

Prior of the Dominion, emanated directly from the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. had quite recently manifested his personal interest in the Order of Knights Templar in this country by addressing a letter to the Great Prior, lately delivered to him by Rt. Em. Sir Knight A. Stavely Hill, M.P., Grand Chancellor of the Order in England. The toast was loyally honored.

Sir Knight Henry Russell, M.D.E., Constable, in the vice-chair, proposed the toast of the Very High and Eminent the Great Prior of the Dominion of Canada, Colonel MacLeod Moore, G.C.T. In proposing the toast the Vice-Chairman said that the William de la More the Martyr Preceptory had cause to be very grateful to the Great Prior for the personal interest he had manifested in its establishment, and the many kind counsels and very useful assistance which it had received from him. He testified to the love and veneration borne by the Knights of Quebec to the venerable head of the Chivalric Order in Canada, all of whom most fervently hoped that he would long be spared to remain as Great Prior of the Dominion. This sentiment was loudly applauded, and the toast was received with great enthusiasm, the Provincial Prior, Rt. Em. Sir Knight I. H. Stearns, being called upon for a reply.

Rt. Em. Sir Knight I. H. Stearns said it did his heart good to witness such a demonstration of love on the part of this Preceptory, and he knew that nothing would give Col. Moore such inexpressible pleasure as learning of the manner in which his health had been received by the Quebec Freres. He hoped that before long the Great Prior would be able to visit Quebec in person and consecrate the Preceptory. (Loud applause.) They all had cause to be proud of their Great Prior, a Knight of rare learning and talents, whose reports and correspondence were quoted in every quarter of the globe. (Loud applause.)

The Vice-Chairman again rose, this time to propose "The officers and members of the Great Priory of Canada," coupling therewith the name of their guest, Rt. Em. Sir Knight A. G. Adams, Grand Marshal of the Great Priory, who briefly responded.

The health of the Provincial Prior, Rt. Em. Sir Knight I. H. Stearns, was then given, and received with great enthusiasm, which was duly acknowledged by that popular brother.

Other toasts followed, interspersed with some excellent songs, and after spending a most enjoyable evening the party separated, concluding with "Auld lang syne" and the National Anthem.

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FOR THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.]

The Rowen.

BY FAY HEMPSTEAD, GRAND SECRETARY GRAND LODGE OF ARKANSAS.

[In the New England States, the second crop of grass grown is called the Rowen.]

The woods are brown, and hill and town
Sleep in the hazy weather;
And Autumn sheaves, with nuts and leaves,
Are ripe and red together.

And crashing through the early dew,
Where stood the buckwheat bowing,
The cattle low, or dull and slow
Go grazing in the Rowen.

Thou Mother-land, with lavish hand,
Regard'st thy children's needings;
Dost ever fill their utmost will,
Nor turn away unheeding.

Thou givest o'er thy varied store,
Their homes with joy endowing:
And doubling then thy gifts to men,
Thou yieldest them the Rowen.

Oh Life! dost thou the like allow?
I hear thy doubtful greeting!
But once to all the time doth fall;
There cometh no repeating.

No double course of strength and force,
No second growth allowing;
When youth is done there comes to none
The season of the Rowen.

Little Rock, Ark.

Many Years Ago: The Anchorite's Lament.

Many years ago, when summer winds were blowing,
And swallows' tender twitter was heard beneath the eaves,
I sauntered by the arching vines, with my sweet love, knowing
That she would be my wife before the trees had lost their leaves.

Happy by the river's marge, each bend fresh charms disclosing,
Watching the swift tide as it eddied near the sea;
Listening to the nightingale—on the banks reposing—
As its voice melodiously sounded o'er the lea.

But the tempter came, and blissful dreams were ended;
So the love-talk passed away in a noble scorn;
Then it all departed, all that vision splendid,
And I was left in misery, desolate, forlorn.

Many years ago, friends I had unnumbered;
Love and youth were on my side, no pain did I know;
Jealousy and calumny were the foes that slumbered;
Now lover, friends, and peace have left me many years ago.

EMMA HOLMES,
March, 1882. Author of "Anabel Vaughan."