

THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

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THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

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(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE, THE DEATHLESS.

The following spring Lord Esme, as soon as Parliament was up for the Whitsuntide recess, paid a visit to Cornwall, and somehow found his way to St. Mervin. The old town was looking up. The projected hotel was nearly built; a handsome grammar school had been erected; a Masonic Lodge was being built; and a club had been formed which fifty or sixty of the county gentlemen had joined, and of which the young Lord was made an honorary member.

Sir William de la Wray, who lived at the Castle, and who was Knight Templar, had recently got a charter for a Preceptory to meet there, and a special meeting was held at the Porphyry Hall to receive Lord Esme into the Order of the Temple, he having expressed a wish to join the Sir Knights. It was called the Black Prince, in honor of the first Duke of Cornwall, who had once visited the Castle when residing at his palace of Restormel, some six or eight miles off.

The Knights, in their white tunics and mantles, adorned with the red cross, with the Beauseant and the

knights' own flags, with their armorial bearings blazoned on them, the impressive ceremony of installation itself, and that quaint mediæval hall, with the light streaming through the painted windows, had its effect even upon Lord Esme, who was accustomed to stately ceremonial.

The Eminent Preceptor, Sir William, afterwards entertained the Sir Knights in true hospitable Cornish fashion. The Rectory was close to the gates of the Castle, and, somehow, the member for Wessex soon found his way there. Assellya, now twenty-two, looked, if anything, more beautiful than when he had seen her three years before. In vain had he striven to forget her; in vain had he tried to like Lady Mildred Bottreux, the heiress of the Earls of Carnegal, whom his mother had wished him to marry, and who was, it was rumored, herself by no means averse to the match.

Come what would, or whether she would have him or not, Edith Penhaligon was the girl of all others he would wish to make his wife. Of course she was glad to see him—unfeignedly glad. She was not a girl to hide her feelings, or pretend to be indifferent when she was not. Mrs.