

Let us so live and so labour that come the summons when it may,
we shall

"——be translated from the earth,
This land of sorrow and complaints,
To the all perfect Lodge above
Whose Master is the King of Saints."

M. W. John W. Simons P, G. M.

MASONIC AND CHURCH CHARITIES.

"CALVIN," the Chicago correspondent of *The Presbyterian*, Philadelphia, in his notes from the interior, in speaking of the operations of the Relief and Aid Society of the former city, says: "What is a church worth that leaves to the world the work of caring for its destitute and suffering poor, and fails to do their very work as *a church of Christ*? The course of the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other similar societies should make us blush for our shortcomings in this matter. We read Scripture, as if the words of our Lord were sufficient authority for allowing the children of this world to be wiser in their generations than the children of light."

Some twenty years ago, Calvin and the writer were members of the same church; he an Odd Fellow in high position—Grand Secretary, we believe,—and we, of course, a Mason. Among the poor of *our* church was the widow of a Master Mason whom the lodge had long supported from its scanty means, aided by individual contributions. She too, was a member, as her husband had been, of the same church, the pastor of which was so bitter an anti-Mason that he had compelled the resignation of one of his elders because he had joined the Masons. When we remonstrated, he justified himself upon this singular plea—he "did not object to the Masons joining his church and continuing active Masons; but, rather that his active church members should join the Masons." He was always "down on the Masons and their pretended acts of charity and deeds of love,"—the church was *the* institution to take care of the poor and needy, and such like arguments as every Mason has heard time and again. Such arguments, if carried into practice as Calvin, a churchman, on this ground, declares, would have left the unfortunate citizens of Chicago destitute of real and practical aid in these days of church influence and power. We determined to give our minister an opportunity of testing his "creed," and so, after conferring with our widowed sister, we suggested next lodge night to withhold our stated supplies for a time, and throw her upon the *warm* charities of the church. The old lady—for she had seen her three-score and ten years of earthly pilgrimage—went to her (our) pastor and related to him what the Masons had done, and applied to him and his church for immediate and constant aid. The next Sabbath, our "anti" friend preached a most eloquent (for he was really an able man) discourse upon "Charity, and the obligations of the church to its poor." A contribution of thirty pieces of silver (dollars)—twas in the days of specie payments—was the verdict of the preacher's power over the *feelings*, not judgments, of his members. Then he boasted to us of what the church was doing and *going to do*—vain boast! While her money lasted, the "lone widow" and her dependent grandchild fared sumptuously several days. But there is an end to all things, and soon he found the end to that "collection." Then he called upon the office-bearers,