

I have seen the work in Arabia, Egypt, Australia and South Africa, and it is needless to say that I am acquainted with the lodge rooms of the United States. I mention the range of my experience to show you that I am prepared to speak authoritatively upon the subject, and when I say that the three finest Masonic temples in the world, according to my judgment, are in Philadelphia, Pa.; Port Louis, Mauritius, and Cape Town, South Africa. I expect this statement to have some weight.

I have already described to you the Port Louis Temple. The one in Cape Town rivals it in beauty, and in certain particulars it excels. It is the property of Kap Lodge. It is situated in the centre of a large grove of oak trees, and its various chambers are fitted out for their work in the most elaborate manner imaginable. For instance, the blue lodge rooms have subterranean apartments, with vaults, passages and tunnels, and the work is given more impressively than I have ever seen elsewhere in the world. The initiations are conducted very much as I imagine the ancient rites of Egyptian priests to have been.

Masonry is essentially the same the world over, but its ceremonies are as varied in form as the flowers of the field. The work in American and English lodges is simple, and depends upon that fact for its impressiveness, while the work in latin lodges, in the tropics, in South America and in the Orient, is very dramatic, and the poor searcher after light may forget his own name, the name of his children, and even the face of his wife's mother, but his initiation never.

In 1885, when I was in China, I went from Hong Kong to Singapore, about 1,500 miles down the south China sea. My assistant and myself comprised the entire party. It was only a four day's trip, but for me it was one of the most eventful trips of my life in certain respects. We had not been out of port twenty-four hours when I missed all my money, which I kept in a wallet in my inside waistcoat pocket,

my watch, chain and charm, but I also lost several of my most valuable "properties." They had been stolen while I was asleep. I was billed to give a performance in Singapore the evening of my arrival, and it would be impossible for me to do so without the lost utensils of my Craft. I was almost in despair. I did not know what to do. I laid my case before the captain, but he was as powerless as I. Our crew consisted of thirty Europeans and about a hundred Chinamen, and it was highly probable that one of the latter was my evil genius. The third mate was a Chinaman and the captain, put the case into his hands. The ship was searched as well as could be done under the circumstances, and considering the fact that my promised reward for the recovery of my property was not backed up by ready cash, the search was not characterized by anything remarkable in the line of zeal.

When we reached Singapore I was literally in despair. There were very few tricks I could perform without my working tools, and those few tricks were by no means new to the Singapore public. You can therefore easily imagine that when I reached my hotel I was not in an enviable frame of mind. I dined that evening with my assistant in my room. We had just half finished our meal when the servant came into the room and said a man wanted to speak with me alone. I sent my assistant out and waited for my visitor to come. In a moment he was before me. He was a stout, well-dressed Chinaman. If I had ever seen him before I did not remember the fact.

"Your name is Kellar?" he asked.

I said it was.

"You lost your money, bloxes, lings, watch, eh?"

I began to be interested.

"Can you tell me where they are?", I said.

"I can," answered the heathen.

"Where are they?"

"Here."

And from under his jacket he drew out the missing articles. Everything