

Masonic Correspondence.

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Masonic Dedication in Manitoba.

WINNIPEG, April 12, 1880.

To the Editor of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Tuesday evening, the 7th instant, witnessed the riveting of the last bolt, to speak figuratively, in the circle of Brotherly Love which has once more drawn within its circumference the recently divided Craft of this Province. I allude to the union of the four city Lodges, viz.—Prince Rupert's, No. 1; Ancient Landmark, No. 3; St. John's, No. 4; and Northern Light Lodge, No. 10, in the joint occupation of a new, large, and commodious Hall, situated in the third storey of Harris' Block, opposite the City Hall, and which was solemnly dedicated to Freemasonry on the evening in question by the M. W. Grand Master, Bro. John Headley Bell, assisted by Past Grand Masters M. W. Bros. W. N. Kennedy, and G. F. Newcomb; Deputy Grand Master E. G. Conklin, and the other Grand Lodge officers.

The Hall is the finest this side of St. Paul, Minn. The Lodge room is 25x60, and 15 feet high. There is a spacious refreshment room, waiting room, visitors' test room, and preparation room, all comfortably furnished in a style that but a short time ago the most hopeful of the fraternity would have deemed impossible, but where union holds sway, what cannot be accomplished? The assemblage was the largest of the kind ever witnessed in our Province, and the cordial feeling and good-fellowship that prevailed plainly showed that all memories of the late unhappy differences were buried in oblivion.

After the impressive dedication ceremonies were concluded, the M. W. Grand Master delivered the following eloquent address:—

BRETHREN,—In this Province, as elsewhere, Masonry has seen many vicissitudes. I call to mind the first time it was my privilege to meet with the craft in this Province, in 1871,—a small band of brothers in a very small room—not half as large as the refreshment room adjoining this hall. There were only about enough to open an E. A. Lodge. Shortly afterwards a second Lodge was organized, and a larger room obtained. In about two years after a still larger hall became necessary, and since that time two more Lodges have been warranted, and now a still larger hall has just been dedicated to the mysteries of Masonry, and I trust that ere another decade elapses the craft will be in a hall of their own, receiving instead of paying rent. I am satisfied that it only needs energetic action, shall I say on the part of the Masters of the four Lodges, and the thing could be accomplished. I said a moment ago, Masonry has seen many vicissitudes in this Province, and the outside world as well as some, perhaps many, of ourselves have had occasion to ask, Is there any virtue or power in Masonry?

Brethren, have we not all seen and felt the power of Masonry? We have known numerous instances in the early history of the Province where brethren from other Grand Lodge jurisdictions have come amongst us, and instead of long life and prosperity, sickness overtook them, but at their bedside were found faithful and true brethren attending to their wants, and when, as was the case in several instances, they were cut off by the cold hand of death, the members of the craft conveyed them to their last resting place.

And again, we have seen the power of Masonry when the necessities of a public institution were great. At the solicitation of one of our Past Grand Masters, the brethren nobly responded, and over \$400 was donated to the Winnipeg General Hospital.

And again, we have seen the same power exerted when a respected brother was cut off in his early manhood, the craft cheerfully provided a home for the widow and orphan child.

And yet again, we have seen the power of Masonry in another direction. We have seen the cloud, not larger than a man's hand, appear and spread over the Province. The cloud became black, and lowering, and threatening destruction to our loved institution in this Province; but the memory of the duties we owed to the craft were upon us, and the exercise of charity and brotherly love dissipated the cloud like the mist before the rising sun, and it has rolled away, I trust, I hope never again to appear on the horizon.