

that disinterested affection and Masonic intercourse can afford. And may the good report of this Lodge so tend to exalt and enhance the reputation of the Craft at large, that Masonry may flourish here, as in every other quarter of the globe, and be assisted to fulfill its noble mission, by diffusing the light of wisdom, aiding the strength of reason, displaying the beauty of virtue, and diminishing the aggregate of human vice and misery. Being thus established firmly by the high character of its friends, it may laugh to scorn the malice of its foes, and rise superior to all the opposition of the outer world, like the lofty summit of the mighty Snowdon, that bares its breast with dignified composure to the tempest, and fearlessly presents its bosom to the midnight storm.—*Freemason's Chronicle, Eng.*

[For the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.]

### Æ: The Mark Mason's Story.

"Oh yes, those are my jewels, and the ladies like to see them,  
For a goodly show they make, dear, of silver and of gold;  
Geometrical devices, many a mystic emblem,  
Carved deep into cornelian, leave mysteries untold.

My pretty cousin Alice with her dainty finger touches  
Each jewelled golden trinket, now, and asks what is its name;  
And I am fain to answer her that only such and such is  
The badge of the degree, or say the Order, that I claim.

But fair Alice, lustrous eyed, (oh! such perfect brows and lashes),  
Looks half indignant, and repels my reticence with scorn;

"Well, Edward, you might tell me now, what interest attaches  
To those bright crystal crosses with which you yourself adorn."

"Well, first there is this token, a small circle silver gilded,  
With a name and number on it, and 'tis enamelled blue,  
Then within a twisted cable the letter C is welded,  
And surrounded by a serpent, pray what is it, tell me true?"

"A centenary jewel which the Lodges of the Craftsmen  
That have seen a hundred years and more, may, by permission wear;  
Of one I was a member, at its banquets rich wine quaffed then,  
Ah! those were glorious meetings, where we made friendships rare.

"But what is this silver star with the crimson cross upon it,  
And in *hoc signo vinces* as the legend graved thereon?  
Oh! a badge of the Knights-Templar, you say, and so you do it.  
I thought chivalric orders had all long been overthrown."

"Now here blood red a cross patee, so 'tis by heralds named,  
On white enamelled centre a small patriarchal cross;  
The other side an *Agnus Dei*: say, shall I be blamed,  
If, woman like, I'm curious, to guess am at a loss?"

"Well, that is the Grand Cross, and it is worn by Knight Commanders,  
The Prince of Wales he wears it, and he wears it proudly too;  
More noble than the Golden Fleece, so honored in old Flanders;  
He is our Grand Master, and we owe allegiance true."

"An eight pointed cross of gold, this also white enamelled,  
Surmounted by a golden crown, and pray now, what is this?"

"Well, Alice, I'll be complaisant, but I must not be trammelled,  
And if I tell you truly you'll reward me with a kiss."

And Alice pouts, and vows she can't believe in cousin's greetings,  
Whilst I declare that like a sister she is now to me;  
So, then, in spite of non-consent, and of her faint beseechings  
I kiss her twenty times at least; for is it not to be?

So Alice asks, and answer I her very many questions,  
As to the queer, old, rich and rare, fine jewels I collect;  
Some magical, some mystical, some of the Rosierucians,  
And one of the old badges of the Kadosh Knights Elect.

"Oh! Edward, here's the strangest one, the capstone of an arch 'tis,  
For so I've heard you call it, of pure pale carnation,  
With a double circle on each side, and straight as any larch is,  
And block lettered in triangle, an Æ cut thereon."

"Round the circle Hebrew characters you see are now imprinted,  
The secret of the Mark degree is lost or found therein;  
On that mark there hangs a story, let it be as I have hinted,  
For that is my own secret, and but one can share herein."

"In the pyramids the Mason's Marks are still found graven deeply;  
On many a clustered column, in many a sacred fane,  
In dim cathedral aisles, are these symbols, (held too cheaply),  
Please will your ladyship at least for once to listen deign?"

"Oh, yes," she cries, half wearily, "I thought that a love story  
You now were going to tell me, but I'll listen and be good;