

was proud of it, and when during work, the part of "music" was reached, all hands had to be silent while listening to the singing of the Senior Deacon. Unfortunately, he did not take the trouble to learn Masonic hymns, and always treated his hearers to some of the orthodox salvation ditties sung by his choir in church; this sometimes grated harshly on the ears of his more liberal hearers; but he did not care for that, as he thought with many others even at this late and enlightened day, that inasmuch as the majority of the brethren are "believers," the minority must, or ought to be satisfied, and have no rights in the premises, for if they did not like his singing or praying, why they can stay away; nobody compels them to come. I remember there was quite a feeling stirred up about this at one time; but the good sense of the brethren on both sides of the question soon settled the matter satisfactorily. The ample provisions since made in the line of Masonic hymn books, no doubt prevents the recurrence of any dissatisfaction.

One, a German, had a most excellent memory, and knew the work thoroughly, was a good fellow, and an ardent Mason; but oh how he did murder the king's English. In one portion of the work, instead of asking, "What will you do with it," he became confused, stammered, and blurted out, "Vat disbosition will you do mit it?" He was a carpenter by trade, and took hold of his candidate as though he were a jack-plane. At that time most lodges, or at least lodge-rooms had canvass or oil-cloth paintings representing the steps and pavements of the Temple, and along these this Senior Deacon would shove the candidate as though he had a wooden man before him, and the newly-made Fellow Craft often carried the mark of the "hefty" carpenter upon his arm, thinking, no doubt, it was a portion of the work appertaining to the degree.

I remember a young limb of the

law, fresh from C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a, who used to practice declamation in the Second degree. He would arrange his candidates as though they were the jury, while the Master seemed to act as presiding judge for him; and when he commenced to harangue the jury, with right index finger extended, and his left hand in his pocket, he looked the personification of the pleading advocate. He knew very little of the actual ritual, but was a very brainy man, well read, and very good at filling in; and if the actual words of the ritual failed him, he was never at a loss for a "gag;" but he at last gave us good and intelligent work, and good grammar.

Lately only I heard of a Senior Deacon who, when asked, "are these candidates worthy and well qualified," answered, in deep and solemn tones, "they does." He also spoke seriously of tarry steeked Heavens, and the brazing tassel and dented stars; and in enumerating the orders of architecture, the Younick and Cosmopolitan were the most prominent, which were founded by the Kreeks, and not by the Romins, &c.

If, however, a Senior Deacon knows the work thoroughly, and has a fair knowledge of the rules of elocution, this office is certainly a very important one in the lodge, and in it a brother can best show to his brethren what is in him—at least so far as the work is concerned.

With most members, after their ambition has been satisfied, and they have presided in the East; have had all the honors that could be bestowed upon them in the lodge, the only two offices they care for is either that of Senior Deacon or that of Secretary. The ready and accomplished ritualist naturally seeks the Deacon's staff, while the delver, the real worker, keeps his eye on the Secretary's desk, and, if ever, retires gradually from active work through this laborious office.

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