer; Bro. James A. Hume, Secretary; Bro. Wm. H. Vansliet, S. D.; Bro. T. Vansliet, J. D.; Bro. Wm. H. Weldon, D. of C.; Bro. L. McCallam, I. G.; Bro. George Frankish, Tyler.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE, No. —, Q. R., STANSTEAD.—Installed 27th Dec., 1869: Wor. Bro. E. B. Gustin, P. M.; Wor. Bro. R. P. Stewart, P. M.; R. Wor. Bro. W. B. Colby, P. M.; D. D. G. M. St. Francis District; Wor. Bro. H. J. Martin, P. M.; Wor. Bro. Thos. Stevenson, P. M.; V. Wor. Bro. R. C. Parsons, Immediate P. M. and Gd. Steward; Wor. Bro. H. M. Hovey, W. M.; Bro. N. Cheney, S. W.; Bro. E. R. Johnson, J. W.; Bro. Charbonnell, Chaplain; Bro. C. H. Kathan, Treasurer; Bro. H. C. Hyatt, Secretary; Bro. Ira B. Sanborn, S. D.; Bro. Wm. A. Magee, J. D.; ———, D. of C.; Bro. Geo. L. Pinkham, I. G.; Bro. Wm. Evans, Tyler.

ST. ANDREW'S LODGE, No. —, Q. R., QUEBEC.—Installed 27th December, 1869: R. Wor. Bro. John S. Bowen, P. M., D. G. M.; Wor. Bro. H. J. Pratten, P. M.; Wor. Bro. Thos. Lambert, P. M.; Wor. Bro. G. J. Bowles, Immediate P. M.; Wor. Bro. C. Judge, W. M.; Bro. F. T. Thomas, S. W.; Bro. G. W. Ellison, J. W.; ———, Chaplain; Wor. Bro. H. J. Pratten, Treasurer; Bro. P. White, Secretary; Bro. G. T. Phillips, S. D.; Bro. W. H. Little, J. D.; Bro. G. Fitzgerald, D. of C.; Bro. E. Strong, I. G.; Bro. W. J. Anderson, Tyler.

ST. FRANCIS LODGE, No. —, Q. R., RICHMOND.—Installed 27th December, 1869: M. Wor. Bro. J. H. Graham, P. M., G. M. G. L. of Quebec; Wor. Bro. Thos. Hart, P. M.; V. Wor. Bro. T. Leet, P. M., G. Steward; V. Wor. Bro. A. W. Hamilton, Immediate P. M., Asst. G. Dic. of C.; Wor. Bro. Tait, W. M.; Bro. M. Burnie, S. W.; Bro. A. Wilcocks, J. W.; Bro. W. Brooke, Chaplain; Bro. Thos. Hart, Treasurer; Bro. E. Cleveland, Secretary; Bro. T. F. Barrett, S. D.; Bro. J. A. Cockson, J. D.; Bro. G. Hamel, D. of C.; Bro. G. Boswell, I. G.; Bro. Jas. Brand, Tyler.

ROYAL ALBERT LODGE, No. —, Q. R., MONTREAL.—Installed December 27, 1869: Wor. Bro. E. P. Hannaford, P. M.; Wor. Bro. W. Reed, P. M.; R. Wor. Bro. F. Edgar, Immediate P. M., D. D. G. M., M. D.; V. Wor. Bro. H. M. Alexander, W. M., G. S. D.; Bro. Jas. J. Bernard, S. W.; Bro. Hy. W. Atwater, J. W.; ———, Chaplain; Bro. Albert D. Nelson, Treasurer; Bro. J. S. Ferguson, Secretary; Bro. A. R. Fraser, S. D.; Bro. J. M. Ferris, J. D.; Bro. J. Sangster, D. of C.; Bro. C. Russell, I. G.; R. Wor. Bro. R. Noxon, Tyler.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. —, Q. R., SHERBROOKE.—Installed December 27th, 1869: R. Wor. Bro. Daniel Thomas, P. M., P. G. J. W.; R. Wor. Bro. G. H. Borlase, P. M., P. D. D. G. M., E. F. D.; V. Wor. Bro. S. J. Foss, P. M., G. Steward; Wor. Bro. J. Hallowell, P. M.; Wor. Bro. H. R. Beckett, Immediate P. M.; Wor. Bro. E. W. Wisnell, W. M.; Bro. E. S. Foss, S. W.; Bro. A. G. Somas, J. W.; Bro. Rev. R. Wainwright, Chaplain; Bro. A. M. Smith, Treasurer; Bro. A. D. Bostwick, Secretary; Bro. M. McCarthy, S. D.; Bro. T. E. Paige, J. D.; Bro. A. S. Grindrod, D. of C.; Bro. John Morrison, I. G.; Bro. Geo. Hill, Tyler.

YAMASKA LODGE, No. —, Q. R., GRANBY.—Installed 27th December, 1869: V. Wor. Bro. J. H. Bartlett, P. M., Grand Steward; Wor. Bro. J. G. Whitcomb, P. M.; Wor. Bro. T. H. Cob, Immediate P. M.; Wor. Bro. T. Amyrauld, W. M.; Bro. P. V. Randin, S. W.; Bro. A. A. Gilmour, J. W.; Bro. Rev. Wm. Jones, Chaplain; Bro. C. Loughry, Treasurer; Bro. G. Vitie, Secretary; Bro. R. Miller, S. D.; Bro. P. A. Martin, J. D.; Bro. J. Taylor, D. of C.; Bro. W. O. T. Lewis, I. G.; Bro. T. C. Griggs, Tyler.

ZETLAND LODGE, No. —, Q. R., MONTREAL.—Installed 27th December, 1869: R. Wor. Bro. J. H. Isaacson, P. M., P. D. D. G. M., M. D.; Wor. Bro. G. H. Monk, P. M.; V. Wor. Bro. Wm. Armstrong, Immediate P. M., G. Steward; Wor. Bro. M. Doyle, W. M.; Bro. H. McVittie, S. W.; Bro. J. Hay, J. W.; ———, Chaplain, Bro. Saml. Moss, Treasurer; Bro. Jas. Cleghorn, Secretary; J. Usherwood, S. D.; Bro. M. Schnab, J. D.; Bro. G. Maybanks, D. of C.; Bro. J. Richardson, I. G.; R. Wor. Bro. R. Noxon, Tyler.

HIRAM CHAPTER, No. 2, G. R. C., HAMILTON.—List of Officers—V. Ex. Comp. Wm. Reid, First P. Z.; V. Ex. Comp. W. W. Pringle, P. Z.; Ex. Comp. C. W. Smith, Second P. H.; Ex. Comp. A. J. Nuthall, Third P. J.; Comp. E. Geo. Conklin, Scribe E.; Comp. Robt. Grant, Scribe N.; Comp. Gavin Stewart, Pr. Sr.; Comp. Alex. Turner, Treas.; Comp. L. Eckerson, First Asst. Sr.; Comp. H. Griffith, Second Asst. Sr.; Comp. N. Humphrey, D. of C.; Comp. Geo. Lee, and Comp. Wm. Lees, Stewards; Comp. J. Eastwood and Comp. John A. Bruce, Auditors; Comp. W. W. Summers, Janitor.

CARLETON ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, OTTAWA, ONT.—Officers for 2400: V. Ex. Comp. J. J. Gemmell, Z.; V. Ex. Comp. E. P. Remon, Past Z.; Ex. Comp. Wm. Hay, H.; Comp. D. S. Eastwood, J.; Comp. C. S. Scott, Scribe E.; Comp. J. McRae, Scribe N.; Comp. W. M. Somerville, Pr. S.; Comp. J. J. Radford, Treas.; Comp. P. St. Hill, Sen. S.; Comp. T. P. Stiff, Jun. S.; Comp. G. Clarke, D. of C.; Comp. C. Ryan, M. of V.; Comp. S. Gouldthrite and Comp. J. Salmon, Stewards; Comp. J. A. Cobb, J. Graham and T. Kirby, Com. of Gen. Pur.; Comp. J. Sweetman, Janitor.

WENTWORTH LODGE, No. 166, G. R. C., STONEY CREEK.—List of Officers—W. Bro. Walter McKay, W. Master; Bro. Moss J. Olmstead, S. Warden; Bro. J. H. Carpenter, J. Warden; Bro. George Slingerland, Treasurer; Bro. E. B. Smith, Secretary; Bro. Samuel Williams, J. Guard; Bro. Jos. Carpenter, Tyler.

WHITE OAK LODGE, No. 195, G. R. C., OAKVILLE.—List of Officers—W. Bro. Wm. Robertson, Wor. Master; R. W. Bro. G. K. Chisholm, Immediate P. M.; Bro. Jno. Kaitting, Senior Warden; Bro. John Doty, J. Warden; Bro. T. C. Brown, Chaplain; Bro. R. K. Chisholm, Treasurer; Bro. E. R. Skelley, Secretary; Bro. H. M. Switzer, Senior Deacon; Bro. C. W. Pearce, Junior Deacon; Bro. R. S. Wood, Director Ceremonies; Bro. Thos. Patterson, Inner Guard; Bro. A. Mathews, Steward; Bro. Geo. J. Sumner, Tyler.

Masonic Jurisprudence.

D. M. M.—When a petition for initiation or affiliation has been received by a Lodge, and a committee appointed, can the petition be withdrawn if the petitioners should wish it?

Ans.—The above question involves two points, and may be replied to thus:

A petition for initiation, after having been received by a Lodge, and the usual committee appointed, cannot be withdrawn, but must take its legitimate course through the ballot box. An application for affiliation may be withdrawn at the request of the brother sending it in, and with the consent of the proposer and seconder, as there is no object in forcing the Lodge to take action on work which has no beneficial result, either to the Lodge or the Craft, as the blackballing of an applicant for affiliation in no manner effects his Masonic standing in the Craft.

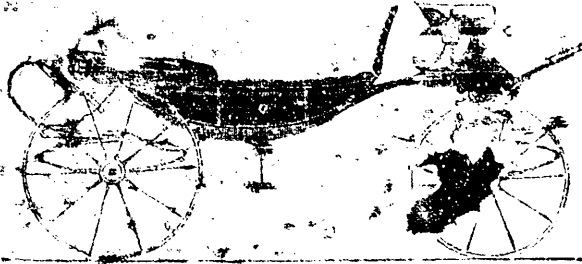
D. M. M.—Suppose a brother be a member of two Lodges—in good standing in the one—suspended in the other for non-payment of dues—should he be received as a visitor in any other Lodge? Can he consistently take the Tyler's O. B.?

Ans.—A brother, suspended by a Lodge for non-payment of dues, is deprived thereby of his right to visit any other Lodge during the continuance of such suspension, and no such brother could consistently take the T.'s O. B.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

NEW YORK MASONIC PUBLISHING Co.—We have received from the New York Publishing Company, a little book, entitled "The Text-book of Cryptic Masonry," by Ill. Bro. J. H. Chase 33°. As a monitor for those who take an interest in those beautiful little degrees, it is excellent, and we would advise all interested in the same to purchase a copy. To our mind, however, the author devotes more space to that absurd addition entitled the "Super-excellent Degree," than is at all necessary, and we regret he did not rather dilate more lengthily upon the Royal and Select than upon this illegitimate offspring of another Rite. The work is well got up, as all books published by our friend Ill. Bro. Sicles, 33°, are. Canadian Masons requiring works of reference can always procure a price list by sending to N. Y. P. Co., 432 Broome Street, and from personal experience, we can recommend the house to our numerous subscribers.

DOMINION MEDICAL JOURNAL, TORONTO.—We have received the first number of this exponent of the medical profession under its new regime. The present editors, Drs. Ogden and J. Widmer Rolph, are men of liberal and expanded views, and will not allow their Journal to become the organ of any clique or party. We wish our Brethren (for they both belong to the Craft) that success which their enterprise so richly deserves. No medical man in Canada should fail to support them.



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