

er deliv'd the finest effort of the occasion, and aroused the feelings of the company to the highest, with his passionate sentences. MacNabb was absent, on government business. Wilson, who was peculiarly happy upon festival occasions, was particularly so on this. My part was a poem written a few hours before with which (if the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN will break its rule and publish the verses) I will conclude my article.

There never was occasion, and there never was
an hour
When spirits of peace on Angel wings so
near our heads did soar:
There is no event so glorious on the page of
time to appear
As the union of the Brotherhood sealed by our
coming here.

'Twas in the hearts of many, 'twas in the
prayers of some
That the good old days of Brotherly love,
might yet in mercy come:
'Twas whispered in our lodges, in the E. and
S. and W.,
That the time was nigh when the plaintive
cry, our God would hear and bless.

But none believed the moment of fruition was
at hand:
How could we deem so rich a cup was wait-
ing our command!
It came like rain, in summer's drought, on
drooping foliage poured
And bade us look henceforth for help, in all
our cares to God.

The news has gone already upon every wind
of Heaven;
The wire, the press, the busy tongue, the in-
telligence has given,
And every one who heard it, and who loves
the sons of peace,
Has cried, "Praise God, the God of love! may
God this union bless."

Vermont takes up the story, her "old man
eloquent,"
Long be his days among us, in deeds of mercy
spent,
He speaks for the Green Mountains, and you
heard him say last night,
"Bless God that I have lived till now to see
this happy sight."

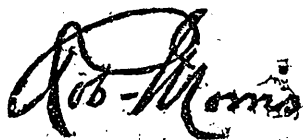
Kentucky sends you greeting, from her broad
and generous bound,
Once styled of all the western wild, "the dark
and bloody ground,"
She cries aloud "God bless you! Heaven's dews
be on you shed,
Who first took care to be in the right, then
boldly went ahead."

From yonder constellation, from the Atlan-
tic to the west,
Where the great pines of Oregon rear up their
"lifty crest,"
From the flowery glades of Florida, from
Minnesota's plain.
Each voice will say, "Huzza! huzza! the Craft
is one again."

Old England soon will hear it! not always
will the cry,
Of suffering Brethren meet her ear, and she
pass coldly by;
There's a chord in British hearts vibrates to
every tale of wrong,
And she will send a welcome, and a Brother's
hand ere long.

Then joyful be this meeting, and many more
like this,
As year by year shall circle round and bring
you added bliss:
In quarry hill and temple peace, nor cruel
word nor thought,
Disturb the perfect harmony, the gracious
God has wrought.

These recollections to me now are
as phantasmagoria, from which the
moving figures have vanished. Wilson
has joined the majority, with Mac-
Nabb, Tucker, Bird Harris, Haring-
ton; and I don't know who remains,
save McLeod Moore, (may he fulfill
his century,) Kivas, Tully, and the
invalid Kentuckian, who leans over
this sheet, and to make these remin-
iscences, avoids to drop his tears upon
it, memorial tears for the loved and
lost.



MUST A MASON BELIEVE IN THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE?

To the Editor of the Detroit Freemason.

DEAR SIR AND BRC.—The Grand
Lodges of Texas and Ohio, as well
as the Grand Master of Canada, have
answered in the affirmative to the
above question. But as neither of
the said high luminaries have ex-
plained, in the first place, the mean-
ing of inspiration, I asked a Catholic
priest for an explanation thereof; and
he answered thus:

"When an evangelist took the pen
to write a Gospel the Holy Ghost
guided his hand, while the writer was
utterly unconscious of what he was
doing."

"But," said I, "what authority
have you to believe?"

He replied, "the authority of the
church."