

on account of any degree of fitness for such a position, while they, (our Canadian Frates,) are "holding up their hands in horror at our harmless and pretty 'cocked hat and feathers;' and pinning us to doctrinal tests which have no relation to the practical duties of a Christian life." Our wonder is whether our Canadian Frates ever read about the fellows whom one of the Trinity "sat down on," heavy too, for metaphorically, of course, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel without winking.

The Templarism of to-day approaches the stern Christian virtues of Jacques de Molay and compeers in about the same ratio as the brass buttoned "frock coats of society," and the French chapeaus and ostrich feathers resemble the armor and trappings of the Templar Crusaders. There is no call for a return to the manners, customs, dress or language of those days; nor is there any call for adhering to a mass of nonsense because of any fancied resemblance to antiquated forms, as essential to the preservation of the generic principles or regulations of our Order. Such folly dwarfs the significance of the Order as a beneficent force applicable to current life—makes far remote its probabilities of usefulness, and with the unthinking, hides its possibilities in the promotion of human welfare.

Our Canadian brethren have, as we last year noted, adopted a hyper-dogmatic requirement in the matter of belief in the Trinity, as a condition of admission, as visitors to their Preceptories, of the Templars of the United States. This don't trouble us any, as we are willing our neighbors should handle Deity in fractions if they don't feel able to do so as an integer, but we think Brother Berry as near the kingdom of heaven as our exclusive frates across the border.

For our part, we never could appreciate the consistency of any body of men naming any organization recognizing the Christian Religion, after any Heathen Deity, whatever his character may be.

There is no institution under the sun, within our scope of information, whose literature is so cursed with shilly-shally, namby-pamby, hundrym stuff as the Masonic, and it is like an "oasis in the desert" or a bonanza in a region not apparently worth hell room, to find a man of brains and culture combined with originality, and not afraid to talk good horse-sense, if it don't square with all that some ass has denominated "landmarks." We have not lost one iota of veneration for any generic principle of Masonry or Knighthood, but there is an