

child I had given it to Jose drove the wretched mule-cart, and she followed tearlessly and patiently, as leal in that last dread journey to the grave, as in the wild flight from Quito five years before. And, leaving for Aspinwall next morning to meet the Atlantic Steamer—which would delay for nothing; I carried with me the Commandante's solemn pledge that she should be restored to her kindred and her girl's home, without other delay than her own griefs might interpose, and that she should be as sacredly guarded upon New Grenada soil, as if the Revolution had indeed succeeded, and El Toro himself held the citadel.

A pledge that was honorably redeemed. I shall never again see the lonely *ranch* nestling amid the bright beauty of the Savannah, but I know that in the marvellous city that crowns the cordillera there still lives a sad-eyed lady to make good the promise of her dead husband, and to teach the lisping voices of her little children to murmur the name of an Englishman in their prayers.

### THE THIRD TRIAL.

BY BRO. J. A. WILLIAMS, LL. D., OF KENTUCKY.

The pit, the worm, the darkness, and the clod!  
Thus lies the Mason, as if crushed by God!  
Corruption riots in Acacia bowers,  
And beauty moulders 'neath the fairest flowers!

Is this, indeed, the destiny of man,  
His home the loathsome vault, his life a span?  
Must he whom virtue crowned in life as just,  
Forever sleep, disowned, and in the dust?

Invoke the virtue that adorned him then,  
And seek to raise that form to life again!  
Alas! in vain Apprenticed virtue ties,  
Her touch no warmth imparts, no life supplies!

Yet there's another token, mightier still,  
Which only science knows, and learned skill;  
Will not the brow which love did once illumine  
Feel her inspiring touch within the tomb?

The lettered Craftsman, with his cunning hands,  
Applies the token, but despairing stands!  
Death mocks his learning, and the treacherous grave  
Still binds the victim that his power would save.

Yet man shall live again! A Lion hand  
Will give the token that shall burst each band:  
And he who Virtue, Genius, may not save,  
Through Judah's Lion triumphs o'er the Grave.

THE spirit that dictates slanders and libels, or seeks in an underhand manner to injure a brother's character, professional or otherwise, is not a Masonic one, and should not be tolerated in a lodge, as it directly interferes with its harmony.

As the tree takes in the air, and the elements and particles which float in the air, so the soul drinks in knowledge, and, by a divine alchemy, changes what it learns into its own substance, and from within outwardly develops itself, and grows with an inherent force and power like that which lies hid in the grain of wheat.

## The Craftsman, AND BRITISH AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD.

"THE QUEEN AND THE CRAFT."

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### ARE WE MAKING TOO MANY MASONS?

BY ILL. BRO. ROBERT RAMSAY, K. T. 3<sup>d</sup>.

We often hear it remarked by members of the Craft, that we are now-a-days making too many masons. Grand Masters in their annual addresses are very apt to enlarge upon the danger arising from the vast increase in our numbers; the warning note has been echoed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has become almost a by-word among masonic officials. Let us then ask ourselves for a moment, whether or not we are making too many masons? We admit at once, that we must be careful in the selection of our material, and so the vast majority of our Lodges are. Occasionally a bad man creeps into the fraternity, and thus to the superficial observer, a slur is cast upon our Institution; but such cases are rare, as every brother guards the sanctuary, and by a proper use of the black-ball, is always able to check the efforts of the lawless to profane our sanctuary with their presence. But, the question is, are we making too many masons? For our own part, we do not believe it. What have we to fear from our younger brothers? Are they not bound by the same ties that we are? Is there not everywhere plenty of material fit for the edifice? Are there not in every town and city, Ashlars, that only require to be hewn and trimmed to become ornaments in our Temple? Why, then, feel alarmed at this making too many masons?

Every Lodge of course should feel a justifiable pride in its selection of material, and none but good should ever be received. Every stone, we admit, cannot be part and parcel of the Corinthian Pillar; but it may by its massiveness add strength to the Doric Column. In other words, we should not expect every member of our fraternity to become a shining light in Masonic History or Jurisprudence; nor do we even deem it necessary, that he should acquire a proficiency in the Ritual. The vast majority that unite with us, have not the time to devote to our mysteries that they themselves desire, and hence can only endeavor to show to the world their admiration of the Brotherhood, by at all times upholding its noble principles. This they certainly do, as we have time and again noticed, and here we would ask, Are not our principles the very foundation of our Order?

The ardent student of our mysteries naturally wishes that every brother would thoroughly verse