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SOMETHING ABOUT SECRETS.

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"I do not see the necessity of your being so secret in the business of your lodge, unless you do something you are ashamed of and that will not bear investigation."

These words were spoken by the wife of a dear friend with whom I had been visiting for a few days, and were delivered with such vim and force that I at once knew they were from her heart, and the expression of a settled conviction, and not the chance overflowing of the feelings for the moment. It was, evidently, not only a common, but a favorite topic with her. Hence, when pointedly addressed directly to me, it assumed the position of a challenge, which I was expected to accept; and the principle attacked, I was called upon to defend.

"Do you hold that to be true in all the relations, of life?" I asked,

"Certainly," was the reply. "Why, pray, should we keep from others our acts which are not reprehensible?"

"Whether there is a good and sufficient reason for so doing need not now be argued, since we all act against your theory."

"Excuse me, sir; please not include me in your category."

"I am afraid I shall have to include you, my dear madam. Your first act, when I arrived here, was in direct contravention of your theory."

"Why, what was that?"

"Pardon me if I speak plainly, and of your own concerns. You met your husband, after an absence of a week, and he gave you a number of kisses at the gate. Doubtless you recollect what you said on that occasion."

"No, I recollect nothing about it."

"Perhaps you will allow me to repeat it?"

"Some nonsense, I suppose."

"Nonsense, yes, if your theory about secrets is true; otherwise, it may be reckoned to be sensible."

"Well, what was it? let us have it."

"It was, 'Will, you ought to wait until you get in the house, and not kiss me so much where all the world can see.'"

"I recollect something about it now. I did feel a little chagrined that he should do so before you, a perfect stranger to me."

"And there was nothing wrong or reprehensible in the act; he had the right to give, and you to receive, a hundred of his loving kisses."

"Yes, I suppose so; but it would have been in bad taste."

"That may be conceded, and on that ground your gentle rebuke may be justified; but you must remember that in thus justifying your rebuke of the exhibition of your husband's love and fondness for you, you come directly in opposition to your theory that we need keep secret only that which is reprehensible."

"It would seem so; but this is a single instance. One swallow does not make a summer."