

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

Weekly

THE

Visitor.



Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

{ PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR,
P. M. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

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

No. 3.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER LV.—Continued

For more than an hour, however, I was doomed to disappointment. Brilliant and almost incessant lightning enabled me to see the faint track, which otherwise would have been hidden in the darkness of night; but I looked around in vain for any signs of shelter. Meanwhile I had descended into what appeared a deep and doleful valley, surrounded on every side by masses of mountain; but how far I had wandered from the right road, or in what direction, I could not even guess.

"The longest lane has a turning," says the proverb; and a poet informs us, with manifest accuracy, that

"The darkest day—

Live till to-morrow—will have passed away."

The proverb and the moral were both exemplified in my experience, when, almost despairing of help, and ready to sink to the ground again from the joint effects of bodily fatigue and exposure to the terrible storm which continued to rage overhead and around, I saw a bright light in the midst of the dense darkness, shining as though from a window on the opposite side of the valley.

To gather myself up, brace my resolution, and baste with all the little strength that was left me to this blessed haven of hope, was the work of a moment. In ten minutes more I neared the light. It was no "will-o'-the-wisp,"

but a steady flame, like that of a candle, and a friendly flash of lightning revealed to me a cluster of cabins, nestled in this desolate valley, from the little windows of one of which had shone out, and was still shining, the precious beacon which had guided me to the spot.

I dragged myself to the door and knocked.

No answer, and no wonder, for the uproar of the elements, and the rattling of the crazy tenement, must have drowned the feeble summons. I knocked again, and listened. There were confused noises, as of many voices within; but no reply to my impatient and incessant applications of fists to the door. It was not the time, nor was I in a condition, for ceremony. I felt for a latch, and placed my hand upon a string. Like little Red Riding Hood of the nursery story, I "pulled the bobbin, and the latch flew up," pushed open the door, and— But the remainder of my adventure demands a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE CONTINUATION OF MY ADVENTURE—AN
IRISH WAKE.

I pushed open the door, and found myself in a large apartment, mud-floored, mud-walled, and turf-roofed, from the latter of which the rain was dripping, and forming broad puddles below. The light which had shone so brightly across the dark valley now resolved itself into the comparatively feeble emittments of two large candles, with unsnuffed wicks, placed on a long board or table which occupied the middle of the room; a turf fire smouldered on the hearth, and filled the room with its close, suffocating fumes, while gathered around the hearth and table, some standing, others seated, either on the bare

ground or on rough planks, was a large and motley assemblage of both sexes and of every age, from sixteen to three score and ten. How they were employed was manifest from the strong perfume of tobacco and mountain dew, (illicit whisky,) which, striking upon me as I entered, almost overpowered my senses, and would have caused me to retreat as suddenly as I had intruded, but for the emergency of my condition; and from the cups, cans, handleless mugs, and footless glasses, which clicked and clinked, and jingled, being pushed about by the unsteady hands of the strange party.

It needed only a glance to perceive that many of these—not wedding guests—were already verging upon intoxication. Yet there was nothing convivial in their excess. The females sat with dishevelled hair, and otherwise in picturesque attire; and while they sipped their fiery beverage, and inhaled the rank smoke of the rankest tobacco through their short black pipes—for nearly all were smoking, women as well as men—tears were flowing plentifully down their cheeks, and they rocked themselves to and fro, uttering low crooning moans and cries, indicative of sore mental disquietude and distress. The men, also, glared fiercely and sullenly at each other and at an object on the table; and they conversed in low and guarded tones, but with threatening gestures, knitted brows, and clenched fists, as though under the influence of some overpowering passion—it might be of grief wrought to desperation, or remorse, or revenge.

I have spoken of "an object on the table." That object was a corpse, wrapped in a sheet, the head and countenance only being uncovered.

A white cloth was interposed between it and the table or board, falling over the sides nearly to the ground, and a plate of salt was placed on its breast.

The dead body was that of a man, probably some thirty years of age, and the ghastliness of the countenance was fearfully enhanced, not only by the dull glimmer of the unsnuffed candles, but by a gaping wound, as though from a sword cut, which extended from the left temple to the corner of the mouth, laying open the cheek. Evidently no effort had been made to hide or cover the wound; and as evidently, the contemplation of this terrific sight was stirring up the thoughts and feelings of the excitable beings around me, friends and relations of the slain man, to purposes of deadly revenge.

For the man had been slain. I remembered now, that while at C—, I had heard of a recent skirmish between a party of revenue officers and a band of illicit distillers and smugglers on the mountains, whose secret haunts had been discovered. Unhappily, these events were too common in Ireland at that time to attract much attention; and beyond the fact that blood had been shed, I had neither sought nor heard particulars of the conflict. All this came into my mind as I looked on, and if escape had been possible, I would gladly have retreated to the bare hillside and the pitiless storm.

But escape was not possible. My entrance had not been noticed, and, as I stood in the shadow cast by a projecting jamb of the rude hearth, I had time to make the observations I have jotted down; but before a minute had passed away, the eyes of one of the company rested on me, and the next instant I was dragged into the middle of the apartment, and surrounded by the infuriated throng, who wanted only a victim on whom to expend their insane vengeance; and the first words I heard uttered convinced me that I was mistaken for an emissary of the government—the detested government, whose minions had, as they would have argued, robbed them of their property, and murdered their friend.

Happily no deadly weapons were at that time in their hands, and in a momentary pause in the storm of execrations which fell upon me, I strove to make myself heard. Rapidly, I endeavoured to explain that I was an unfortunate traveller, benighted and storm-braten, innocent of all evil intention towards, or even of any knowledge of them, and seeking only shelter and rest. It would have been better for me not to have spoken; my speech betrayed me for an English-

man, and my voice was drowned in bitter curses and awful threatenings.

'Hear to the murdering willian!' shrieked one, aiming at me a heavy blow, which I happily avoided. But other blows fell upon me thick, and I was beaten to the ground. It was evidently a struggle for life, and never had my life appeared in such imminent peril as now, and death so near. The number of my assailants however, contributed something to my immediate preservation; for their furious strokes dealt almost at random, fell as often on each other as on their intended victim; and, availing myself of the confusion that ensued, I rose bleeding, and staggered to my feet.

Meanwhile the females had fled, shrieking, to the only other apartment the cabin contained, all but one aged woman, of stout masculine proportions, whom I had not before observed, but who now threw herself into the *mêlée*, and with her powerful arm arrested more than one hand raised against me.

'A purty night's work ye are afther making of this, Murther Donovan,' she shouted, seizing my first assailant by the collar, and dragging him violently aside. 'Is this the way ye treat a stranger that—'

The voice was enough. Shaking off, with a sudden exertion of strength, which surprised me then, and which surprises me now that I recall the scene to memory, the hold which two or three strong men had on me, I sprang forwards, grappled the hand of the friendly and energetic pleader, and looked her full in the face.

'Peggy Magrath!' I cried, 'have you forgotten Roland Leigh?'

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of that tumultuous throng, it would not have been more startling than that sudden exclamation of mine. Hands raised against me with murderous intention were suspended in mid-air, shouts of vengeance were arrested in their utterance, and eyes, which had the moment before glared upon me in fury, now opened wider with curiosity. For a moment the woman held me at arm's length putting aside, with her disengaged hand, the hair which had fallen over my forehead. The next moment I was clasped to her bosom, which heaved with strange emotion.

'Core of my heart! Me own darling! Come to me—closer—closer!' she sobbed out, pressing me yet tighter, covering my cheeks with kisses and tears, and waving one hand over me, as though to protect me from further injury. But there was no need. The foremost among the enraged assailants speedily arranged them-

selves by our side, and I soon found that I was in almost as much danger of being overpowered by the energetic demonstrations of kindness and prudence of Peggy's excitable and impulsive countrymen, as I had been of destruction from their fierce and unreasonable enmity. But I shall not prolong my description of this scene. I could not if I would; for the excitement of that desperate struggle, added to the fatigue I had undergone in the storm which yet raged, and the sudden change from the cold night air to the stifling atmosphere of that cabin, nearly overcame me. I became dizzy, and should have fallen but for Peggy's strong arm. I gasped for breath, cried out feebly for air, and to my inexpressible relief, scarcely knowing how, I found myself gently half led and half supported out of that fearful death chamber, and into another and a near cabin—Peggy Magrath's own.

CHAPTER LVII.
AND LAST.

I have little more to add to my story, and what remains shall be told in few words. Before morning the storm cleared away, and the sun rose on a scene of wild grandeur, which I have rarely seen surpassed. Meanwhile, divested of my wet garments, and resting on a couch of dry heath, near to a blazing fire in poor Peggy's cabin, with her seated by my side, I heard the history of her wandering; how she had sought me in vain at Whiskers' Rents after her release from prison—how shame for her disgrace had driven her to another, and an obscurer part of the wide town; but how, constantly, her thoughts rested upon me—and how, at last, hope forsook her, and she determined to end her days in "poor Ould Ireland, among her own people." I listened to this till sleep overpowered me; and when I awoke, with the sun darting in through the chink of the mud wall, poor Peggy was preparing for me a breakfast which an epicure would not have disdained. I found out afterwards that, while I was sleeping, my dear old nurse had walked miles to procure the materials of which it was composed, with the same devotedness of heart and purpose as when, many years before, she had begged "a drink of buttermilk" for her poor little orphan boy.

I stayed two days in the mountain valley, and witnessed the funeral of the dead man, on whose wake I had intruded; but I shall not describe this. Meanwhile the men who had so nearly sacrificed me to their blind revenge, almost overwhelmed me with their contrition and proffered services. They said they would go bare-

foot to the end of the world for me; and though this was hyperbolic, I believe they would have done much to prove the sincerity of their repentance. Indeed they did much; for they scoured the country round to recover my stray horse, which was at length brought to me, little the worse for its wanderings, and with the portmanteau and property it contained untouched.

'There's both good and bad in old Ireland,' said Peggy Magrath triumphantly; 'but, Roland, ye mightn't have been so lucky if ye had lost the poor baste in Yorkshire, let alone all England over;' and I partly agreed with her.

I should do scant justice to Peggy's bewilderment if I were to attempt to describe it, when she found how I had been raised from poverty and degradation to comfort and respectability. The conviction of its being so loomed upon her at last, however, and her joy was boundless.

'And now, Peggy, my first, best earthly friend next to my mother, we must not part again now that we have been brought together,' said I.

'Is it part wid ye, I would?' said she; and she burst into tears.

We did not part; or, rather, we parted then to meet in Dublin a few weeks later. I was there, preparing for my return to England, and had taken a passage for two, when the waiter at the inn announced to me that an elderly woman was asking for me in the hall.

'It is the person I expected; ask her to come into me,' I said.

Exit waiter, and enter—yes, it must be Peggy Magrath; but so changed, externally!

'I wouldn't go to disgrace ye, Roland,' she whispered, when I had expressed my admiration of the neat, clean, and respectable appearance she made; 'and I have not expended all the money you gave me;' and she put back a purse into my hand.

'But how then have you managed? and how is it you have delayed so long? I was afraid

'Nirer fear for Peggy,' said she. 'Is it manage? Why shure and shure, I came all the way a-foot. D'ye think Peggy'd be casting away your money, riding in them cars? Is it delay? Ye're not gone yet, darling.'

'No, but we are going to-morrow, Peggy.'

And on the morrow we left Ireland behind us—Mrs. Magrath and I. 'Some natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon;' 'for wasn't she wid her own heart's darling?' she said.

We travelled together into Yorkshire; and I saw my dear old nurse comfortably established in a small cottage near to the factory, for

she would neither live in my house, nor be beholden to me for her support.

'Whist, darling,' she persisted when I returned to the subject once and again, 'Peggy Magrath'll not disgrace ye, any way; but ye'll got refuse her to 'arn her owne bit and sup so long as her poor old bones'll last out. She'll be inore contented, darling; and she'll not disgrace ye.'

She didn't disgrace me, dear old nurse and protectress of my helpless childhood! my next to mother! She knew her own weak points and besetting temptations; and, for my sake, she abjured at once and for ever the dangerous seductions of the spirit bottle. She became infirm at last; but before then—

Well, before then, Fanny Grey was no longer Fanny Grey. I very well remember one pleasant and memorable journey into Kent. I went there alone, and returned to Yorkshire in good company. And I remember one particular event that happened during my stay at Daffodil Farm. I remember, too, my old friend Mr. Blake's parting words, when he shook hands with me at his gate after my dear little new wife was safely seated in the coach that was to convey us to London, on our way home. I need not repeat them; but they were something about honesty, industry, and God's blessing; and then he shook hands with me again very heartily, and the next minute I was seated beside Fanny—not Fanny Grey; then the coach was in motion, and when we looked round for a last glance, we could see more handkerchiefs than one put to more uses than one. And yet it was not a sorrowful occasion either.

The first to welcome Fanny to her new home was Peggy Magrath; and years later, when Fanny was past the bloom of British beauty, and Peggy was an old, old woman, it was Fanny who tenderly and lovingly nursed the kind old nurse of her husband's childhood; and who succeeded, as I humbly hope and firmly believe, in leading her to the Good Shepherd.

Before this time I received intelligence of the death of my grandfather, after he had sunk into utter childlessness of mind and helplessness of body. His property descended to my cousin; but not long afterwards I received a characteristic epistle from her, offering to share the inheritance with me. What my answer was is of no particular consequence, it being a sort of family secret which I have no right to divulge. I may say, however, that I was present at my cousin's wedding, and that a life-long friendly

intercourse sprang up in due time between our families.

I never heard more of my poor father.

I am an old man now. Those of whom I have written are nearly all lost to this world. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." I have recorded some of the events of my earlier life; respecting my later years, let it suffice to add, that "goodness and mercy have followed me." I have had much prosperity, not unchecked by reverses, much happiness not untinged by sorrow. But by my side is still a kind, loving companion, and a gentle comforter, who, having, near upon forty years shared alike my hopes and fears, my joys and griefs, is the support of my age, as she was the guiding star of my youth—my last best earthly bosom friend and teacher, as she was the first who

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

And now, readers, my story is told; and its use is not far hidden, I trust, beneath its surface. Surely it may teach some down-trodden one that there is no condition in life so hopeless as to be beyond amelioration and redemption; and that there is a POWER to which he may look, and an ARM on which he may lean for strength and encouragement, when worldly helpers are few; so that, trusting in God with an evangelical faith, and looking up to him with filial confidence and love, he may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me," and

"When lowest sunk in grief and shame,

Filled with affliction's bitter cup,

Lost to relations, friends, and fame,

Thy powerful arm can raise me up.

"Thy powerful consolations cheer,

Thy smiles suppress the deep-drawn sigh,

Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,

That secret weeps the mourner's eye."

If this be accomplished, this story will not have been written in vain.

But surely it will also yield consolation to those who, in their efforts to do good and communicate, and inspired by the spirit and love of their Divine Master, do not shrink from contact with the dregs of society, but plunge with morality and spiritual heroism into the parlious of poverty and destitution, and seek to convey into the haunts of indignant beatitude and unwept crime, the faithful saying, which is worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—even the chief.

"Oh, you who prove yourselves to be the best and truest friends of your country by your Chris-

tion compassion for those of whom your country is justly ashamed, "be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not;" and seeing, as you lift up your eyes and look around you, that though the harvest is great, the labourers are few, pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more labourers into the harvest.

THE END.

BRITISH TEMPLARS

Will please take notice that the Grand Worthy Secretary, Jas. Robertson, Esq., having removed to Newmarket, all communications in future are to be addressed to that Post Office instead of Toronto as heretofore.

The Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting is held from 3 to 4 o'clock, in the Temperance Street Hall. Please attend.

NOVA SCOTIA.

SAFE RETREAT LODGE, B. O. G. T.

"Safe Retreat" Lodge, British Templars, organized at Osborne, Shelburne County, N. S., November 7th, 1865, by Bro. H. B. Mitchell. The following are its officers:

Rev. A. W. Barp, . . .	Provincial Deputy.
Henry S. Hayden, Esq.,	Degree Templar.
Bro. Jacob Griffin, . . .	Chief
Sister Clara Barp, . . .	Vice
Bro. Rev. A. W. Barp,	Chaplain
" Anthony D. Griffin, . .	Sec'y
" Thomas Belcher, . . .	Treas
Sister Sarah Hayden, . .	Financier
Bro. William Griffin, . .	Marshal
Sister Hannah Griffin, . .	Inner G'd
Bro. John Lloyd, . . .	Outer G'd
Sister Sarah Barp, . . .	Asst. Sec.
" Philanda Lloyd, . . .	Dep. Mar.
" Lucinda Griffin, . . .	R. H. S.
" Ellen Maurash, . . .	L. H. S.

This Lodge numbered on the 6th ult., fifty-five members, and is now in a prosperous condition.

BROOKLYN LODGE, B.O.G.T.

"Brooklyn" Lodge, British Templars, instituted at Brooklyn, Queen's County,

N. S., November 22, 1865, by Bro. H. B. Mitchell, Prov. Dep. Officers as follows:

Vincent Dexter, Esq.,	Provincial Deputy.
Edmund Starrett, Esq.,	Degree Templar.
Bro. Robert Gardner,	Chief
Sister Mary E. Gardner,	Vice
Bro. Vincent Dexter,	Chap
" Edwin McLeod,	Sec'y
Sister Theresa Dexter,	Treas
Bro. Cyrus McLeod,	Finan
" Barzilla Dexter,	Marshal
Sister Ellen McLeod,	In. G'd
Bro. Josephus Gardner,	O. G'd
Sister Sarah McLeod,	Asst. Sec.
" Alice Gardner,	Dep. Mar.
" Jane Gardner,	R. H. S.
" Emma Hall,	L. H. S.
" Edmund Starrett,	P.W.C.T.

This Lodge is also prospering.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W. Brantford—Will feel obliged by you doing so.

L. O. M., Fingal—Received for 14 for Vol. x, and 1 for xi.

T. J. M., Bowmanville—Received for 14 for Vol. x.



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17, '66.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Dear Bro.—The following resolution, bearing on the Supreme question, now so much commented upon by the Order throughout the provinces, were unanimously passed by

WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 121:

WHEREAS,—Certain of the late Executive of the Order in Upper Canada attempted to annul the decision of the Provincial Grand Lodge, in establishing a

Supreme Grand Lodge for all the provinces of British America, by unlawfully carrying on the business of the province in opposition to the said Supreme Grand Lodge, and also of selling stock at about half the upset price fixed by said Supreme Grand Lodge, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deplore the action taken by said Executive in ignoring said Supreme Grand Lodge, as it has a tendency to hinder the usefulness of our Order.

Resolved also, That we express our entire approval of the action of our representative at the Grand Lodge, held at Stratford, in upholding our loyalty to the said Supreme Grand Lodge.

Resolved further, Whilst we are in favour of a union among Templars, we hope our Executive will not be a party to any dishonourable policy which would invalidate the Supreme head, and leave any implied censure on those noble men who so manfully defended truth and justice.

Thus you see "Wellington" Lodge is up to its duty in expressing its loyalty. If all our lodges were so unanimous in their support of the Supreme we would not now have to mourn over the disunion which such men as the late Executive was composed of are fostering in the Order. To see the effect produced by them and men of a kindred spirit, we need only refer to the letter of your Prince Edward Island correspondent. Could not our loyal Lodges help our brethren in the sister provinces, by expressing their attachment to the Supreme, and thus, assuring them of our loyalty, materially help to further the cause of temperance in our land. Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your space.

I am yours in F. H. & O.

AN OLD BRITISH TEMPLAR.

January 16, 1866.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

Rev. Jno. McLean, London	Chief
Bro. P. W. Day, Collingsbay	Councillor
Sister M. A. Heather, Peterboro	Vice
J. W. Ferguson, Hamilton	Secretary
S. Morrill, London	Treasurer
J. McNeill, Guelph	Marshal
Sister Rutan, Collingsbay	Dep. Marshal
Sister Perry, Napance	Inner Guard
Bro. Tuttle, Iroquois	Outer Guard

Flower Basket.

In the education of children love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience to be educed. Then impulse and power should be given to the intellect, and the ends of a moral being be exhibited.—S. T. Coleridge.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

Then opened the Hallelujah Chorus. It is said that a vision of heaven, open and alive with angelic minstrelsy, imparted to Handel the secret of the harmonies of this divine composition. It was so, I wot, in very deed, else how could that celestial apocalypse have been repeated, as it was, to the spiritual sense of those who listened that golden afternoon, in the Crystal Palace. The vast audience rose, as one man, to its feet, and tears dimmed the eyes of most, but high over all heads the realm of everlasting light seemed to lie open and, rank above rank, were revealed the choring multitudes of its angelic inhabitants. Now from this side of Heaven the word of praise pealed up, breaking in wild waxes of celestial exultation; now from answering choirs, high up and far away, came the swell of the responsive Hallelujah. And at last, when there was an end of the seraphic antiphony, from all the courts of the infinite temple seemed to gather and to go up the single sublime and awful voice, which proclaimed the omnipotence and eternity of Jehorah.

Daniel Webster penned the following sentiment: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we endue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow man—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

DYING RICH.

Who is he that dies rich? That man dies rich, and only that man, who, when he leaves behind him a little, or more, or nothing, but has before him a treasure laid up in heaven. Who put on at certain times and places, put on and dies poor? He that, whatever he leaves be-

hind him, has nothing laid up in heaven. He dies poor.

MY GOD.

EBENEZER ERSKINE.—When one of his elders said to him, "Sir, you have given us many good advices, may I ask what you are now doing with your own soul?" "I am just doing with it," he replied, "what I did fifty years ago; I am resting on that word, 'I am the Lord thy G-d.'" Another friend put the question, "Sir, are you not afraid of your sins?" "Indeed, no," was his answer; "ever since I knew Christ I have never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I *startled* afraid of my sins." At another time he said, "I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay it will fly as naturally to my Saviour's bosom as a bird to its beloved nest."

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.—"My greatest grief is, that I have done so little for Jesus; my greatest joy, that Christ has done so much for me." When Mr. Venn inquired how he did, he replied, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven."

EASY DECISION.

Those who take in but a few considerations easily decide.—Aristotle.

RICH.

A boy went from Ireland to America about two years ago to seek his fortune. A few months since he found his Saviour, and became a happy child of God. Now he writes back to his friends, "I have found a fortune." Ah yes, and nobody, nothing can rob him of it. It is above all the changes of time, and beyond the power of thieves. Read Matt. vi. 19-21.

RULES FOR THE PLAY GROUND.

A great many little ones, we believe, have become God's children during the present year. His love is in their hearts, and they try to be like his dear Son. My children, as a child's piety matures a child's virtues, and roots out a child's faults, be sure and carry your religion

with you into the play-ground. Don't leave it in your chamber, or at home anywhere; but always carry it with you. Religion is not to be put off as you please; it is to be worn *always*,

like a breastplate, not only to defend you from harm, but to make you strong in the right. When you play, play as God's children. "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind to one another, tender hearted forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you." THIS IS THE BIBLE CODE OF MORALS FOR THE PLAY GROUND. Paul wrote it, and he wrote it for children as well as grown up people. Take it with you. Act upon it, and you are in a fair way, if God spares your lives, to grow up whole-hearted Christian men and women.

LIBRARIEN are the shrines where the bones of old saints lie buried.—Bacon.

TRUE TRUST.

One evening, we are told, after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them saying, "I will loose my camel, and commit it to God;" on which Mahomet took him up, "Friend, tie thy camel, and commit it to God." That is, do whatever is thine to do, and then leave the issue with God.

"The nature of great things is best seen in its smallest portions."—Aristotle.

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

Upon the opening of the Statistical Section of the British Association, Lord Stanley, the president, offered excellent advice as to speaking:

"You can say all you have got to say in very few words if you will think it over beforehand. It is not abundance of matter, it is want of preparation, want of exact thought, that makes diffuseness.—A man goes round and round his meaning when he is not perfectly clear. Again we don't want preamble or prerorations. We are not a school of rhetoric; and in addressing an educated audience a good deal may be taken for granted. Lastly, we only wish to get the truth of things."

Quintilian has written to the same effect, and goes even further, for he says that a perfect thought will always clothe itself in appropriate language, and that when people suppose that they are in want of words to express themselves they are really in want of thought, they have got hold of a part of a thought instead of the complete thought and are in difficulty about the clothing of an unformed thing. De Retz says that

strong emotions find their utterances in monosyllables, and the language of the poor in grief is often of an earnestness and simplicity rising to eloquence. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' It was said of an ancient writer's negligence that it was that of a man studying his matter more than his expression; but if Quintilian be right, the author had not completely mastered his matter, and therefore fell into faults of manner. Quintilian may, perhaps, push the proposition a little too far, but it is a safer general rule, to suspect the completeness of thought when its delivery in words is difficult, and calls for help. As Lord Stanley well says, 'A man goes round and round his meaning when he is not perfectly clear.—*London Examiner.*

NEW BRUNSWICK.

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

Worthy County Secretary's Office,
Apobasqui, Kings County,
December 29, 1865.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Dear Sir and Bro.—Enclosed is a Report read by the County Secretary before the County Lodge of King's, on the 27th of December, 1865—which the following resolution, unanimously passed, requests to be printed in the *Weekly Visitor*:

Moved by Bro. T. Scott, M. D., and seconded by Bro. Richard Wetmore, and unanimously

Resolved.—That the Report of the Worthy County Secretary be received, and a copy of it sent to the Editor of the *Weekly Visitor* for publication.

In agreement with the above, I send you a copy, kindly asking you to publish it in your paper.

Yours fraternally,

T. W. MUSGROVE, W.O.S.

Report of the Worthy County Secretary of King's County Lodge of British Order of Good Templars, read at its third session, held at Kingston, K. C., N. B., December 27, 1865:

Worthy County Chief, Officers and Members,—

The smile of heaven has brightened our pathway hitherto, for which I trust we are unfeignedly and unanimously thankful. In presenting this, my first report as well as the first full report of the Secretary of King's County Lodge, at its third session, I feel to labor under somewhat of a disadvantage. As this is the first regular report ever read before a County Lodge in this province, I had no form as a guide in the preparation of this, but was under the necessity of originating one, instead of amending one, as my successors may do. Therefore whatever imperfections this report may contain, I trust the next may be less imperfect, and ere long I hope the County Lodge reports will be so perfected as to very

much interest all who attend, and imbue them with a greater love for our noble Order.

Some have asserted that British Templarism was originated by a man, or set of men, ambitious of power, and know of no other means of gaining a petty pre-eminence than by originating a new society; and on account of the joy and eagerness with which thousands of the best men and women of Canada hailed its advent, our opponents have said, "Let these fanatics alone, their boasting is all in vain, their society belongs to the mushroom genus, and will soon die out." But how the roughly mistaken are such persons respecting the foundation on which this noble superstructure is built. Such men do not know, or do not wish to remember, that in society as in the ocean, there are agents and influences constantly at work that in time stifle the world by the mighty changes wrought by apparently insignificant things. The tiny ephemeral zoophyte by constant and united labour builds for itself and man a sea-defiant structure, the foundation of which is no doubt for years unkenked by man, until at last it comes within reach of some gallant keel that perchance attempts to pass over where she had often passed before, and all at once, if the ship be not wrecked and the crew lost, a discovery is made that will give the maritime world warning of the danger of the place and put mariners on their guard ever after. But wait a few years and visit this spot again, and instead of a sunken ship-wrecking rock surrounded and covered with boiling surf, there is a verdant and fertile island, inhabited by a thrifty and happy population. Thus on the spot where the ocean's mighty surge had not been broken for centuries, the tiny zoophyte rears a structure that withstands the dashing and rolling of Neptune's broad domain. So it is in society. Influences are constantly at work down deep in the unfathomable depths of the social sea of life that stifle the world by the development of some almost unknown characteristic of the human mind or passions. Thus I conceive the foundation of British Templarism was laid, and therefore it cannot be said the founders of this now flourishing Order made the whole of the structure "from turret to foundation;" the most that can be said of them is that they discovered the foundation, that the influences of which I have spoken had laid in society for them and us to build upon.

The organization of this society was not then a production merely forordia and selfish gratification; its object is far, far above any such mean considerations; it is based on philanthropic and benevolent feelings, and motives that prompt men possessed of them to remember the wretched and oppressed while freeing themselves, and lend a hand to help free their fellowmen from like misery. The foundation for such a temperance society is well established, and can never be moved or destroyed so long as knowledge, civilization, and Christianity continue to be loved by mankind. It may be, which God forbid, that in time this noble Order will be broken down by the opposition that the members by dissension and non-progressive measures can themselves get up, which is far more fatal than opposition from without, but the foundation will remain firm and

unshaken, and others will build and occupy where we have built and broken down our own habitations.

Therefore British Templarism was not the creation of some wild brain, nor did it grow in a day, but the foundation was being laid many years in the public mind, and thousands, as the sequel has shown, were ready to embrace such a principle with joy, enrol their names under a new form of government, and fight for so good a cause under a new flag and name.

Thus, like the coral island as soon as it had emerged from the depths of the unknown, it became a home for the oppressed and down-trodden son of intemperance—a home where he might disenthral his soul and body from the fetters of vice and ruin, and assume his rightful place in society.

Wherefore I look upon British Templarism as a newly-discovered land in the sea of life, where the oppressed may find freedom and security. The fact that this society has grown so rapidly proves that it was needed, and as it is still enlarging its borders it is still wanted, and for this reason should be supported.

We will now look a little at its origin, and then come to our own lodges. The I. O. of G. T., an American institution, branched into Canada, and had at one time, prior to 1858, a strong hold on the affection of temperance men and women in that province, but becoming powerful and somewhat tyrannical, as is the wont of British Jonathan in spite of his boasted freedom, there were some intelligent and zealous British Teetotalers in London. O. W., who would not brook the petty acts of despotism they were from time to time forced to bear, so they threw off their allegiance to their American brothers and boldly reared a superstructure on the foundation that influences till then unknown to but the arising and social philosopher had made, and we now see the result in the shape of a Supreme Grand Lodge, five Provincial Grand Lodges, a large number of County Lodges, 462 Primary Lodges, and 12,563 members, which must now be many more as these are the statistics of 1864.

In New Brunswick there are 37 Primary Lodges in good working order, a County Lodge, a Provincial Grand Lodge, and over 2,000 members. This is the work of less than a year and a half, and from these results of the labour expended, what may we not look for in the future, when we shall put forth more systematic and increased effort to extend and strengthen our Order.

But I must now come to our own lodges. This County with a population of about 25,000 and numerous facilities for trade and manufactures should be one of the sub-tropical counties in the Province, situated as it is out of reach of the bad influence, in a great measure of soldiers, sailors and other classes of men proverbial for drinking habits and their concomitant vices. But that it is not wholly temperate is proved by the fact that the parish of Suxtex alone can boast of its 12 or 15 gin-gelops in full blast, and I believe there is not a parish in the county but has more or less of these plague spots of the earth. But until a short time ago we had two Lodges for every parish in Kings, and I trust there will soon be more

Lodges in good working order than there are now...

At the meeting of this Lodge there were 24 Primary Lodges in Kings, 1020 members...

To give more statistical information is quite out of the question...

For instance, some put down the number of male and female members...

Three lodges have sent no returns, viz, Happy Home, British Standard, which is defunct...

Nearly all the lodges heard from are doing a good work and much interest generally pervades the weekly and fortnightly meetings.

I would respectfully suggest that all Lodges endeavour to get the best penmen and accountants...

(The money matters are omitted here, but will appear in the synopsis of proceedings of the Lodges; soon to be printed) To sum up all our force, morally, temporarily, if I may be permitted to coin a term very much needed, and financially, we find that British Templarism is not a myth...

Our Order is every day becoming better known

and appreciated; every month enlarges our borders and brings more members within our ranks...

"And since on us the future fate Of myriads yet unborn may wait,"

our duties are plain and should be performed with all diligence Intemperance is doing a deadly work...

Husbands and fathers are drawn away from the offices of emolument and honor by strong drink and its concomitant allurements and vices into the path of destruction...

Wives, too, in both the higher and humbler walks of life have through a love of wine proved recreant to every maternal and conjugal duty...

Sons are destroyed by drink. Need I say more? Health of mind and body, reputation and everything noble and beautiful in manhood are destroyed by intemperance...

And daughters, lovely, light-hearted and virtuous girls ere "sweet sixteen" has come and gone, ere the blush of early womanhood has faded from their cheek...

the youthful female in a position ill fitted to withstand the attacks of virtue-destroying and soul-jeopardizing caterers of vices...

Vices, the most insulting and degrading to human nature are alone supported by strong drink. Gin and beer are the pap and pabula of incipient vices...

With these facts before us, does there not a voice that speaks louder and more pathetic, in tones more unmistakable and truthful than ever did the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero to an Athenian or Roman audience?

Therefore, I consider that from every inmate of every Penitentiary, who has been brought there by strong drink, and few there be there who have not been thus brought; from every lunatic in every asylum, put there by wine, and their name is legion; from every frequenter of gilded drinking saloons; from every brothel and every frequenter of such places; from every staggering, reeling drunkard; from every ribald song and obscene oath that strong drink produces...

In this long, loud wail of suffering and woe methinks I hear a voice saying "be sober, be faithful be hopeful, be charitable, be united," and that voice addresses us, addresses British Templars, and appeals in tones sufficiently mournful to rend the heart and freeze the blood in its channels, to temperance advocates, to work, to strive for victory over the rum fiend.

Let us learn from the past lessons of wisdom and words of reproof, nor consider that we know all that can be learned respecting the advancement of temperance, for

"Were man to live creval with the sun, The patriarch pupil would be learning still; Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd."

Submitted in F. H. and O. T. W. MUSGROVE, W. C. S.

COUNTY LODGE OF YORK, B O G T

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

Agents for The Weekly Visitor.

M.R. STEWART, City and General Agent
THOMAS YELLOWLEES, Bonnaville
SANDER JAMES, Bruce Mines
CHAS. FARMORE, Rockwood
J. CRAPPA, Brighton P. O., Northumberland
M. B. BRISBIN, Brighton P. O., C. W.
GEORGE MANFIELD, Postmaster, Cashmere
MISS MARIA McFARLANE, Clinton P. O.
L. APT. Geo. FRANTON, P.G.W.F., B.O.G.T., Columbus, P. C.
JOHN W. MOORE, Darlington—Bonnaville P.O.
DANIEL WILLIAMS, Hampton P.O.
S. H. WHITE, Etin P. O., Wellington
W.M. ALLEN, Fallston P. O., Perth
MRS. M. E. O'GRIN, Greenbank P. O., Reach
W. WICKERS, Garafusa
JOHN WILKINS, P.G.W.R., B.O.G.T., Hamilton
JOHN GARRICHAULT, St. E. P. O., Hagar
JAS. E. McFARLANE, Kirkfield P. O.
MAYNE EAST, Kirkburg
REV. R. W. FRASER, Lachlan P. O., Bruce
R. S. DUNLOP, Mandanville P. O., Leith
JOHN CURRAN, Monrovia P. O., Victoria
DANIEL HIGGINS, Morpeth P. O., Kent
JOHN COOK, Dep. Registrar, Newmarket
JAMES NEALAND, Normanton, Co. Hants
J. B. KERRIE, Chatham
J. H. HODGSON, Oprelge P. O., Tp. of Erin
EDWARD VINCENT, Gwyn P. O.
WILLIAM WADSWORTH, Raglan P. O., Township of Whitby
K. B. JACOBSON, Malvern P. O., Scarborough
T. G. FORTER, Smithville P. O.
MAY. T. WILKINSON, London P. O.
T. P. THOMPSON, St. Catharines
REV. J. H. O'NEILL, Stratford and Artonton
MRS. T. H. NEFF, Seibin, P. O., Co. Halldonand
MISS MARTHA BRADY, St. Thomas
M. B. W. AYER, Trenton and Waterloo
JOHN P. DAVIES, Ithaca
JAMES HIGGINS, France P. O., Darlington
M. H. FIDLER, Warkworth, P. O.
REV. MR. SAVAGE, B.O.G.T., B.O.G.T., Watertown
REV. JAS. MOYSE, B.O.G.T., Watertown P. O.
J. M. MILLER, Wooler and Frankford, Northumberland and
JOHN DUNCAN, York Mills
HENR. HEWSON, News Agent, Yorkville

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF CANADA
REV. DAVID CANTON, Peterboro'
Mrs. S. O. Robertson
Rev. William Savage
Miss C. A. Lecch
James Welsh, Esq.
Jas. ROBERTSON, Esq., Newmarket
J. J. Williams, Esq.
A. M. Phillips, Esq.
P. H. Stewart, Esq.
M. H. Fieldhouse, Esq.
Miss S. E. Stewart
Miss E. J. Williams
J. A. McColl, Esq.
Wallace Millichamp, Esq.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

W. P. FLEWELLING, Esq., Clifton
G. H. WALLACE Esq., J. P., Sussex
F. Norton, Esq., Barrister at Law, Sussex
Rev. Wm Downey, Sussex
C. T. Curtis, Esq., Shediac
E. N. SHARP, Esq., A. B., Apohaqui
J. S. Wetmore, Esq., J. P., Clifton
T. Scott Esq., M. D., Kingston
A. Manger, Esq., Kingston
G. Allan, Esq., St. John
Miss C. A. Flewelling, Clifton
N. H. Upham Esq., Upham
D. Johnson Esq., Sussex
J. McNicholl, Esq., St. John

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF ISLAND.

REV. WM RYAN, Pownal
James W. Falconer, Esq.
Angus B. McKenzie, Esq.
Rev. Alex McLean, A. M.
Geo. P. Tanton, Esq.
FERDINICK STRONG, Esq., Cornwall
T. B. Hall, Esq.
C. S. Lane, Esq.
J. C. Gidley, Esq.
Miss Martha Gay
Joseph Wise, Esq.
Alexander Campbell, Esq.
J. W. Coles, Esq.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NOVA SCOTIA

J. N. FREEMAN, Esq., High Sheriff for the County
Queen's, Liverpool P. O.
Rev. Joshua Jordan, Truro
Elihu Woodworth, Esq., Lower Horton
Rev. J. G. Angwin, Dartmouth
Mrs Charlotte E Mitchell, Chester
FERDINICK A. LAWRENCE, Esq., Truro
Charles A. Munsters, Esq., J. P., Kentville
John F. Chandler, Esq., Windsor
Stephen Sheffield, Esq., Canning
Nelson Hardenbrock, Esq., Wolfville
Miss Sarah McChener, Canning
Miss Gould, Wolfville
Henry Mitchell, Esq., Kentville
John Murray, Esq., Windsor

The Publisher earnestly requests an immediate settlement by all those subscribers who are owing up to the end of Volume IX, be the amount large or small. We also desire all who receive this paper to remit at once to Box. 500

CANADA EAST

L. C. McKENNETH, Barnston P. O., C. E.
FREDMAN WHITE, Johnsville P. O.
JOHN PHILLIPS, Montrose
I. E. WATT, South Berham P. O.
C. H. BAKER, Stanbridge East P. O.
HUGH ALDER, Stanstead
JAS. CHALMERS, South Granby, Shelburne
W. WIMAN, Waterville P. O.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

G. P. TANTON, Esq., Charlottetown P. O.
JOHN B. SCHURMAN, Esq., North Bedouque P. O.
H. C. CHILNOLM, Esq., Centreville P. O., Bedouque

NEW BRUNSWICK.

JAMES McNichol, Esq., St. John.
CAPT. A. SIMPSON, Shediac.

NOVA SCOTIA

H. B. McChesl Esq., Chester

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS

SUPREME GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

REV. WM SAVAGE, Berlin C. W. Chief
R. McNeill, Esq., Charlottetown, P. E. I. Lecturer
J. Ryan, Esq., Sussex, N. B. Counselor
Rev. S. N. Jackson, Montreal, C. E. Chaplain
Jas McNicholl, Esq., St. John, N. B. Vice
REV. JAMES SCOTT, Watertown, C. W. Secretary
Nack, Esq., N. S. Treasurer
H. B. Mitchell, Esq., Chester, N. S. Financier
J. A. McColl, Esq., Wooler, C. W. Recorder
P. H. Stewart, Esq., Toronto, C. W. Marshal
Mrs G P Tanton, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Dep. Mars
Chandler, Esq., Windsor, N. S. Inner Guard
A. M. Phillips, Esq., Murray, C. W. Outer Guard
Capt. N. Matheson, P. E. I. Past Chief

BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.
J. Robertson, Provincial Deputy.

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

The JEAN KERRICH Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7 o'clock in the Coliseum Hall, Brock Street.
J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The CANADA Lodge meet in the Missionary Church Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m.
P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.