

the veil of indulgence over any little imperfection of his. He felt there was a spring in the heart of every Mason—nay of every man—from the depth of which was drawn a feeling for their fellow man. What was it that gave the greatest pleasure to the successful conqueror?—what was it that was most regarded by the man of science, but the admiration and respect of his fellow man? But the day must come when the fame of the warrior would be obscured by those words, *Cui bono*. All would pass away; and the age had been told in Sacred Writ that “of making many books there is no end.” “Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.” But there was a living reputation beyond that of the conqueror or the sage, when they were told by the merciful Judge. “In as much as ye have done unto one of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me.” [Cheers.] He felt inadequate to do justice to the to st which had been placed in his hands; but he knew they would receive it with sympathy, and drink it with all heartiness, it being “Success to the other masonic charities!” [Cheers.] The masonic charities! What meaning was conveyed in these words? They were different from other charities, where sometimes assistance was afforded in a lordly spirit, as though the giver were above the receiver—as though Providence did not alike shed its rays upon one as upon the other. In Masonry, they advanced to the question in no spirit of superiority or despondency. They looked for no return for what they gave, but they would never be ashamed to seek the shelter of the masonic charities, if they required it. [Cheers.] They gave to their brethren with the hope that they should never require assistance themselves, but with the full conviction that that aid which they afforded to their poor brethren would hereafter be given unto them, if they required it. [Cheers.] Belonging, as he did, to a high and sacred calling in the land, as a minister of religion he must be allowed to express his admiration of the charities of masonry, as carrying out the highest principles of religion [cheers]—a spirit of love, of charity of good-will to all; that spirit being deeply enjoined throughout their entire system [Cheers.] He was not one who would interfere with, or depreciate, wholesome hospitality, or carp at meetings like this, as he believed they were not only useful in creating kindly feelings amongst men, but that they could eat and drink without losing sight of their duties to the Great Architect, whose glory they were bound ever to bear in mind. [Cheers.] In saying this however he trusted the funds of Freemasonry would never be diverted to any other object than that to which they legitimately belonged—Charity [cheers], the promotion of *Brotherly Love, and Relief*. [Cheers.] He hoped to see the various Provinces zealous in the cause of charity, and each Lodge trying which can best vie with the other in the support of these institutions; and he believed that reunions like this did much to increase the funds and promote the efficiency of their charities. He believed that Warwickshire, in determining to make their Prov. Grand Master in such a position, and that a friendly rivalry will grow up, so that they might have a masonic race—Province against Province, county Lodges against London Lodges—as to which could do most good in supporting their excellent charities for the aged and for the youth. [Cheers.] Their standard was planted on high places. People looked up to them, and it was their duty to see whether Masonry could not do much to allay party strife, promote brotherly love and charity amongst all men, and, perhaps, he might be allowed to conclude by observing, in the words of the poet:—

“On that the voice of clamor and debate,
That prates of peace while it disturbs the State,
Were hushed in favor of thy generous plea,
The poor thy client, and Heaven’s smile thy fee.”

Bro. Crew, Secretary of Girl’s School, returned thanks on behalf of the Girls’ and Boys’ School, in a very appropriate manner. He said that some time ago he had been asked if he did not think the annual festival on behalf of the institution for the aged would not injuriously affect the interest of the one he was connected with? He answered no. The same care that provided for the young would

also provide for the aged; and what had been the result? Why, this time last year they subscribed £2,100 for the charity which they were now met to support, and which about a month afterwards they subscribed £2,200 for the Boys’ School. Now, did the charity with which he was connected suffer? And he thanked the noble Lord and the brethren who had come down from Warwickshire for the interest they evinced in this charity. [Cheers.]

A few other toasts were offered, and the meeting closed, crowned with complete success. I must say altogether it was one of the finest meetings I ever attended. The good order and the perfection of all the arrangements were remarkable. For this too much praise cannot be given to the ever faithful Bro. William Farnfield, the secretary of the institution, and the faithful Stewards who assisted him. Well may their brethren exclaim: “Well done, good and faithful servants!”

This is a fine season of the year for Lodge meetings, and affords a stranger an excellent opportunity to see the working of the various Lodges. I am making use of every opportunity I can possibly command. I find that what I wrote you in the summer about Lodge banquets was perfectly correct. If a Lodge meets for labor, the members are sure to dine immediately after the work; but for the most part, they are gentlemen in easy circumstances, and they can well afford it. This I do not mean in the mere matter of pounds shillings and pence; but there are no Masons in the world who pay more attention to the third round of the masonic ladder. The amount of charity dispensed by them is truly praiseworthy; and no rational person can visit either of the male or female schools or the Aged Asylum without confessing that they are not only a credit to English Masons, but to the country in which they live.

It so happened that Joseph Burnham, a prisoner of war, who was brought to New York, and of course confined to prison, made his escape; but not knowing where to fly, fortunately found his way to the Green-Bay-Tree Tavern, in Fair street, where St John’s Lodge was held, and, indeed, the only one held in this city at that time, where he was kindly received, and brotherly protection afforded him by Brother Hopkins (commonly called Daddy Hopkins), the then keeper of the house; Brother Hopkins soon prepared a habitation of safety from the pursuers of the afflicted prisoner, by securing him in his garret. In this place he fed and nourished him for a considerable time, waiting an opportunity to convey him to the Jersey shore. One evening (a Lodge night) after the Lodge had convened, the prisoner, to pass the night, laid himself down to rest on some planks that formed the ceiling of a closet, that opened directly to the centre of the Lodge room. The boards being unnailed, naturally slipped from their places, and the whole gave way; the door, too, being only fastened by a wood button, flew open, and gave the Lodge an unexpected visitor, for the poor prisoner stood agape in the middle of the room. The Brethren, chiefly British officers enveloped in surprise, called in Brother Hopkins, who was also Tyler to the Lodge. Brother Hopkins explained all, and acknowledged what he had done. They gave him credit for his charitable behavior to a Brother and made a generous contribution, with their advice, which was, that Brother Hopkins should transport him as secretly and as expeditiously as possible, to the Jersey shore, which was accordingly faithfully performed. —From the Archives of St. John’s Lodge N. Y.

ON SECRECY.—Secrecy is a virtue oftentimes even in your own private affairs, or in those of a friend; how much more so, then, where the mutual compact of a number of men has received your assent? To hint at any thing concerning those whose secrets you have pledged yourself to keep undisclosed, is to prove yourself an idle babler, unworthy of confidence and incapable of truth.

AN INCIDENT.

An incident occurred a few weeks since in the flourishing town of M., in this State, which illustrates in a striking manner the beauties of Freemasonry.

A pedlar of “Yankee Notions,” &c., made his advent in said town with a fourhorse team and fine wagon, well freighted with a choice cargo. Being of the genuine species and well up to his business, he soon opened his wagon, and started a promising trade with the various business men of the place. All at once, while in the midst of “a deal,” his horses took fright, and off they went at railroad speed, leaving in the wake a trail of goods scattered promiscuously over the street and public square, with here and there a drawer jolted out by the rapidity of the flight,—mixed up with stray wagon-wheels, which had been broken off by some obstruction,—the harness torn to pieces, and one general wreck of goods, wagon, and harness.

Our pedlar was completely paralyzed.—His visions of a lucrative “trade,” were dissipated in a moment, and ruin stared him in the face. What to do he knew not; a stranger among strangers, and to all appearance friendless and isolated. At this juncture, a stranger approached him with a salutation and a grasp of the hand which made his heart rebound, and sent his blood through his veins with a quickened current. He was not quite so friendless as he had feared. The stranger disappeared, but in the space of a few minutes men might be seen coming by twos and threes and half-dozens, who commenced collecting and putting in order the scattered wreck. The goods were taken to a room provided for the purpose, where they were put in the best possible order. The horses were secured and cared for, the wagon taken to a shop and repaired, and the harness placed in the hands of a trusty workman, and soon put in order. The Masonic Lodge of M. was in session that night, and a sufficient sum raised among the Brethren to nearly if not quite make good the damage done. The pedlar was there, not an indifferent visitor, but with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and his cheeks bedewed with tears—those silent testimonials of a heart overcharged by the kind acts of his brethren in the hour of his need, but when he least expected it. Thus was this worthy Brother sent on his way rejoicing, and blessing the day he became a Freemason.—*Kewance III*

THE 3RD DEGREE.—When you are about to be raised to the 3rd Degree of Masonry, prepare yourself by study and reflection; for it embraces everything which is interesting to a human being in his progress through time to eternity,—the end and destination of man the resurrection from the dead, and the immortality of the soul. You are admonished to be careful to perform your allotted task while it is day; to listen to the voice which bears witness, that even in this perishable frame resides an immortal soul which inspires a holy confidence that the Lord of Life will enable us to trample the King of Terrors beneath our feet, and lift our eyes to the bright Morning Star, whose rising brings peace and salvation to the faithful, and obedient of the human race.

FELLOW-CRAFT.—As a Fellow-Craft, remember the middle chamber. If you work, you will be rewarded; if you work not, you will be entitled to no wages. Apply this lesson to your morals. If you discharge your duty punctually to God and men, a reward is prepared for you in the chambers of heaven, which you may receive without doubt or scruple; while, on the contrary, if you disregard these duties, you can scarcely expect wages from your celestial Master. Every man shall be rewarded according to his work.

MEMORY.—The great secret for improving the memory, may be found in exercise, practice, and labour. Nothing is so much improved by care; or injured by neglect, as the memory.—*Book of the Lodge*.