

liabilities are paid off. It appears that some years ago he expressed an intention to give his large and valuable Masonic Library to the Supreme Council, as a commencement for a library for that body. He did not carry out this idea during his lifetime, but immediately after his funeral those members of his Supreme Council who were present packed up his Masonic books and carried them away, stating that they were carrying out his expressed intention. It appears that, considering the destitute circumstances of the widow, the S. C. made her a donation of \$100, and considering the value of the books, from their point of view, they made her a grant of another \$100 in full payment. Now, from conversations that I have had with Mr. H., relative to the cost of these books, and from my own knowledge of them and of their value, I shall say that the S. C. have made an extremely good bargain (for *themselves*, be it understood, and *not* for the widow). I should say that these books are well worth twice as much as Mrs. Harington received for them, and probably cost her late husband a great deal more. This extreme liberality is indulged in by a Supreme Council that is now rejoicing in a cash balance on hand of \$1,173, and the recipient is the widow of their late Sov. Grand Commander, now left to struggle single-handed and destitute with the world.

O, Sweet Saint Charity!

But even with this comfortable balance on hand, and with this business-like proclivity in making good bargains with the widow of a deceased brother, this Supreme Council does not seem content. In the address of the present Grand Commander page 9, can be seen a very urgent recommendation to the Provincial Deputies to renew their exertions in propagating the Rite, as during the past year only one little Lodge of Perfection (which has not as yet arrived at the perfection of being able to work)

has been established. Under the energetic spear of the new Commander it is to be expected that a great revival will soon take place. "Coves in white aprons touting for fees" will no doubt be found perambulating the highways and bye-ways of the Dominion, and a glorious *traffic* in "our beautiful degrees" will reward the labors of the faithful.

There is an omission in the address of the acting S. G. C. that will doubtless strike many as *very* remarkable. Probably every Mason in the Dominion has heard of the Great Prior of the Templar Order in Canada—Col. McLeod Moore. Col. Moore is also a 33° of the Scottish Rite, a member of the S. C. of Canada, in fact its oldest member, and the representative of the S. C. of England and Wales. Would it be believed that while the acting Grand Commander was searching the world over, even going to Peru for an object for his filial sympathies, he could not find a few words of perfunctory condolence for his brother Col. Moore, who has endured crushing afflictions and misfortunes during the past year. Two blooming children were snatched away from him by death, and then by the destruction of his residence by fire, he was almost in a moment deprived of all his worldly goods and cast upon the world, desolate and afflicted. Surely some kind and cheering words of sympathy were due to one upon whom the hand of misfortune had rested so heavily. But not one such word could I find to have been vouchsafed by any of the Supreme Council. This suffering brother was ignored, if not forgotten. It is true that a prominent official of the S. C. did make a short reference in a public newspaper to Col. Moore's misfortunes, but this reference was so repulsive in its proud patronage, so indelicate in its tone, so "caddish" in its spirit, that Col. Moore might well say, "If this is the work of a friend, then save me from my friends."

P. M.