

# THE CRAFTSMAN

AND

## Canadian Masonic Record.

Bro. J. J. MASON, }  
Publisher.

"The Queen and the Craft."

} \$1.50 per Annum,  
in advance.

VOL. IX.

HAMILTON, ONT., JULY 1, 1875.

No. 7.

### LOVE WILL CONQUER.

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HUMAN nature is about the same the world over. Every man has more or less of selfishness, and more or less of liberality in the making up of his character. It generally depends more upon surrounding circumstances than upon the man himself, which, for the time being, shall prevail—self, or his neighbor. Circumstances have made misers and misanthropes of many who, under different circumstances, would have been models of liberality and social kindness; while on the other hand, many who naturally were miserly and selfish, have by fortuitous circumstances been transformed into the perfection of self-denying and neighborly citizens. Sorrow at the loss of a loved friend has often made a complete change in the character of a man, by leading him to see that self was not and could not be the sole or most prominent source of happiness in human life.

Love, the "great passion," has in this world been the mighty moulder of human character. Love has built up and torn down; it has ennobled and disgraced. To love may be traced the upbuilding of many of the noblest characters this world has produced; and to love may be traced the downfall of many who have lived and died a disgrace to themselves and their friends.

Abner Bunk and his wife Nancy lived some forty years ago in the valley of the Mohawk river, in New York State. Abner had a good farm of some one hundred acres, all improved and very valuable; he also owned and carried on a large grocery store on the Erie canal, near his farm. Abner had plenty of money in the bank in the city of Albany, drawing interest. In short, Abner Bunk was rich. Yet with all his wealth, Abner was never known to give a cent to the poor and needy; he never helped to support or build a church, or in any manner aid in any public improvement or amusement. Nancy Bunk was a fit helpmeet for her husband Abner. If there was any advantage on either side as to miserly love of money or property, it was on Nancy's side. She could cling to a cent longer, and pinch a dime harder than even her husband.

The Bunks had one child, a son named Leslie, aged about twenty years about the time of which we write. Leslie Bunk had been and still was, an apt scholar. He had learned from his parents the one great lesson that money was the great aim and object in life, and that the height of human happiness consisted in getting and keeping money.

Leslie's education was rather limited; it cost money to pay teachers and support schools; besides "time is money," and when the boy was old enough to attend school he was old enough to work some and earn a few dollars and cents, of far more value than education—so thought the Bunks. So Leslie only went to school a month or so in each winter, when he could do nothing else, and when schools were public and free, and therefore cost nothing.

Wealth is not a very good life-preserver. Abner Bunk's great riches were not enough to save his life; so one day, when Leslie was about twenty-one years old, his father Abner died. Nancy was so incensed and disgusted because her husband had been so extravagant as to draw and expend his last breath, and thereby cause the