

Reminiscences.

Many amusing incidents have frequently occurred in and around our lodges, which would be interesting but perhaps not so pointed, if placed in print. All brethren are invited to send contributions to this department, which it is believed can be made very entertaining.

I crossed bows, so to speak, the other day with an ancient mariner whom I had frequently met in lodge. After a chat about freights and the possibilities of the season's trade, I said:—

"How is it I haven't seen you in lodge for several years?"

"I got kind of tired of Masonry after a little thing that happened to me once day in Oswego," he replied.

"If not of too private a nature," said I, "perhaps you'll explain."

"I don't mind if I do reel off the yarn to you," said the mariner. "You see I never believed in using the square and compass on the stern of my vessel, as some fellows do, as I thought it was a kind of showing off what you were. Wasn't I right?"

"Yes, and I'm glad to hear you express such an opinion," was my reply.

"Now don't run afore the wind too fast, or you'll have to take in a reef. Well, one day outside of Oswego I was waiting for a tug and so were several other captains. I was the first to signal for a tug, and soon one came out, puffing like a locomotive. Instead of coming straight for me, however, it took a sort of circle, and before I knew what had happened I saw a line passed from one of the vessels to the tug, and then that vessel went kiting in. I was mad, but between my profanity and kicking things around generally, I saw a square and compass on the stern of the favored vessel. I got into the dock later in the day and determined that ever after I would let the world know I was a Mason. Before going up town I went into the cabin and hunted up a Masonic pin, which I fastened in my shirt front. I strutted up the dock as proud as if I was an admiral, but had not gone far when a gentlemanly-looking fellow tapped me on the shoulder, shook me by the hand, and said he was glad to meet a brother. I didn't catch on to the grip, but entered into conversation with him, and told him my day's experience. He sympathized with me, and suggested I should get a square and compass carved out of wood and gilt, and

attach it to the stern of my vessel. I caught on at once, and he agreed to have an extra good article on hand by noon next day. He was prompt, and the emblem was immense, but the price was immenser—\$25. I paid him; and in an hour sailed for Port Hope. On the cross trip we had a heavy sea chasing us, and would you believe, when we reached Port Hope all that remained of the gilt emblem were three six-inch screws and a few pieces of plaster. The dashed thing was a plaster cast, and I was swindled. Now you know why I'm soured."

I had to laugh at the incident, which made the mariner so wrathful that he took a tack across the street with all canvass spread, and we never speak as we pass by.

In looking over some exchanges the other day I noticed that a monument had been dedicated at Brooklyn, Conn., to Bro. Gen. Israel Putnam, a revolutionary soldier, who learned the science of war by fighting Indians and French.

That paragraph brought to my mind something that happened when he was leading a corps of skirmishers against Indians and Frenchmen, when it was his fate to be captured by the Indians.

So gallant a warrior was worthy of no ordinary death. After being insulted and tortured in their villages he was led to the stake. The fagots were piled around him. The flames leaped and played over his wasted form. He had taken his last look of earth and was consigning his soul to God, when he beheld a French officer approaching. As a last resort he hailed him in a way that speaks with more than trumpet tones to the heart of a genuine brother. Quick as lightning the cords were severed, the burning fagots were dispersed, and the officer rescued Putnam at the imminent danger of his own life. Putnam always said that he owed his life to Masonry, as he felt confident that the Frenchman would never have incurred the risk of displeasing the Indians so much to save any but a brother.

While enjoying a smoke in the ante-room of the Toronto street hall not long ago I entered into conversation with a brother connected with the police force. During our talk he said:—

"A funny thing happened one night several years ago on King street, near here. I was doing my beat when a well-dressed man, very full, saved himself from