

# THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## MASONIC RECORD.

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### ARE YOU A MASTER MASON?

A friend gives the following history of the incidents which occurred during a journey taken many years ago, when Troy-built stage coaches had not been driven out of use and fashion by the more pretentious rail-car, and Masonry was less fashionable and influential than it has since proved itself to be. It should be stated that our travelling friend was a modest, unpretending man, who usually attended to his own business solely, and when he had done that to his own satisfaction, thought his duty was well performed. But he was a devoted Freemason, and a strong believer in the apostolic doctrine that Charity is greater than either Faith or Hope, and I am not certain but the former would have outweighed both of the others if the decision had been arrived at by the manipulation of his balances. Economical and saving he certainly was, and thereby had accumulated a handsome property, but he never allowed the hungry soul to go unfed from his door, nor did he say "to the naked, be ye clothed," without furnishing him the means to obey the injunction. There were several families in the village in which he resided who, for years, were clothed in a decent and comfortable manner through his kindness.

Business compelled him to travel through two or three of the north-western States, the method of loco-

motion being the cosy stage coach of which our recollections of the days of boyhood gives us clear and pleasant pictures. It was in the gray of an autumnal morning that our friend took his seat in the well-upholstered coach to which was attached four stout horses, and inside he found two passengers who had already appropriated the back seat, leaving him his choice of the middle or forward seats. He took the latter and soon found himself in that state of blissful, dreamy slumber, which his early rising and present surroundings were calculated to invite. The murmur of the voices of his fellow-travellers assisted to quiet his nerves and render him oblivious to mundane things, and it is possible that he would soon have passed into a sound sleep, had he not heard one of his companions propound, in a much louder and more earnest tone than had been used in the conversation theretofore, the question, "Are you a Master Mason?"

This was a congenial subject with our friend, and it thoroughly aroused him from his somnolent condition. He could not but be surprised at hearing such a question asked and such a subject discussed in a stage-coach, but determined to extract what good he could from the conversation. This he felt justified in doing, as neither of those engaged in it seemed to court privacy. On the contrary,