

The following year there was a meeting of Provincial Grand Lodge, to present an address of loyalty to the Government. At the conclusion, the Grand Master sang the following song of his own composition. The tune is, "When in death I shall calmly recline," and if the reader will sing it through to that air, he will realize the beauties of the ode:—

Here below, in a vale of trial,
Immersed in folly, and rash and weak,
Clouds incumbering reason's dial,
We're wrecked in sorrow when joys we seek;
Lone and unheeded, 'midst vexation,
How low were thy lot, creation's lord,
Did no friend for consolation,
Enter in thy heart with the MASON'S
WORD.

While the world in toil and trouble,
Are bustling busy here and there,
Let the wretch his thousands double,
He'll find he sooner can double care;
But if a MAN with soul elastic,
The dross can despise for ore divine,
Firm, true, warm, enthusiastic,
We'll welcome that man with the MA-
SON'S SIGN.

Masons here, hand and heart united,
In conclave seated our cares beguile:
The cold be warmed, the warm delighted,
And glowing Harmony lend her smile:
And while in laugh and song we revel,
And lift the full goblet to the lip,
Ruled by Compass, Square and Level,
We'll pledge all round with the MASON'S
GARR.

Short our span! Ah, shorter the season,
While fire and fancy in vigor sway,
Led by virtue, and controlled by reason,
The trusty Mason must toil his day:
Like the proud Temple we, too, must
moulder,
Yet while there's life let's work to the
plan,
And o'er the green sod each sad beholder
Shall sigh for the MASON and honor the
MAN.

I find one more of the songs of this musical Master (Boswell.) It was composed and sung by its author at the consecration of the Blair Dalry Lodge (Dalry), December 20, 1821. The tune is, "The Auld Wife ayont the Fire," but I have no knowledge of the music:—

Our Mither's got anither wean,
A dinty wean, a sonsie wean,—
Our Mither's got anither wean,
Sae push about the whiskey.

Blair of Blair its daddy is,
For Blair Dalry maun sure be his,—
He'll warm your hearts, lads, till they bix,
When slookened wi' good whiskey.

Here honest men thegither meet,
Their brows to smoothe, their mous to
west,—
An' friendship's firet' stir and beat,
Sae push about the whiskey.

The Compass, Square, the Maul and a'
Still keep us right and gie the law,—
But fient a pillar e'er need fa'
For just a wee drap whiskey.

Auld Babel didna' mak folk dum',
Sae while a Mason can sit plum
Let care wi' reek gie up the lum,
Sae push about the whiskey.

Our Mither's got anither wean,
A dainty wean, a sonsie wean,—
Our Mither's got anither wean,
An' here's her health in whiskey.

This, I think, was the Grand Master's last production of the poetic sort. He presided December 21, (the next day), at the anniversary meeting of the Mother Lodge Kilwinning, and some three months afterwards was killed in a duel by the hand of one James Stuart, on account of a political squabble. Alexander Hamilton was then re-elected Provincial Grand Master, and held the position for several successive terms.

Before closing this paper, I append a song written by Archibald Mackay, the historian of the lodge at Kilmarnock. This tuneful brother is also honored on the rolls as "Poet Laureate" of St. John's, No. 22, at the same place. It is the fashion of several of the Scotch Lodges to elect some brother of poetic gifts as their poet laureate. The celebrated James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," held that place for a long time. The eloquent writer and poet, Rev. George Gilfillan, also held this office for several years.

It has long been the practice of the Grand Lodge of Scotland to appoint a "Grand Bard." The last who held