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J. B. TRAYES, P.D.D.G.M.,  
Editor & Proprietor

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### A NIGHT IN THE ÆGEAN.

Early in the summer of 182—, the port of Athens was visited by the beautiful yacht *Violante*. Its owner, an English gentleman of fortune, had been for some time cruising in the Mediterranean, and was then making preparations for his return to England. After bidding adieu to his numerous friends on shore, Mr. N— went on board, and with a fair breeze the little *Violante* stood out of the harbor. England was the word, and it fell not ungratefully on the ears of the crew.

When they had made some leagues, one of these beautiful nights, for which the Mediterranean is so celebrated, began to close upon the scene. The outline of the distant hills and little islands which stud the Ægean, became less and less distinct, and the ripple of the waves against the vessel alone broke the solemn silence which prevailed. It was just the night to make one muse of home, and all its sweet associations. This, at least, seemed to be the chief occupation of the two young men who were gazing over the bulwarks on the deep blue sea.

"Well, N—," at last exclaimed the younger of the two, "I suppose, like myself, you are thinking of Old England, and the changes which two years may have made at home?"

"You are not far wrong, Ernest," replied his companion, "and I fancy your little crew are just as anxious as we are to be again in Plymouth harbor; old Morgan there has been pressing me to sail these last three weeks. He does not seem to wish to share the

fate of his two mess-mates whom we buried, poor fellows, last month."

"By the way," returned Ernest, "who is that intelligent-looking sailor you sent on board yesterday?"

"His name is Morris," replied Mr. N—; "I met him in Athens, and recognized him as a Brother. He was in great distress, as the ship he came out in had been wrecked, and only three of the crew were saved. His replies to my questions proved to me that he was a worthy Mason, and I accordingly did not hesitate to engage him. He will, I am sure, be a great assistance to Morgan and our five other men."

"I dare say you expect a little bantering from me on the subject," answered Ernest, "and I must say your Masonic notions appear rather quixotic. Here is a man, of whose character you know nothing, who may work himself into your confidence to rob and plunder you, and you offer him every opportunity, merely because he is one of the Craft, as you call it."

"On my own head be the risk," replied his friend; "I am bound to help my brethren in distress, and I will endeavor to do so."

"Well, as you like it," said Ernest; "it is, in truth, a fine thing for a poor fellow like that to be a Mason, if he can obtain such help from his rich brethren; but what good are you ever likely to get from the Order!"

"The pleasing consciousness of benefiting my fellow-creatures," was the reply; "but it is getting late, suppose we turn in."