

# THE CRAFTSMAN

AND

## Canadian Masonic Record.

Bro. J. J. MASON,  
Publisher.

"The Queen and the Craft."

1.50 per Annum,  
in advance.

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONT., FEB. 1, 1876.

No. 2.

### THE ANTI-MASONIC VICAR.

"I HAVE sent for you, although I know my summons must be inconvenient, because I choose you to be present at an interview which has been forced on me by a deputation from the Freemasons:—they aim at persuading me to allow them to assemble in my church. A likely matter indeed! a very likely matter!"

So spake, with flushed cheek and quivering lip, my well-intentioned, but nervous incumbent, one memorable Saturday in the month of August.

"Very well, sir," was my reply; "you may depend on my heeding and recollecting the sentiments of each party."

"Would to Heaven!"—this was an aside—"that these Mason people had chosen some other day than Saturday for their conference! Neither sermon written! The Lending Library accounts all in confusion; Mrs. Watkinson's sick baby to baptise; and two funerals in the afternoon to a certainty!"

"They must be cut short—yes! very, very short!" ejaculated the vicar, decisively and emphatically.

"What! the sermons?" cried I, reverting at once to the topic uppermost in my own mind. "Oh, very well: your views, sir, are mine. They shall be shortened to a certainty."

"You are dreaming," remarked my superior, pettishly. "I allude to the speeches, the oratorical displays, the verbiage of these mystics."

"Ah! precisely so," was my dutiful reply. "You sir, and no other, hold the check-string; the length of the interview must depend on *your* pleasure. Masons!"—this was another *aside*—"I wish they were all walled up in the Pyramids. Six: and no tidings. It will be midnight before I shall have completed my preparations for to-morrow."

"I am not narrow-minded," resumed Mr. Gresham, *fidgetting fretfully in his chair*; "far from it; my views are liberal and enlarged; I never by any chance indulge in a harsh surmise touching anyone of my fellow-creatures. But these Mason people alarm me. They have a secret; there is some extraordinary bond, stringent and well understood, by which they support each other. I look upon them as little better than conspirators." Then, after a brief pause, "*In fact they ARE conspirators!*"

"You really think so?" said I, for the first time feeling an interest in the subject.

"I do—seriously and solemnly," said the vicar, with an air of the most earnest and portentous gravity.

"Rat-tat-tat! Rap, rap!"

"The Deputation, sir," said the butler, bowing five middle-aged men into the study.

For a set of "conspirators" they were the oddest-looking people imaginable. There they stood, a knot of portly, frank-featured, cheerful men, upon whom the cares of life sat lightly, who greeted their pastor with a smile, and seemed in high good humor with themselves and all around them. Nor while I curiously scanned their look and bearing, could I, for the life of me, imagine a reason why men so happily circumstanced should take it into their heads to turn *plotters*. The foremost of the group I knew to be a man of wealth. He had "a stake," and no small one, in the permanent prosperity of his country. His next neighbor was a wine-merchant, with