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THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

Bro. J. J. MASON,
Publisher

{ 'The Queen and the Craft.' }

{ \$1.50 Per Annum,
in advance. }

VOL. VI.

HAMILTON, ONT., SEPT., 1872.

No. 12.

THE MISER'S GIFT.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Thousand evil things there are, that hate to look on happiness."

There was a gentle tap at Squire Ringgold's gold's office door.

"Come in," he said, without rising from between the arms of an ancient chair, which he had drawn up before the table, or once raising his eyes from a ponderous law book, whose pages he was carefully searching.

The visitor either did not hear the invitation to enter, or else hesitated about excepting it. It was several minutes before the door opened.

"Come in, I say," cried the Squire, elevating his eyes and voice at the same time.

A slight noise outside the door was heard; a hand was upon the knob, and a girlish form soon afterwards entered. In her hand she carried a sealed letter.

"Ha! Julia, is that you?" said the Squire, with something like wonder in his tones. "Why couldn't you come in without making all that fuss? You kept me wondering for full five minutes who was on the outside."

"I was not quite sure, father, that I should find you alone and unengaged."

"Unengaged, child? When did you ever hear of my being idle? But what do you want? Why do you care whether I am busy or unoccupied? Has your mother sent you after the flower seeds I promised to bring home with me to dinner?"

"No, father," said the girl, and her delicate cheek glowed like the crimson heat of a summer rose, "I came on a very different errand—one which made it imperatively necessary for me to find you alone. I have a letter here, directed to you."

"A letter!" said the old man, with a puzzled look, at the same time taking it from her hand—"a letter! Pray, who is it from, and where did you get it? You are not my clerk."

"I know it," said the girl—"this missive did not come through the post office. It was given me by the writer, who requested me to give it into your hands."

"The writer, Rufus Potter, the young clergyman at Morton," continued the old man, glancing over the signature at the bottom. "Ha! Julia, child, what does this mean? I know of no reason why *he* should have honored me with an epistle. I have never before reckoned him among my correspondents. Sit down here upon my knee, child, as you used to do long ago, until I have found out its contents. Don't blush so, like a half guilty thing. I suspect, from your confusion, that you know what the author wants even before his letter is read."

The girl sank down, as desired, upon her sire's lap. The old man read the letter carefully from top to bottom.

"And so, Julia," he said, as he folded it, "you have a lover—one, too, as poor as a church-mouse. I am sorry young people will set aside common sense and be romantic. But they will. It's natural. When I was a young fellow, like Potter, I fell into the same error—courted a girl for her beauty—afterwards loved her for her merit, and married her because I loved her, and the consequence was, that I have scratched a poor man's head ever since. Had I acted more rationally, I might have been as rich as your uncle Peter is now."

"And perhaps as miserable," added the girl, archly.

"Perhaps as miserable," repeated the old man—"that's a fact, girl. Perhaps as miserable."

"You never regretted, I am sure, sir, marrying my mother. You wept as if your heart were breaking on the day she died."

"True, true," said the old man, while a tear sprang from its cell at the mournful recollection. "She was a good woman, Julie; a better one never trod this sin-cursed earth; but had I been richer, child, I might sometimes have made her happier."

"Would the riches without *her*, have made *you* happier, father?"

"No, child, I would not have cared for riches then."

Or would the riches without *you* have made *her* happier, father?"

"Well, child, I don't believe they would. She was an affectionate being, Julia. She clung to me in the darkest hour, and never murmured, if I could only stay with her. She had a true woman's heart."

"But a kind Providence had so arranged it that you could not possess each other and the riches, too. I can not see how you acted unwisely, father, in taking that which afforded you the greatest happiness."

"You reason like a girl in love, Julie—like a girl in love with a poor man. The world would teach you a different philosophy from that."

"But the philosophy of the world may be false," said the girl, "while mine is correct. It looks to me to be plain common sense reasoning. Why should we take a rock when it is bread we are hungering after? Simply because a bystander says that a *rock* is what we ought to take! I wot not."

"But who is this young fellow—this Rev. Rufus Potter, who comes to me now, begging for my only daughter—my pet lamb—my choicest treasure? Where did he come from? Do you know?"

"I know better where he is going," said the girl, glancing her beautiful hazel eyes upward, "and, father, I should like to go with him."

"Where is he going?" said the old man, not fully comprehending, at first, what she meant. "Has he been called away to a distant field, where there is the offer of a larger salary? Morton has not a very wealthy congregation."

"No, I do not know that he has had the offer of a better living on earth, but he is going to the city of the New Jerusalem soon. Its gates, father, are like pearls, and its foundations are of all manner of precious stones. Its streets are like gold, and there is no night there. Its inhabitants are forever young and beautiful—they are clothed in white, and sighing and sorrow have fled away—there, father, is where the young clergyman at Morton is going; and can I be blamed for wanting to go with him?"

The tear which had sprung to the old man's eye, now rolled slowly down his cheek, but his daughter drew from a pocket in her apron a delicate white handkerchief and wiped it away.

"Those are strange, unworldly thoughts of yours, Julia," he said at last, "but this is a bitter world, child, and its paths, thorny and tear washed, have to be travelled before the new Jerusalem can be gained. The young fellow is well enough, I dare say—he is fine looking—a good orator, and a good Christian. But Jule, he'll let you starve, I'm afraid. I have little or nothing to give you. His salary is not large. You can not live on love alone. Peter might make my only child happy, but he is as stingy as though he was not worth a cent."

The young girl's face grew very sad. She became pale and silent. The old man, too, was thoughtful.

"Julia," he said at last, "I have thought this matter of marriage all over. You are my only child. There is nothing I desire so ardently as I do your happiness. On the one hand you may contract a necessary marriage without love—on the other, you may marry for love alone. I leave you to make your own choice."

"Father, said the girl, "I would do nothing contrary to your wishes, but I love this young clergyman at Morton better than I shall ever love another. I am willing to encounter poverty with him. But uncle Peter is childless and wifeless—he has gold in abundance. He surely will give us something. I feel confident of it."

"Mr. Potter," he said, "is a Free Mason. I remember seeing him once clad in his regalia. I think he holds some high office in that body. You know your uncle's prejudices against the Order. That alone will be sufficient to make him regard, with aversion, the clergyman at Morton. If you marry him, I can not promise you any assistance from my miserly brother Peter. He is rich, and as you remark, ought to aid my only child. But he is niggardly in disposition, and inveterate in his prejudices."

What the old man said about his brother was very true. He had coined his soul into gold. The sweet affections which embellish life and make existence desirable, had been sacrificed by him upon the altar of mammon. No wife had ever smiled upon him; no children had ever elambered upon his knee, and stroked, with their soft, white hands, his rough and sunburnt cheeks, and called him by the endearing name of "father." Gold—gold—gold—was his thought by day—his dream by night. Premature wrinkles were upon his forehead. His head had grown gray before its time. He lived to hoard, and well merited the name of miser.

Julia Linggold was, next to gold, his greatest favorite. But his temper was, by no means, always the same. Sometimes he frowned on those on whom, an hour before, he had lavished smiles. A word, a look, a deed, a trivial and unimportant, was oftentimes sufficient to estrange him for months.

But the hearts of the young are sanguine in their expectations. Hope whispers flattering tales, and Julia Ringgold, in a few months after this interview with her father, gave her hand and heart to the idol of her affections, trustingly and without fear.

Uncle Peter, as he was everywhere called, did not, by any means, smile approval upon this match. But Julia was economical in her habits, and the young clergyman at Morton was a popular and approved minister. They began their married life in the little parsonage. And domestic love, the one bright flower of Eden which survived the universal wreck, "gathered sweetness when shadowed by the Cross."

A truthful writer has said, that "there is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storm can make it tremble—it has an earthly support, the gift of heaven and a heavenly anchor. But the roof beneath which it dwells shelters a sacred spot, where the curious eye must not peer, nor the stranger's foot tread." Such a spot Julia felt her home to be, and as she looked into her husband's smiling eyes, she cared little for Uncle Peter and his gold.

But time is a great destroyer of romance. Children sprang up "like olive plants around their table." The clergyman began to find his salary hardly adequate to supply the wants of his numerous household. But he toiled, and seldom suffered himself to despond. "*Faithful is he that calleth you,*" seemed to ever be ringing in his ears. "He who soweth in tears shall reap in joy."

It was about this time that the yellow fever visited a neighbouring city, spreading devastation and death in its track. Uncle Peter had gone thither for purposes of trade, but as soon as he heard of the appearance of the scourge, he hastened to Morton, hoping to escape infection.

But the fatal fever soon raged in his system. The night air of the metropolis had sowed its poisonous seeds. As soon as the nature of his disease was ascertained, the simple hearted villagers, who knew little of its character, and had taken the idea that, like the small pox, it was contagious, fled from him, affrighted. No nurse could be procured to wait by his bedside. Men, who, in the days of his health, had been obsequious and cringing in his presence, now never entered his meanly furnished chamber. He lay down on his pallet, and prayed to die. He could obtain neither medicine or food. He saw nothing before him but a lingering death—death from starvation, if not disease.

One day a tall manly form entered his apartment. He paused beside the bed, and Uncle Peter recognized at a glance the Pastor at Morton.

"You are ill," he said as he stooped and took the yellow, shriveled hand of the miser in his. "You are ill and suffering for the want of nursing. I have come to take care of you. I have brought with me medicine and food. I hope to see you yet restored to health and happiness."

"You!" said the miser, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses. "Have you come to my aid—you, whose name and character I have so often reviled, and whom I have so thoroughly hated? This is strange! Why do you come to me? I am no Freemason. On the contrary, I have always been an inveterate enemy to the Order. I can not comprehend the motives which have brought you to me."

The clergyman's face assumed almost an angelic expression as he prelied:

"True, you are not a Freemason. True, you are not a Christian. You have in many ways shown yourself to be my enemy. But *I am both a Mason and a Christian*. As such, I am bound by the strongest of bonds, by the most benevolent of motives, by all the commands, and hopes, and promises of Christianity and Masonry, which rests on the broad basis of religion itself, to aid suffering humanity, wherever and wherever I may find it. Never shall it be said of me, an ambassador of Christ, that mine enemy ever hungered, and I gave him no meat—thirsted, and I gave him no drink—was sick or in prison, and I visited him not."

"It is false," said the miser, raising himself up with a degree of strength, the effect of passion and excitement, and resting his sallow, wretched face upon his hand. "It is all as false as the father of lies. Christianity and Masonry teach no such disinterested principles of benevolence. You are influenced by mercenary motives in coming here. You would influence me to give to Julia, your wife, a portion of my estate, but I tell you plainly, that my will is made. I shall leave my possessions to one who has never disgraced herself by marrying a beggar and a Freemason, as she has done."

The clergyman stood meekly until the miser had completely exhausted his physical strength, by the vehemence of his passion, and was compelled, through weakness, to sink down again upon his pillow. "You can will you fortune to the wind, uncle," he said at length, mildly, "if you choose to do so—Julia and I are very happy without any portion of it. I did not come here after your gold—I seek not yours, but you. You are the one I am anxious to save. You misunderstand my motives. You misconstrue the spirit of the doctrine I profess and teach. May the Holy spirit heal you of your infirmities, and enlighten your soul! I shall not suffer myself to be driven from any post of plain and positive duty, by the vituperations and anger of him whom I would aid. So take my medicines and make yourself easy in regard to the motives by which I am actuated in thus seeking you. They are such as my God will approve, and that is enough."

The miser was not only exhausted by the effort he had made, but was awed into silence by the coolness and dignity of the one thus addressing him. He swallowed the medicine soon afterwards administered to him, without uttering a word, and quietly suffered himself to be moved and treated as the clergyman saw proper.

The Mason and Minister did not watch alone. A sweet pale face came at times, and looked with the pitying eye of an angel upon the wretched sufferer. A soft and gentle hand smoothed his pillow. A light footfall could be heard on the taperlit apartment at midnight, stealing around the room. And his chamber put on an appearance of tidiness and comfort, under the ministrations of the clergyman's wife, such as it had never worn before. In his heart of hearts Uncle Peter, at times, blessed her, but he was too ill to manifest any pleasure in her company, any gladness at her presence.

The violence of his disease at length abated. It had yielded to the skillful treatment of his self-constituted nurse and physicians. He was able to get up and go out again into the broad sunshine, and into the haunts of traffic and trade.

To the clergyman and his wife he was civil, and at times almost

affectionate. He came occasionally to the parsonage, and still oftener to Mr. Potter's church. He fondled Julia's children and took them upon his knees, but he never intimated, by word, or deed, or sign even, that he intended to bestow upon his niece any portion of his hoarded gold.

* * * * *

It was a bleak, blustering winter afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Potter had been out all day, on parochial visits. As they stopped in the hall on their return, a large, round box met their eyes. It had evidently been deposited there during their absence. Julia, although her fingers were numbed with the cold, stepped towards it, wondering what kind heart had bestowed upon them thus modestly, its donation.

"Somebody has sent us a cheese, dear," she said, as she stooped and surveyed the dimensions of the box. "I reckon its a cheese! But nere is something penciled upon the lid," and, stooping down, she read, "*A gift from Uncle Peter.*"

"What is that?" said her husband, pausing beside her.

"Uncle Peter has sent us a cheese, as I believe," she continued, glancing archly into her husband's face, and removing, at the same time, the lid. "What is going to happen? Such unheard of liberality is astonishing. Is the world coming to an end, I wonder? See, dear, what a large, golden looking cheese! Who would have thought it?"

The clergyman smiled.

"We must have some of it for supper, to-night, Julia," he said. "I think I shall relish a piece right well."

Julia returned the cover to its place, and passed out to relieve herself of her bonnet and cloak.

When the snowy cloth was spread for tea, she sent the servant girl after the box.

"Bring it into the pantry," she said. "I will cut it myself. I wish Uncle Peter was here to take tea with us."

The girl soon returned.

"Please, ma'am," she said, stopping in the door, "I can't lift that 'ar box. It's as heavy as lead."

"Can't lift it, Susan!" said Julia, "Why I could almost lift it myself, and you are twice as strong as I am. What ails you?"

"Why, ma'am it's the heaviest cheese I ever seed or heard tell on in my life. I really believe it would weigh a thousand pounds. May I ax John to help me?"

"Yes—tell John to bring it," said Julia, carelessly. "I think you both together will muster up strength sufficient to fetch it here."

The box was brought and deposited upon the pantry table, but not without difficulty. The next operation was removing it from the box. This, too, was at length accomplished. Julia took the knife and penetrated the golden rind. But what could the cheese be made of? She could not cut it. The edge of the knife came in contact with something as impenetrable as rock. She drew it out, dulled and blunted.

Her curiosity was excited. She hastily sliced off a piece of the rind. To her surprise some gold coin rolled out and fell at her feet. A few more incisions told the tale, and revealed the mystery. The cheese was nothing but a rind. The inside had been carefully scraped out, and the aperture filled with gold. Uncle Peter's gift was one of no mean value. It was a *golden cheese* indeed. It contained a very handsome fortune.

"Would you have thought it?" said Julia, looking up into her husband's eyes, who had been called in by her loud exclamations of wonder and surprise. "Who would have dreamed of this, dear?" The clergyman smiled. "'The blessing of the Lord,' Julia," he said at length, "'maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.' Those who fearlessly do their duty at all times and under all circumstances, actuated by pure and good motives, have little to fear from poverty and disgrace. As a Mason and a Christian I visited him in sickness, asking and expecting for myself and family only the Mason's and the Christian's reward. But lo! we are made rich by the MISER'S GIFT.—*The Evergreen.*

"FROM LABOR TO REFRESHMENT."

Under the above heading in the August number of the Freemason, R. W. Bro. Gouley of St. Louis discourses pleasantly upon a rapid tour made by him recently through these parts. We regret that the arrangements made by our esteemed confrere would not admit of a stay in this city, especially as we have not yet had the good fortune to "come across" our "true and trusty friend"—the following extracts from his "Notes by the Way" will, we doubt not, prove interesting to our readers.

Not being willing to spend all our limited amount of cash in one town, (Niagara Falls) we left for Toronto, Canada, via Lewiston, where we met the steamer crowded to death with a lot of people trying to celebrate "Dominion Day," (which somewhat corresponds in its festivities to our Fourth of July,) and having at last got aboard under a hot sun, we set sail across Lake Ontario and had a very pleasant trip, enlivened by a speech from "Gen. Gaines," and the discordant notes of a blind fiddler. The breeze on the lake was very cool and refreshing, and the scenery was delightful, as our struggles to see land were only interrupted by the presence of one sloop, two schooners, and a steamer, until we reached Toronto, which city we found lying flat on the shore, behind a long island. According to directions, we sought the Queen's Hotel, an old-fashioned establishment, which they say well represents the English-Canadian character. It was here we began to appreciate the adage "shoemaker's children always go bare-footed," for in this climate of eternal winter we found it more difficult to get a sufficiency of ice than one would experience in New Orleans, where they have to make it by ethereal evaporations. The whole city was shut up on account of "Dominion Day," and with the thermometer at 98° we tried to get an idea of things generally, but found it hot work, and came to the conclusion that Toronto was a slow coach. Armed, however, with a letter from Grand Secretary Bro. T. B. Harris, we called upon Bro. J. Kirkpatrick Kerr, R. W. D. D. G. M., and found him all that he had been represented, viz., an eminent barrister, a well posted mason, and a perfect gentleman. To him, the next day, we were indebted for a general inspection of the city, and especially of the buildings, of which the city may well be proud. The University of Toronto will rank among the first institutions of any country. To Bro. W. H. Fraser, also, and other friends, we are under many obligations for genuine courtesies, which we will revenge some time when we have a chance. The Masonic bodies here, as elsewhere throughout Canada, had "called off" during the summer, and we had no opportunity of seeing the work, but had the pleasure of instructions from well posted brethren. Having "done" Toronto we set sail on a fine steamer for Montreal, and halted at many points of interest on the way, including Port Hope, a flourishing city sixty-five miles below Toronto; Coburg, seven miles further down; Kingston, founded by the French in 1672; Oswego, with a population of 15,000; Sackett's Harbour, forty-five miles from Oswego, founded by a Mr. Sackett's in 1799. Below Kingston we entered among the famous "Thousand Islands," while in fact here are not less than eighteen hundred of these "emerald gems in the ring of the wave." They have furnished in the past, materials for romance and poetry, and are to-day objects of delight and interest. At Prescott we met the Governor General, his wife and suit, who, with an immense amount of baggage, almost took possession of our new boat, (for here we had to change steamers,) and as this was our first experi-

ence in the royalty line, we improved the opportunity to study the question. The Governor General, Lord Dufferin, had just arrived from England, and was on a tour of observation, especially among the militia camps. He was unostentatious, and his good lady bore herself as meekly as circumstances would permit, and from all we could learn, we think they are well calculated to become very popular among our semi-Americanized neighbors. We will venture the assertion that American women and English men can get up more useless baggage than any people in the world, hence we were prepared to find the attendants of his lordship saddled down with about a car load of stuff, in the shape of trunks, hat boxes, umbrellas, blankets, &c. &c., and there were about three times as many people to take care of it as were necessary. It is also useless to inform our American readers who have travelled that the attendants put on five times as many "airs" as the Governor General and his wife. The militia of Canada, like our own, do pretty well on dress parade once a year, but would be a sorry lot to stand the steady march and fatigue of veterans. Of course they were well complimented in general orders, and that will save the country till next July, especially as there is no earthly danger of their being called into service. The people of Canada and the United States we found to be the best of friends, and have no idea of a conflict. God grant that we may never quarrel with such good and hospitable neighbors.

But, returning to our trip, we approach the Galopes and Long Sault Rapids, which together run about twelve miles, and which rush along at about twenty miles per hour. From the *Cuide Book* we extract the following:

"When the vessel enters within their influence the steam is shut off, and she is carried onwards by the force of the stream alone. The surging waters present all the appearance of the ocean in a storm; the noble boat strains and labors, but unlike the ordinary pitching and tossing at sea, this going down hill by water produces a highly novel sensation, and is, in fact, a service of some danger, the imminence of which enhanced to the imagination by the tremendous roar of the headlong boiling current. Great nerve, and force, and precision are here required in piloting, so as to keep the vessel's head straight with the course of the rapids, for if she diverges in the least, presenting her side to the current, or "broached to," as the nautical phrase is, she would be instantly run aground. Hence the necessity of enormous power over her rudder; and for this purpose the mode of steering affords great facility, for the wheel that governs the rudder is placed ahead, and by means of chain and pulley sways it. But in descending the rapids the tiller is placed astern to the rudder itself, so that the tiller can be manned as well as the wheel. Some idea may be entertained of the peril of descending a rapid, when it acquires four men at the wheel and two at the tiller to ensure safe steering. Here is the region of the daring raftsmen, at whose hands are demanded infinite courage and skill; there is, however, but little danger to life, as it frequently happens that a steamer strikes and sinks, but a few minutes puts them safely in shoal water."

Passing Cornwall, St. Regis, through Lake St. Francis, we descend the Coteau du Lac, Coteau Cedar, Split Rock and Cascade Rapids to Lake St. Louis, where the dark waters of the Ottawa river enter. Before reaching Montreal, we passed down the celebrated Lachine Rapids, which are the most dangerous of all, at an unusually late hour in the evening, the captain and pilot consenting to the risk at the request of the Governor's party. The old Indian pilot, Baptiste, now nearly sixty years of age, showed himself to be a perfect master of the trying situation. We had the pleasure of going under the great Victoria bridge, the largest in the world, being two miles in length. We arrived after dark in Montreal, the largest and finest city in Canada, founded in 1642. It has a population of about 130,000. In the morning we called upon Bro. T. White, Jr., formerly publisher of the *Craftsman*, now of the *Gazette*, and afterwards upon Bro. A. A. Stevenson, who, with Bro. Bernard, showed us all the attention possible, and made our sojourn exceedingly pleasant. We visited all the places of interest, especially the Cathedral and Jesuit's Churches, through which we were shown by the polite ushers. The latter church is considered one of the best finished on the Continent. Montreal abounds in fine public edifices, magnificent stores, banks and private residences, and in fact, we think it the best built city of its size in this country.

After having made the acquaintance of a large number of brethren and others, through Bro. Stevenson, we regretted much to leave this hospitable city, but want of time pulled us on to Quebec, one hundred and eighty miles below, on the beautiful St. Lawrence. Arriving in time for the favorite steamer for Saguenay River and "Ha, Ha Bay," we changed boats, and arrived at the latter place the next night. We extract the following description of this remarkable river:

"To the pleasure seeker, or to the man of science, there can be nothing more refreshing and delightful, nothing affording more food for reflection or scientific observation, than a trip to that most wonderful of rivers, the Saguenay.

"On the way thither, the scenery on the lower St. Lawrence is extraordinarily picturesque; a broad expanse of water interspersed with rugged, solitary islets, highly cultivated islands, and island covered with trees to the water's edge, hemmed in by lofty and precipitous mountains on the one side, and by a continuous street of houses, relieved by a beautifully situated villages, the spire of whose tin-covered churches glitter in the sunshine, affords a prospect so enchanting, that were nothing else to be seen, the tourist would be well repaid; but when in addition to all this, the tourist suddenly passes from a landscape unsurpassed for beauty into a region of primitive grandeur, where art has done nothing and nature everything, when at a single bound, civilization is left behind, and nature stares him in the face, in naked majesty; when he sees Alps on Alps arise; when he floats over unfathomable depths, through a mountain gorge, the sublime entirely overwhelms the sense of sight, and fascinates imagination.

"The change produced upon the thinking part of man, in passing from the broad St. Lawrence into the seemingly narrow and awfully deep Saguenay, whose waters lave the sides of the towering mountain, which almost shut out the very of heaven, is such as no pen can paint or tongue describe.

"It is a river one should see if only to know what dreadful aspects nature can assume in her wild moods. Compared to it, the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling; it is wild and grand apparently in spite of itself.

"On either side rise cliffs varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,900 feet, and this is the character of the river Saguenay from its mouth to its source.

"Ha-Ha-Bay, which is sixty miles from its mouth, affords the first landing and anchorage. The name of this Bay is said to arise from the circumstances of early navigators proceeding in sailing vessels up a river of this kind for sixty miles with eternal sameness of feature, stern and high rocks on which they could not land and no bottom for their anchors, at last broke out into laughing Ha-Ha, when they found landing and anchorage.

"This wonderful river seems one high mountain rent asunder, there can be little doubt, at some remote age, by some great convulsion of nature.

"The reader who goes to see it, and all ought to do so who can, for it is one of the great natural wonders of the continent, can add to the poetical filling up of the picture from his own imagination.

"This beautiful trip is easy and facile of accomplishment, as new and magnificent boats, rivaling in luxuriousness with any in our inland waters, run regularly to Ha-Ha Bay, on board of which the pleasure seeker will experience all that comfort and accommodation which is necessary to the full enjoyment of such a trip.

We do not think that any verbal description could do the scenery any justice, and shall not attempt it. Ha-Ha Bay is an old French village, and inhabited by a people who live in the primitive style of two centuries ago. They cannot speak English, and in fact have no education at all beyond what is gathered from the parish priests. As for newspapers, they know nothing of them, and we did not, therefore, call upon any Lodge members at that place. Having returned to Quebec, we stopped at the St. Louis Hotel and found comfortable quarters in this, the only "walled city" of America.

This antique city is worth the visit of the American tourist, for he will here feel that he is among a people a century old in customs generally. Any steps towards improvements in buildings or business in this place would be considered a sacrilegious innovation, and frowned upon accordingly. It was founded in 1608, and contains all the way from 30,000 to 20,000,000 of people, according to the person you ask. Out side of the small mercantile community the inhabitants are made up of peasantry, as innocent of any knowledge of their own city as they are of the world. The streets are narrow, and with but few exceptions, are one continual ascent or descent. The vehicles are necessarily light and the freight trucks would be a curiosity in any other country except the south of France. They consist of a long ladder on two high wheels, drawn by one small horse. When they back up to a curb to unload, the cart and horse reach across the street blocking up the way, and causing a large amount of French swearing among the drivers. The churches are old but well built, and some of them contain fine paintings, although many of them we were unable to appreciate as beauties, except that they were by distinguished masters, and the people said they were fine. As an example, they had a large and costly painting, representing the Virgin Mary, Elizabeth and several angels with wings, busy sewing clothes for the unborn

Christ. On the floor were some little children playing with their dolls, cradles, &c. The execution was good, but the conception of the piece we thought a failure.

We went through the old fortifications, and around on the battle fields with much interest. We found that military men did not consider the forts at all impregnable in the face of modern artillery, being built entirely too much of stone. Seven miles below the city we visited the Falls of Montmorency, which are higher than Niagara, but possess none of the grandeur of scenery, or volume of water. Having got through with Quebec and its surroundings, we turned our faces homeward via the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. Before leaving, however, allow us to say that travel in Canada is much behind us in the way of comfort, on account of the old fogy style of handling baggage. On the boats they do not seem to have ever heard of a trunk check, and each passenger, (through the many changes,) is expected to look after his baggage and decipher the hundred and one chalk marks of the baggage master, both at night and day time. The clerks are very slow and take as long to give fifteen people their rooms as would be consumed by one of our river clerks to settle a whole steamer load. Their intentions all seem good, and they try to help one along, but for want of competition, or education or something else, they seem to do everything backwards. Having got our tickets in Quebec for White Mountains, with the assurance that we would go through without change, our feelings can be imagined when we say that we had to change four times in seventy-six miles, and two of them in the night time. We had the satisfaction, however, of telling the parties concerned what we thought of such a miserable way of doing business. On the Eastern roads they think they have travelled over the earth if they happen to carry you thirty miles without changing cars and laying over at some small village. They have no more idea of our long Western roads and superb railroad connections than "Spotted Tail" has of the planetary system."

ATHEISM AS A DISQUALIFICATION.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY.

No atheist can be made a Mason. This is an ancient and undisputed landmark of our Order. The stereotyped explanation for this exclusion is, that one who disbelieves in the existence of a superintending Providence can be bound by no obligation of fidelity. In a legal and practical sense this explanation may do very well; but as Speculative Masonry is eminently a symbolical institution, we should always look to its symbolism for the true interpretation of its ritual, let as by this peculiar system of interpretation seek to discover the true signification and origin of excluding atheists from initiation.

The trestle-board, or tracing-board, of the Master Workman is one of the elementary symbols of the Order. Its monitorial explanation, derived from the operative art, is that, as the operative workman erects his temporal building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the Master on his trestle-board, so should we, both operative and speculative, endeavor to erect our spiritual building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the Supreme Architect of the Universe in His Book of Life; or, as Cross expresses it, "in the great books of nature and revelation, which are our spiritual, moral and Masonic trestle-board."

The trestle-board is, then, in Masonry, the symbol of the revelation of God's will to man. But Masonry is ever tolerant, and recognizes no sectarian principle; but concentrates around its altar, without distinctive preference, the worthy professors of every genuine religion. Its symbols, to be universal, must necessarily be equally tolerant. Therefore, while the Christian Mason gratefully and confidentially receives the revelations of both dispensations as the interpretation of the symbolic trestle-board, the Jew may be permitted to seek the same symbol in the Old Testament alone, and the Mohammedan brother in

the Koran. But here this tolerance ceases. We dare not, indeed, prescribe to each brother what shall be his trestle-board, but a trestle-board he must have. The symbol may be interpreted as he will, but the symbol must be there. The Speculative Mason is engaged in the construction of a spiritual temple in his heart, pure and undefiled, fit for the reception of God, who is there, forever to be present, as He was by the Shekinah in the material temple at Jerusalem—a spiritual temple, in which, instead of stones from the quarries, and timbers from Lebanon, pure thoughts and holy aspirations are to be brought together, till an edifice shall be erected in our hearts worthy to be the dwelling place of Him who is all purity and holiness, so that thus the symbolism of St. Paul may be developed in Masonry: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelled in you?"

But as the antitype, the material temple as Jerusalem, was built after a plan, the details of which, we are told, were revealed to David, who says, "The Lord made me understand in writing, by his hand upon me, even all the work of this pattern." So also must the Divine will furnish the necessary instructions for the erection of that other and far nobler spiritual temple in our hearts. Not after human devices, or by the commandments of man, is this spiritual temple to be built. The Mason engaged in this essential work of salvation must have a divine trestle-board, no matter how or where he gets it. To the Jew the trestle-board may be the law and the prophets; to the Christian a newer commandment; to the Moslem the teachings of the Koran. Of the fitness of the trestle-board, God, not man, must judge; but after the designs laid down on that trestle-board must all the work be done, with a conscientious belief that it is of Divine authority.

And now, with this symbolic view of a spiritual temple and a spiritual trestle-board, we may readily see how it is that an atheist cannot be a Mason. It is not simply because his religious belief furnishes no security for the faithful performance of an obligation. Even in so deluded a man it is possible that a sense of what is called worldly honor might, even without a Divine sanction, afford sufficient motive for the fulfilment of a promise. But it is for a better reason, because, being without a Divine Architect to devise his plans—without an Abigail, as the Cabbalists say, a Master Builder to supply him with a trestle-board—he cannot assist in the construction of our spiritual temple. This is a Mason's labor, and the trestle-board is the guide. He who has no such guide can unite in no such labor. And hence the atheist, without Master or trestle-board, is justly excluded from our companionship.

THE WITNESS OF THE BIBLE.

In the word of God we have what we need. Ten thousand times ten thousand trusting souls have followed its directions, and found them to be true, and rejoiced in them. The drunkard has been led to give up his cup by the influence which has been brought to bear upon him through the Bible. The Bible has been instrumental in re-claiming the thief. Lusts have been cured by it. Strong worldly ambitions have been overcome by it. It has clothed the hard and rugged sides of life with blossoming vines of beauty. And the world to-day is a witness of the power of the Word of God. We see on every hand evidence of its ability to comfort, and console and bless. Oh, how many are dying and have died in the faith of the Word of God.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

GRAND COUNCIL R. & S. M.

The Annual Assembly of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters and Appendant Orders for the Province of New Brunswick was held in the Masonic Hall, St. John, on the 30th ult. After the Grand Master had delivered his address, and other business had been transacted, the following Companions were elected and installed officers for the ensuing year:

Comps. D. R. Munro, M. P., Grand Master; J. D. Short, D. P. Grand Master; James G. Forbes, R. P. Grand Master; C. D. Hanford, P. Grand Master; T. D. Harington, R. P. I. G. for Quebec; J. L. Harris, R. P. I. G. for Westmorland; S. R. Sireom, R. P. I. G. for Nova Scotia; Robt. Young, R. P. I. G. for P. E. Island; Rev. Francis Partridge and Rev. Geo. J. Caie, Grand Chaplains; Robt. Shives, Grand Treasurer; Alfred D. Goodwin, Grand Recorder; Henry Duffell, Grand Master of Ceremonies; Alexander Christie, Grand Conductor; Henry Leonard, Grand Captain of Guards; Levi H. Young, Grand Steward; Henry Card, Grand Organist; Dingee Scribner, Grand Sentinel; Finance Committee, E. Willis, Dr. J. C. Hatheway and E. E. Kennay; Hall Committee, Robert Marshall; Committee on Foreign Correspondence, David R. Munroe.

WHERE WERE YOU FIRST PREPARED TO BE A MASON?

I am not an old Mason; and the exalted opinion I had of the principles and members of the Masonic Fraternity, is still unabated. I purpose however, to tell my readers, that I am dissatisfied with a certain type of Masons, whom it has been my fortune to have met. I can judge other members only by the feelings which prompted myself to petition to a Lodge for initiation. I confess I had an indistinct expectation to profit by the association. I little dreamed that it was to increase my round of duties and obligations. It was not with the motive of being more just or generous, that I desired to become a Mason. I thought I was good enough, fair enough, and charitable enough; but I did not think I had trustworthy friends enough; I was on the Pacific Coast without a friend on whom I could call, under all manner of difficulties. I knew that as long as I had two-hits, I could buy a certain amount of sympathy; but purchased friendship I never valued much. In this frame of mind, I determined to explore the Masonic circle, for the precious article of true and disinterested friendship. I admit that I was satisfied with what I found, in the Lodge that mothered me. I have travelled further and learned more of individual members, and I am not pleased with some of the specimens I have met. Of course I know this is human nature; but I am resolved to ventilate my ideas about the matter, however unflattering it may be to some of our members.

To be honest about it, I have met Masons of whom I was deeply ashamed; some are mercenary, some are shiftless, some are lazy, some are intemperate, in fact nuisances.—If they were not Masons, I would not have so much interest in them. I do dislike to hear non-Masons describe a man in all the failings and vices incident to humanity, and then finish by saying, "he is a Mason." The Masonic Fraternity

is not responsible for the acts of its members, more than any other human organization; yet it is painful to know that we have so many cheap members. The fact is, admittance is too freely given to applicants; the black-ball is not used vigorously enough; Freemasons ought to feel satisfied, that the heart of the applicant beats in sympathy with the needy and destitute; that it is not vanity, nor the desire of gain that prompts him. The door ought to be closed on the immoral, the obscene, and the intemperate. I once heard a Mason say, when invited to take a cigar, I "neither drind, smoke, chew nor swear." I cannot make that declaration myself, but I must say I have often thought of the progress that man had made. Of course, he may have had other vices and habits that were much worse than smoking; but he who is faithful over a few things, is likely to be faithful over many. I am conscious that Masons are more particular than some other societies I know of in admitting candidates; and that is the reason why we have so many cheap members.

What I complain of is, that we admit men who are not first prepared to be made Masons in their own hearts. Good men are Masons before their initiation, in a certain sense. The good man endeavors to subdue his passions just as preservingly as the Mason. Perhaps some Mason may read this contribution of Masonic journalism, and then toss the paper aside, with the scornful imputation, that there is nothing new in it. If such there be, I would venture the truth of the assertion, that he is seldom found alongside a sick brother's couch, but very often at the card-table or saloon bar. Masonry and Masonic literature are calculated to elevate us morally and help us corporally; but one of the greatest duties to be performed at present, is to reform the degenerate and take precautions that we get no more of them. BLACK-BALL.

THE POLICE STOP A MASONIC FUNERAL.

We take the following singular account of the interference of the New York city municipal authorities with a masonic funeral from the *N. Y. Courier* :—

The funeral of Sir Wm. Dixon, of Morton Commandery, No. 4 K. T., Past Master of Park Lodge, No. 516, and Past High Priest of Zetland Chapter, No. 141, all of this city, was marked on Wednesday last by an event that has not taken place for some time, at least in the annals of Masonry. The three above-mentioned bodies assembled, as is the usual custom, to perform the last honors and offices for the masonic dead. The Craft assembled in their regalia, and the Knights in full uniform, at the late residence of the deceased on Eighth Avenue, within the precinct of the notorious Capt. Killalea, of Elm Park riot fame. The funeral had been advertised from the beginning of the week, and it was therefore well known that the usual escort of the masonic fraternity, from the house to the grave, would be furnished by Lodge, Chapter and Commandery. Masonic funeral processions have never before been interfered with; but here was an opportunity for Capt. Killalea and the officers under his command to show their antipathy to the masonic institution. As the masonic fraternity is always peaceable and temperate, it was not deemed necessary to do more than notify to the sergeant in command at the 47th street police station the intention to bury their dead—it being considered entirely unnecessary on so solemn

an occasion to ask or even desire a police escort. But when the Eminent Commander of the Knights Templar sent to the police station, his application was treated with positive rudeness, and no information given. Pursuing, therefore, the usual course, Sir George Smith, acting as Eminent Commander, formed the Knights about the hearse, and the funeral procession began to move from 45th street up town. When near 48th or 49th street, an officer, No. 938, stepped to the head of the funeral cortege and demanded who had charge. Sir George Smith said he had command of the Knights, and the officer placing his hand upon the commander's shoulder, told him he was "under arrest." Sir George Smith then turned his command over to Sir Knight Edwards, but the officer said "the procession could not march." Being law-abiding citizens, the order was given to "break ranks," and the Knights proceeded to the grave without defined order.

On arriving at Trinity Cemetery, however, when within the sacred precincts, the Knights again formed in the order prescribed by the ritual, and the beautiful Templar service was carried out—Emit. Sir George Walgrove, commander of Constantine Commandery, presiding. It being nearly sunset, the service was very impressive, as the body was deposited in the grave at twilight. The craft then again broke ranks, and returned to their homes as simple citizens.

The act of stopping a peaceful funeral procession, is one that interests every citizen. The police pretend to act under a section of the laws of the State, chapter 590; but although they followed the letter thereof, the spirit was not acted upon. If the letter is right, a body of even less than a dozen persons could not follow a coffin from a house to a neighboring church without being liable to police interruption, and the sooner this question is settled the better.

BE A GENTLEMAN.

It is as easy to be a gentleman as it is to be a boor. At least our experience has taught us that years ago. A kind word often turneth away wrath, is an ancient adage, and we have often thought that if this principle was more frequently acted upon how much ill feeling would be averted, and how many a kind and generous heart would be saved from some unkind and cutting rebuke. It seems to be a natural disposition on the part of some, to wound the feelings of others, perhaps thoughtlessly, yet, not less felt.

Our attention was drawn more forcibly to this fact recently, at the examination of a visiting brother, to one of our many Lodges. The brother to whom was assigned the examination of the visitor was gentlemanly in every respect, putting his questions in that peculiar manner which win confidence of those with whom he is speaking. It so happened that the brother that was being examined was a young Mason, and rather rusty. We call him a Mason, although he was not admitted to the Lodge from the fact that the examining brother was apparently satisfied that he was no impostor, but was deficient in instruction. One of the witnessing brothers exhibited his boorishness by occasionally throwing in a side question which very evidently deeply wounded the feelings of the applicant. The brother examining would scarcely get the ruffled surface smooth before he would be interrupted by such questions as, "Where did you get that?" "How long have you been a Mason," and "couldn't you learn more in that time?" until the

brother being examined could apparently stand it no longer, rose and said that he thought he could not pass. As he left he extended his hand to the brother who had examined him, and said :

"I thank you as one gentleman would thank another, and I wish I could extend the same to all.

There are some brethren who seem to forget the gentleman on occasions like this, and visiting brethren are often received in such a manner by the overbearing fancied superiority of examining committees, that they are disgusted and intentionally leave. This is all wrong. It is unmasonic.

Brother, be a gentleman, it is just as easy.—*Landmark.*

HE NEARLY HAD HIM.

The value of confession and its concomitant priestly interrogation is a very vexed question, but there can be no doubt that to be of any moral utility the confession must be complete or the examination searching.—Novices in the art should take warning by the following story ; During a class meeting held by the Methodist brethren of Southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there an old man notorious for his endeavor to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said, "Well Brother Dick," I'm glad to see you here.—Have n't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Bruder Jones, no turkeys." "Nor any chickens, Drother Dick?" "No, no, Bruder Jones, no chickens." Thank the Lord, Brother Dick ; that's doing well, my brother," said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his overburdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief, "of he'd said ducks, he'd had me!" It is sad reflection that the pleasure we derive from a good sermon often arises from the fact that the preacher has omitted to mention the particular kind of fowl that sits heavy on our conscience.

From the "Corner Stone."

PRO. CORNER STONE,—I have just seen a communication from an Imperial Prince of Persia, Demetrius Rhodocankis, who claims to have authority from the Supreme Council of Inspectors General, 33rd degree, A. A. Rite for Scotland to establish that Rite in Greece, and upon which he has acted.

On the 24th of July last, he, with three others, held a meeting and organized a Supreme Council styled the Supreme Council Hellenique for Greece. We have learned from a reliable source that the Brethren of the A. A. Rite in England where the above named Prince has been residing for several years past, do not recognize him as legally in possession of the proper authority to establish an S. C. or any other branch of the A. A. Rite in Greece or elsewhere, and we would fraternally caution the fraternity against a recognition of his work until those nearer his field of operation, and having the facts in their possession, shall decide as to its merits.

Should certificates be presented by parties upon the newly organized S. C., they will probably be signed by

Prince Demetrius Rhodocankis, 33 Gr Com ; Fr. Nicholas Damashi-

nos, Gr. Licut. Com: Fr Demetrius Et Naviokridulus 33 Gr Treas; Fr Joan G. Papadakis 33 Gr Sec.

So far as could be learned from the communication, the above named individuals constitute the S. C., as now formed.

OBSERVER.

UNDER THE TONGUE OF GOOD REPORT.

That a man should be well spoken of, is one of the prerequisites for admission to Masonry. It is not required that *everybody* should speak well of the applicant for membership. This would imply negation of character. He who has positive opinions and inflexible principles is bound to have enemies. He who has none is a man who subordinates thought and feeling to the whimsical tyrannies of other men. It may be considered a thing to be coveted to be denominated "A good fellow who hasn't an enemy in the world," but to our mind it indicates a weakness of character that has degenerated into either the meanest cowardice, or the most abject passivism. A fellow who has a smile for vice as well as for virtue, a flexible intellect that can accommodate itself to a score of diverse opinions in a single day, who is willing to be elbowed off the side-walks by self-assumption, out on a promenade, who apologizes to every one who considers him in his way, for being in the world, is likely to have no foes. Our Saviour had enemies who called him names and defamed his character. The best of his followers have been dubbed with opprobrious epithets, and been subjected to the vilest slanders. No positive man can hope to escape a similar lot. The curses of the vicious are as much to be prized as the praises of the good. They are alike compliments to dignity and to virtue.

In estimating whether a man is "under the tongue of good report," it is essential that it be considered who it is that speaks well of a man. If the bad are loud in their praises and the good are silent, it may be taken for granted that there is "something rotten in Denmark." We believe it was Carlyle who said, that next to being loved, he coveted being hated. The loud mouthed fool will gain not only a reputation for folly, but for wickedness also; as the stream will be like the fountain, he, so long as he carries in his breast a heart deceitful and desperately wicked, will fill his mouth with language of like character.

Silence is the great helper to success; it is said that geese can cross mountains if they carry stones in their mouths, and if one would safely ascend the loftiest peak of fame, he must not cackle as he goes by the eyries of her eagles. The good man will leave blasphemy and slander to the lashes of the sheriff and the devil. He will never squat like a frog in the centre of the noisy pool and become himself a croaker.

If a man, therefore, knock at our tyled doors, though the wicked curse him, let him come in. He is under the tongue of good report so long as he incurs only the imprecations of the wicked in heart, the vile in practice, and the foul-mouthed in speech. — *Ken. Freemason.*

TRIANGULAR CHAIN.—One of the legends of Freemasonry tells us that when the Jewish Masons were carried as captives from Jerusalem to Babylon by Nebuchednezzar, they were bound by triangular chains, which was intended as an additional insult, because to them the triangle or delta was a symbol of the Deity, to be used only on sacred occasions.

DR. MORRIS ON FREEMASONRY IN HOLY LAND.

We anticipate the pleasure of our readers at the intelligence that brother "Rob Morris, of Kentucky," so well known since 1834 to the Canadian Craft, has visited the offices of our Grand Master and Grand Secretary, and under their judicious counsel arranged a lecturing tour of Canadian Lodges to the number of forty. Early announcements will be sent the Lodges designated, also the lodges contiguous.

His lecture is entitled "Freemasonry in the Holy Land." It is arranged to be delivered in lodge rooms and to Master Masons only. The following programme gives an idea of its novelty and richness of Oriental detail.

PROGRAMME OF DR. MORRIS' LECTURE, FREEMASONRY IN THE HOLY LAND.

To make this subject eminently practical, avoiding the tediousness usually associated with Lectures, yet making the time profitable to the hearer, Brother Morris adopts the theory of

CONDUCTING HIS AUDIENCE TO THE HOLY LAND!

As he is to conduct a Masonic party there next year, and some of his present hearers may wish to be associated with the movement, this plan of Lecturing affords a most gratifying standpoint of instruction, and has received universal approbation. The following order is observed in the arrangement of the topics :

1st. VISITS TO MASONIC LODGES IN EUROPE.

The acquaintance of kings, princes, and potentates ; unfortunate condition of Masonry in Hamburg and France ; the Prince of Wales ; Duke of Edinburgh ; the Kings of Sweden and Italy ; the Emperor of Germany ; General Garibaldi.

2nd. MASONIC EXPERIENCES IN CONSTANTINOPLE, SMYRNA, AND EPHESUS.

The Sultan of Turkey ; John P. Brown ; Samos ; Patmos ; Rhodes.

3rd. MASONIC GLIDE THROUGH EGYPT.

The Pyramid of Cheops and Masonic theory of its construction ; the Lodges at Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, and Pt. Said ; the Suez Canal ; crossing of the Israelites ; M. T. Rogers.

4th. SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The order of its construction ; embracing visits to Tyre, Gebal, Mt. Lebanon, Masonic Bay, Joppa, Zarthan, and Jerusalem.

5th. MODERN ORDERS.

The legends of the Mark Master, Royal Arch, Select Master, and the Itinerary of Jesus, the latter illustrating the Order of Knights Templar.

6th. A SABBATH LODGE ON MOUNT HERMON.

The comparison and identification of Oriental customs, emblems, and a general view of Freemasonry in the Land of its Birth, Youth, and Dissemination.

In these six divisions are comprised all those particular points of information which a Freemason asks for, enlivened by original verses and anecdotes, and the exhibition of a cabinet of ancient coins dug up in Sacred Soil. The Society, of which so much has been said in public prints, entitled THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION, will be strongly advocated in this Lecture, and every Brother invited to become a member and fellow-laborer in its operations.

The letter of Grand Master Wilson which follows, proves alike his pleasure at hearing this lecture in the Simcoe and Brantford Lodges, and his desire that the fraternity generally under his jurisdiction should enjoy the same opportunity.

To the M. W. B. J. Rob Morris, Esq., L. L. D., P. G. M. of Kentucky, and Past Deputy Grand Master of Canada, &c.

M. W. SIR AND DEAR BROTHER,—Having had the pleasure of listening to your Lecture on the Holy Land, on two several occasions lately, when large numbers of Masons were present, I am delighted to hear that you propose visiting several of the leading points in the Dominion during the present month, and repeating your lecture. I am most anxious that the Master Masons of Canada may participate in the pleasure I have experienced, and benefit by the information obtained by you in your recent visit to Mount Moriah, and so eloquently described in your lecture.

If you will call upon our excellent brother Grand Secretary Harris, at Hamilton, I am sure that he will be most happy to supply you with all necessary information regarding routes, and in forwarding notices to the brethren of your intended visit.

Your celebrity as a masonic writer and lecturer is well known throughout this jurisdiction; and the valuable services rendered by you during the early history of our Grand Lodge, will not soon be forgotten by Canadian Masons.

Wishing you a pleasant journey, and cordially recommending you to the good offices of my brethren,

I continue, M. W. Sir and Dear Brother,

Yours truly and fraternally,

WM. M. WILSON,

GRAND MASTER.

P. S.—I hope that you will afford every facility to the fraternity to provide themselves with your last and greatest work, "Freemasonry in the Holy Land, or Handmarks of Hiram's Builders," as I consider it as not only the most exhaustive, but as the most interesting and instructive volume ever written upon the subject of which it treats.

Dr. MORRIS gives his Lecture in this City, on Tuesday, Oct. 8th.

It affords us much gratification in giving publication to the following correspondence, having reference to the distribution of the surplus funds in the hands of the Chicago Board of Relief.

To the Grand Lodge of Canada A. F. & A. Masons, Wm. M. Wilson Esq. Grand Master, Simcoe Canada.

M. W. SIR AND DEAR BROTHER:—

The Board of Relief organized for the purpose of distributing funds, etc., donated by the Brethren throughout the Country for Masons rendered needy by the great Conflagration of October 8th and 9th last, having transferred the duty of relieving those in distress to the several city Lodges, adjourned *sine die* on the 24th day of June 1872.

In addition to the disbursements by the Board, the several city Lodges were apportioned an amount of the surplus funds, in order to meet the demands referred to.

This arrangement left a considerable amount of funds, unexpended, believing that we have carried out the instructions of the generous donors, it has been deemed proper to return *pro-rata* the surplus funds. It would be impracticable to make this return to each Lodge; indeed, such an amount would be quite insignificant. Hence, the amount due to each State has been aggregated for the benefit of the "Charity fund," of the Grand Lodge, or to such other use as the Grand Lodge may apply it. We are persuaded that the several Lodges and Brethren will heartily endorse this disposition of the surplus.

I therefore, in behalf of the contributing Lodges in your jurisdiction, take great pleasure in enclosing a draft on New York for nine hundred and ninety four dollars (\$994).

It is not deemed necessary at this time to give a detailed explanation of the basis, of our action in this matter. The forthcoming printed report, which will be sent you in due time, and in which will be found a list of the Lodges in your jurisdiction, contributors to the fund, showing everything in connection with the proceedings of the late Board of Masonic Relief in detail.

Sincerely hoping that our intentions and acts may meet the approval of you and your Grand Lodge, I have the honor to be,

Truly and fraternally yours,

DEWITT C. CREGIER,

Grand Master of Masons Ills.

late President of the Masonic Board of Relief, D.

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER, SIMCOE ONT., 16TH SEPT. 1872.

MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR AND DEAR BROTHER:—

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated 24th August, (but post marked Chicago 13th Sept.) covering a draft on New York for \$994, being the share *pro-rata* of unexpended funds, contributed by the Masons of Canada, in aid of the fund raised for the relief of those Masons who suffered from the great fire at Chicago in October last, and I now enclose you the receipts of our Grand Treasurer for that amount.

I most heartily approve of the decision of your Committee, in returning funds not required for the purposes for which they were contributed, and their act in this matter will hereafter be cited as a noble precedent for our guidance in all time to come.

This money is now placed to the credit of our Grand Lodge, and that amount, and every dollar in our treasury, is at all times available in response to the call of suffering humanity; and as a practical exemplification of our appreciation of the great cardinal virtues of Brotherly-love, Relief and Truth.

I continue Most W. Sir and dear brother
Yours truly and fraternally,

WILLIAM M. WILSON,

Grand Master, G. L. C.

To the M. W. Bro.

DEWITT C. CREGIER Esq.,

Grand Master Mason of Ills.

and late President of the Masonic Board of Relief, Chicago, Illinois.

We learn that at a recent meeting of the Grand Council 33° for England and Wales, &c., three of the Charter members of the recently formed consistory at St. John, namely, Ill. Bros. D. R. Munro, H. W. Chisholm, and James Domville, were elected to the rank of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General, and that at the same meeting Ill. Bro. Robt. Marshall was appointed representative of the Supreme Council for the Maritime Provinces. We congratulate Bro. Marshall upon his appointment, and feel confident that he will worthily discharge the duties devolving upon him.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, LONDON, ONTARIO.

FORMERLY 209. I. R. NOW 209. A. G. R.

A meeting of the above Lodge was held recently for the installation of officers under the warrant taken out from the Grand Lodge of Canada. A number of brethren were present belonging to the lodge, besides many visiting brethren from the sister lodges of the city. The old warrant from the Grand Lodge of Ireland being given up, and allegiance unanimously given to the grand Lodge of Canada, has healed all past differences among the brotherhood of the city, and many sat together last night who previously kept aloof, and the feeling which had hitherto existed among the brethren for many years was, with common consent buried. The following brethren were duly installed by D. D. G. M. Bro. F. Westlake, assisted by Rt. Wor. Bro. Moffat, and others :

W. Bro. John Shapland, W. M.; Rros. John Gray, S. W.; Duncan McPhail, J. W.; Edward Teeple, S. D.; John D. Hull, J. D; Wm. Smith, I. G.; A. S. Abbott, Sec.; John Scandrett, Treas.; G. Taylor, Chaplain.; Jacob Leclare, Tyler.;

At the conclusion of the business of the meeting, the secretary having retired by request, a magnificent tea service of plate, valued at \$200, was brought out and arranged for presentation to P. M. Bro. A. S. Abbott. It was purchased from H. S. Murray by the lodge, and consisted of ten pieces of a most chaste pattern, and beautifully engraved. On the centre of the large salver the following inscription was neatly inscribed:—"Presented by St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M, No. 209, I. R., to Past Master Brother Alexander S. Abbott, as a token of fraternal regard, and an acknowledgment of his zeal and efficiency in the discharge of his duties as secretary for over twenty-five years. London, Ontario, July 17th, 1872."

When all was in readiness the venerable secretary was introduced by the deacons, and the presentation made by P. M. Bro. Thos. Peel, the chairman of the committee, in a few timely and well-worded remarks, and the following address read,

St. John's Lodge Room, }
17th July, 1872. }

To W. Bro. P. M., A. S. Abbott.

On behalf of the officers and members of the Ancient Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, we avail ourselves of the present occasion of expressing to you our sincere feelings of attachment and regard, and having full confidence in your sincerity and adherence to the principles of our revered order, which we trust will continue to guide you in the future as in the past, and being desirous of conveying to you some tangible expression of the motives which actuate us as brethren, we humbly beg your acceptance of the accompanying service of plate, with the prayer that the blessing of the Supreme Architect of the universe may attend you and your family all your days.

Bro. Abbott was considerably moved by the hearty expression of feeling that pervaded the meeting, and it was some little time before he could reply. It was impromptu and was well received :

W. Sir and Brethren of old 209.

It is with the greatest difficulty that I can frame words to thank you for this most considerate expression of your brotherly regard for myself. The friendly sentiments contained in the address are indeed ample compensation for the labors of the past, with a knowledge that my services have received the approbation of my brethren; but the magnificence of this present is more than any Mason could expect for doing what was his duty. The Grand Lodge of Ireland or the Grand Lodge of Canada could not have done more to their most faithful servant than the

members of 209 have done for me. The intrinsic value of that plate was a great deal more than my very humble services ever did merit, and I will highly treasure it while I live, and hand it down as an heirloom to my family in remembrance of my connection with old 209, I. R. It was now extinct, but the brethren have given me the credit of being one of its oldest and most faithful servants. I certainly fought its battle with all my might; and many differences had arisen, but brethren agreed to differ and now that the past difficulties and past troubles had come to a happy termination, and we are all embarked in the same ship. I, for my part, earnestly desire to bury the hatchet, and hold out my hand to every Mason in London. Those that differed with me were just as well entitled to their opinions as I was, and I am willing to accord them credit for the earnestness with which they advocated their own particular views. I possess no feelings towards a single brother Mason in London other than that of brotherly love and affection, and I sincerely hope that the same feeling will continue to animate the breast of every Mason in the city. In conclusion, I again thank you, worshipful sir and brethren of my old lodge, for this very beautiful testimonial, and I assure you that while the Grand Architect of the Universe spares my life, I shall not forget the givers and the kind spirit which has prompted them in this presentation.

At the close of the session of the lodge, the members adjourned to Strong's Hotel for an oyster supper, and the visiting brethren present were all cordially invited. The repast was served in good style, and about fifty brethren sat down, the great bulk of whom were guests. The W. M., Bro. Shapland, occupied the chair, the guest of the evening, W. Bro. Abbott, on the right, and D. D. G. M. Bro. Westlake, on the left. The usual loyal toasts were drunk and responded to in song, by Bros. Dr. Sippi, J. Marshall and G. Sippi, Jr., also M. Bingham, in a most effective style. "The Grand Master and Grand Lodge of Canada," by Bro. Westlake, and the "Duke of Leinster, Grand Master of Ireland, and old Lodge 209," in an Irish song by Bro. G. Sippi, jr., was received with unbounded applause. The different lodges of the city were also toasted, and responded to by the different representatives, and the social gathering broke up at an early hour, after enjoying a most agreeable and long-to-be-remembered time together. *Herald.*

GRAND CHAPTER OF CANADA.

Referring to our Report of the Annual Convocation of Grand Chapter given in our last number, and the list of Grand Officers elected for 1872-73. (see page 337,) We now add the list of appointed officers as follows.

V. E. Comp.	D. Denoon, Picton,	Grand 1st Asst. Soj'r.
" "	H. G. Taylor, Port Hope,	" 2nd " "
" "	E. A. H. Fauquier, Woodstock	" Sword Bearer.
" "	Jas. Stephenson, Prescott,	" Standard Bearer.
" "	W. H. Weller, Cobourg,	" Dir. of Cer.
" "	F. Mudge, Guelph,	" Organist.
" "	W. H. Porter, Bradford,	" Pursuivant.
" "	David Wright, Montreal,	" Steward.
" "	W. Braund, Dunnville,	" "
" "	J. E. Harding, St. Mary's,	" "
" "	T. C. Macnabb, Chatham,	" "

Shortly, we hope to give a portrait and memoir of M. E. Companion Samuel B. Harman, the newly elected Grand Z.

GUELPH CHAPTER No. 40. R. A. M.

The officers of this newly warranted Chapter were recently installed by R. E. Comp. T. B. Harris, G. S. E. assisted by R. E. Comp. D.

McLellan, and V. E. Comp. A. B. Petrie. The list of officers is as follows:—

V. E. Comp.	F. Mudge, Z.
" "	W. D. Hepburn, H.
" "	A. McIntyre, J.
" "	J. Mimmack, S. E.
" "	W. Watson, S. N.
" "	F. Biscoe, P. S.
" "	H. Walker, 1st. Assistant S.
" "	J. Inglis, 2nd. " "
" "	W. Marshall, M. V.
" "	J. E. Worsfold, Treasurer.
" "	G. Smith, Janitor.

At the conclusion of the installation ceremony, cordial votes of thanks were tendered the visiting companions for their valuable assistance, and the Companions then adjourned to the refectory, where a couple of hours were spent very pleasantly.

ORDERS OF THE TEMPLE AND HOSPITAL.

GRAND PRIORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

In the necessarily hasty sketch of the proceedings of Grand Priory given in our last number, a paragraph of the address of the Grand Prior was omitted in our report, as it had only reached Toronto on the morning of the meeting and had not been printed in the copy of the address prepared for the meeting and handed to us—referring as it does to two esteemed fratres whose names are household words among masons, we not only now have pleasure in inserting it, but of cordially adding our tribute of respect for the distinguished Sir Knights to whom the Grand Prior alludes as follows:

(Omitted paragraph, Grand Priors address.)

"Since writing the above, I very much regret to say that our valued friend and V. E. Frater, T. D. Harington, the Deputy Grand Prior of the Dominion, has written me to say that his health for some time past has been so impaired as to render it impossible for him to attend Grand Priory, and as he has been recommended to avoid all exertion and excitement, he finds it necessary to tender me his resignation as Deputy Grand Prior. I know I express all your feelings in saying with what pain on the one hand we receive this intelligence of his indisposition, and with what gratification on the other, we will hail his restoration to health and his appearance again amongst us. I am further sure of meeting your fullest and most hearty approbation in nominating as his successor our valued and esteemed V. E. Frater Samuel B. Harman, one of the oldest of the Grand Officers and members of the order in the Dominion, who will now be proclaimed and saluted as Deputy Grand Prior of the Dominion."

The following was the full resolution unanimously adopted in acknowledgement of the address.

"That the Fratres in Grand Conclave assembled have listened with much gratification and pleasure to the knightly and courteous address of the Grand Prior, and cordially concur in the sentiments therein ex-

pressed. That they deeply regret his unavoidable absence from this Grand Assembly, and hereby warmly renew the expression of their devotion and attachment to him as their Grand Prior, and to the principles of the order of the Temple and Hospital, over which he has for so many years ably and gratefully presided."

We add the list of Grand officers for 1872-73.

V. E. Col. W. J. B. McLeod	Moore,	Grand Prior,
"	Samuel B. Harman,	Dep. Grand Prior,
"	Thomas Bird Harris,	Grand Chancellor,
"	James K. Kerr,	Dep. Prov. Gr. Com. Ont.
"	Alexander A. Stevenson,	" " " Quebec
"	Robert Marshall,	Prov. Gr. Seneschal.
E	John W. Murton,	" " Prior.
"	E. M. Copeland,	" " Sub. Prior.
"	Vincent Clementi,	" " Prelate.
"	L. H. Henderson,	" " first Capt.
"	R. Kincaid, M. D.	" " second Capt.
"	Thomas B. Harris,	" " Chan. & Treas.
"	Hugh A. MacKay,	" " Vice Chan.
"	J. J. Mason,	" " Register.
"	Geo. H. Dartnell,	" " Chamberlain.
"	Augustus T. Houel,	" " Hospitaller.
"	G. C. Longley,	" " Dir. of Cer.
"	N. G. Bigelow,	" " 1st Expert.
"	D. McLellan,	" " 2nd. "
"	J. M. Irwin,	" " 1st Stand, Br.
"	E. J. Sisson,	" " 2nd " "
"	A. G. Smyth,	" " Almoner.
"	Donald Ross,	" " 1st Aide-de-camp.
"	R. P. Stephens,	" " 2nd " " "
"	W. C. Morrison,	" " Capt. of Lines.
"	John Satchell,	" " 1st Herald,
"	Alf Ellis,	" " 2nd "
"	Ycoman Gibson,	" " Sword Br.

NOVA SCOTIA.

JEWEL PRESENTATION IN HALIFAX, N. S.

On Tuesday evening, the 2nd July, at a regular meeting of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 1, R. N. S., after the usual business had been transacted, the W. M., brother R. C. Hamilton, took the occasion to surprise P. M. brother Jno. Woodill by presenting him with a valuable Jewel on behalf of the lodge of which bro. Woodill has been a member for the past twenty-seven years. In conveying to Bro. Woodill this evidence of their high regard for his services, bro. Hamilton addressed him as follows:

Right Worshipful John Woodill,—My respected Brother:

"On behalf of the officers and members of St. Andrew's Lodge, I have the pleasure at this time of presenting to you this beautifully artistic and truly Masonic Jewel, as a mark of their esteem and the high regard they entertain for you, their brother, who,

as a member of this Lodge, for the sacred number of twenty-seven years, have wrought with them in the quarries, and for fifteen of those years, as their Treasurer, in the most trustworthy manner; have guarded their funds and dispensed the same at the will and pleasure of their Master.

"From time immemorial signal marks of their esteem and consideration have been the reward bestowed by Freemasons on suitable occasions upon those who by long and faithful services have endeared themselves to their fellow workmen. Without such mementos of satisfaction much of pleasure vouchsafed in this life would be denied us and remain unrepresented. The Master of Masters himself has, as we are informed in the Gospel of his life and virtues, asserted that rewards are the just recompense of faithful service; and he has failed not to commend to his Father, the Great Architect of the Universe, the good and faithful servant and worker of His will. With so high and god-like a receptor, it is meet that in our day, and with the desire to follow where he has lead and imitate his virtues, we should, after the fashion of our time, bestow in the most cordial and fraternal manner an intrinsically valuable consideration upon our Brother.

"This we now do, and in so doing cheerfully indulge in the expression of our fervent hope that you, our High Worshipful Brother, may long be spared to wear this jewel, the tribute of our grateful feelings towards you; and when, in the providence of Him who we are assured doth order all things well for his honor and glory, you may be called from labor here to refreshment on high, the gladdening benediction of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," may greet thy spiritualized senses, and the labors of that other state of existence, the joys of which no man hath conceived, may be entered upon by you, and the reward thereof attend you for evermore."

The Jewel was designed and manufactured by J. Cornelius, Jeweller, Granville street. It is of gold, and in the form of the Pentagon of Pythagoras. At each of the inner angles are arranged emblems of the Craft, and the centre is occupied by the 47th problem of Euclid, surrounded by a laurel wreath. On the reverse is the following inscription:

"Presented by the members of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 1, R. N. S., to Past Master Bro. John Woodill, in appreciation of his untiring devotion to the interests of the Lodge during a period of twenty-seven years. Halifax, A. L. 5872."

The Jewel is attached to a blue ribbon, on which are the initials "S. A. L." in gold monogram, by a golden clasp forming a rose and its leaves. Another Gold clasp, twisted to represent the cable-tow, surmounts the pin, and by which the jewel is attached to the lapel of the coat.

Bro. Woodill having been taken entirely unawares, his surprise was as great as his satisfaction was evident, and he spoke for a few moments most gratefully as to the unexpected honor of which he was the recipient.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

—
A. AND A. RITE.
—

An elaborate and exhaustive address was delivered on the 17th inst, on the subject of Scottish Rite Masonry, at the Annual Meeting in New York.

That portion of it on Foreign relations, which referred to the

Dominion of Canada, will no doubt be interesting to many of our readers. It is as follows :—

The claim of the Supreme Council of Scotland to concurrent jurisdiction with the Supreme Council of England, and in the Dominion of Canada, raises many important and delicate questions which will require to be treated with great care and the utmost exercise of Masonic courtesy to avoid dissensions of the most serious character. Though you have committed this subject to the Committee on Foreign Relations, I deem it proper to state briefly some of the facts and principles bearing upon the question.

The Supreme Council, of Scotland, was formed in 1846, under the authority of the Supreme Council of France. It has been recognized for more than twenty five years by all the Masonic powers of the world in this Rite, and it must be held now, after so long and so universal a recognition, that Scotland was one of "the great nations of Europe," entitled, under the constitutions of 1786, to a Supreme Council. I cannot learn that it has ever claimed to exercise jurisdiction outside of Scotland until August, 1871.

The Grand Council, of England, etc., was formed in 1846, under authority of this Supreme Council. It first assumed the name of Supreme Council, etc., for England and Wales. When it first added, "and dependencies of the British Crown," I am not able to ascertain. But it has established bodies and exercised jurisdiction in Canada for many years. Its jurisdiction has practically been exclusive, as no other Supreme Council attempted to exercise any jurisdiction there till August 1871.

It is obvious that the authority granted by one Supreme Council to organize another is not in the nature of a charter, which is a *grant of jurisdiction*. One Masonic body cannot *grant* a charter to another which is to be its own Peer. The jurisdiction of every Supreme Council is derived from the Constitutions of 1786. No other Supreme Council can enlarge or restrict the jurisdiction fixed by those Constitutions. When a Supreme Council is formed in any country, it at once acquires, by the very fact of its creation, the jurisdiction given by those Constitutions. In fact, one Supreme Council has no power to create another directly. It can create individual Sovereign Grand Inspectors General in any country where there are none, and they, by virtue of the Constitutions of 1786, and not by the authority of the Supreme Council which created them, *become* a Supreme Council. If three or more Sovereign Grand Inspectors General take up their residence in a country entitled to a Supreme Council, they can form one without any other authority. The grant of power by another Supreme Council to them would be a work of supererogation. It is, as before observed, the prerogative of a Supreme Council to create Inspectors General, and it is *their* prerogative to create a Supreme Council. It follows that the authority which this Supreme Council gave for forming the Supreme Council of England could not affect, either by fixing, limiting, or enlarging the territorial jurisdiction of the latter. Its jurisdiction must be found in the Constitution of 1786. Referring to those, it will be found exceedingly doubtful whether any European Supreme Council can exercise jurisdiction in Canada, save, perhaps, until a Supreme Council shall be created there. Under the Constitutions of 1786, it would seem

clear that Canada either belongs to our own jurisdiction, or is entitled to a Supreme Council of her own. We have waived our claim, and have heretofore acquiesced in the exercise of jurisdiction by England. Whether that shall be temporary under the second section of Article XIII of the Constitutions of 1786, or shall be permanent, is a question upon which I give no opinion; but an examination of those Constitutions shows that concurrent jurisdiction is utterly at variance with the fundamental principles of the Rite. A Supreme Council formed in a country becomes *ipso facto*, possessed of the entirety of the Masonic authority wherewith his august Majesty is now invested," say our Constitutions, "and each may thenceforward exercise that authority whenever necessary, and everywhere soever throughout the whole extent of country under its jurisdiction." Can two such bodies, with such powers, exist in the same "extent of country?" But the Constitutions go further. They authorize a Supreme Council to delegate power to a Deputy to "establish, regulate and superintend lodges and councils in any of the degrees, from the fourth to the twenty ninth inclusive, *in places where there are no lodges or councils of the Sublime Degrees legally constituted.*" In unoccupied territory, therefore, the first possessor acquires exclusive jurisdiction until a Supreme Court is formed.

I am happy to learn that the Supreme Councils of Scotland and England have been fraternally corresponding with each other with a view of settling the matter by treaty.

But, pending the negotiations, the Supreme Council of England has forbidden the Masons of its obedience from recognizing the body established by the Supreme Council of Scotland at St. John, New Brunswick.

In May last Maine Consistory received the applications of five Knights of Rose Croix, residing in St John, for the degrees from the nineteenth to the thirty-second inclusive. They presented the consent and recommendation of T. Douglas Harrington, 33°, of Canada, the Deputy of the Supreme Council of England in the Dominion. I decided that the authority was sufficient, and the applicants were accepted and received the degrees. Three of them have since been elected by the Supreme Council of England, etc., to receive the thirty-third grade, and I am in the receipt of a letter from the Supreme Council thanking me for complying with Bro. Harrington's request, and further requesting me to confer the grade *in extenso* upon the three designates. It was expected at one time that the Brethren would attend this session of the Supreme Council to receive the grade, but my later advices are that it will not be practicable for them to do so.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of an old inhabitant of the County of Haldimand, Joseph Cornick, father of Bro. Samuel Cornick of this village, who died here on Sunday the 28th of July, at the great age of 84.

For the past thirty years, he had lived on the Grand River, and was known and esteemed by most of the old residents of this section.

To the Masonic Fraternity, not only in this county, but throughout the whole length and breadth of the old Hamilton District, his name

was familiar, as that of the oldest member of the order remaining among them.

To many of the most prominent Masons of the province he was personally known, and was loved and respected by them as a true and faithful brother, who, for the greatest part of a long life, had maintained an unswerving attachment to Freemasonry, and had always endeavoured to regulate his conduct by the principles which it inculcates.

As it may interest Masons to know something of the history of their late brother who laboured so many years with the Craft, we give the following brief sketch of his life.

Joseph Cornick was born in the City of Canterbury England, on the 1st of March 1788, his father being an Officer of the 13th Light Dragoons then stationed at that place.

At a very early age he was deprived by death of a mother, and was then placed under the care of some relatives residing near Dursley in Gloucestershire.

He had lived there but a few years when his father was also suddenly called away, and he and another brother were left orphans. Becoming tired of the dullness of a country life and desiring to see more of the world, he left Gloucestershire at the age of fourteen, went to London, and there enlisted in the 13th Light Infantry. He was at once attached to the band of the regiment, and continued to serve in it for nearly sixteen years. During this period the regiment was stationed at Gibraltar, in the West India Islands, the British North American Provinces, the Channel Islands, and in various parts of England, and Scotland, and during the great struggle with the first Napoleon, saw some active service in the Western Hemisphere, taking part while in the West Indies in the capture of the island of Martinique.

It was during the stay of the regiment in this island that Brother Cornick was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, in Lodge No. 661, G. R. of Ireland, being a military Lodge held in the regiment. The date of his initiation was, as far as we can learn, some time in the year 1811. He had thus, at the time of his death, been a member of the Craft, for upwards of sixty years, and was in all probability the oldest Mason in this section of the Province, if not the oldest in Canada.

In the year 1816 he was exalted to the Supreme Degree of the Holy Royal Arch in a chapter attached to the Regimental Lodge No. 661., he being stationed at the time, with his regiment in the Island of Jersey. Shortly afterwards he was admitted to the degrees of Knight Templar and Knight of Malta in an encampment of Knights held in Jersey.

While in this Island he was seated for the first time in the Oriental Chair, being elected Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 661. He was at this period a Serjeant of the Band, and considering the strict and rigid discipline of military Lodges, the fact of his being elevated to the important position of Master is a sufficient evidence of the estimation in which he must have been held both as a Soldier and a Mason, especially when coupled with the circumstance that the Colonel of his regiment, and several of his officers were members of the Lodge at the time.

This is however an illustration of the levelling spirit of Masonry, which ignores all distinctions of rank and fortune, and bestows preferment and honors on account of merit and ability only.

Somewhere about the year of 1820, Brother Cornick received his discharge from the Army, and settled at Wootton under Edge in Gloucestershire which place he made his residence for the next twelve years.

In 1832, he emigrated to Canada and first settled in the County of Peterboro, afterwards removing to the town of Niagara.

In the year 1843 he came to the Grand River and took up his abode in the village of York, where he carried on business for some years, afterwards removing to Caledonia, and subsequently returning to York, where he remained until the death of his wife, about three years since.

Soon after this event he came to reside with his son in Dunnville, and lived there until his death on the 28th of July last.

Brother Cornick assisted in forming the first Masonic Lodge which ever existed in the County of Haldimand. This Lodge was opened at York under the title of St. John's Lodge G. R. of England. The seven charter members were Brothers Cornick, Myers, Lester, Mussen, Nellis, Humphrey and W. Young.

Brother Cornick was elected Worshipful Master, being thus the first Master of the first Masonic Lodge in this County.

Of the seven founders of this Lodge we believe that Brother Wm. Young is the only one now remaining, the others *are at rest*.

Brother Cornick maintained his strong attachment to Freemasonry to the very close of his existence.

Up to within a few months of his death, he regularly attended both Lodge and Chapter, and always evinced a lively interest in everything relating to the Craft.

It was only when his last illness so enfeebled him as to prevent his walking to the Lodge Room, that he ceased to meet with his Brethren.

He was not one of those who are Masons only in name, the solemn mysteries of the order were, to him something more than mere forms. He understood and appreciated the sublime truths which they inculcate, and felt in his heart and practiced in his life the sentiments of brotherly love and charity which they so powerfully teach. Like a true and faithful workman he sought to perform his allotted task, and when, at the end of his long career, the sound of the gavel called him from labour to repose, he was not found unprepared or with his work unfinished. His resignation and fortitude in the last and greatest trial were such as became a Mason and a Christian. On the morning of that Sabbath day which witnessed his departure, he was asked by the Pastor of his Church if his trust in God remained firm and sure. With a broken and a faltering voice, but in the most decided and positive terms he answered that he did. And as long as he retained the power of speech he expressed again and again, his unshaken faith in the Most High. Though in the last stage of bodily weakness and decay, the spirit within seemed to be cheered and sustained by a more than earthly power, and it was evident, to those around him that even in the hour of his approaching death, he still knew in whom he had believed.

On Tuesday July 30th, his remains were laid beside those of his late wife in York Churchyard. A great number of Masons assembled on the occasion to pay the last tribute of respect to their aged Brother.

The funeral service of the Wesleyan Church of which Brother

Cornick was a member, was read by his Pastor the Rev. Mr. Campbell of Dunnville.

The Masonic ceremony was performed by the Worshipful Master of Enniskillen Lodge, W. Bro. Smedley, assisted by R. W. Bro. Parry, W. Bro. Braund, and W. Bro. Tipton.

The scene was a remarkably impressive and solemn one.

The mystic circle of our Order was formed round the grave of one to whom the light of Freemasonry had been revealed long before the most of those there assembled had entered on this mortal existence, and who had presided in the first assembly of Masons ever held in this section of the country.

And now that his labors were ended, and his working tools laid down, they had, according to their ancient custom, gathered together to consign his remains to the narrow house appointed for all living, with the sacred and symbolic rites of their time honoured institution. And, casting on his coffin that emblem that proclaims their hopes of immortality, they left him to his long and last repose in the sure and certain confidence that he had been called from the troubles and conflicts of the Lodge below to the unspeakable glories of the Grand Lodge above.—*Dunnville Gazette*.

A Regular Assembly of the Harington Sov. consistory S. P. R. S. 32° for the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, under the Supreme Council of the A. and A. Rite of England and Wales etc., was held at the Consistorial Rooms, St. John N. B. on Thursday evening. The following are the officers for the ensuing triennial term who were duly installed:—

Robert Marshall, 33°, Grand Com. in Chief; James Domville, 33°, First Lieut. Comr.; David R. Munro, 33°, Second Lieut. Comr.; Hugh Williams Chisholm, 33°, Grand Chancellor; Alfred D. Goodwin, 32°, Grand Registrar; Rev Francis Patridge, 32°, Grand Primate; William Dickson Forster, 32°, Grand Master of Ceremonies; Wm. Henry Thorne, 32°, Grand Master of Guards; David G. Smith, 32°, Grand Chamberlain.

The above brethren under and according to the Regulations of the Supreme Council of the thirty third and last degree of Masonry of England, retain their offices, respectively, for three years. This is the only Consistory 32° in the Dominion of Canada, excepting the Consistory established some three years since for the Province, and working at Hamilton, Ontario.

We notice that illustrious Bros. Robert Marshall, H. W. Chisholm, David R. Munro, and James Domville of New Brunswick, Sovereign Grand Inspectors General were present at the deliberations of the Northern Supreme Council in New York, recently, and that they were courteously welcomed.

VALLEY LODGE, DUNDAS, ONT.—List of officers. W. Bros. A. H. Walker M. D., W. M.; N. Greening, P. M.; Bros. G. Grant, S. W.; Wm. McFedries, J. W.; A. S. Ogg, Chaplain; D. McMillan, Treas.; J. S. Baillie, Secy; Wm. Ogg, S. D.; H. Crowe, J. D.; W. A. Foley, D. of C.; J. A. McCloud, and C. Moss, Stewards; A. Jones, I. G.; J. Dickson, Tyler.

THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

BY BRO. ROBT. MORRIS, L. L. D.

To follow the thoughts inaugurated in a preceding paper, I give the *measurements* of this gigantic monument in a formal plan to every reader. Walking on a certain occasion with a friend, in Chicago, and desiring to afford him a basis for an *idea* of this subject, I told him, "Measure this Court House square twice, and set three such steeples upon each other, yet the Great Pyramid would totally engulf them!"

Follow me while I take you as an amateur dragoman through this edifice, 2,300 years old, when the Man of Calvary suffered. It stands "on the brow of the hill," 120 feet high, a hill lying deep in loose desert sand and not over-easy to climb. Walking round it we find it measures 764 feet on a side, or 3056 feet in circumference. This is something over 1000 yards, nearly two-thirds of a mile; and, ankle-deep in sand, is quite a walk.

Having finished our circumambulation, taking care, like good Masons, to leave the pyramid *on the riget*, and go around it "the way the sun does," the way that "Jack casts his ropes," we must next mount to the top by the aid of as many of the natives as can get their hands on you. I had thirteen pair of hands, I remember, on one leg, and should have "gone up" in a double quick, had I not vowed by Jupiter Ammon (my irrevocable oath) that "if they didn't let go of me, all but ten or fifteen, I wouldn't give them a para of backsheesh." The hight of the pyramid, *measuring the slope*, is 611 feet, but reckoned vertically 480 feet, (I am using the figures that represented its original dimensions.) The top, which forms below seems, as it does in all photographs, *mere points*, proves to be thirty feet square, quite a platform indeed, and the view we enjoy from that elevated place in a clear day comprises about everything that Lower Egypt affords of historical association.

Returning to the base, and eating a bountiful meal to fortify ourselves against the excessive fatigue, heat and foul aia, that our explorations of the interior will subject us to, we now go round to the north side and climb to the (perpendicular) hight of forty-nine feet to the entrance. A grand massive gateway it is, but disfigured by some modern inscription, eulogistic of a German king, which inscription we should like to see knocked down and kicked into the Nile.

Stooping, we enter into an avenue about fort-five inches square, and descend at an angle of twenty-seven degrees. The light of day is left behind us; so are the breezes. "Oh how dark it is!" says one; "oh how hot it is!" says the other. The stones on each side and above us are of polished marble, large, well-fitted, no danger of this thing caving in. On, on, down, down, we go, to the full distance of 320 feet, due south, till we find the passage level under our feet. By a little

figuring, we perceive that we have not only past obliquely through the north part of the building, but that much the greater part of this 320 feet has been through *the solid stone hill* on which the pyramid stands. In fact we are now 102 feet (perpendicular) below the base of the pyramid, and nearly at the base of the hill itself.

On a hard stone floor we continue to go southward, to the distance of twenty-seven feet, when we enter a chamber, which, in my mathematical projection of the Great Pyramid, must be made the starting point of the whole affair. This chamber is forty-six feet large, and opens into an unfinished passage still further to the south. It is empty, but in its day had great meaning to the visitor.

Stified with the heat and foul air, we go back on our tracks, (no fear of losing the way) until we are about eighty-six feet from the entrance, and there we find our avenue *forks*, one branch turning upward (but still due south) at the same *downward* angle we have followed, viz: twenty-seven degrees. Up this we ascend, slipping occasionally on the smooth slabs, to the distance of 121 feet, when we find a level passage way leading off due south. This we follow 136 feet, till it brings us into a chamber about nineteen feet square. A little more figuring shows us that we are now sixty-seven feet above the base of the pyramid, and 169 feet above the first chamber which we visited, and which by the way, is almost exactly below us now. This chamber to is empty.

Leaving it and returning to the ascending passage that we left, we go on climbing to the distance of 156 feet, when we reach the third level passage-way, on which our feet have trodden. This is but twenty two feet long, and conducts us into a stately chamber thirty-four feet long, constructed of large blocks of granite exquisitely polished. But here for the present I must pause.—*Keystone.*

MASONIC PHYSICAL DISABILITIES.—Extract from an address of M. W. Bro. Wm. Laveley, Grand Master of Illinois, Oct. 1849.

It may seem a hardship that one who has been so unfortunate as to lose a leg or hand, but who is otherwise in mind and morals "fully qualified," should be excluded from receiving a part in the rights and benefits of our time-honored institution; but there is no greater hardship in his case than that of a woman or one in his non-age. A man with but one leg, or one hand, might be altogether "worthy;" but he can not be "well qualified." Although it is contended by some, and is so decided by some grand lodges, that the change in the character of our institution from "operative and speculative" to "speculative" only, has vindicated the propriety of a departure from the "Ancient Constitution" in certain cases, and particularly as to the physical requisities of candidates; yet still we regard the ceremonies of initiation as one of the principal parts of the "*Body of Masonry*," in which all must admit, more especially Masters

of lodges, that "it is not in the power of any man, or body of men, to make innovations." These are the same in all ages, and cannot in any case be altered or dispensed with in making Masons. Let the world change, let other institutions of modern date grow up and live their brief hour and die, but let us studiously guard against all innovations and strenuously adhere to the "Ancient Charges."

NEW LODGES.

The M. W. Grand Master has been pleased to authorize by Dispensation the formation of the following Lodges, viz:

"Wingham" Lodge, Wingham, Ont., with Bros. John Edgar Tamlyn, W. Master; Jno. Ritchie, Sen. Warden, and James McGuire, Junior Warden.
Regular Meetings Tuesday, on or before full moon.

"Shuniah" Lodge, Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay, with V. W. Bro. John Clarke, W. Master; Bros. John Brown, Sen. Warden; C. C. Forneri, Junior Warden.

"Ancient Lardmark" Lodge, Winnipeg, Manitoba, with W. Bro. James Henderson, W. Master; Bros. Arthur H. Holland, Sen. Warden, and Walter F. Hyman, Jun. Warden.

Regular Meeting second Monday of every month.

JURISPRUDENCE.

QUESTION—Can a non-affiliated mason be a regular petitioner for a new Lodge?

ANSWER—Yes. It is only necessary that he should be a regularly registered mason, actual membership is not required.

QUESTION—A member of a Lodge is at variance with the non-affiliated brother above referred to. The non-affiliate desires reconciliation, the other does not. The members of the Lodge generally would like the non-affiliate to join, but he is deterred by a knowledge of the foregoing facts. How can the difficulty be adjusted.

ANSWER—As it is not necessary for the demitted brother to affiliate with a Lodge before becoming a charter member of the proposed new Lodge, the difficulty adjusts itself.

QUESTION—Can a brother be tried at one regular meeting and sentence be passed upon him at the next regular without a repetition of the summons to shew cause.

ANSWER—No. He must be notified to attend at both meetings.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

We take great pleasure in noticing the business card of Messrs. Clark & Cornwall, General Agents, St. John N. B. which appears in our advertising columns. For some years Bro. Cornwall occupied the position of general agent for the CRAFTSMAN, and discharged his duties punctually, honestly and successfully, latterly he has held the same position on the Montreal Gazette, and has received a very flattering notice from Bros. T. & R. White the proprietors of that paper. We feel confident that the new firm will speedily build up a large and remunerative business.