

in Mexico. Brother Theodore Sutton Parvin was himself knighted in Apollo Commandery No 1 of Chicago, January 10, 1855. He never expected then to live to see the day when his son and son's wife would meet in the same Master Masons Lodge, and the son's wife would be the Worshipful Master.

NOT RETROGRADING.

The multiplicity of fraternal societies, many possessing benevolent or benefit features, has not injured our grand old institution, as some were pleased to predict a few years ago. The attendance at the recent session of Grand Lodge shows that the Craft is not only increasing in membership, but that interest in it is becoming greater each successive year. There is a charm about Masonry not to be found in other societies, and that charm is not the refreshment room, while it would be absurd to deny the usefulness of that adjunct in cultivating the social element, yet it would be equally absurd to give it greater credit than attaches to it. The song, the speech, even the friendly glass, plays their part, but none or all of them constitute the attractive features of Masonry. Ask a dozen Masons why they attend the meetings of their respective lodges, and a dozen different replies will be received whatever it is that draws the brethren out to the meetings, it ultimately becomes a part of their nature, and it is as essential that they should attend lodge as don clean linen. That they are lukewarm and indifferent Masons must be admitted, but a study of such Masons will unveil the fact that they lack individuality, and have no special characteristics. They are of the lackadaisical

class who allow the tide of humanity to carry them through the world paying no attention to their surroundings, and entirely indifferent to the well being of humanity. The active zealous Mason is already a good citizen, as the parts that urge him to be active in that direction, prompt him to progressiveness in all matters of business. Masonry may be old; it may be termed by some as rusty or moth-eaten, but judging by recent occurrences it is still progressive, and its admirers anything but moss-backs.

DEATH OF BRO. COL. HENDERSON.

R. W. Bro. Col. L. H. Henderson, familiarly known to many of the regular attendants at Grand Lodge as "Larry" dropped dead in his office in Belleville at noon, on July 19th. A few minutes previous to this he had been chatting pleasantly with D. B. Robertson, the city clerk, the chief of police and a number of American gentlemen. Coming down stairs he entered his own office by the side door leading from the lobby of the city hall. His clerk, Capt. Charles Dunlop, was in the office at the time. Bro. Henderson staggered slightly and muttered in a feeble way as he entered the office, "My God, the pain, the pain! My breath is leaving me" and sank into a chair. Mr. Dunlop placed him on the couch nearby and ran to get some water. He called to chief of Police Newton to remain with him. The chief telephoned immediately for Dr. Gibson and went in to stay with him, but the colonel only gasped a few times and expired before Mr. Dunlop or Dr. Gibson arrived. He had been complaining for a week but had given no sign immediately before he died of