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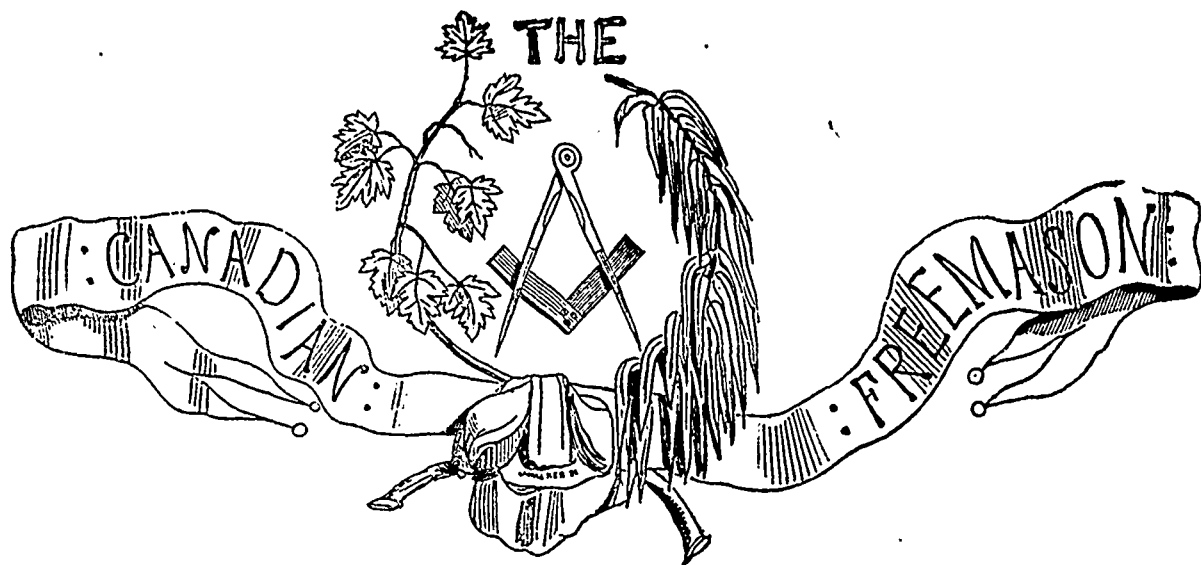
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ADDRESS OF J. D. McADOO, GRAND ORATOR G. L. OF TEXAS.

Most Worshipful Grand Master and Directors.

Another Masonic year has passed away, another year's work is done. The associations of another year, in the Lodge and out, as Masons and as men, are now the sacred things of memory; and we are here assembled, in Grand Annual Communication, the officers of the old year to lay down their jewels, and those of the new to assume them. May they of the new be none the less faithful and zealous in the discharge of their duties than they of the old have been!

There is much in the history of the past Masonic year to gratify us. Since our last Convocation, Masonry has flourished, within our jurisdiction, beyond all precedent. A larger number of degrees have probably been conferred than in any preceding year of our existence as a Grand Lodge. Much valuable material has been wrought into the Temple, while, on the contrary, the hand of the Reaper has dealt but sparingly with us. Peace, prosperity, harmony, and brotherly love reign, in eminent degree, in this Grand Lodge, and throughout our borders. Our means of carrying out the

noble ends of our Order are daily increased and we are continually more and more able to do good. For these things, our hearts are filled with unspeakable gratitude to our Grand Master above.

We have come up to this Grand Annual Communication upon no idle or foolish errand. We are here, as the representatives of the subordinate Lodges, to take counsel together for the good of Masonry. *Masonry!* the noblest, as it is the oldest, of all human institutions. This occasion is no mere display. To the uninitiated, these jewels which we wear, these regalias with which we are clothed, these insignia which we bear, may appear but idle decorations; and these ceremonies which we perform, may appear useless and meaningless. Our meetings in the Lodge Room, the doors closed against the uninitiated world, and strictly tiled and guarded, may appear exclusive, and our purposes may seem to be such as to shun the open light of day, and to shrink from the gaze and scrutiny of the world. How little, indeed, does the uninitiated world know of Masonry! either of its internal organization, or its noble and glorious purposes!

If to meet in the Lodge Room, and to enjoy more brotherly or social intercourse; if to take the degrees, and learn the secrets of Masonry; if to become familiar with its signs and grips, its tokens and pass-words, by which one Brother may know another, as well in dark as in the light,—if these were all of Masonry, the Institution would soon cease to exist among men. Nay, like the body of the builder, it would have been hid away in the rubbish of the Temple, it would have died when its great patron, Solomon, did. Its very history would have been buried in the oblivion of three thousand years!

Though Masonry has its forms, it has its substance also. These forms are but the types of its purposes and principles. These purposes and principles are the body and soul of Masonry. Its sacred and sublime secrets belong alone to Masons; the world knows them not. Its principles, its noble purposes, belong to all the world, and may be read and known of all men. These purposes and principles have given enduring stability to the Order. They are, indeed, its very life.

How unlike all other human institutions is Masonry! In the language of a most learned but unfortunate Brother, we trace its footsteps in the most distant, the most remote ages and nations of the world. We find it among the first and most celebrated civilizers of the East; we deduce it regularly from the first astronomers on the plains of Chaldea, to the wise and mystic Kings and Priests of Egypt; the sages of Greece, the philoso-

phers of Rome; nay, and even to the rude and Gothic builders of a dark and degenerate age." It is, indeed, the mystery of mysteries. Trace its history through the ever-varying stages of human society, in every clime habitable by civilized man, Masonry has ever been essentially the same. From its inherent organization, it cannot be materially changed. While the world has been blessed with its days of enlightenment, and cursed with its days of darkened ignorance and superstition, Masonry has remained substantially the same. The literary and scientific world has had its distinctive eras—its iron age—its age of brass—its golden age; and it has had its ages of darkness and blood. But Masonry, passing down from the building of King Solomon's Temple, through the times of Homer, of Pythagoras, of Cicero, of the induction of the Christian era, of the dark ages, of the Crusades, of the Reformation—and it has received and retained no material trace of the changing times—remained substantially the same, and now shines forth the glory of this age of enlightened civil and religious liberty. In all the changes of human society—amid all the changing forms of government, from absolute despotism to enlightened republicanism; amid the persecutions of government; in spite of the anathemas of the church, the prejudices of the ignorant, the slanders of bad men; Masonry has yielded not to the spirit of the current times. It is now substantially what it was at the building of King Solomon's Temple; and the Masonry of this country, to-day, is substantially the same that it is in every civilized nation on the earth. And we trust, and confidently believe, that this noble Institution will go down through all coming time, unchanged, the same undimmed and shining light which has shone for so many thousands of years, dispelling ignorance, enlightening the minds, and elevating the hearts of men.

Perhaps, on this occasion, we cannot better employ our time than in considering the questions; What is Freemasonry? What does Freemasonry teach? What do Freemasons practice?

Freemasonry is a moral and benevolent Institution. To render men better, and thereby happier; to instruct their minds, and elevate their hearts; to mitigate the misfortunes, and contribute to the relief of the distressed, are the highest objects of the Order; and its precepts teach us fully the means by which these ends may be attained.

It teaches us, as Masons, to love one another; it teaches us to do unto others as we wish them to do unto us; it teaches us to be just—to be honest—in all our dealings and transactions with all men; it teaches us to be truthful in all we say; it teaches

us to speak no evil of a brother, but to protect his good name from the assaults of a slanderous enemy; it teaches us to open our purse strings, and to contribute to the relief of a poor, distressed, worthy brother—to bind up the broken heart of the widow, and to take by the hand the poor orphan, and to lead him into the high walks of virtue, honor and usefulness; it teaches us to pursue those noble sciences which develop the mind, and store it with knowledge; it teaches us to be good citizens, loyal to the government, and cheerfully to submit to legal authority; it teaches us to look to the Supreme Architect of the Universe as the source from whom flow all the blessings which we enjoy—never to mention his name but with reverential awe, and to invoke his blessings on all our great and important undertakings.

I do not claim for Masonry more than is its due, nor attribute to it principles which it does not teach. I do not substitute it for the Christian religion; it alone will not save men's souls. It teaches every moral and social duty that Christianity does, everything except the *spiritual regeneration* of man. It tolerates no acts or practices prohibited by Christianity. It is a perfect code of morals and of social order.

True Masons practice the teachings and principles above laid down. The best of Masons are the best of men, and the purest of Christians. The true Mason is a "good man and true." By the practice of the noblest of virtues, the Mason attains the highest ends of Masonry; and, on the contrary, when associated with debasing vices, Masonry ceases to do good. As the church, when it loses its spiritualism, and becomes swallowed up in the vices and crimes of the times, "hath a name to live, but is dead," so Masonry, when it departs from the practice of those noble and glorious principles upon which it is founded, loses all its power to do good.

The world needs such an institution as ours. Men need every good influence which can be brought to bear upon them. Whatever will restrain men from vice, and turn them into the paths of virtue, deserves the encouragement of all good men. Our natural inclinations are evil, and these inclinations, like an augmenting stream, swell as they are indulged. How fearful is the unchecked tide of vice! Away yonder, in the North-West, from a little lake, there flows a little river; as it meanders its southward course, its tide is increased, here by a creek, there by a rivulet, and here again by a larger river, pouring in its waters upon either side. Trace it down through the valley of the great South-West, and we find it a mighty river—a majestic Mississippi—tolling its turbid waters along, cutting away its banks, breaking crevasses, inundating and desolating whole sections of country, and finally disemboguing into the Gulf of Mexico; such is the unchanged current of human vice. That current is swelled, here by an evil temper indulged, there by an evil habit contracted, and here again by a vicious act committed, until it overrides all moral restraints, drowns every noble aspiration, and finally bears the unfortunate victim to the gulf of hopeless ruin!

It is to check this rushing current, that leads to ruin, and to convert it into the gentle and placid stream of love, charity, truth, and morality, that Masonry directs its highest aims. We cannot too fully appreciate our position as Masons, nor too scrupulously regard our obligations as such. Those obligations are too solemn, and our position too important, to be lightly considered. Masons, like Christians, are known by the works they do and the lives they lead. All the beneficial influences of the Order, all its claims in favor and adoption amongst men, its evidences of healthful and beneficial influence, depend entirely upon the fruits of the Order, as developed in the lives and actions of the Brotherhood. And as we love Masonry, love to chronicle its successes, and to contemplate its glorious results, let us strictly live according to its precepts, and square all our actions with all men by the rules which it inculcates; thereby showing to the world that Masonry is what Masons claim it to be.

Freemasonry has always had its open enemies, but it has triumphed over them all. Its secrecy has been assailed by the ignorant and bigoted, and

passion and prejudice have spent their fury upon it, but Masonry stands unscathed. An arrogant Church, wielding the arm of civil authority, has thundered its bulls against all who promoted or favored the Order, or who gave the smallest countenance or advice to Masons, or were, in any respect, connected with them, proclaiming them enemies to the tranquility of the State, and hostile to the spiritual interests of souls. These bulls have been followed by edicts, threatening the servitude of the galleys, the fine of a thousand crowns in gold, the tortures of the rack, to persons of every description who were daring enough to breathe the infectious air of Masonic assembly. And yet Masonry has kept the "even tenor of its way," unmoved by these hostile demonstrations of the Church. A little over a century ago, many Masons were imprisoned, and suffered all the horrors of a dungeon life, at the hands of the "Bloody Inquisition," because they would not divulge the secrets of Masonry, and forswear and abandon the Order; and even in enlightened America, and in the present century, some of the purest and best men of the land have been seized and held "in durance vile," by the resolutions of a corrupt partizan legislature, and ordered, under heavy penalties, to expose the "secrets and designs" of Masonry. The Institution has been slandered by a subsidized press, and a bitter partizan war has been waged upon Masons, and their principles misrepresented by corrupt demagogues and selfish party leaders.

But under all these persecutions and oppressions, neither confinement in dungeons, nor the fear of fines, nor the tortures of the rack, nor the anathemas of the Church, nor punishment by civil authority, have ever driven a single Mason to become recreant to the trust reposed in him by the Order. All have been faithful, under all circumstances, to the bitter end. Masonry has invariably come out of the storm, shining more resplendently than ever, just as the earth, after the cloud has passed away, and the rains have fallen upon it, looks fresher and greener than before.

But although our noble Order has repelled the assaults of these open enemies, and gallantly withstood all the outside pressure, yet she has received, and daily receives, deep stabs, whence she has the least right to expect them. Of all the wounds ever inflicted upon Masonry, she has received the deepest and most fatal in the house of her friends. We are too often compelled to deplore the departure of those who have taken upon themselves the vows of Masonry, from those principles and practices which she inculcates, and the Brotherhood are covered with shame and confusion by these practical denials of our principles by those who profess them. How often is it that the question is sneeringly asked: "Is it possible that that man is a Mason?"

How often do we find the Mason—the member of a Lodge "in good standing"—profanely taking the name of the Most High upon his lips; violating alike the rules of good breeding, the injunctions of Masonry, and the commandments of God!

How often do we see a "Brother," maddened with intoxication, reeling as he walks, insanely uttering profane and obscene language, babbling folly in the streets, or lying like a helpless beast in the gutter! the slave of a debased appetite! bringing mortification to the Fraternity, odium upon the Order, premature death upon himself, and disgrace and penury upon his wife and children!

How often do we find those who have been elevated to the sublime degrees of Masonry, sitting at the gambling table! surrounded by the basest of the base! the vilest of the vile! A Mason and a "professional gambler!" a follower of that most ignoble practice, (I will not say calling,) that sister and nurse of the lowest vices! that mother of the blackest crimes! that crusher-out of all the nobler aspirations of the heart!

How often has the Mason stained his hand in his Brother's blood! traduced his good name, or wantonly violated his most sacred rights!

How often does falsehood sit upon the Mason's lips; misrepresenting the principles and practices of others; assuming false positions to himself; stirring the bitter waters of strife!

How often does the Mason indulge his passions and prejudices, and suffer them to mar him and lead him captive; lead him into silly peevishness, irrational anger, and criminal violence!

How often do we find Masons whose hearts are impervious to the cries of distress; whose purse-strings grow tighter, as the voice of charity calls louder: whose god is money! Why, there are Masons so stingy that they actually demit from the Lodge, to avoid the payment of the little pittance of dues! And such ought to demit! Of what benefit are such men to Masonry, or to any other institution, or to the world! And of what benefit is Masonry to such a man?

These are Masons in name, but not in deed. Though they belong to the Order, they are unworthy a place in its precincts. They are unfit representatives of the principles they profess. Though they profess its principles, they belie those principles and precepts by their unmasonic practices. However eloquent in their praises of Masonry, they are not its friends. Their whole influence is against the Order. To point others to Masonry as the path of honor, virtue, morality, justice, prudence, truth, brotherly love, charity, but not to walk therein themselves, is like the finger-board on the highway, which points in the right direction, but moves not an inch itself on the way. How much better, were they living, friendly guides, not only pointing the way, but leading the way, and relieving the tedium of the hours, and shortening the miles of the journey, with true, social discourse.

But Masonry is not responsible for the conduct of its unworthy members. Lodges and individuals may be responsible; for the bad material might and ought to be rejected; and unretorted, bad men might and ought to be expelled. No institution, either of human or divine origin has ever been so well guarded, or can be, as to escape the contaminating touch of bad men. It seems an inexorable law of nature, that the *tares* and the *wheat* must grow together.

Still Masonry has accomplished much good in the world, notwithstanding all its enemies, within and without the Order. History records many of its noble deeds and glorious results; but the thousandth part of the good done by Masonry has been recorded in no book, save that of the Recording Angel.

Ladies, your presence in such large numbers, and the smiles of your approbation, add greatly to the interest of this hour. To the educated and refined man—to the intelligent Mason—all labors become recreations; all cares become pleasures; his very sorrows become joys, when woman, lovely, tender, sympathetic woman, smiles approval of his labors, seeks consolation in his cares, sighs sympathy in his sorrows! Although, from the nature of our organization, woman is denied admittance into the Order, and the sublime secrets of Masonry are withheld from her, yet she is not denied its blessings and its benefits. She is one of the chosen objects of its highest blessings.

For woman, Masonry is a spirit, instinct with life and full of good; and in every relation of life—as wife and mother—as sister and daughter—it casts over her its protecting wings, shielding her from a thousand ills. Dangers and evils ambush woman at every tread in life; but around her honor and her good name, her virtue and her happiness, Masonry hovers encamped, like the angels of God around the prophet upon the mountain, protecting and defending her from danger and ruin. Like the Shekinah above the Mercy Seat, Masonry spreads around woman the shield of strength and faith, and becomes to her at once the symbol and presence of safety and defense.

None but Masons know the fullness and extent of these benefits. How many a happy wife enjoys to-day the sweet society of a loved companion, who, but for Masonry, would be clad in the weeds of sorrowing widowhood! How many smiling boys and girls enjoy, to-day, the caresses, the counsel and the protection of a devoted father, who, but for Masonry, would be left in orphanage to battle with the thousand ills and snares of life! How many mothers and fathers rejoice, to-day, in a manly, moral son, the pride of their hearts, and

the joy and consolation of their old age, who, but for Masonry, would be weeping over the debaucheries of a profligate or ruined son, and would be courting the last, long, deep sleep of the grave, as a refuge from the bitter memories of the past, the sorrows of the present, and the land of silence undisturbed by the tidings of the future! How many young men in the land, to-day, modest, moral and upright, props in the government and pillars in the church, who, but for Masonry, would be a disgrace to their parents, and live only to break the hearts they were born to bless!

Let me conjure you, ladies, to-day, by all that is sacred in character—that is pure in truth—that is tender in sympathy—that is beneficent in charity! by the recollection of your homes and household gods! by the memory of a father's care, of a mother's prayers, of a brother's love, of a sister's angelic affection! by all that bereaves sorrow of its sting, that inspires youth, that cheers the solitude of old age! I beseech you approve, encourage, sustain Masonry. For you its temples rise and its altars live. Strengthen its truth and its faith, and like a ministering angel, it will bless and baptize you in the light of its love!

Most worshipful Grand Master and Brethren all! let us now anew consecrate ourselves at the altar of Freemasonry! here, in the midst of this intelligent and hospitable community—in this "loveliest village of this plain;" here, in full view of yonder Hill, whose base is washed by the limpid waters of the Colorado, and whose summit is rendered sacred by the dust, and consecrated to the memory of gallant men, who fell in defence of liberties and institutions of that country which we are proud to call our own; yonder sacred Hill! where

"Sleep the brave who sank to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,
And Honor comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To watch the sod that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!"

—The Ashlar.

LODGES OF SORROW.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

ALTHOUGH, in this country, Lodges of Sorrow are somewhat rare, they are of very frequent occurrence in Europe, and especially in Germany. Always, on the demise of a worthy brother, the "Trauer Loge" is opened, when the virtues of the departed Brother are commemorated, and funeral ceremonies of an impressive character are performed. But with us, whenever the lodge convenes, as such, to bury a brother, and performs over his remains the beautiful service for the dead, it is, in fact, a "Lodge of Sorrow."

But we believe it would be profitable to hold special lodges of this description once in each year, to call to mind those who have deceased during that time, and by a study of their examples, and an invocation of their virtues, to seek growth in wisdom and virtue.

Our festivities in honor of the two Saints John are, at the same time, Lodges of Sorrow, remembrance and invocation.

The significance, indeed, of all such ceremonies is that the departed good and great are still, although unseen, really and intelligently present in spirit, observing all our thoughts and deeds, and presiding over, and carrying forward those benevolent enterprises which tend to improve the condition of mankind. Death does not, and cannot, affect any of the relations which God has established between man and man. They remain forever the same. Religion, from the first, has taken note of this fact, and asserted the unbroken continuity of life, and the unity of the race—an idea which Paul teaches when he says: "For as we have many members in one body, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

The church at the beginning, seizing on this great truth—which is, indeed, the very foundation of our masonic institution—earnestly proclaimed that individual men were members of a common

brotherhood; that this law of brotherhood is eternal; that death does not and cannot break the continuity of the life of humanity, nor dissolve the ties of consanguinity, affection or fraternity, and that those, whom we call the dead, are yet objects of interest and love to us, and we are yet objects of interest and love to them.

Acting on this principle, and moved by this truth, the ancient nations, universally, established festivals in honor, and for the benefit of the dead; and a Hebrew writer, four centuries before Christ, says: "It is a holy and pious thought to pray for the departed."

The Chinese, Japanese, and other Oriental nations repair annually to the graves of their deceased friends, which they ornament with garlands of flowers and of leaves.

"O deem it not a superstitious rite, though old,
It having with all higher things connection,
Prayers, tears, redeem a world, so harsh and cold,
The future hath its hope—the past its deep affection."

So far, indeed, did the church carry this idea, that it asserted, as a positive doctrine, a reciprocity of influences between this visible world of living men and the invisible world of spirits—that by invoking them, our departed friends would watch over us as guardian genuses; and that we, on the other hand, by our sympathy and prayers, might benefit them, and aid them in working their way up from the "receptacles of sorrow to heaven's everlasting rest."

Without, however, endorsing all these ideas, Freemasonry everywhere recognizes the IMMORTALITY OF MAN; and immortality implies that man will be identically the same through all eternity—death cannot rob him of any of those prerogatives or attributes which are necessary to their identity. In the future life, man will be essentially the same as in this. He will remember the past, recognize and love those whom he had known and loved here; and he will also retain the noble attribute of freedom, and the capacity for progress. The future life is a life of activity and advancement—a life of affection and sympathy, as well as retribution; and being separated from this only by the veil of flesh, it penetrates and flows into it, and is forever connected with it by mysterious bonds that cannot be broken.

It follows, therefore, that the great, the wise and good of the past time—our brothers and companions departed—the illuminators of men of all nations and ages—are still moving among us, fulfilling each day their various ministries of beneficence and love. They overshadow us when we meet in our lodges of mourning and remembrance, and envelop us in their undying sympathy. Being dead in the flesh, they are alive in the spirit, the true apostles and benefactors of man, and are unceasingly present as helpful divinities. In the examples they have set, the truths they have uttered and the lives they have lived.

They fell, devoted, but undying;
The very waves their names seem sighing;
The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame,
The silent pillars, lone and gray,
Claim kindred to their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er each fountain;
The meaneast rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls, mingling with their fame, for ever."

By these commemorative ceremonies, therefore, which recall, and, in a manner, reproduce the events and personages of the past, we are brought into direct communion with the intelligence and life of the heroes and saints of the old world, and by this communion their life is transmitted to us, and we are regenerated by their virtues. We should, therefore, remember the history of their trials and conquests, and keep outspread before us the picture of their glory. When in sorrow, perplexity and distress of soul, we should ask them to come to our aid. And they will come—they will come in the might of their pure examples, the omnipotence of their holy lives, and in the regenerating virtue of their philanthropy and

love. They do come—angels of mercy—to preserve and defend us! By their goodness we become good, by their wisdom we become wise, and by their strength we become strong.

Thus the good and honoured of other times—the illustrious examples of masonic virtue—have left a thousand brilliant traces on the earth—a thousand memories in the mystic circle where we were wont to meet them, which are to us a perpetual ministry of Love, and Life, and Light. They are so many Pharoses, which a kind Providence has kindled on the Sea of Time, to show the rocks and quicksands we are to avoid, and to direct us to the perfect lodge of security and peace.

Another salutary effect that would follow the frequent opening of Sorrow Lodges, would be the more rational views and feelings which we should entertain in regard to that supreme hour which, sooner or later, will introduce us to the sublime mysteries of eternity. By familiarity and rational meditation, all unreasonable fears and misgivings would be removed.

As a general thing, there is no subject less welcome to our thoughts, and which we contemplate with less pleasure, than that of DEATH; ever do we turn away from it as a terrible spectre—ever do we strive to fix our minds on a more pleasing theme. But strive as we may to avoid it, the thought will intrude itself upon us, and every day "the king of terrors" himself stands before us, and bears away to his mysterious realm some friend or companion, thus crushing our hearts with grief, as well as filling them with unbreakable dread.

Although every day we are called to hear the funeral knell, and witness the sad cortege of sorrow winding along our streets, we never seem to succeed in conquering the terror which the thought of death inspires. Let it enter the gay and gilded saloons of the great—the hall where beauty and fashion assemble, surrounded by all the charms and fascinations that belong to the golden and facitious life which they live—and the stoutest arm is paralyzed, and the manliest heart is struck with dismay, and the proud-glancing eye quails, and the rose fades from the cheek of beauty as the rainbow vanishes from the summer sky, and the throne of joy is usurped by the spectre of fear.

The spirit and teachings of Freemasonry lead us to see the unreasonableness of these fears. True, the masonic ritual speaks of the "spade," the "grave," the "death's-head," and "marrow-bones," those last sad remnants of mortality; but it does so only that it may turn our eyes, beaming with triumphant joy, to the immortal "ACACIA," the glorious emblem of "Eternal Life." It does not aim to throw gloom and terror around our last hour, nor to marshal an army of hideous spectres around the beds of the dying, or the graves of the honored dead. On the contrary, it would remove every gloomy token and every fearful apprehension. It would take away from the grave's brink the thorns and briars of despair and dread, and plant in their stead the beautiful flowers of Hope, and Trust, and Love. It would rend from the sculptured monuments which cover the dead, the grim and ghastly images of wo, and fix in their place the symbols of a Hope that burns more and more bright through the ages, and of a Love which is as perpetual as eternity! It would quiet our fears, and bring to our bosoms a calm and enduring faith in the Invisible, and an imperishable trust in the Grand Master, and Father of the world. It would so quicken our faith that it could penetrate the veil of eternity, and see the generations of the wise and good, who have glorified the past, re-youthed, and clothed with forms of immortal beauty, and renewing and continuing the sweet communion which commenced in this world.

Unfortunately, our age is not an age of profound and positive faith. There is far more of worldliness, more dread of death, and less of heroic firmness and hopeful confidence at its approach, than in the earlier times. Our rude but earnest and truth-loving fathers, although pagans, seemed to know none of these fears which now so much disturb us. The future life presented itself to their minds in the most definite shape, and they welcomed the idea with a most profound conviction of its truth. They even died with tranquility, and

with manly fortitude descended to the repose of the grave. In their battles they fought with desperate valor, for they dreaded not to wander among the mysteries of eternity. Some of the ancient nations even rejoiced at the funerals of their friends; for they believed that the palace of the gods would be opened to triumphant virtue, and that, after the revolutions of ages, they would meet again in the everlasting mansions of light. "I am transported," said an ancient sage, "with the bare name of eternity! for what will be the joy of the soul when released from the fetters of the clay, and it draw nearer to the Father of the world." "I am filled with hope, O Judges," said the virtuous Socrates, when doomed unjustly to a felon's death—"I am filled with hope. It has happened fortunately for me that I am sentenced to die. Death transports us to regions inhabited by those who have departed from life. Can such a change of scene appear a small privilege to you? Or can you esteem it a slight advantage that I may hold discourse with Orpheus, Homer and Hesiod? Indeed, if it were possible, I could wish to die often, to enjoy the circle I have mentioned. With what a glow of delight should I make the acquaintance of Palamedes, of Ajax, and others whose throats have felt the knife of iniquitous judgment!"

So with the old Hebrews, we find the same contempt of death—the same noble confidence and sublime faith at its approach. They were wont to speak of the grave as a place of repose, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And when a Jew yielded up the spirit, and was laid by his friends in the tomb, they did not speak of him as dead, but they said, "He is gathered to his fathers." Death was called a sleep, and no dark forebodings or childish fears gloomed over the hour of its approach. "Yea," says the greatest of the Hebrew poets—the illustrious father of the greatest masonic light of antiquity—"though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

During the first ages of the Christian church, too, and even down to a very late period, we see the same heroic fortitude and earnest faith. Funeral rites and emblems, and the religious observances regarding the dead, were beautiful, hopeful, tranquillizing to the mind, and soothing to the sorrowing heart. They presented the future life to the thought in a most definite and tangible form—made it a real and palpable fact, not a thing of shadow and mist—a world where the lost would be found, where hearts which had been separated here by death would be reunited, to be divided no more, and where the soul would find and embrace those idols of good, of truth and love so ardently worshipped and fruitlessly sought on earth.

In this respect, "Sorrow Lodges" would be found eminently useful; for, while they would call us to the contemplation of the "coffin," and the "grave," and the mortality they represent, they would also display that divine branch, the heavenly "Acacia," "the emblem of the immortal part of man," and which teaches that "when the cold winter of death shall have passed, and the bright summer's morn of the resurrection appears, the Son of Righteousness shall descend, and send forth his angels to collect our ransomed dust; then, if we are found worthy, we shall, by his password, enter the celestial lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe himself presides."

It is usual, when Sorrow Lodges are held, to decorate the room not only with mourning weeds, but with wreaths of foliage and flowers—Nature's glorious types of Truth, Love and Immortality—and thus death itself is made radiant with beauty, and the odor of the grave is lost in the immortal fragrance of the ever-blooming Acacia. And thus we learn to thrust aside our old and dreary views of death, and associate it with what is lovely and beautiful. "Cover me with flowers, and let me die to the sound of music," was the dying exclamation of an illustrious mason, who had knelt before our mystic altar in company with Franklin and Voltaire.

The grand truth connected with the masonic use of the Acacia branch is rapidly extending. A few years ago, except now and then on a masonic

tomb, a cheerful emblem, representing death or the grave, was never met with.

Nothing could possibly exceed the dreary and desolate aspect of many of our older burial-grounds. They seem to have been selected with exclusive reference to their barrenness and solitariness, as if our only object was to bury the dead from our sight, and forget them as soon as possible. There was nothing inviting or agreeable about them. Cold, melancholy and sad, with their terrific emblems—death's heads, skeletons, cross-bones and doleful epitaphs—they were objects of dread to all, of love and reverence to none. Frightened children ran faster as they passed, and even grown men, at times, would turn away their eyes, as if half afraid that some awful vision would rise before them.

It is gratifying, however, to know that a great change is now taking place in regard to our sepulchral rites and our places of burial. The rural cemeteries that are now becoming so numerous, and which are daily springing up in all parts of our country—selected with so much care, arranged with so much taste, and embellished with the most beautiful creations of art and nature—show that we are approaching an age of faith. They indicate that men think more of a future life, and cherish with a tenderer solicitude the memory of their departed friends. Emblems of hope, and trust, and love, invest every grave. Flowers in endless variety, and of surpassing beauty, stand as sentinels around every tomb, as if guarding the repose of the loved one that sleeps within. The waving Acacia, glorious with masonic memories—the mysterious pine, whose wondrous murmurs, never ceasing, resound like a perpetual song—the fir-tree, the type of unwavering confidence, and the drooping elm and weeping willow, emblems of a tender grief and everlasting sympathy—adorn these places sacred to the dead. Thus, on every returning spring, each swelling bud and opening flower will seem to declare that the night of death is past, "and beauty immortal awakes from the tomb." Thus every wind which softly breathes through the green foliage, and fans the verdant coverings of the dead, sounds as the voice of God or the archangel's trump, commanding the dead to rise. Thus every grave becomes an altar, consecrated by tears and sighs, and holy affections, and the flowers that bloom thereon are the offerings which an unforgetting love presents to the cherished being who slumbers below.

The tranquil beauty which reigns in these places takes away half the fear of death. And if there be a spot in the world where, without a fear or regret, one could lay himself down in the sleep of death, it is in one of these modern cemeteries, where the released spirit would unite itself with that spirit of beauty which seems to have enshrined itself in every flower and every tree, and where the everlasting song of nature, the mysterious hymn of the winds and trees, distant reverberations of that mighty canticle—which ascendeth forever before the Eternal Throne, would swell around his grave forever! Sceptics and utilitarians may scoff at our pious endeavors to embellish our sepulchres, and denounce as futile or superstitious the care and sympathy with which we surround the graves of the loved and lost; but they can only excite our pity. For he who has no faith in the invisible, nor reverence for departed virtue, nor affection for his departed friends, is an object most pitiful to behold.

"Why do we deck these graves with flowers?
And hast thou ever lost a friend,
Nor sought that with thy future hours
Remembrance fond should closely blend?"
'Tis thus unried we cherish ours;
'These living monuments commend
That zeal, which never can forget
Friend, once beloved, as living yet.

Gems sparkling life, whose fragrant breath
Revives the sense to pleasure there,
And garlands crown the place of death,
Which joyous life and youth could wear.
That friend's good name who rests beneath,
As odorous flowers in sunny air
To us shall sweet and lovely be
In everlasting memory.

Charge not with superstitious thought
The kind, the pious deed we do;
Greeks, Romans, Celts, alike, have brought
The fairest flowers, the grave to strew;

And not none by custom taught,
But native feeling strong and true,
The Christian and the heathen come,
To deck with flowers the honored tomb.

The mourner can would read around
Her grief inscribed on earth and sky,
And fondly loves each floweret found
With saddening marks of sympathy,
'Tis such bestrew this sacred ground,
Emblems of woe, of purity,
The drooping head, the dewy tear,
The pallid hue to sorrow dear.

Nor gift, nor word, nor kind caress,
Affection's seal may now decline,
And love, assiduous once to bless,
Through faithful years of daily care,
Casts all its waste of tenderness
In flowers and tears profusely there,
Invents a duty to fulfill,
And seems to render service still

'Types, Truth selects, appropriate,
Fair, fading creations of a day,
Of human life to indicate
The fragile state and swift decay,
Now in prosperity elate,
And then for ever passed away,
Redeeking thus the mortal cell,
Our tale impressively they tell.

Are richly now that spring's soft breath
Wakes latent energies below,
Leaves, buds and blossoms bursting forth,
With gratitude and love glow,
Symbols of triumph over death.
The Resurrection hope they show;
The Grave her tenants shall restore,
And Death of victory boast no more."

It is well for, at particular times and on particular occasions, to recall the past, and especially those with whom we have been associated, and who now slumber beneath the Acacia bough! Every lodge has lost its members by death, some having fallen in life's early bloom and promise, and others in the maturity of their powers and the full experience of age. It will be a salutary exercise of our thoughts, and a wise employ of time to pause for a little and hold communion with our departed companions. Their bodies have faded from our view, and mouldered to dust; but the lives they have lived, and the examples they have given to the world, can never perish. These will live through the immemorial future! Have our departed brethren been virtuous, wise and great, in their fidelity to duty, generous sympathies, lofty and confiding friendships, sincere faith in God, man and justice? Let us emulate their excellencies, their perfections, and by frequent communion reproduce them in our own lives. Have their frailties disordered our beloved order and made our hearts sad? This invocation of their memory will still be useful—useful as a warning, as an admonition.

The Creator has furnished no means of moral improvement more important, or more effectual, than this communion with, this invocation of, the dead; for of the dead we may speak with freedom. Of their virtues, of the heavenly beauty of their lives, we may speak without being suspected of insincere flattery; and of their frailties we may speak with mingled justice and charity, without laying ourselves liable to the charge of ulterior purposes of a selfish and interested character.

In truth, the influence of the departed upon us is far greater than we have been in the habit of thinking. It is not in vain that our brothers deceased have lived in our midst—it is not in vain they have died. They have left, as we just said, their works behind them; their remembrances remain in the lodge-room, and in the community in which they were known. Although dead and in their graves, they still live, and their lives and examples, were they divine and holy, go about among us as ever, continuing those works of goodness which here commenced. Let us pray that they may watch over us as guardian geniuses, and preserve us from all selfishness, injustice and impurity.

Sorrow Lodges, then, are of the highest moral utility. They are there, calling to mind the departed worthies of our order, we come to feel that the fraternal ties of our institution are more powerful than death, and more enduring than the grave. Our brothers, departed, are not lost to us. Their sympathy surrounds us still, and we feel their

presence when we call their names. They look down upon us from the Grand Lodge above, and cheer us on in our works of benevolence and love.

"Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast:
We hear their words—their smiles behold—
They're round us as they were of old!
They are all here!"—

—The Freemason.—Ind.



MONTREAL, JAN., 5861.

To those of our subscribers who are in arrears, we would call their attention to our terms, \$1.00 at time of subscribing or \$1.50 at the end of three months.

The object of this journal is to extend information to the craft by chronicling the various passing events connected with the order, nor is it our intention or duty to enquire into what is said of us by those who "know not what it is."

The opinions of the initiated from time immemorial (among whom number the wisest, best and greatest of men, Monarchs Statesmen, Bishops and Clergymen of every denomination), are well known. They all unite in commending the society with an enthusiastic warmth, while they discover an attachment to its precepts and principles at which ignorance wonders and prejudice sneers.

A journal in this city, which arrogates to itself to be *par excellence* the "custos morum" of the community, and whose position is really nothing more or less than the mouth-piece of a clique so wittily described by Hudibras, as,

"Whatever men see by this new light,
Sull they're sure to be in the right,
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit
Which none see by but those that bear it."

has over an anonymous signature, attacked not only the antiquity of our order, but also its pretensions to benevolence, &c., &c. Our space will not permit us to answer this rehash of objections, which have been raised and answered times without number, we would only refer such of the uninitiated who really wish to make themselves acquainted with the history and working of Freemasonry, to a late American publication, *The Universal Masonic Library*, where will be found the ridiculous absurdity of "Caution's" warning.

Individual errors or crimes ought only to reflect discredit on the offending parties, for a gigantic society like ours, spread over the four quarters of the globe and in every civilized

country on the face of the earth, cannot be responsible for the misconduct of every single member of the body. "Caution," says "drunkards, gamblers, and libertines are members of our order, without their having the power to withdraw themselves, or us to expel them from our ranks."

He evidently knows nothing about the order, since members are daily expelled for reasons he mentions, but forsooth because some members of the body misconduct themselves, this "Gospel Trumpeter," with all the force and confidence of correctness, argues, masonry must be a bad institution. This method of reasoning, however suited to some other more notorious secret societies will scarcely pass with us, and is about as absurd as his other premises are false. Apply this argument in a general way, and what is the result, why a complete condemnation of every society or institution on the face of the earth, human and divine.

How it would shock the ears of "Mr. Caution" if his argument was applied to the members of either a *Tea-total Society*, or those of his own particular religious sect. A teetotaler has committed robbery, ergo, all teetotalers are robbers, deacon or elder has been guilty of a misdemeanor with his brother elder's wife or daughter, therefore all the men and women of that particular congregation are what ——— let "Caution" fill up the blank; but let us take higher grounds, are not men and women, professors of Christianity, daily arraigned before courts of justice and the bar of public opinion, for murder, robbery, adultery, and all the crimes "which flesh is heir to?" If "Caution's" warning is to be taken as true, therefore—mark the consequences—Christianity must be a bad institution, is not this preposterous?

Does it follow because a wicked christian forgets his duty, both to God and his fellow-men, and commits murder, that the christian religion must necessarily induce its professors to commit murder? So with our own order. If some Brethren so far forget themselves and their solemn obligations as to overstep the bounds of decency and disgrace themselves in the eyes of every well-thinking member of the community, it cannot be urged that the institution is the cause of such conduct, and is to be held responsible for it. This is a conclusion which no unprejudiced mind will allow. The fact is, the best things may be and sometimes are abused. When we see base and unworthy men among masons, the fault is not with the society but with themselves. To use the language of a celebrated Divine "There may be in Masonry as there has been in Christianity" a falling away, or a fading in the once famed goodness of many of its members." We are of a like opinion, nor indeed are we at all alarmed, that any gratuitous advice will prevent us from exert-

ing ourselves in the cause of doing good. As we do intend to take notice of any future attack that may be made upon the Craft by any anonymous writer, we conclude this already too lengthy article, by stating that Masonry fears not an appeal to the world in justification of our moral system. Our Constitution are well known. They have been for ages printed and submitted freely to general investigation, and approved not by anonymous scribblers, but by the universal voice of the wisest and best of men.

We are again at the commencement of a Masonic Year, nor do we ever recollect to have seen the Festival of our Patron Saint, more highly honored or more enthusiastically observed. The various Lodges in the city had excellent attendance at their installations, while the several dinners in the evening, were certainly not behind hand in the number of their votaries. A Union dinner composed of the [St. George's, No. 19, C. R., Antiquity, C. R., and Zetland, No. 21, C. R., dined at Bro. Coleman's Montreal House, and were presided over by R. W. D. G. M., A. A. Stevenson, supported on either side by M. W. Bro. Bernard, P. G. M., and R. W. Bro. Harris, P. D. D. G. M. The Kilwinning, No. 124, C. R., dined at the same place and was presided over by R. W. Bro. Isaacson, W. M., and Bros. Boyd, and McPherson, P. M's. The St. Paul's, R. E., dined as usual at St. Lawrence Hall, where R. W. Bro. MacCalman, W. M., presided and when Bros. Hogan and Penn, invariably in such cases as the present shew their excellent skill and judgment in everything respecting the *cuisine*. The St. George's, E. R., dined at Bro. Compain's, the W. M. presiding, while the St. Lawrence were provided by Bro. Browning, whose catering gave universal satisfaction. It would be invidious and *mal-a-propos* to speak of the several bills of fare, it is quite sufficient to state, that the laborers were worthy of their hire, and none went away dissatisfied.

R. W. Bro. Stevenson, P. M. and D. D. G. M., was presented by the members of St. George's Lodge, with a very handsome P. M. jewel. P. M. Bro. Himes, was presented by the Brethren of the Zetland Lodge, with a handsome gold P. M. jewel, which he appropriately acknowledged. Bro. Moss, for his indefatigable services as treasurer of the St. George's Lodge, also received his reward, which consisted of a Treasurer's jewel, in acknowledging which he made the following appropriate speech:—

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BRETHREN.—One would require to be little less than human, not to be deeply moved on an occasion like this: To say I am not thankful, would be to utter something, my heart would not respond to. I am deeply sensible of the honor you have done me in presenting me with this

Masonic mark of your esteem and respect. My aim R. W. Sir, has been to promote the welfare of our noble order, and I have always felt a deep interest in the Craft, and have often regretted that my time was so limited as to prevent me from giving it that careful attention which it so well and worthily deserved, and I feel that any little services I may have rendered this Lodge are this evening more than rewarded, and I shall wear this Emblem of my Office with pride and satisfaction. Permit me again to thank you sincerely for this mark of your approbation, which shall long be remembered.

The jewels were from the shop of Messrs. Hoffnung & Co., and it is needless to say, reflect great credit both upon the manufacturer and artist.

Bro. Taylor, Secretary of the Kilwinning Lodge, received as a special mark of esteem and friendship from the Brethren of his Lodge, a Master Mason's Jewel, and replied in an excellent speech, showing that though not a very old mason, it was his earnest wish and desire to be a good one.

At twelve o'clock the Lodges were closed and the Brethren departed in harmony.

"Happy to meet, sorry to part;
And happy to meet again."

We have received from the Grand Secretaries of the Grand Lodges of Canada, and Iowa, their annual reports, for which they will please accept our best thanks.

(The Editor & Proprietors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)

To the Editor of the CANADIAN FREEMASON.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—A great deal has been said and written on the subject of the treatment of the Masonic Body at Ottawa, by the Provincial Government. Your able correspondent P. G. M. has shown the contrast between the Cape of Good Hope and Canada, under circumstances of a like character. Our R. W. G. M. has given us the few facts as far as he was concerned with the Government in the matter, but no one has solved the mystery; the why and the wherefore which Governments always give when either consenting or refusing to do anything. The Duke of Newcastle and Sir Edmund Head have in turns been charged with this wanton outrage, for I can call it nothing else. The true causes, as I before said, are enveloped in mystery, or supposed to be, but the cob-web that shrouds this mystery is so flimsy, that without being a prophet or the son of a prophet, I will venture to give you my view of the subject.

The R. W. G. M. tells us that it was determined at a meeting of the Executive &c. I neither wish to interfere in Politics or Religion, and I am sure you will never permit your columns to be occupied with either one or the

other subject; but, there are no rules without exceptions, and, when it is necessary to ask the secret causes which have led to so flagrant a departure from common decency, one may be permitted to tread on what otherwise he considered as forbidden ground, in search of truth. One must amputate the limb to save the body.

Now it is a well known fact, that it was proposed to lay the Corner Stone of the Court House in this city, with Masonic Honours; that the Executive refused, and what were the reasons, privately given to the Craft, but which were never embodied in any official communication? Why, the Court House was built by taxes, levied alike on Protestants and Roman Catholics; that the Romish Clergy had denounced Masonry from the pulpit, and that it would be offensive to the Roman Catholic portion of the population. Now, who is the one man power of the Cabinet? Why, the man who made such a flaming ultra-montane speech at Quebec not long since, and subscribed so very liberally to crush the rising liberties of Italy. If over the secret of that Cabinet meeting is revealed, you will find that this is the chief reason, slightly aided by another. Our R. W. G. M. is only a Minister's Deputy, and, although their superior in the qualities both of head and heart that make a man a mason, and a gentleman, would have taken precedence of his superiors in office, had the ceremony been conducted Masonically. This the small minds of the Cabinet could not stand. I know, it will be attempted to be denied, as it has been before, that the Roman Catholic Clergy are not opposed to Masonry. I assert the fact, that it is, and has been for nearly a century and a half. There is more than one mason in this city, who has been obliged to confess and to renounce all to obtain the rites of the church.

The death bed scene of the late the Hon. Claude Denechand, P. G. M. of Quebec is well known, and why? Because the Roman Catholic Clergy fully understand, that once a man becomes a mason, and a true one, he ceases to be a bigot. The volume of the Sacred Law alone becomes the unerring standard of his belief. That as he progresses onward, in the higher degrees, the more he becomes a convert to the belief, every thing tending to a higher degree of morality ought to be encouraged, and that freedom of opinion in matters concerning our eternal welfare should be left untrammelled by any religious fetters.

Yours fraternally,
P. M.

THE FREE MASON in Canada of highest personal rank (not Masonic rank) is his Grace, the newly created Archbishop of Montreal, Dr. Francis Fulford, who was initiated, passed and raised in the Apollo University Lodge of Oxford, in the year 1821. His Grace has been forty years a Mason and has ever been a warm admirer and patron of the Craft.—*Exchange Paper.*

LODGE OF ANTIQUITY, R. C.

List of Officers.

- W. Bro. R. Marshall Scholes, W. M.
R. W. " Edwin Morris, P. D. D. G. M., P. M.
" F. C. Detmars, S. W.
" H. J. Vilbon, J. W.
" Bernard Levin, Treas.
" A. A. Trotter, Secy.
" L. Spenard, S. D.
" A. Brunet, J. D.
" Samuel Holmes, }
" Phillip Henry, } Stewards.
" C. L. Levey, D. of Ceremonies.
" R. B. Root, Inner Guard.
" Wm. Hannah, Tyler.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, No. 19, C. R.

List of Officers.

- V. W. Bro. Alex. W. Ogilvie, W. M.
R. W. " A. A. Stevenson, D. D. G. M., P. M.
" Wm. F. Bowman, S. W.
" L. Labelle, J. W.
" David Moss, Treas.
" Job C. Thompson, Secy.
" Alex. Taylor, S. D.
" A. J. W. Laidlaw, J. D.
" Harry Seymour, D. of Ceremonies
" Robert Irwin, Inner G.
" Wm. Hannah, Tyler.

ZETLAND LODGE, No. 21, C. R.

List of Officers.

- W. Bro. Wm. A. Bovey, W. M.
R. W. " Edward Himes, P. M.
" Chas. W. Craddock, S. W.
" Isaac Davis, J. W.
" A. Hoffnung, Secretary.
" S. Dijkelspiel, S. D.
" John Jas. Browne, J. D.
" S. Hoffnung, Chaplain.
" Jacob Samuels, }
" Jas. Alexander, } Stewards.
" Edward D. Lalanne, I. G.
" Wm. Hanna, Tyler.

KILWINNING LODGE, No. 124.

List of Officers.

- R. W. Bro. J. Helder Isaacson, W. M.
V. W. " John Boyd, P. M.
" John Renshaw, S. W.
" Wm. Stewart, J. W.
" Robt. Baillie, Chaplain.
" W. F. Lighthall, Treas.
" Thomas Taylor, Secy.
" J. H. Stearns, S. D.
" Alex. Chisholm, J. D.
" Wm. Short, I. G.
" Wm. Hanna, Tyler.
" A. G. Lindsay, D. of Ceremonies.
" T. J. Clayton, }
" W. Hight, } Stewards.
" W. Greer, }
" John Martir, }
" D. W. Crerar, } Per. Committee.
" W. Hall, }

ST. PAUL'S LODGE, No. 514 R. E.

List of Officers.

- V. W. Bro. A. Hamilton McCalman, W. M.
" " Strachan Bethune, P. M.
" " J. Shuter Davenport McGill, S. W.
" " William Osborne Smith, J. W.
" Joseph Walker, Treas.
" Frederick John Brady, Secy.
" Rufus Fairbanks, S. D.
" William Busby Lamb, J. D.
" Andrew Law, D. C.
" Brown Chamberlin, I. G.
" Robert Colquhoun, T.
" Wilson B. Allan, Asst. T.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE 643, E. R.

List of Officers installed St John's Day, 1860

- W Bro. George Nunn,.....W. M.
- V. W. " Calvin Palmer Ladd,....P. M.
- " Wm. George Slack,....S. W.
- " Jos. Magloire Desjardins, J. W.
- " John Harold,.....Treas.
- " John Rowan Spong,....Secy.
- " Ambrose Case Weeks,....S. D.
- " Telesphore Chagnon,....J. D.
- " William Buckham,....I. G.
- " Wilson Black Allan,....Tyler.

ST. LAWRENCE LODGE, No. 923, E. R.

List of Officers.

- W. Bro. Romeo H. Stephens....W. M.
- R. " " James Graham,.....P. M.
- " " Thomas Milton,.....S. W.
- " " Edward P. Hannaford,....J. W.
- " " John Allan,.....Treasurer.
- " " John Macpherson,.....Secretary.
- " " William E. Ross,.....S. D.
- " " William McGill,.....J. D.
- " " William Easton,.....D. C.
- " " Alexander McDonald,....I. G.
- " " Wilson B. Allan,.....Tyler.

ELGIN LODGE, 348, R. S.

List of Officers.

- R. W. Bro. James Smith,.....R. W. M.
- " " James Doran,.....R. W. P. M.
- " " John N. Jones,.....W. D. M.
- " " Fred. C. Eastwood,....W. S. M.
- " " Thos. Yeoman,.....W. S. W.
- " " Jabez C. Furnival,....W. J. W.
- " " George Sanderson,....Treasurer.
- " " Henry Rose,.....Secretary.
- " " William Hall,.....Asst. Sec'y.
- " " Cornelius Judge,.....S. D.
- " " T. R. Whitehead,....J. D.
- " "Chaplain.
- " " Geo. Batty,.....G. S.
- " " J. D. Doughty,.....Asst. G. S.
- " " Stewart E. Martin,....do
- " " John Macnab,.....Inner Guard.
- " " W. B. Allan,.....Tyler.
- " " Thomas O'Brien,....Asst. Tyler.

A MASON NOT ON THE SQUARE

During last week a respectable looking, cute Yankee, whose thin, grey hairs, proclaimed him advanced in years, was in town, actively engaged in soliciting alms from the Masonic Brethren. The man is about middle size, intelligent, possessed of uncommon assurance, and tells a plausible story. He put up at the St. Lawrence Hall first, where he registered his name N. M. Tully, Pa. While there he drank a good deal of liquor, and then shifted to Compaïn's. There he called himself D. W. Knapp, and the certificate he presented to the Brethren bore this signature, and was dated with the word "Virginia," although in the hotel book he wrote "Penn." The Masons suspecting from his signing his name as "N. M. Tully," and again as "Knapp," and from other circumstances that the old gentleman was not up to the level, told him they would write to his lodge for particulars, and if these proved satisfactory would render him assistance. Finding all was up he went to the hotel for his parcel and left for "foreign parts," forgetting to pay his bills. We have no doubt he will turn up shortly in some benevolent place. He only got \$4 in the city.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

GE-LANG! GIT UP!

The drops of rain were falling fast,
When up through Camp street quickly passed
An omnibus, whose driver sung,
In accents of the Celtic tongue,
Ge-lang! git up!

His mules were lank, his whip was long;
He touched them with the biting thong;
And as they switched their threadbare tails,
This sound the listening ear assails,
Ge-lang! git up!

Along the street, on every side,
Were damp ones waiting for a ride;
They called, they yelled, they raised a fuss,
But cried the driver of the 'bus,
Ge-lang! git up!

"Hold on! hold on!" an old man said,
And waved his hand above his head;
Crack went the whip and all could hear
A sharp sound echoing on the ear—
Ge-lang! git up!

"Stop, driver, stop!" a maiden called,
"Stop, stop!" a dozen voices bawled.
The driver looked on neither side,
But still in clarion voice replied,
Ge-lang! git up!

For up the street a sound was heard,
And through the distance came a word
That fell on many a waiting soul
Like Hope's lugubrious funeral toll—
Ge-lang! git up!

That night the driver went to bed;
All through his troubled sleep he said
The same strange words which he had flung
All day from his Jehuic tongue—
Ge-lang! git up!

MASONIC.

An interesting and imposing ceremony, adding a new link to the rapidly increasing influence and importance of the Grand Lodge of Canada, took place at Three Rivers, on Saturday last. A new Lodge, denominated "Shawweneag Lodge," having been organized under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada, Right W. Bro. Richard Pope, D. D. G. M. for Quebec and Three Rivers, accompanied by R. W. Bros. Denis Gale, G. S. W., Angus McKay, P. G. S., and other officers and brethren of Harrington Lodge, of this city, repaired to Three Rivers, according to appointment, to consecrate and constitute the new Lodge, and install its officers. The brethren at Three Rivers had previously made arrangements to render the short stay of the installing officers and visiting brethren, some of whom were from the United States, as agreeable as possible. In addition to other sources of amusement, they had, through the courtesy of Bro. Starnies, the contractor, improvised a short excursion on the new railroad now in course of construction to Arthabaska, about 13 miles of which are already nearly completed. The day being clear and fine, the brethren started off, and were rapidly conveyed, by special train, over this well-built and excellently constructed portion of the road, and had thus the pleasure of being the first to pass over this new feeder of the Grand Trunk.

At half-past seven in the evening, after the imposing ceremony of consecration and installation had been performed, the visiting brethren were entertained at dinner, served in splendid style in the large drawing-room in Bro. Farmer's hotel. Between thirty and forty brethren sat down, and after the excellent things in this life, which for variety and delicacy reminded the Quebec brethren of similar entertainments at Bro. Russell's, had been disposed of and the usual toasts had been given, a number of Masonic toasts followed, pleasingly interspersed by a few excellently sung

songs, with accompaniments on the piano—there being a good large piano in the room. In this agreeable manner, the social pleasures of the evening were continued till the near approach of midnight, until the shriek of a whistle announced the arrival of the steambot which was to convey the Quebec brethren to their home, when the party broke up with a universal shaking of hands, and wishes for prosperity and success, which gave unequivocal evidence of the prevalence of the true Masonic sentiment and feeling of brotherly love—"Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

ITEMS.

A miller at Darby, who lately quitted his trade to keep a public house, sent for a painter to paint the sign of the mill. "I must have the miller looking out of the window." It shall be done says the painter. "But as I was never seen to be idle, you must make him pop in his head if any one looks at him." This the artist also promised, and brought home the sign. "It is well done, but where is the miller?" O! says the painter, he popped his head in when you looked.

WELLINGTON AS AN ART CRITIC.—When I had sketched his figure I asked him to look at it. He said, you have made my head too large, and this is what all the painters have done for me when I have sat. Painters are not aware how small a part of the human figure the head is. Titian was the only painter who understood this, and by making his heads small he did wonders.—*Leslie.*

INTERESTING SEARCH.—A most interesting search is about to take place that will draw all lovers of inventions to the tombs of the Beaufort family. It seems that the first Earl of Worcester, of the day of Henry the Eighth, invented an engine, the original model of which has never, up to this time, been discovered. Through the deepest researches, Mr. Woodcroft obtained undeniable proof that the Earl of Worcester desired in his will that this model should be interred with him in his coffin. Therefore, Mr. Woodcroft's next step was to obtain permission to have the coffin opened, but before that could be done the whereabouts had to be discovered, and no one knew anything about it. It was not till the other day that, coming across an old manuscript, he found an allusion made to the coffin of Charles Somerset, the Earl of Worcester, and that it was buried in a vault which had fallen in, and, as the writer observed, was never likely to be beheld by mortal eyes again. This manuscript is upwards of 150 years old, therefore it may be imagined that to find the spot where the Earl is buried was difficult enough; that, however, has been accomplished, and Mr. Woodcroft having obtained the Duke of Beaufort's permission to open the coffin, is only waiting for the necessary permission of the Bishop to do so. The Duchess has signified her desire to be present.—*Court Journal.*

COST OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—The London daily newspapers cost more than double the price paid for the best daily journals in the United States. The London Daily News \$17.50 a year, the Advertiser \$19.50, the Chronicle \$19.50, the Post \$22.50, the Times \$25. The London Times is furnished by London agents on the second day after its publication, at the rate of \$19.50.

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