

THE  
CANADIAN JOURNAL

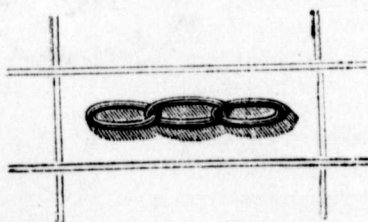
OF

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

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VOLUME I.—1875.

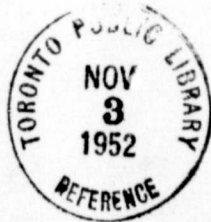
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WAS HE AN ODD-FELLOW ?

CHAPTER I.

MRS. ARDORY'S SENSIBILITIES.

THAT had to be the subject of the first chapter. That was always the first chapter with Mrs. Ardory. She was a woman of acute sensibilities. Everything shocked her. For my part, I can never laugh at people who have sensibility without being sensible. They must suffer a great deal, both from their sensibility and their lack of sense. It is a double misfortune ; let us pity them. But if selfishness and indolence hide their heads behind sensibility, let us blame, even at the risk of being shocking to sensibilities.

I dare not say that Mrs. Ardory was selfish. Some readers are always in a hurry to jump to conclusions about people. To say that Mrs. Ardory was selfish would be a libel, a slander, a defamation of a most tender-hearted creature. Poor, dear Mrs. Ardory was a bundle of sympathy, an unfailling fountain of pity, a fathomless ocean of philanthropy. She wept and lamented over the condition of the poor, the sick, the bereaved, the widow and the fatherless. When her children came in of a morning, shouting with delight because

the white snow was eagerly piling itself up higher and higher and yet higher than the garden fence, and fairly smothering the dark green cedars with massive and matchless whiteness, poor Mrs. Ardory clasped her pale hands in distress, and sighed, "What a day for people out of coal !" I'm sure you couldn't say she was not benevolent. She never failed to burden everybody about her with her sympathy for the poor. She wouldn't suffer people who had comforts to enjoy them so long as there were people who hadn't them. She deemed it her duty to be saying perpetually : "Let us all be unhappy together."

Mrs. Ardory's sensibilities were philanthropic. Her husband's father had the good fortune to be a simple-hearted old truckman, and, though Mrs. Ardory's husband was quite wealthy, Mrs. Ardory found it a great thorn in her side that Ardory the elder wouldn't give up his low calling and be a gentlemanly dependent of his son. It would seem so much better. It was all an eccentricity—so she told her friends—this persistence of the old man in the ignoble business of earning an honest livelihood when his son was ready to take care of his parents—that is, though she did not say it, to give them a grudging pittance to

keep them in a state of genteel good-for-nothingness. And, at last, when her mother-in-law, a woman of a sturdy will of her own, died, Mrs. Ardory attacked the old man, who was of an easy temper, and besought and besieged him, for the sake of her delicate and refined sensibilities, which were so shocked by his course, to yield to her entreaties, sell his old truck, put faithful old Bob up at auction, and come and live with them. It made people ask so many questions, you know, about the why and the wherefore, for the old man to live alone. Questions that reflected upon her character for benevolence were a dreadful shock to Mrs. Ardory's sensibilities. And so the old man, unwilling to quite cut down the bridge behind him, hired out his horse and truck, put "To Let, Furnished," over the door of his shabby little house, and became a sort of chore-boy in his son's family; he rolled the baby-carriage, and hoed in the garden, and was a miscellaneous-utility man about the house. All for the sake of Mrs. Ardory's sensibilities.

But Mrs. Ardory's sensibilities were more than ever shocked by his lack of polish. She did not like to have her father-in-law in the house when there was company; he was sure to do something very shocking. So the old man, who had too much sense to mention his sensibilities, who had never used the word sensibility in his life, and who really thought it meant some fearful disease when his daughter-in-law used it—the old man, having sensibilities nevertheless, staid out of the parlor when there was company; only went to the table to keep from shocking Mrs. Ardory by staying away; and when at the table swallowed but a little dinner awkwardly and in silence; taking pains to shovel his potatoes up with the back of his knife for fear of not being polite, cooling his coffee by blowing on it in his saucer, as his master taught him, and yet feeling that, do what he would to be well-mannered, he was somehow shocking the sensibilities of his daughter-in-law all the time.

Without any society—too high up for the servants and too low down for the family—the old man had nothing left for him to do but to go on shocking sensibilities all the time. Perhaps there is no way of passing one's life-time more unpleasant than to spend it in being an object of

dislike. People who are stumbling-blocks always feel it more keenly than those who stub their toes against them. It is far worse to be in the way and know it, than it is to have somebody in your way. And so the old man, conscious of being in the way, fidgety in his half-genteel rig, longing again for the congenial society of his "ole woman," aching for the petty cares of old occupation, envying every man whom he saw rolling a barrel—what should he do but seek comfort where there were no sensibilities that could be shocked, in one corner of the nice warm saloon which bore the name of "The House of Lords," where he could sit in a shady corner on the sawdusted floor—so much better than velvet carpets, you could talk without timidity here—he could sit in a shady corner with an old crony who would generally forgive his cheap, fine clothes and play seven-up and drink whiskey with him until he felt his humiliation all gone, and talked as though he were indeed a member of the House of Lords, owning his son and all his property, but always confiding to his friend that his darter'n-law was a drefle fine woman—and troubled with the what-you-may-call-'em, the sensibilities—didn't jest know what that might be—but it was a disease as made you have to be keerful when she was around or she'd take on, you know.

And when the old gentleman had come home several times a little too full of the nectar of the gods, and acting as if he were Jupiter himself, Mrs. Ardory confided to her intimates, those who "came right up stairs" when they called, that her husband's father hadn't any sensibilities at all—not a single sensibility. He never seemed to care for anybody but himself, ate like a hog, poured his coffee into the saucer and cooled it with his breath, and—and—well, she wouldn't say anything against her husband's flesh and blood, and besides, she'd promised her husband not to tell, you know. But if they could only have seen—O my!—if they could only have seen and heard him when he came home last night at eleven o'clock—well, she wouldn't say anything, of course. But they could imagine what a sacrifice she had made in receiving him under her roof, and how one of *her* delicate sensibilities must suffer. They could guess at least. Ah!

CHAPTER II.

MRS. ARDORY'S SENSIBILITIES.

YES, the second chapter will be about them, too. Mrs. Ardory's sensibilities were too acute to be disposed of in one short chapter.

Mrs. Ardory sat, on the very day before Christmas, at the window, looking over a perfumed package of old letters, and talking in her tragic way to a friend who sat by her.

"Memories!" whispered she in a tone of fathomless sadness. "Memories, my dear—sad, sad memories—that stir my heart to the very bottom! Whenever I untie this pink ribbon, and see these letters, all my sensibilities are roused: memory is too much for me!" Here Mrs. Ardory shed a few well-considered and appropriate tears. "Ah! who can ever know the bitterness I have suffered?" Then, after an interval of choking emotion, in which Mrs. Ardory's eyes—and, for that matter, her nose, also—were buried in her lace handkerchief, she proceeded, in a disjointed and finely-pathetic way.

"Schoolmate, room-mate, friend, I shall never see thee more, alas!"

"Is she dead?" asked her sympathizing friend.

"Worse!" said Mrs. Ardory, looking out from under melancholy brows, and speaking in a tone that made her friend's flesh creep with terror, horror, and ever so many other kindred emotions. "Worse! a thousand times worse!" Then, in an awful whisper, "Ran away from school at seventeen—worthless fellow—married him, lost all social standing and all her friends. Oh! my poor Laura, where are you today? What kind of Christmas will tomorrow be to you, poor, lost sheep?"

This was Mrs. Ardory with her friends. Do you wonder that we said, and truly, that Mrs. Ardory was a woman of feeling?

On that same evening, Mrs. Ardory sat in the dining-room of her family, waiting the return of her husband, when a little ragged girl came to the door.

"Please, Madam," said Bridget, "she says she must see you."

"Ask her what she wants, Bridget; and if she is a tramp, send her right away at once. My nerves will not bear any excitement."

"Please, ma'am, she says she is the child of your old friend that used to be

Laura Bordan, and her mother's sick, and ain't got no home, and sends to know if you won't come and take her into your house for the night. She's turned into the street by the landlord, and she's got five children."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? Why I couldn't have poor Laura here; I'd die with pity to see her and half-a-dozen poor children. I couldn't stand it! My sensibilities are so keen! Bridget, send the little thing away. Don't let her come in. Oh! what a dreadful thing it is to have such sensibilities! Poor Laura! how she must suffer! Tell her to go to the Secretary of the Association for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Destitute. Tell her I would send her some money if my husband was at home. Poor Laura! A beggar!" And Mrs. Ardory wept in sincere grief for her friend, and in pity for the poor generally. Old Mr. Ardory was so shocked at her grief, that he got up and went out, and did not even return to supper, which was served a few minutes later, when Mrs. Ardory's husband came in. To her husband that worthy lady talked most pathetically about her old friend, her beauty, her intellect, and her unhappy marriage, and now this sad, sad denouement—in the street sick, a beggar, absolutely a beggar. Here Mrs. Ardory broke down and wept. She declared that she would not be able to sleep a wink that night. Her sensibilities were so delicate. The shock of hearing from poor, dear Laura in that way was so rude and sudden. She hoped her sympathies might never be so severely taxed again. She couldn't get over it—poor Laura in the street!

And, at bed-time, she couldn't sleep. She said her sensibilities were absolutely shattered. And then, too, her husband's father was out, and she just knew that he would be home after midnight, in a state that would shock her more than ever. It seemed that everything had combined to kill her.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. ARDORY'S SENSIBILITIES.

I FIND that the last chapter must be given to the sensibilities of Mrs. Ardory. It was Christmas Day. Even on this blessed day, that tender-hearted lady could not lay aside her sensibilities and enjoy

herself. For, just think, will you, how many poor there are! How could a tender-hearted woman enjoy a feast when so many were hungry? It was not in the good woman's heart, I am sure, to be for a minute oblivious to the sorrows of the poor.

She had also another anxiety. The dinner hour was approaching, and she was to have several friends. Among others, the rector and his wife were to dine with Mrs. Ardory on this day. All the company, the rector's wife included, were there—the rector only being absent, he having called to see a sick person on the way. He would come presently. Mrs. Ardory was just explaining to the clergyman's wife how awful a thing parochial duty must be; she never could stand the tax on her sensibilities if she were a clergyman. But what Mrs. Ardory was thinking about when she was saying this was something very different, indeed. She was thinking that her father-in-law had been out all night on a Christmas spree, and that he might come in at any moment and shock her sensibilities with his disgraceful appearance. But, to her surprise, the old man came home sober; and, what was more curious, came in company with the rector himself. And the rector was showing him every attention. Was the like ever seen before?

"He didn't want to come," said the rector with excitement, leading the old man in. "But I brought him by force. I must tell you what he did. Found a poor, sick woman, with half a dozen children, on the street last night. The woman's husband was dead. The landlord turned them out. Mr. Ardory, senr., here, went and got a truck, pushed his way through the rude crowd that stood about, and lifted the poor thing up off the sidewalk and carried her to the truck. Then he took her to his little old house and laid her on the bed, and got a neighbor-woman for a nurse, and went for a doctor, and got supper for the hungry children, and he's been with them ever since, doing everything he could for them. Only he went this morning and shook his fist in the landlord's face, and threatened to publish him if he didn't give the woman back the last ten dollars he had exacted. He's a brave old man. You ought to be proud of him."

"Why, indeed, we are," said the younger Ardory, "proud as we can be of you, father."

"He can do such things, you know," said Mrs. Ardory, aside, to the rector's wife; "he hasn't any sensibilities."

"If you could only have heard that poor woman tell it," cried the rector, as they went down to dinner. "If you could have seen her kiss Mr. Ardory's hand as we came away. It did my heart good—more good than any Christmas service I ever attended."

"Come, father, you must sit at the head of the table," said the younger Ardory.

"Oh! no, I can't carve," stammered the old man.

"Well enough, well enough; God bless you!" said the rector. "I vote for you to preside to-day."

And then the rector said grace before meat; and the old truckman cut up the turkey as best he could, growing red in the face, half from diffidence and half from modesty, for the rector did not intermit his praises of the old man's benevolence and his carving.

"And what do you think?" continued the clergyman. "That poor creature told me she sent last night to the most intimate friend she had in her better days, and begged a shelter for the night, and was refused. It was absolutely outrageous. It would have been the death of the poor creature but for Mr. Ardory here."

The rector said this under difficulties, for his wife was treading on his corns vigorously all the time. But gentlemen never see anything; and how should he notice that this incident powerfully affected the sensibilities of the lady at the other end of the table? But if his eyes were not sharp, his ears, at least, were always open to a theological question, and he now turned to answer a question put to him by Miss Crabbe, whether he thought an unregenerate person could do things pleasing to Christ?

"Every good thing a man does—everything that has a likeness to Christ's own self-sacrifice, draws him nearer to Christ. I don't doubt that Christ is pleased with a good act, by whomsoever done, and loves the man that does it, too."

The old truckman, whose self-respect had grown visibly, refused an invitation to the "House of Lords" that evening, started his truck the next week, went to church after that merry Christmas, and



dined every now then at the house of the rector.

Mrs. Ardory was quite ill after her Christmas dinner, I believe. Her sensibilities had been so shocked by the harrowing things she had heard.

---

[We are not certain whether old man Ardory belonged to the I.O.O.F. or the Manchester Unity. In fact, he might have

been a Knight of Pythias, a Freemason, a Heptasoph, or an Improved Red Man, (though he evidently was not a Good Templar, nor a Son of Temperance,) and it is just possible he did not have his name on the books of any of these benevolent institutions. But, at all events, he had the spirit of an Odd-Fellow, and he did the work of an Odd-Fellow, and no Fraternity would feel ashamed of him.]

---

### OUR BANNER.

**F**LING wide our Banner ! Land nor sea  
Boasts prouder gonfalon than ours ;  
It points to higher destiny  
Than crowns the strife of mortal powers.  
Its field of white, its border bright,  
Its links denoting Union's might,  
It waves, an angel's wing, above,  
Proclaiming Friendship, Truth, and Love.

Wave, Banner of the triple tie,  
In tranquil glory o'er the land ;  
No dismal or ensanguined dye.  
Shall mar the folds that here expand.  
It e'er shall share the brother's prayer,  
The Orphan's rescue from despair ;  
A benison each wave shall fling,  
And many a widowed heart shall sing.

May blessings ever on it rest,  
While heralding our Order's fame ;  
In every motion manifest  
The principles of good we claim.  
Whose beaming ray shall round it play  
Till merges in the night our day,  
And other generations prize  
The flag that greets our failing eyes.

## PUT-OFFERS.

IF there is any small domestic vice more exasperating than the habit of putting off, I have yet to suffer from it.

Moreover, it's frightfully common. The man who does things when they are wanted is about as rare as a white blackbird; and as precious, I was going to say.

Perhaps you think I'm extravagant with my big words, and magnify trifles. Isn't our life made up of trifles, I should like to know? and—but I will not argue, I'll illustrate.

To begin with: there is my stove handle. Didn't I worry, and groan, and work, over that tormenting bit of iron, which was too big, and would slip off at the critical moment, letting the coals down, and obliging me to have the whole stove cleared out, my carpet covered with ashes, and my temper—well, tried. Didn't I endure this annoyance for two blessed years, and when at last, the rod wore so smooth that I could only shake it by screwing a small vise to it—then, I say, didn't John take it down to a blacksmith, and in one hour have a new handle made that works perfectly? Isn't that exasperating, I should like to know?

And then, didn't my door latch get out of order, and didn't I have to keep it locked, and jump up a dozen times an hour to let in this one, and let out that one; and at last, when the Great Mogul brought chisel and screw-driver and fairly got at it, didn't he fix it in five minutes?

And didn't my extension-table get tight, so that Bridget could not open it alone, and didn't I have to leave my work every time that obstinate piece of oak had to be set, and pull and jerk and drag till my patience and my strength gave out? And after three months of this trial of temper, didn't John just take a bit of soap, rub the slides, and, behold! a baby could open it.

And there is my carpet. Didn't it come home when I was out, and Bridget stupidly let the man go back, and my parlor all in confusion, and I expecting Mrs. Fussy on every train! And that evening didn't I ask John to help me put it down, and didn't he stretch a breadth or two, and then give up with a groan, saying that we could never get the wrinkles out, and he would stop and send up the man in the morning. And notwithstanding the lessons

I ought to have learned in years of experience, didn't I sit all the next day expecting that man, and start at every ring of the door bell? And when John came home at night didn't he say, in the blandest tone: "Oh, my dear, I really forgot about the carpet man. I'll stop to-morrow." And didn't another day pass away, and John come home with another good excuse—he was too busy—though it came out during the evening that he had not been too busy to spend half an hour in a sale stable, looking at a promising young horse—which he did not want to buy.

Well, I hope nobody will think I am setting up for a model, but I shut my teeth together and said nothing, though sharp and bitter speeches fairly crowded to my lips. But in my heart I made a vow, namely, to put it down myself, and shame him.

So the next day while the children were in school, with what awkward help I could get from Bridget (she drove the tacks,) I stretched it myself, put in the furniture, regulated the room, and went to bed with the headache—not to speak in polite society of a backache—for the rest of the day. And when John came home, and I expected he would sink through the floor with shame, he coolly remarked: "Well, I shouldn't have thought you could make it look so well."

Many a woman suffers from petty annoyances all her life, because her husband is a put-offer in matters relating to her comfort, though in business he is prompt and energetic. Is man made for "business" I wonder? Somehow I have a dim idea—probably a relic of my youthful fancies—that business was made for man.

Instances crowd upon me. I could fill columns with them, but I will only tell one more.

I had the stove blacked and made ready for my room. John and the man carried it up stairs and stood it in the hall. But something was not just right—I think the oil-cloth was not tacked down. So John said he would leave it until the next evening. The next evening he was tired; and the next—well, I forget, but there was a good excuse. Meanwhile my room was cold, and I had to take my work into the parlor, which, of course, was soon

half full of Robbin's blocks, trains of cars, wooden villages, sets of ten-pins, etc., indispensable to his happiness. At last I grew desperate, and, as usual, went to the kitchen for aid. With Bridget's help I lifted the stove to its place, and then attached the pipe. Now, I never touched stove-pipe before, and I had a sort of horror of it, because I noticed that it generally goes together with hard pounding and harder words. I always take my nerves to the other end of the house when men fit stove-pipe or bring in a piano. Therefore, it was in a faint-hearted, hope-

less sort of a way that I took hold of the ugly black things. Of course, the obstinate cylinders wouldn't do what was expected of them; so, to my amazement, they slipped together in the most amiable way. We squared the stove around, put in the pipe, and the thing was done.

Well done, too, though I say it, and I did get the seam of the pipe in front at first, and my hands cracky, and my dress all stove-blackening, and my carpet all soot.

But the worst thing I got in that exploit was a hard feeling towards Put-offers.

—OLIVE THORNE.

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### THE MAPLE.

**A**LL hail to the broad leafed maple,  
With its fair and changeful dress—

A type of our youthful country

In its pride and loveliness :

Whether in Spring or Summer,

Or in the dreary Fall,

'Mid Nature's forest children,

She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys

Her graceful form is seen,

Her wide umbrageous branches

The sun-burnt reapers screen.

'Mid dark-browed firs and cedars,

Her livelier colors shine,

Like the dawn of a brighter future

On the settlers hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,

Whispers on breezy downs,

And casts refreshing shadows

O'er the streets of our busy towns ;

She gladdens the aching eye-ball,

Shelters the weary head,

And scatters her crimson glories

On the graves of the silent dead.

When the winter frosts are yielding  
 To the sun's returning sway,  
 And merry groups are speeding  
 To sugar-woods away,  
 The sweet and welling juices  
 Which form their welcome spoil,  
 Tell of the teeming plenty  
 Which here waits harvest toil.

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft breathing,  
 Breaks Nature's icy sleep,  
 And the forest boughs are swaying  
 Like the green waves of the deep ;  
 In her fair and budding beauty,  
 A fitting emblem she  
 Of this our land of promise,  
 Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,  
 Droop silently and fall,  
 Like drops of life-blood welling  
 From a warrior brave and tall,  
 They tell how fast and freely  
 Would her children's blood be shed,  
 'Ere the soil of our faith and freedom  
 Should echo a foeman's tread.

—H. F. DARNELL.

ALL animals have a mode of expressing their feelings to others of the same species. Wolves arrange attacks, hunting together in packs, and travelling with energy for hours to accomplish a design of which each member of the enterprise has a rational understanding. Deer and buffaloes act in concert in regard to seeking food or water. Perhaps the government of wild-horses, through signs which any horse in a group of hundreds instantly recognizes as an imperative command of one individual, who prances up and down the line like one in authority, is about as perfect and as mysterious as any thing in natural history. Birds and dogs are exceedingly sociable, enjoying the society of their kith and kin as much as country cousins when they visit city relatives. Rats and mice, too, and even insects, are supposed to have the faculty of communicating their wishes and opinions to each other.

THERE is nothing more characteristic (says Sydney Smith) than in shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin. There is the mortmain—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The digital—one finger held out, much used by all the clergy. There is the shakus rusticus—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the retentive shake—one which, beginning with vigor, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and, before you are aware, begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you.

## THE SCRIPTURES AND SECRECY.

THE bitterest opposition to Odd-Fellowship professes to be based on religious grounds, and claims to be sustained by Divine authority. It thus appeals to the moral and religious feelings of those addressed. This main stem divides itself into three principal branches, as—the wrong of secrecy; the profanity of extrajudicial oaths, and being bound by them to do wrong; and the pagan or anti-Christian character of our prayers. These charges they pretend to support by quoting texts of Scripture, wrenched from their contexts, without explanation of or reference to the circumstances in which they had origin, and applied without comment to show their true meaning, or to prove that they have made a just application of them.

The magic words "secrecy" and "oath-bound," frequently and forcibly uttered, are the bugaboo phantoms with which they expect to terrify the timid, and array against us the feelings of the pious and reverent, and prejudice the ignorant and unthinking against all "secret societies." And the repetition of a few passages of Scripture in which mention is made of "secrecy" and "oaths" or "swearing," they make sufficient warrant for all their real or assumed abhorrence of our alleged wickedness. It would be amusing were not such perversions of Scripture and abuses of religion too serious, to note how persistently these opposers thrum away on their two-stringed instrument—"secret and oath-bound!"—"OATH-BOUND AND SECRET!"—until wrought up into frenzy, they seem to believe that mere repetition and noise add truth to their charges and carry conviction to their readers and hearers. We have already shown that both these charges against our Order are false, in any bad sense of the words—*literally* false, also in correct meaning—that we are *not* a "secret" society; and that our members as such, are not "oath-bound" in any sense—least of all, bound to do wrong or countenance wrong doing. But I wish not merely to deny but to so explain and confirm that denial as to make it clear, positive and conclusive. We will consider the charges in their order—"secrecy" first—and I therefore ask you to follow me, Bible in hand, while I examine the pas-

sages of Holy Writ quoted by them to deepen the odium and abhorrence which their false charges would fasten on our Order. These texts relating to secrecy are of three classes—1st, in connection with great crimes; 2nd, relating to the abominations of pagan worship; and 3rd, condemnations for concealing truth, and commendations for openly proclaiming it. We can only give the strongest specimens of each class—not one of which, it will be seen, supports their assumptions that secrecy is condemned of God as wrong in itself, or regarded as *prima facie* evidence of wrong doing or of *intention* to do wrong.

Genesis, xlix. 6—"O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

Rev. Mr. Cooper makes this quotation of a part of the verse the motto of his book against Odd-Fellowship. Of course he would have his readers believe that it is applicable to our Order, and a Divine condemnation of our secrecy. Nowhere, in all his lectures, does he explain the circumstances in which it originated, nor by whom, nor against whom it was spoken; nor does he offer any comment to show that he uses it properly in applying it against our Order. He seems to depend entirely on the word "secret." But is such a quotation, for such a purpose, fair? is such application just? Would not my quotation of it against the Presbyterian Church, because of the word "Assembly," be just as fair and pertinent? And, again, is everything that is "secret" also evil? We are commanded to be *secret* in prayer, alms, and fasting (Matt. vi. 1-18). Does Mr. Cooper apply his motto to these also?

Now, please turn to the passage in Genesis xlix. 5-8, and see how these opposers abuse the authority of the Bible, and grossly misapply the words they profess to reverence as Divine truth. The language is that of the dying patriarch, Jacob, to his sons, predicting the future of themselves and their descendants, and giving them solemn counsel and admonition. After addressing Reuben (verses 3 and 4) he says: "Simeon and Levi are brethren" (*i. e.* kindred spirits); "instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O, my soul, come not thou into their secret;

unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united : " (why?—the "for" or reason is given) "for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce ; and their wrath, for it was cruel : I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel."

Thus you have the whole passage, and its attendant circumstances ; and now, what possible applicability have either to Odd-Fellowship, or to Odd-Fellows, or to our secrecy or secrets? Could it not be quoted with as much propriety and justice against the "secrets" and the "assembly" of their families, and of their ministers and church members? for all these, if prudent and decent people, *have* secrets which they carefully keep from public knowledge. Shame, then, on any minister of the Gospel—on any professed teacher of Divine Truth—who would thus "handle the word of God deceitfully," and thus mislead his hearers or readers.

Ephesians, v. 11, 12.—"And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." Portions of this passage are sometimes flung at us by our opposers, as if they thought it applicable to us and our doings—why, they probably could not tell, save that it contains the words; "darkness" and "secret;" and perhaps they have somehow persuaded themselves that we meet in darkness, and that all secrets are vile things! But it is certain that the apostle originally only referred to the abominably obscene rites of heathen worship—rites so very indecent that it was "a shame even to speak" of them. Do those who quote this passage against us really believe that we, in our Lodge and Encampment meetings, are ever guilty of such abominations?—that church members and ministers (whom they acknowledge as fellow Christians), who meet with us and engage in our rites and ceremonies, consent to or in any wise countenance doings so indecent that it is a shame even to speak of them? If so, what are these opposers themselves, who fellowship as Christians and commune with Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, etc.? "Darkness" indeed! There is, in our Lodges, no "darkness," either material, intellectual, or moral, as black as that

which permits a man to quote such passages as applicable against those with whom he fellowships as Christians!

II. Corinthians, iv. 2.—"But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness," etc. Portions of this passage, also, are quoted against the privacy and seclusion of our Lodge meetings—its seeming force or applicability being found in the mere words "hidden" and "craftiness." But they do not point to the fact that the apostle does not condemn all hidden things, nor even hidden things, generally, but only "the hidden things of dishonesty"—leaving it to be inferred that there are hidden things which are honest and proper. For the New Testament mentions, as righteous, true, and good, the divine "mystery" (*i. e.* secret) "which hath been hid from ages," "the treasures of wisdom" hid in Christ, the "life which is hid with Christ in God," "the hidden wisdom which God ordained," and "the hidden manna." In view of their part quotations and false applications of Scripture, these opposers would do well to study the entire passage, which reads: "Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, *nor handling the Word of God deceitfully*; but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." I am sorry to be constrained to believe that the "craftiness," condemned by the apostle has place in some who profess Christianity, and is employed even in some of our Protestant pulpits. But if these, our opposers, will show us wherein our Order produces or employs "hidden things of dishonesty," or walks "in craftiness" for evil ends, we will heartily unite with them in denouncing such violations of our principles and objects. For we "war against vice in all its forms," and are banded together in our brotherhood only for good. In this class of texts are the declarations of Jesus, in regard to his preaching his gospel openly. Our opposers *may* have mistaken his meaning, and therefore perverted and misapplied his sayings, and even compromised his consistency, or the veracity of the Evangelists. Please turn to their part quotations of

John, xviii. 20. Jesus declares—"I spake openly to the world," and "in secret have I said nothing." These detached phrases our opposers quote to prove that Jesus condemned all teaching in secret—as if he never uttered any instructions privately to his disciples or others. Yet Jesus *did* instruct his disciples, and Mary and Martha, in private and in the seclusion of domestic life; and Nicodemus in the solitude of his tent, at night; and therefore told his apostles (Matt. x. 27), "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear (*i. e.* whispered as a secret), "that preach ye upon the housetops." What, then, does the teacher mean by the language which our opposers thus misconstrue and misapply? Simply this, for he replied only to *the questions* put by the High Priest concerning "his doctrine"—that he taught his gospel *openly*, not as a secret doctrine. Odd-Fellowship also proclaims, openly, its doctrine of fraternity—publishes from press and speakers' stands all its teachings of morals, of the duties of its members to each other and to mankind, and all its means and measures for the relief of the widowed, the sick, the distressed and the orphaned. But its signs of recognition, its modes of impressing its teachings, and similar secrets, it does not disclose. By these we are enabled to illustrate and impressively enforce the truth of all those passages which teach the condemnation of darkness, and the revealing power and approbation of the light—that is of truth, in general, and of divine truth especially. But these opposers give us no credit for illustrating and enforcing these lessons, and making them impressive by our symbolic rites. On the contrary they seek to incite prejudices, by frequently quoting against us the rebuking words to the temporizing, timid Nicodemus, who came to Jesus under cover of night to save his popularity—(see John, iii. 16-22): "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd," etc. But as we publish to the world all our "proceedings," except what have reference to the secrets above named, this does not apply to us; for these "proceedings" prove that our "deeds are not evil, but good. We doubt whether our opposers (except the Catholics) can show

as great an amount expended for distressed and sick brethren, for burial of the dead, and for aiding the widows and orphans. Besides, the Saviour does not assert that all deeds withheld from the light are evil, but that all evil deeds are withheld from the light. Our opposers, clergy and laity, are in the habit of thus wickedly or stupidly misconstruing Holy Writ. Is it not time, for their own reputations, that they changed their course? Is it reasonable to suppose that *any* thought, word, or deed, which is kept from the public, must *therefore* be evil? Would they have all their family intercourse, faults, and discipline—all the tender intercourse between lovers, and between husband and wife, for instance—indecently exposed to the gaping crowd, in order to prove its innocency, purity, and propriety? Yet, if secrecy is proof of evil, why not thus expose these acts, to prove them good and proper.

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I have not examined and commented on each text in detail, because the similarity between the texts of each class would have made the remarks tedious from their sameness. But I have shown how every text quoted to prove or disprove any point or position, or to confirm any line of argument, *should* be examined. Its context, or historic setting, is indispensable, if you would know when, by whom, for what, and in what circumstances it was first spoken or written, or the scope of its subject and the extent of its application. Therefore, at your leisure, with Bible in hand, take up any and every passage you may see or hear quoted by our opposers as proof against our secrecy, and give it a careful examination in this rational and scriptural mode—"comparing scripture with scripture," explaining the difficult by the easy, the obscure by the plain, and the complex by the simple. I am persuaded that any candid mind, after thus examining the texts so confidently quoted by our opposers, will arrive at the conclusion that *not one* of all their quoted texts is justly applicable to our Order or its secrecy—*not one* forbids concealment of merely personal or private matters, or secrets proper to a family, a church, or any other association of individuals. *Not one* condemns secrecy as in itself considered, or regards secrecy as proof of evil intent or action; for *not one* such text can

be found in the Bible. If our opposers think they can produce one such, we challenge its production; for they have not yet quoted it, nor referred us to it, to my knowledge. Thus far, according to my observation, every passage quoted against us to condemn our Order for its secrecy has been wrenched from its context and pressed into their service without regard to its origin, and without any attempt to show the propriety of its application to us.

You see, then, that it will not suffice for them to glibly quote texts merely because they contain the words *secret* or *hidden*, or because in any way they connect secrecy with evil designs, or words, or works. To make their quotations available, they must show that our Order, or its secrecy, is evil, or connected with evil; that our secrecy is a cloak for wrong doing. If they fail in this, their texts fall short of hitting the mark.

—REV. A. B. GROSH.

### TRUFFLES.

THIS mysterious article grows chiefly in the south of France, and is found only under the filbert and the white and the red oak. There is not the least vestige of vegetation either in or out of the ground, and the finding of them would be due to mere luck or hard labor, if it was not for the keen scent of the sows, which, in that strange hunt, are trained to take the place of the faithful pointer dog, and some of which arrive to such a degree of education that they bring very high prices. Sows trained for hunting truffles are fed entirely on acorns, never anything else, and during the season once a day only, that is after the day's work is over. Rain in July and August is generally the precursor of a good crop. The truffle begins to form in July. In August it has reached the size of a filbert, and will crack the ground if the weather is dry; this admits the air and is prejudicial to the quality. It is only in the beginning of November that it has arrived at its regular size (that of a large hen's egg) and begins to ripen; that is, from a dull white it turns to a marble gray, becoming quite dark in December and black as ebony and ripe in January. Truffles are found from six to ten inches from the surface. Those the nearest are sometimes hurt by the frost. It is not often the case, however, in the mild climate of the south of France. Truffle hunting is a speciality, and the men devoted to it depend on the short season of forty to fifty days to earn enough to take care of themselves and their sows the rest of the year. The hunter cannot employ his time at anything else. He has all he can do to gather every day the necessary supply of acorns needed by the useful animal. Hunters generally start

the day after Christmas. The whole outfit consists of the sow, fastened by the hind leg, one bag containing bread and cheese for the man, and acorns for the sow, another bag ready to receive the truffles, a blanket and a cane. The poor brute being led away seems delighted, well knowing that it will be paid for every truffle that it finds. They are no sooner in the woods than the sow is let loose and begins to hunt, the man keeping close watch behind. It will go slowly over the ground and never roots until it scents the precious vegetable. It is then that the skill of the hunter is required, for he must be ready to strike the sow on the snout the moment the truffle is in sight. Her sowship will retire with a groan. The man then picks up and bags the truffles, and gives the poor animal one or two acorns for his trouble. They stay out in the woods until driven away by a hard storm or by want of provisions for man and beast, in which case they stop at the nearest farm-house, deposit the result of their labor so far, and after having rested and gathered the necessary acorns they start again, and keep doing the same until the tuber has disappeared from the ground in the same mysterious manner as it came. The preparation of the article is very simple. It is carefully washed and crushed. Some are peeled; others are left in their natural state; all are boiled just once, then put up in tin cans, adding a wine glass of white wine to keep them moist. The cans, after being hermetically sealed, are then submitted to a second boiling to insure preservation. Truffles are then ready to be shipped to any climate, and appear on the table of all gourmands the world over.



# The Canadian Journal of Odd-Fellowship.

CL. T. CAMPBELL, Editor.

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STRATFORD, ONTARIO, JANUARY, 1875.

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## SALUTATORY.

Brethren, we greet you to-day with the initial number of a new journal devoted to the interests of the Order of Odd-Fellows. To some of you our undertaking may seem somewhat rash; indeed we have already been told so. We spoke to Bro. Jeremiah about the matter some time ago, and asked his advice. Now, Jeremiah, we may say to those who don't know him, is a good earnest Odd-Fellow, but strongly inclined to look on the shady side; and that was what was the matter with him when we sought his counsel. He gazed at us mournfully through his spectacles for a short space, and then delivered himself thus: "An extravagant youth once upon a time mortgaged himself to the Devil for an unlimited supply of money—the conditions of the bargain being that if at any time the Devil should fail to meet the demands on his purse he should at once give up his claim. The youth rushed into every excess, and scattered money on all sides as freely as though he purposed being a candidate for parliamentary honors; but his Satanic banker settled the bills without a murmur. At last he started a newspaper. At the end of the first quarter the Devil looked very sober; by the end of the second he had waxed furious, and before the year was up he gave in dead-broke." "Is that

a fact?" we queried. "Well, perhaps it is slightly exaggerated; but there is good foundation for it, and if you want to experience a financial 'bust' you had better wade in without delay." We suggested the possibility that enough enterprising brethren could be found to subscribe for such a journal, and pay their subscription besides. "My verdant brother," quoth Jeremiah, "that's where you are mistaken. Everybody will say that a Canadian Odd-Fellows' Magazine is a good thing; but their sympathy will stop short of the stamps."

That was an unpleasant prophecy of Bro. Jeremiah's. And, unfortunately, the past history of the Order gives some ground for it. Many an Odd-Fellows' Journal has been born, struggled for life a brief space, and then died. Even in Canada this has been the case. But we are now inclined to take a more hopeful view of the situation. The Order is growing rapidly; it is drawing into its ranks the intelligent and reading people of the country; and we certainly think that, now it has reached in the Dominion alone, over 10,000 members, it can support one journal. That all, or half, or one-quarter, would read it is more than we could expect. The Society of Odd-Fellows is like all other Societies—the reading members comprise only a fraction of the whole. There

are those who do not think they can afford to pay a dollar or two a year for a magazine, and there are those who would not read one if it was put into their hands free of charge. There are some who have no interest in the Order beyond its mere pecuniary benefits; and we regret to say we have found one or two who acted as though they had no interest in it whatever. Of course, we cannot expect any support from brethren of these classes. But we do know also that there are many brethren who love the Order for its principles and for its practices, who feel sufficient interest in it to enjoy talking about it, and reading about it, as well as working in it; who are anxious to hear what the Order is accomplishing in other localities besides their own; and who are always willing to help on any enterprise calculated to promote its interests. We believe that in Canada this class predominates; and we expect that a sufficient number of just such brethren will be found to encourage and support the Journal.

It is the duty of every Odd-Fellow who desires to be an active working member, of the Order to make himself familiar with its record and with its work; to post himself not only on its work in the lodge room, but its work outside. But the necessary information can only be obtained in the returns of grand bodies, the reports of grand officers, and the official documents of the Order. These, however, are only accessible to a few members; the mass of the brethren must go to the periodicals of the Order, which collate and publish those items likely to be of value and interest to the Fraternity. No member of the Order can learn all that is necessary for him to know by simply attending in the lodge room, listening to the charges to initiates, and taking part in the discussion of purely local matters. And it is difficult to under-

stand how any brother who feels an interest in the Society can be content to remain in ignorance of its affairs when the opportunity is offered him to learn by simply reading, and the books and papers necessary to be read are placed within his reach. None need say they cannot afford to take the magazines. There is not a brother who does not every year spend more than a dollar or two in luxuries and pleasures which are by no means absolutely necessary to his happiness; and there is not a brother who cannot afford to lay out the small sum required to make himself acquainted with the work of the Order. The truth is, no member of the Order can afford to remain in ignorance of the doings of a Society like this, in whose financial condition especially, everyone has a personal interest.

In appealing to our Canadian brethren for their support we are aware that the names of many of them are to be found on the subscription lists of such excellent periodicals as the *Heart and Hand*, the *Odd-Fellow's Companion*, and others. We hope they will continue to support our older contemporaries; but while so doing, we confidently expect that they will feel sufficient interest in local affairs to support a home journal as well. And inasmuch as Canadians have been giving a liberal encouragement to the publications of our brethren in the States, we hope there will be a few members "over the border," who will find the CANADIAN JOURNAL of sufficient value to justify them in returning the compliment.

It will be our earnest endeavor to make this JOURNAL worthy of the patronage of our brethren, and a credit to the Order. We shall try to give a record of everything occurring in Canada in connection with the Institution; as well as a good selection

of the news of the Order from all parts of the globe. We shall try to discuss questions of interest to Odd-Fellows everywhere, but especially in the Dominion. We shall devote a portion of our space to answering questions from the brethren on matters of law and usage—giving in all cases simply the law as we find it; and when there is no law, our opinion—which may be taken for what it is worth. Selections will be made from the choicest literature of the Order; and, finally a share of our space will be devoted to the interests of the home circle. So that, while every page of the JOURNAL may be appropriately read out under "Good and Welfare" for the benefit of the brethren in the Lodge room, the wives and daughters at home will find something to interest them, also, when father and the boys are off to Lodge.

Now, brethren, you have our programme. Does it suit you? We will endeavor to fill it. Will you support us in the effort? We will try to give you a live journal. Will you take a live interest in it? As we have already intimated, the Odd-Fellow who does not read the literature of his Order has but a limited acquaintance with it. He does not know how it is progressing outside of his own lodge; he has but a vague conception of its influence on the public; he has no idea of the extent of its benevolent work. He is comparatively ignorant of the questions that are being discussed by the Order; he has never heard the opinions of its leading men; he knows nothing, or next to nothing, of its laws or its work. The less the number of such Odd-Fellows the better; and in order that the number shall be small we place within the reach of our brethren a supply of good reading matter at a small cost. And we invite them all to make themselves better

acquainted with the institution and with each other through our columns.

We offer you with this issue a specimen of what we purpose making the JOURNAL. We have heard people find fault with the man who had a house to sell for carrying around a brick in his pocket to give intending purchasers an idea of the style of the building; and perhaps some may be inclined to question how far they will be able to judge of the volume for 1875 by the number for January. But if they take it and read it all through the year we have no doubt they will be satisfied with their investment.

In your interest, then, and in the interest of the Order we profess to love, we ask you to help us. Let every brother who reads this send in his name, and his subscription; let him persuade one or two more to send their names along with his; and let him use his influence and his vote to have the lodge or encampment to which he belongs subscribe for one or two copies also. Send us items of news, brethren; let us hear about anything of interest occurring in your lodge; so that we can make the JOURNAL a full record of the transactions of the Order. And send us at the same time all the advertisements and all the printing you can secure for us. Indirectly this will benefit the JOURNAL greatly; for all the profits that may accrue to the Association from these sources will go to its support. Help us, brethren, in every way you can; and we will undertake to give you a periodical of which you shall have no cause to be ashamed.

And, finally, for the benefit of any who may be suspicious of a failure, we would say that the Association has funds enough to run the JOURNAL for a year; and it will live that long even though it receives no more support than Bro. Jeremiah prophesied.

## DUES AND BENEFITS.

The importance of a correct system of dues and benefits must be apparent to every member of the Order. A society, founded on the mutual benefit plan, promising its members certain pecuniary benefits, cannot afford to conduct its business at hap-hazard. No insurance company would undertake to issue policies guaranteeing the holders the payment of so much money at certain periods, without a clear understanding as to the possibility and probability of meeting its engagements. Our society partakes of the character of an insurance company to some extent ; with this difference, that its liabilities are greater. An insurance company, in consideration of so much premium, promises so much money. We also, in consideration of so much dues promptly paid, promise so much benefits ; but we do more, for we hold ourselves in readiness at all times to extend pecuniary relief to the suffering and distressed in addition to our regular benefits. If it is the duty of an insurance company, then, to see that its probable assets shall be in due proportion to its probable liabilities, it is still more imperative on us.

Unfortunately this has not received the attention its importance demands. The entire subject has been left under the control of the individual lodges, without even a guide for them to follow ; and it is no matter of surprise, if some of them, with a mistaken generosity, have promised larger benefits than they will be able to pay. It is time a change was made, if we would avoid financial failure. Our system of dues and benefits must be remodelled on a sound basis. Let the experience of friendly societies in England be a lesson for us. In 1853, there were

over 33,000 of these societies in that country, with a membership of 3,000,000. But their repeated failures in meeting their obligations made parliamentary interference a necessity ; and an examination of them shewed them all to be in a state of insolvency, from which they have not yet recovered. The Odd-Fellows' societies on this continent have not reached this state ; but it only requires a comparison of the amount of dues and benefits, and of the relative proportions of receipts and expenditures, to show that this will be the fate of some of our lodges, unless they work a speedy reform in their finances.

The two great elements of a sound financial system are : 1st, equality of payments by the members into the funds of the society ; and 2nd, proper correspondence of the benefits paid with the dues received. Let us see how near the lodges generally approach to the standard.

It is impossible to tell how long any one individual will live ; but when we take a number—say 100,000—the average duration of their lives can be stated to a fraction. It is upon statistics gathered from the lives of large numbers that “tables of mortality” are calculated ; and on these tables the system of life insurance is based. We will suppose that two men join a lodge—one aged 21 the other 40. The former may expect to live 41½ years, the latter 28. If the lodge dues are \$6 per year, the former will pay into the funds in dues, in round numbers, \$250, the latter \$170—just \$80 less. And yet they are both entitled to the same benefits. According to the principles of insurance the fees should be so graduated that both men would pay the same amount ; and our lodges agree with the principle by gradu-

ating the initiation fee according to age. But the difference in this fee is only a trifle. With most of the Ontario lodges, the older applicant would have to pay from \$3 to \$5 more than the younger. He should pay \$80 more! Of course, it would be absurd to say that the initiation fee of an applicant aged 21 should be \$5 and that of an applicant aged 40 should be \$85. No lodge could carry that into effect. But the same thing could be effected by doing as insurance companies do—make the yearly payments, the dues, vary with the age of the members. If the member joining at the age of 21, pays \$6 a year, then the one joining at 40 should pay \$8.88 a year. The difference between the two payments does not seem very great; but it amounts to \$81 on the average duration of life.

At the session of the G. L. U. S. in 1873, a committee appointed to consider this subject recommended the adoption of this system. Previous to that, however, one of the Ontario Lodges, Avon, 41, had adopted it; and a scale of quarterly dues on this plan received the approval of the Grand Lodge of Ontario. It would not be easy to persuade Avon Lodge to return to the old system.

But some may question the justice of compelling equality of payments. It may be said that while equality of payments would be proper if the funeral benefit was all that was to be received, the sick benefits would make considerable difference; that if the member joining at 21 lives 41½ years, and thus, according to the usual system, pays in more than the member who joins at 40, he is also a beneficiary for a longer time than the latter, and will be likely to receive enough extra sick benefits to balance the account. Is this so? We must look to statistics for an

answer; but, unfortunately, while the figures relating to mortality are abundant those relating to sickness are not. Friendly societies have had the opportunity of accumulating a mass of statistics on this matter; but the opportunity has been neglected. Enough, however, has been gathered to show that the older a man is the more sickness he will experience. Take the following from the records of the Manchester Unity.

AGE.	Weeks of sickness per annum, according to the returns of		
	1848.	1860.	1870.
20	58	83	70
30	80	84	87
40	1.08	1.15	1.17
50	1.85	1.85	1.99
60	4.40	4.40	4.03
70	9.57	9.88	10.08
80	19.91	19.09	20.72

Now, if these figures be correct, let us see how the case would stand with our two members. The one joining at 21 would probably live 41½ years, or until he was 62; the one joining at 40 would probably live 28 years, or till he was 68. The probable sickness of the younger member during the time he belongs to the Lodge will be about 77 weeks; that of the older during the time he is a member will probably be 100 weeks. So that, though the younger member would belong to the Lodge twelve years longer than the older, the older would have twenty-three weeks more of sickness.

We do not mean to say that these figures can be depended on absolutely for this country. In different countries and under different influences, the health of the people necessarily varies, and it will not be wise for us to take English statistics as absolutely correct when applied to Canada. But the fact has been established that in advanced life there is less power to resist the approach of disease than in youth,

while at the same time there is greater power of enduring it. So that an old man will get sick easier than a young one, but it will take more sickness to kill him. We may, therefore, take it for granted that one joining a lodge at 40 will have fully as much sickness to suffer as the one joining at 21—if not more—and should consequently be required to pay as much into the funds of the lodge.

We thus feel justified in requiring an equality of payments by the members of the lodge; and the most expedient method of securing this equality, as we have already shown, is by regulating the dues according to the age of the members when admitted. If \$6 be the proper fee for one joining at 21 years, others joining later in life should be charged according to the following table:

AGE WHEN ADMITTED	YEARLY RATE.	QUARTER' DUES.
21	\$ 6.00	\$ 1.50
22	6.12	1.53
23	6.24	1.56
24	6.36	1.59
25	6.48	1.62
26	6.60	1.65
27	6.72	1.68
28	6.84	1.71
29	6.96	1.74
30	7.08	1.77
31	7.24	1.81
32	7.40	1.85
33	7.56	1.80
34	7.72	1.93
35	7.88	1.97
36	8.04	2.01
37	8.24	2.06
38	8.44	2.11
39	8.64	2.16
40	8.88	2.22
41	9.12	2.28
42	9.36	2.34
43	9.60	2.40
44	9.92	2.48
45	10.24	2.56
46	10.56	2.64
47	10.88	2.72
48	11.20	2.80
49	11.56	2.89
50	11.96	2.99

Now follows the next question: with a system of dues like the above, what benefits can be paid? Before that question can be answered with an absolute certainty, we shall need to learn the rate of sickness among our members. And to learn this we shall need to accumulate statistics for the next ten years at least. When we are able to compare the age of the beneficiaries and the duration of their sickness we shall have the data on which to build our system of dues and benefits. One thing is certain, that it would not be safe to exceed an average sick benefit of \$2.50 per week, and a funeral benefit of \$40. Judging by the statistics of the Manchester Unity, this would be more than the society could fairly afford; but we are not disposed to accept the sick rate of Britain as applicable to Canada until it is verified by our own investigations. When it is remembered, however, that in addition to the sick and funeral benefits for the members, provision has to be made for widows' annuities, special relief and the current expenses of the Lodge, it will be found that the \$2.50 and the \$40 is as liberal as we dare venture. Last year in Ontario, over one-half of the Lodge receipts went for current expenses. This leaves none too much to meet the benevolent expenditures of the Order, and to provide a fund for the future on which we may draw in times of extreme distress—financial panics, Chicago fires and Shreveport epidemics.

To sum up our conclusions, we would strongly recommend every Lodge that has not already done so, to change its system of dues, by making the entrance fee the same for all applicants, and graduating the quarterly dues according to the age of the members when admitted. Secondly, we would advise careful economy in the expenditure of the Lodge funds—keeping

the benefits paid out at the lowest figure consistent with safety, and faithfully investing all surplus money in a shape that will make it productive in the future. And finally, in order to facilitate the preparation of tables of sickness and mortality

suitable for our own country, it will be necessary for every Lodge to keep a record not only of the number of weeks sickness, and the death rate, as now provided for in our returns, but also of the ages of the beneficiaries at the time of their sickness.

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### BRO. JEREMIAH JINX.

Are you acquainted with Bro. Jeremiah? It is very likely you are, for there is considerable of him; like Brigham Young's mother-in-law, he is almost too numerous to mention. If you were to undertake to parse Jinx, you would probably call him a noun of multitude. The law forbids a man belonging to more than one lodge; but, somehow or other, in spite of the law, Bro. Jeremiah is found in a great many lodges; and to any person intimately acquainted with the Order, there appears to be much more of him than is at all necessary.

Bro. Jeremiah has belonged to the Order a long time. Indeed, one is apt to think that he has belonged so long that it is time he went back and commenced over again; though he might not be able to commence a second time if he had to rap at the door of the ballot box. Wherever we have found him he has always been a P.G. Perhaps in some of the lodges he has not advanced thus far yet; but he will, for he has considerable stick-to-it-iveness, and generally works up to the top of the pole. If you do not get acquainted with Bro. J. until after he is called P.G., you will probably wonder how he ever got the position; and you might feel like talking to the lodge something as the little boy with the drunken father did to his mother: "When you married that man why didn't you take me along; I could have picked

out a better husband for you." As some excuse for the lodge, however, it may be said that our subject does not usually develop all his peculiarities until he has become a P.G.

Bro. Jeremiah knows considerable; at least that is his own impression. In fact, what he does not know is not worth knowing. He knows all about the laws; but he differs from lawyers generally in that he is always willing to tell all he knows without any fee. If the N.G. is ever called on to decide any doubtful question, he need only hold his tongue for about two seconds and a quarter, and Bro. Jeremiah rises to explain at once. And if anybody in the lodge cannot see it in the same light—as is often the case—Jinx feels personally insulted; or, if he does not, it is only because he has a firm conviction that the dissenting brother is an idiot, and not responsible for his mental blindness. "As to the secret work—well, if Grand Masters, Grand Sires, or any other high dignities are ever in any doubt about their knowledge, Jinx is the walking dictionary to which they may apply with full confidence.

Bro. Jeremiah, however, though he knows a great deal, cannot be said to *do* a great deal; at least not more than his health will allow. In fact, he is more of a consulting Odd-Fellow, than a working Odd-Fellow. He is regular in his attend-

ance at the meetings ; but his duties are confined to one or two things ; he is either the general adviser of the lodge, or else, if the majority do not walk according to his teachings he becomes the leader of the opposition. When the visiting committee reports he always wants further particulars ; he is not satisfied that the members have done their work thoroughly ; he lectures them on their short-comings. But let some rash N.G. try to put Jinx on the committee ; he may try, but he won't succeed. Not that he wants to shirk work ; oh, no ! But then, at some period in the past—so long back, it may be, that no one remembers the time—he has done a great amount of work ; and his age and services now entitle him to some measure of rest. Rest ! As if there is time for any man to rest so long as he has strength to work ! Or, it may be, that he does not want to work himself as that might deprive some of the younger members of their privilege of working. And Jinx is very considerate ; he wants to give the young brothers a chance. And so with other committees, he always has some good reason why he should not be appointed on them ; but he cannot find any good reason to keep him from criticising their work when it is done ; and pointing out how much better it might have been done than it was.

Bro. Jeremiah Jinx is highly conservative in his notions ; and his conservatism is not of the political kind which sometimes pushes ahead pretty fast—but of the old fossil species which “seeks out the old paths”—and sits down in them. If any new scheme is suggested for bringing the Order before the public notice ; or for adding to the interests of the meetings ; or for conducting the business of the lodge ; Bro. Jinx always assures us that was not the way they used to do it. As the young

lady said about her old maiden aunt :  
 “ Whatever I do, and whatever I say,  
 Aunt Tabitha tell me that isn't the way ;  
 When she was a girl (forty summers ago)  
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.”

That is the way with “ old Jinx,” as the boys sometimes irreverently call him. It is not the way they used to do. And they used to have fine meetings ; and the public took a great interest in the society ; and it did big things. No wonder Jeremiah looks gloomy sometimes. They tell him that the Order is growing fast, and spreading wide those branches under whose shelter so many of the world's suffering and bereaved ones find comfort and consolation ; but he shakes his head. It may be so ; but, somehow, they don't seem to be doing things exactly right. It is not the good old way. Though just what the good old way was, as distinguished from the modern way, Jinx cannot very easily explain. They did not have so many new-fangled notions ; and they did not go quite so fast ; and so on, which is scarcely as definite as one would like.

Bro. Jeremiah is a good financier—that is, if being careful of spending money constitutes a good financier. He is always afraid that the money is leaking out too fast. When the visiting committee report a sick brother entitled to benefits, he likes to be sure that it is all correct ; that there is no doubt whatever in the matter ; and if there is any doubt he wants the lodge to get the benefit of it. But if you want to bring him out strong, propose a grant to some unfortunate brother who has got into difficulty ; and through some accidental or unavoidable circumstances has got bad on the books. No matter how great his distress ; no matter how much sickness he may have had, nor what losses he may have suffered ; it is, to his mind, a clear case of



trying to swindle the lodge. He points to the constitution and by-laws—a brother in arrears is not entitled to benefits. Tell him you are not asking for benefits; that it is a case of distress in which you are asking for charity. He can't see it. If charity is to be given, the members of the lodge should put their hands in their own pockets; though it is noticeable that *he* seldom puts his hand in his pocket—and when he does he brings nothing out. And if the lodge should see fit to grant the asked-for charity, Bro. Jeremiah gets afit of the sulks—and wants to know if that is what you call Odd-Fellowship—spending the lodge money so that there will be nothing left for the worthy members who pay up regular?

Now, what are we to do with Jeremiah? Perhaps you think he is a bore and a nuisance; but you don't exactly see how you can get rid of him. Don't try to. All created things have their use; though in the case of some of them the use has not yet been discovered. But Bro. Jeremiah is a useful article in his way. He is the brake that keeps the machine from running too fast. We are not at all sure that it would go too fast if left to itself; we do not know that the institution would become bankrupt because of its too extensive charities if there was no one to hold it back. We never saw a man ruin himself by being over-benevolent; nor a society either. Still, it is possible such might be the case;

but not so long as brother Jeremiah is an active member. It is not a very proud position to occupy—hanging on to the wheels of progress to keep them from revolving too fast; but it may be necessary at times for some one to do it; and as Jeremiah seems to like it, we may consider that as the great object for which he was created.

Another use to which he may be put is to serve as the means of exercising the patience of his brethren. It is highly advisable that we should all cultivate patience and forbearance; and Jeremiah gives us a good opportunity. A lodge that can listen patiently to his continual carping; that can bear with all his criticisms, and treat him courteously and kindly, has reached a high degree of perfection; and our cranky, fault-finding brother may deserve some credit in the matter.

And then we may use Jeremiah as the temperance lecturers sometimes use the drunkard—hold him up as an example to be avoided. Use him to show how a man may belong to the most progressive institution of the age—and yet never learn to move; how he may be surrounded with a warm charitable atmosphere, and yet keep his heart and his hand remarkably cool. Use him to show how the teachings of Odd-Fellowship cannot always make a man what he ought to be. Use him as a specimen of what an Odd-Fellow ought not to be.

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### MIXED FUNERALS.

At the last session of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada, we are informed, it was resolved, in imitation of the action of one of the American Grand Lodges, that the Masons in Ontario should take no part in any funeral, or other public procession in which any other society might participate.

What may be the object of this apparently exclusive and uncourteous action it is impossible for outsiders to discover. We are not aware that the joint participation of Masons and Odd-Fellows in any public ceremony would necessarily lead to any rioting or unseemly conduct—least of all

at a funeral. We think we can speak for our own Brotherhood that it would endeavor to behave itself decorously ; and as it takes two to make a quarrel, we think it would be very difficult for any other party to get up a fight in which we should be implicated.

The impression most likely to be received by an on-looker from this transaction would be that our Masonic friends felt their dignity or their self-importance affected by appearing in public in connection with other societies. But, we believe, as the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada is a younger body than the I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge of Ontario, we do not think this impression would be a correct one as far as contact with us is concerned. We are told by some, however, that it is not right and proper according to Masonic ethics to mix up with other folks ; that no Mason with due regard to his own self-respect could help to bury a deceased brother on whose coffin might be the emblems of some other institution to which that brother belonged ; that the presence of one of the profane could not possibly be permitted in the lodge, even though the lodge was having a recess on the public streets ; and so on.

Well, it is all right, we suppose. It is of no consequence to us. But, to be consistent, our friends had better take the undertaker down from the hearse, unless he happens to be a Mason, and put one of their own number on the seat ; they had better take the horses out of the shafts and harness up some of the brethren ; they had better stop their usual custom of allowing the church of the deceased to have its funeral service in the middle of the Masonic ceremony.

It may be improper for a Mason to touch with a ten-foot pole the emblems of another

society, or help to carry to the grave the remains of a Brother on whose coffin an Odd-Fellow's collar has been laid. But we have known instances where Masonic Lodges, when in distressed circumstances from fire or other disaster, have met in an Odd-Fellows' hall, and conducted mysteries we presume more secret than a funeral, with Odd-Fellows' emblems on the walls, and on the officers' chairs and pedestals ; and we did not learn that any serious injury resulted to the digestion of the Masonic goat that thus browsed on an Odd-Fellow's pasture.

As to the statement we have heard made that under the old arrangement there was a likelihood of unseemly disputes concerning precedence, that is only a fanciful grievance. That such a thing might occur, is possible, but highly improbable. In the event of the possibility of such an occurrence on any particular occasion, it would only be consistent with the dignity and self-respect of any benevolent society to withdraw. But in the vast majority of cases there would be no difficulty whatever in the way of all the societies interested making an amicable arrangement.

If there is a possibility that unseemly disputes and unpleasant feelings might occasionally arise in mixed processions, there is a greater probability of such things arising when any society adopts a law which, however good may be its real intent and purpose, has the appearance of exclusiveness, selfishness, or bigotry. Such a result would be most deplorable, especially in the case of two societies like the Odd-Fellows and Freemasons, so nearly equal in strength and influence, as they are in Ontario. Professing similar principles of benevolence and virtue, claiming each to be striving for the accomplishment of the same objects, resting on

the same foundations of fraternity, charity and truth, there should be between them the most kindly feeling and a hearty co-operation in all good works. It will always be the endeavor of Odd-Fellows to cultivate cordial and friendly relations with all societies—no matter by what name called—that have for their aim the elevation of human character, and the relief of human suffering. We draw no invidious comparisons between others and ourselves; we assume no airs of superiority. While claiming certain rights and privileges for

our own institution, we are ready to admit that others may have a just claim to similar rights and privileges; and as far as funerals are concerned, while we understand it to be our duty to pay the last sad token of respect to a brother departed, we trust it shall never be said of us that we refused to do it unless we could do it alone—that we could not carry his body to the tomb, and read our simple service over him, if any but ourselves should wish to do him the same honor, and show him the same respect.

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#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Every reading Odd-Fellow will regret that the old and valuable magazine—*The American Odd-Fellow*—has ceased to be. It is scarcely creditable to a society numbering 450,000, that so useful a publication could not be supported; and want of support was, we are assured, the cause of its death. With an established reputation; conducted by brethren of high standing in the Order; and known and read in every jurisdiction, it is difficult for us to understand this want of support. It would seem, however, that the expense of conducting it was something enormous; for the last proprietor, P. G. M. Griswold, assures us that during the eighteen months it was in his hands he spent on it *six thousand dollars more than he received from all sources connected with it*. We are afraid Bro. Griswold must have been trying to emulate the youth of whom Bro. Jeremiah told us, who undertook to run a newspaper with the sole object of seeing how much money he could sink in it. *The Odd-Fellow* will be missed; though it leaves behind it many valuable publications that will doubtless expand themselves to fill the vacancy.

A reference to our premium list on the cover will show the excellent opportunities afforded individual members as well as lodges to supply themselves with "material,"

with no other outlay than that of a little labor. If a brother wants a jewel or a collar, he need only gather up a few subscribers for the *JOURNAL*, sending us the names and the money, and he receives the article at once. If a lodge wants a set of regalia or of jewels, all that is necessary is to appoint a committee, canvass the brethren for the required number of subscribers, and in a few days they will have their new clothes without taking a cent out of the lodge funds. If the brethren in any locality are about organizing an encampment, by simply sending us a sufficient number of subscribers, they can secure an entire outfit without spending a dollar. In the case of those premiums that require a larger number of subscribers than the brethren can secure, we will take all they can get, and the balance to make up the value of the article in cash. For example: A complete set of handsome regalia, worth \$100, can be had for two hundred and ten subscribers; but we will take one hundred and five subscriptions, together with half the value of the regalia—\$50—in cash. And in the same proportion for a greater or less number. We will also be happy to assist lodges and encampments in procuring regalia or paraphernalia of any kind, at the most reasonable rates. Look at the premium list; see the splendid offers, and go for some of them.

At the session of the Ontario Grand Lodge in 1873, a resolution was passed authorizing the publication of a Book of Laws. The object of the mover contemplated the preparation of a book of modest dimensions, which should comprise mainly the Constitution of Grand and subordinate lodges, and the decisions of the G.L. of Ontario. Such a book would have consisted of about 80 pages duodecimo, would have cost for an edition of 1,000 in the neighborhood of \$200, and could have been placed in the hands of the members at a nominal charge. It was deemed advisable, however, in Committee, to enlarge the scope of the work—the result being the very handsome volume known as the Ontario Digest. In view of the sequel, however, it seems as if it would have been better had the original design been carried out. At the last session of the G.L.U.S., the Finance Committee called attention to the fact that the Ontario Digest contained certain forms which are the exclusive property of the supreme body, and one of the sources of its revenue; and recommended that the Grand Lodge of Ontario be ordered to discontinue the issue of any book containing said forms. In accordance therewith, a proclamation has been issued by the Grand Sire, which will be found on another page. We should be inclined to think, from appearances, that as a financial speculation, the Ontario Digest will not be a success; unless the Grand Secretary had disposed of the entire edition before the prohibitory mandate was received.

The motion for a change of name brought before the G. L. U. S. at the last session met the usual fate—rejection. For several years past, the representatives from Ontario have brought up at every session an amendment providing for the alteration of the name of the supreme body by giving it a designation more general than its present local and sectional one. But the majority of our brethren across the lines are too much enamored of the words "United States" to consent

to their elimination—no matter how inappropriate they are. A proposition has been made, however, which may be more successful, as it is in the nature of a compromise. Notice has been given of a motion to change the name to that of "Supreme Grand Lodge of American Odd-Fellowship." This sounds a little better than the present one, and yet it is sectional enough, we should think, to satisfy our "United States" brethren. Though the word "American" is literally very comprehensive—embracing Canadians and Mexicans, as well as the people who live south of the great lakes, to say nothing about the Esquimaux and Indians—yet it is a fact that it is usually applied to one nationality alone; and when the title "American Odd-Fellowship" is used, every one will understand it to mean "United States Odd-Fellowship," neither more nor less. We have not heard whether it is contemplated by the proposers of this title to dispense with the familiar letters "I.O.O.F." which have become significant of the Institution. Will it be the "S. G. L. of A. O. F. of the I.O. O. F.," or will the G.L.U.S. cease to be I.O.O.F. altogether? And, if it does, will the subordinate Grand Lodges and Encampments have to change their designation to correspond; as, for example, "The Grand Lodge of Ontario, A.O.F.?" Or will the Supreme Grand Lodge alone belong to this new Order—the A.O.F.—while all the subordinates will belong to the old Institution, the I.O.O.F.? For our own part, we fail to see much improvement in the proposed alteration; and would be just as well satisfied to continue the old name to which we have got accustomed—inappropriate as it is—unless we could get something better than the new one. The title "Supreme Grand Lodge" alone would suit everybody except our intensely "American" brethren; but that has already been rejected. The adoption of a new word in the place of "Lodge," calling the supreme body a Council, a Senate, a Conference, or something of that nature, would distinguish it from subordinate Grand Lodges; but then none of these titles are distinctively American, and would therefore be inappropriate, according to the ideas of some of our brethren. Better rest content with the situation for the present.

Before another issue of the JOURNAL will have reached our readers, Christmas and New Year will have passed and gone.

Days of good cheer and pleasure for most people. When the little folks get their annual visit from Santa Claus, fresh from his storehouse of trinkets and toys; when the young men and maidens go sleighing and skating—to say nothing of the social gatherings, the holiday feasts, the Christmas games, the kissings “under the mistletoe,” or wherever may be most convenient; when the lovers of good things assist with pious fervor at the offering up of turkeys and sundry other sacrifices on the domestic altar, and honor the memory of the wise men who came from the East, in their devotion to plum pudding and mince pies, redolent with the breath of the sweet fruits that ripened under the Asiatic sun, and pungent spices suggestive of the rich Orient from whence the magi came; when the old folks gather the juveniles around them, and enjoy themselves in seeing the young folks happy. This is the Christmas of most people; for those who have not got the necessary cash to make Christmas merry, will be apt to fall back on their credit rather than be behind their neighbors in keeping up the day. But there are some in every town and village who have no cash and little credit, and whose enjoyment of the season's festivities will be on the smallest scale. The winter air, so bracing to those who have good health and plenty of clothing, only reddens the nose, and numbs the fingers, and freezes the toes of the poor. The storm that looks so sublime when viewed from indoors, or even feels pleasant for a time if you can soon escape from it to the comfort of a well-heated room, brings no pleasure to those whose wood pile is low, and whose larder is empty. “Brethren of our friendly Order!” whose pockets a kind providence has comfortably lined with gold and silver and bank bills, forget not the command to “relieve the distressed;” and while you enjoy the holiday festivities, exercise the spirit of Odd-Fellowship in the effort to give a few hours' happiness to those whose straitened circumstances afford them little prospect of comfort, much less of merriment. For ourselves, to all our friends, far and near, we wish “A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!” To those who

are not our friends we are not so particular; but still, we feel good-natured enough to wish them the same!

Necessarily, from the large space we intend devoting to the affairs of the Order, it will be impossible for us to give a very great supply of purely family reading. But we have made arrangements to supply our subscribers with the best family paper they can desire, by giving them the *Canadian Illustrated News* along with the JOURNAL, at reduced rates. This is a finely illustrated paper, devoting special attention to Canadian affairs. It costs \$4 per annum, but we give it and the JOURNAL for \$4.75, in advance.

At the date of going to press, the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, held four months ago, have not appeared. We are afraid those Brantford printers are rather slow coaches. The Grand Secretary had better give us his printing of the next session's proceedings, and we will undertake to do it inside of four months—or perish in the attempt.

The Grand Master of Iowa had a clear preception of the situation when, in his last annual report, he said: “I cannot close this report without recommending to the favorable consideration of the Brotherhood the propriety of encouraging some well-conducted periodical of the Order. No intelligent Odd-Fellow, having our future welfare and usefulness at heart, can be induced to withhold his support from a source of such varied and incalculable benefit—a channel so convenient by and through which to communicate his thoughts and exchange fraternal sentiment and greetings. Such an Odd-Fellow is conversant with the “laws and usages” of not only his own Lodge, but has acquired such general information as is necessary to a full understanding of the working system. He will not encumber the Grand Master's office with letters of “inquiry” about his duties, rights and privileges. On the contrary, he will be able to render assistance and give advice to his younger and less informed brethren.”

## PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

### ONTARIO.

#### INCORPORATION.

The elective officers of the Grand Lodge, accompanied by P. G. Thomas Woodyatt, acting in the capacity of Solicitor-General for the Institution, put in an appearance at Toronto, on the 19th of November, for the purpose of taking the necessary proceedings for the incorporation of the Grand Lodge under the Act of Parliament relating to benevolent societies. His Honor Judge Duggan was interviewed, the requisite declaration made, and the business was done. Under the watchful eye of the Grand Solicitor, affairs went smoothly, and the brethren were enabled to return to their usual occupation in due time, none the worse for their labors.

#### ACCESSIONS.

The accessions to the Institution in the way of lodges and members, have been, from all we can learn, of the most gratifying character. In a short time the brethren will be in possession of the half-yearly statements of the Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe, and we will then be better able to judge of the progress made. Nine lodges and one encampment have been organized since August. The following are the latest additions to the list.

Aurora Lodge, No. 148, at Aurora.  
Instituted September 17,

Western Star Lodge, No. 149, at Brussels.  
Instituted September 29.

Bertie Lodge, No. 150, at Ridgway.  
Instituted November 9.

Sycamore Lodge, No. 151, at Arkona.  
Instituted November 24.

Hayden Lodge, No. 152, at Norwich.  
Instituted November 26.

Willey Lodge, No. 153, at Granton.  
Instituted November 26.

Alpha Encampment, No. 26, at Sarnia.  
Instituted December 7.

#### LONDON.

Among the public buildings erected in London during the past season, the Odd-Fellows' hall occupies a leading place.

Though the first sod was not turned until late in the season, the exterior has already been finished, while the interior is rapidly approaching completion. This splendid structure is situated on the north-east corner of Dundas and Clarence streets, one of the finest sites for a building of this description the city possesses. The brethren were exceedingly fortunate in securing so excellent a location. The hall has a frontage on Dundas street of 55 feet, and extends along Clarence street a distance of 100 feet. It is constructed of first-class brick and iron, and is three stories in height, not including the Mansard roof, which is in reality a fourth story. The front, which, when finished, will be a very ornamental one, is surmounted by an attractive tower, the summit of which is seventy-nine feet from the sidewalk. The lower flat is divided into two stores. The second flat is cut up into offices. On the third flat the lodges will meet in a hall 67 x 52 feet, with a ceiling 25 feet 6 in. high. The room will be furnished in a style that will harmonize with the exterior of the building. On this flat there will be a series of ante-rooms, and a library, all of them conveniently large, and in keeping with the character of the place. Up in the Mansard, space has been set apart for the use of the encampment. The ante-rooms, and paraphernalia room will be of suitable dimensions, and every facility will be offered for the comfortable assembling of the patriarchs. The cost of the building, not including the furnishing, is estimated at \$30,000.

#### STRATFORD.

Avon Lodge has resolved on a series of literary and musical entertainments for the winter, which will have the effect of providing a number of pleasant and sociable gatherings for the members and their friends, as well as the general public. The first of the series has already been held, and, without any advertising whatever, received an audience of over 300, who enjoyed for the nominal admission charge of 10 cents, a programme that would have

been no disgrace to a 50c. concert. The example is worthy of imitation by other lodges.

## SARNIA.

Alpha Encampment, No. 26, was organized in the town of Sarnia, on Monday, December 7th, by the M.W. Grand Patriarch, John Gibson, of Stratford, assisted by Grand Scribe M. D. Dawson, of London, Patriarchs J. E. Durham and E. A. Archer, of Petrolia; S. G. Chamberlain, of Strathroy; D. C. McGregor and D. Eccles, of Parkhill, besides a number of other visiting Brethren. The following officers elect were duly obligated and installed into office for the ensuing term: Henry Neal, C.P.; John Ross, H.P.; Henry Payton, S.W.; Alex. B. Taylor, Scribe; Samuel L. Clark, Treas.; A. G. Paul, J.W. Six candidates were initiated and advanced, and three exalted.

The Odd-Fellows of Sarnia have just got into a beautiful new Hall, which they have very tastefully furnished, and their rapid progress speaks well for the advancement of the Order in this part of the Province. The subordinate Lodge has a large and active membership, comprising many of the best citizens of that thriving town. Alpha Encampment has started, therefore, with the brightest prospects for the future. Although last on the list, they appear determined to be first in every good word and work. With the good and true men who have charge of the higher branch of Odd-Fellowship in Sarnia, their success is fully assured. We wish them God speed.

## WHITBY.

Bro. Schuyler Colfax, Ex-Vice-President of the United States, is expected to deliver the oration at the opening of the new hall in Whitby, on the 24th May next. The brethren are preparing for a big time; something that will make the people of that town open their eyes.

## SEAFORTH.

The new Odd-Fellows' building in Seaforth is rapidly approaching completion, and will probably be dedicated sometime in January. It is said by all to be the finest building in the town. It is expected that an encampment will be organized the

same day that the hall is dedicated. The institution is alive at Seaforth, the lodge gaining rapidly in numbers and in influence.

## NORWICH.

Hayden Lodge, No. 152, was instituted in Norwich, on the 26th November, by the D.D.G.M. of District No. 16, Bro. F. G. Lewis, of Ingersoll, assisted by Bros. R. McWhinnie, of Woodstock; W. Runciman, of Ingersoll; C. E. Burgess, and R. E. Watson, of Burgessville. The following charter members were duly elected and installed in office:—Bro. W. Walker, N. G.; T. Batty, V. G.; D. Duncan, R. S.; J. Campbell, P. S.; D. W. Miller, T. The appointed officers:—Bros. H. Couzens, W.; W. Topham, Con.; W. R. Brown, R. S. N. G.; R. Rawlings, L. S. N. G.; D. M. Donald, R. S. V. G.; P. Willits, L. S. V. G.; J. H. Adams, R. S. S.; W. P. Bowman, I. G.; W. Crowe O. G. About forty brethren, from Ingersoll, Woodstock, and Burgessville, were present. After the close of the proceedings the brethren retired to Bro. W. R. Brown's hotel, and partook of a sumptuous repast.

## ARKONA.

Sycamore Lodge, No. 151, was instituted in Arkona, on the 24th November, by P. G. M. Gibson, assisted by D. D. G. M. O'Neil, of Sarnia; D. D. G. M. Telfer, of Strathroy, and a large number of brethren from the neighboring Lodges. The first officers are W. H. Hoover, N. G.; Alex. Thomas, V. G.; J. S. Hoover, R. S.; E. Kopplebergher, P. S.; A. Hoover, T.; A. Bertram, W.; Jos. James, C.; Jno. Detwaler, O. G.;—McDonald, I. G. After the work was completed, the brethren enjoyed themselves over a sumptuous spread at Donley's hotel, where song and sentiment suitable to the occasion prevailed till an early hour.

## GRANTON.

Willey Lodge, No. 153, was instituted in Granton, on the 26th Nov., by P. G. M. Ford, assisted by a large number of brethren from St. Marys and Lucan. The following is a list of the officers installed for the ensuing term:—Alex. Grant, N.G.; Wm. Jermyn, V. G.; Jas. S. Grant, R.S.; S. Leavitt, P.S.; M. H. Middleton, Treas.; J. B. Bryan, W.; H. Jermyn, O. G.; T.

D. Stanley, I. G. Five new members were initiated. After work was concluded edibles were provided for the visitors in McIntyre's Hall. About fifty persons sat down to the supper, which, we are informed by the county newspapers, "was conducted in accordance with the well-known temperance principles of the Order."

#### RIDGEWAY.

On the borders, opposite Buffalo, is a station called Bertie, in the neighborhood which bears the memorable name of Ridgeway. Here a respectable village is growing, and the inhabitants gave signs of their progress in civilization by the birth of Bertie Lodge, No. 150, on the 9th of November. The ceremony of institution was conducted by D. D. G. M. Gilleland, of St. Catherines, assisted by P. G. M. Gibson and a number of other brethren.

#### LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.

Reports from the Maritime Provinces indicate a steady progress of the Order in that jurisdiction. We see it stated in a communication which has been published in some of the journals of the Order, that six new lodges were instituted during the six months ending November 1st. If this be correct, our brethren down east are moving very fast considering their number.

#### AUSTRALIA.

The great disadvantage under which the brethren of Australia have hitherto labored—lack of opportunity to become acquainted with the correct working of the Order—will probably soon be removed. P. G. M. Morse, of California, has gone on a visit to this ocean continent for his health, and the Grand Sire has commissioned him to instruct the brethren. Bro. Morse is well fitted for the work, if his health should only recover sufficiently to enable him to attend to the charge entrusted to him.

#### INDIANA.

The Grand Encampment of Indiana met at Indianapolis, on the 17th Nov. The returns for the year ending June 30, 1874, showed an increase of three subordinates, making the total 125; the net increase in members is put at 177—the

number now being 5,329. Receipts during the year, \$13,694.08; expenses, \$6,194.77; expenditure for relief, \$3,611.64.

The Grand Lodge met the day following. The following figures are gathered from the report of the G.S.:

Lodges per last report.....	421
Instituted since.....	17

Lodges now effective.....	438
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No. of members per last report.....	23,190
Addition by initiations.....	1,864
Admitted by card.....	444
Reinstated.....	190

Accessions.....	2,498
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Total.....	25,688
Withdrawn by card.....	546
Suspensions.....	759
Expulsions.....	55
Deaths.....	122

Total.....	1,518
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Whole number contributing members.....	24,170
Resource of Lodges.....	\$920,201 06
Receipts of Lodges.....	127,022 83
Expenses of Lodges.....	51,618 48
Paid for relief of brothers.....	20,249 31
Relief of widowed families.....	2,802 81
Educating orphans.....	453 67
Burying the dead.....	7,040 13
Other charitable purposes.....	2,274 91

Total.....	\$32,820 83
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Total expenses of Lodges, including relief.....	\$84,439 31
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The Hall of the Grand Lodge was dedicated by Grand Master Owen, on Wednesday afternoon. Addresses were delivered by the G.M. and by P.G.M. Schuyler Colfax, P.G.M. Wolford, of Kentucky, and others.

A committee was appointed to prepare for the reception of the G.L.U.S. at its next session, to be held in Indianapolis. The following officers were elected: D. B. Schideler, Indianapolis, G.M.; J. B. Kimball, D.G.M.; L. Sexton, G.W.; B. F. Foster, Indianapolis, G.S.; T. P. Haughey, G.T.; Richard Owen, G. Rep.

#### NEW JERSEY.

Grand Encampment of New Jersey met in Trenton on the 17th November, with a full representation present. The increase during the year in this branch of the Order seems to have been small, but the figures



are compiled only to the 1st January, 1874, making the news from this jurisdiction somewhat ancient. The total membership at that date was 2,618. The receipts of the year amounted to \$12,430.58; out of which \$5,832.71 had been expended for relief. They elected R. W. Mall, G. P.; Lewis Parker, Jr., G. S., and Israel Harris, G. Rep.

The Grand Lodge met in the same place the day following. The statistics of this branch are also nearly a year old, but give evidence of good progress during the year 1873. The net increase had been—of Lodges, 17; of members, 767; membership on January 1st, 15,251. The receipts of the year were \$154,356.99, of which \$63,457.95 were spent for relief. The officers elected were C. Miller, G. M.; W. H. Izard, D. G. M.; M. Murphy, G. W.; Lewis Parker, G. S.; J. L. Lamb, G. T.; B. T. Bright, G. Rep.

CHILI.

Chili has now a second Lodge, Pacific, organized a few months since. Valparaiso, No. 1, is an English Lodge. Pacific is German, and the birth of No. 3, to work in Spanish, is expected shortly. South America will evidently become a civilized place ere long.

GERMAN EMPIRE.

The Grand Lodge has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Moritz Bernheim, G.S.; Rep. Schaler, D.G.S.; Wm. Alvater, G. S. and Rep. Spire, G. T.

We have not seen the figures, but all reports show the brotherhood to be flourishing on German soil, spreading itself like a green bay tree.

The first Lodge in Saxony was to have been organized in Leipsic, on the 25th of October; and others were expected soon to follow.

The District Grand Lodge of Hanover was to have been organized on the 17th of October.

A COMPARISON.

A review of the statistics of the Manchester Unity and the American Order, and a comparison between them, may be

interesting to our readers. These are for the year ending December 31, 1873:

	I.O.O.F.	M.U.
Membership.....	414,815	481,630
Net increase during the year..	29,540	10,587
Income.....	\$3,939,793 62	\$3,044,331 93
Relief.....	1,486,724 39	1,963,124 00

The figures for our Order do not include the work of the brethren in Australia and Germany, who do not report to the G.L.U.S. It will be seen from this that at our present rate of increase we shall probably soon surpass in membership the older Institution—our increase during the year being treble that of the M.U.

THE PROGRESS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

The rapid progress of Odd-Fellowship, its propagation among the most intellectual, moral, and thrifty portions of the community, its numerical strength and compact organization, together with its total abnegation of all political power which these conditions might enable it to command, are phenomena which cannot fail to attract the attention of social science; and the time is not far distant, if it has not already come, when the enlightened curiosity of society will ask the reason and meaning of its existence, and endeavor to become intimately acquainted with its development and operations. No scholastic subtlety is necessary to defend or uphold the abstract principle on which the Order has built its foundation. It belongs to the primal sensibilities of mankind, and had its origin in that love of kind which is called humanity, and the good faith of man to man which binds together the elements of the moral world. To expound these virtues, to keep the attention of its members constantly directed to them, and to adapt them to the affairs of every day life, is the cardinal purpose of Odd-Fellowship; and if, while professing a tenet which is humanitarian in the widest signification of the term, the Order seeks to sequester itself from the great circle of humanity, it is merely to intensify its efforts by concentration until the time shall have arrived for a wider and for the widest diffusion. If, while pursuing a policy which is in strict

consonance with public law, it is careful to shroud its proceedings in the mysteries of a secret conclave, it merely adopts that principle of reticence which prudence imposes on the affairs of individual persons, and which has been found to be of the utmost efficacy for the highest purposes of existence. The secret society has performed an important part in the history of the world, and is coeval with the earliest period of recorded time. Before the "inspired shepherd first taught the chosen seed how the heavens and earth rose out of chaos," the secret society had given to a still older people a glimpse of the deeper meanings which pervade the universe. By means of similar organizations, liberty has been defended, oppression resisted, justice administered, and the votaries of religion protected from persecution; and, although in regard to those societies where secrecy has not been essential to their existence, this element has often served but to attract the curiosity of the vulgar, its general use has been perfectly in keeping with the noblest and most solemn purposes. Descending now to a lower, but by no means the lowest plane of the subject, it cannot fail to be perceived how much the prosperity of the body politic has been promoted by the encouragement of Odd-Fellowship. Thrift, temperance, and tolerance, which are among its teachings, and without the practice of which no one could be permitted or retained in membership, have trained hundreds of thousands in the duties of economical and tranquil citizens; and, although some members may have occasionally fallen under the temptations which beset and waylay the life of man, it is rare to find an Odd-Fellow respected in the Order who is not equally esteemed in his relations with the world at large. Among the strange and wonderful

things which belong to life, its contrasts are the strangest and most wonderful, and these accordingly have been universally relied upon by the poet and novelist to evoke the deepest sympathies and to appeal most forcibly to the heart and the imagination. It is very touching to look at the achievements and triumphs of our Order, and the vast amount of beneficence it has bestowed upon the race, and to reflect on the lowly means which were at the disposal of those who gave it the first impetus and direction.

So obscure is its origin that even the name of its founder has already perished. Who it was that in some mode of semi-conscious benevolence turned the course of this little rill from the great stream of humanity to assuage the pains of sorrow and suffering has passed forever from the minds and memories of men.

"A little spring has lost its way amid the grass  
and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well to which the  
stream might turn.  
He dug it out and hung with care a ladle on the  
brink;  
He judged not of the deed he did, but thought  
that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the fount by summer  
never dried,  
Had cooled a thousand parched tongues, and  
saved a life beside."

In all probability the germ of this great Order was laid by some incident of humble life which led to a deed of practical benevolence, and we are prouder of our origin in this humble guise than if it had been inaugurated amid the splendors of worldly power and the glories of intellectual distinction. By virtue, not by words, was the fabric reared; it is founded on truth, and will last as long as the "great globe" itself.—*Pacific Odd-Fellow.*

A combination collar, P.G. and P.C.P., which can be worn either in Lodge or Encampment, will be sent to anyone who will procure twenty subscribers for the JOURNAL.

Does any Brother want a P.G.'s Jewel? Let him procure us twelve subscribers for the JOURNAL, and we will send it to him by mail at once. Or does he want a P.G.'s collar? Send us twenty-five subscribers.

## AMONG THE PATRIARCHS.

NOTES OF THE G.P.'S TRAVELS.

*(To the Editor of the Journal.)*

I HAD the pleasure of visiting Albert Encampment, No. 12, Bowmanville, on Monday, 12th October—being the regular meeting. Found the Patriarchs were out in large numbers. After the routine business had been gone through with, spent an hour in the secret work—all being very anxious to be correct. This Camp is doing well, with Bro. S. Burden as its D.D.G.P. Florence Nightingale Lodge, also located here, has made rapid progress since my last visit about three years ago. Truly, Odd-Fellowship has found a home in the hearts of the people of Bowmanville.

Next day, the 13th, Kingston was reached. At the station meet the D.D.G.P., Dr. Fowler, and that enthusiastic Odd-Fellow, W. D. Gordon. In the evening, met with the members of the Encampment, a special meeting having been called for the purpose. We had a very fair turnout. Work was done, and well done, in the Golden Rule and R.P. Degrees; and after this had been disposed of in a manner that would have done credit to some of our older Camps, we spent some little time in secret work. Altogether, the brethren of Kingston take great interest in the work of Odd-Fellowship. They have a Mutual Benefit Association here, in connection with their District—Dr. Fowler, President.

On Friday, 16th, I got to Brockville, where Odd-Fellowship has been working for nearly thirty years; where the Grand Lodge of Ontario got its first G. Master,

Bro. Reynolds, one of the men who nursed the Institution when it was in its infancy in Canada, and when it was not so popular as at present. This year also we find a brother from this place, Wm. Fitzsimons, Esq., M.P.P., well known and respected all over the jurisdiction, filling the position of Grand Master, and proving himself fully qualified for that important station. The brethren here were out to meet me at the station, expecting me to come from the west, but I arrived from the east, where I had been attending to other business. In the evening I met with the Encampment. They had work on hand; a number of brothers from a distance had made application and were initiated, advanced, and exalted, the work being well performed. Afterwards we spent some time in making ourselves better acquainted with the secret work. I need not say that we had a good and a profitable time with such brethren as G. M. Fitzsimmons, Grand Junior Warden Cole, Seaton, Curle, Dewey and many others whom we all know and will ever remember as long as we are Odd-Fellows. For we cannot forget the happy time we had with the brothers and their families when Grand Lodge met here a few years ago. Again we met Bro. George and his better half; the whole-souled Odd-Fellow, the popular landlord of the St. Lawrence Hall, Bro. McCartney. Yes, we remember them all, and we earnestly hope we may meet them often.

I expect to meet with other Camps after the holiday season, when I shall give you a short account of how the Patriarchial branch is doing in the several places that I may have the pleasure of visiting. Monday, December 7th, 1874, I purpose organizing the first Encampment of the term, but, I hope, not the last one.

JOHN GIBSON.

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We will send a copy of Nowell's "Gems of Odd-Fellowship" to any Brother who will send us five subscribers to the JOURNAL.

A copy of the Digest of the Grand Lodge of the United States will be sent in return for ten subscribers to the JOURNAL.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the brethren who have written us concerning the prospects of the JOURNAL, we return our hearty thanks. Those—and there are many of them—who have spoken words of encouragement, and given promise of help, deserve our special gratitude; and our thanks are also due to the few who have expressed their doubts of our success, because we know their warnings have been given out of pure friendship, and with a desire to save the members of the Association from loss. These latter brethren will rejoice if they

should be disappointed in their fears, and we will do our best to secure their disappointment.

P. S.—All the necessary stock to run the Association and the JOURNAL for a couple of years, has already been taken up. But if you wish to invest, some of the stockholders can no doubt be found who will transfer a few shares to you at par. If you wish, you can send us a power of attorney to transfer, and we will try and effect it for you. The shares are \$10 each—half to be paid down, and the balance whenever called for.

## RECESS.

Before we proceed to close, we will take a recess for a minute or two, and fill up with nonsense and wisdom mixed—in prose and verse.

—A busybody is like a rich cheese—full of little things.

—True happiness consists in having plenty to do, and then keep doing it.

—Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. Let no woman despair before that age.

—About as low down as a man can get without spoiling is to live on his wife's reputation.

—The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

—An old gander was recently killed near London at the age of ninety. The name of the fortunate boarding house that drew the prize is not given.

—A Toronto woman has realized \$50,000 from the insurance on the lives of two husbands, and they weren't very good husbands either.

—It has been decided that if a woman will shorten pie crust with butter at thirty cents per pound her husband has good grounds for divorce.

—Garters with monogram clasps are now all the fashion with pretty girls. Bro. Jones, a judge of style, says that this is convenient and elegant, and he hopes to see more of it.

—A German tailor living near Berlin, having in a most improper way married No. 2 in a very short time after the death of No. 1, was visited by the outraged young men of the town, and treated to several tin-horn overtures. Coming out, he addressed to his unwelcome visitors the following expostulation: "I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be makin' all this noise ven there vas a funeral here so soon."

Christmas is here!  
Ring out, ye old bells!  
For I love to hear

Your musical peals with their joyous spells;  
For they seem to fall from their starry spheres  
Like an angel's song in a world of tears;  
Enchanting my thoughts to the realms of bliss,  
And a better and happier home than this.  
And to Him who was crowned the Prince of Peace;  
That war, and oppression, and wrong might cease.  
Oh! dawn on the world, thou glorious day,  
When monarchs the sceptre of love shall sway;  
For love through life shall be king of all,  
And love shall triumph when kingdoms fall.

Christmas is here!

—"Mother, mother," cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!" "What sight, my son?" asked the rook. "Oh! white creatures, screaming and running, straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!" "Geese, my son; merely geese," calmly replied the sapient parent bird. "Through life, child, observe, that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once to be a goose."