

of such rulers of men as Frederick the Great, and Blucher, but by such kings in the realm of mind as Goethe, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Mozart, Fichte, and Ruckert. Truly may we say, that our fellow Craftsmen, by their running handiwork, have fashioned the very keystone of German greatness, and, by their wondrous skill, chiseled their names into the adamantean memory of mankind, and set their stars of fame in the resplendent galaxy of the world's imperishable sky.

"INCREASE AND MULTIPLY"

is not one of the unwritten laws governing Masonry in Germany. In this conservative land there is no desire to increase the Masonic membership—the brethren seeming rather to rejoice that their secrets are shared by comparatively so few; nor is there an excess of subordinate Lodges—a new one never being constituted unless the good of the Fraternity absolutely requires it. Here, the old Craft moves slowly along, with its well tried crew, spreading no sail and courting no gale to speed it upon the smiling, glittering, swelling, yet treacherous wave of popular favor.

In Germany no public demonstrations are ever made—the speculative workman of this country deeming such gatherings but gilded advertisements of his Craft. Here, no winning orator descants in public hall, upon the traditions and teachings of our Craft—the golden tongue of Masonic eloquence ringing and thrilling only in the well guarded recesses of the Lodge-room. Here, no apron-clad, funeral cortege troops behind the black-plumed hearse—the Brethren following their comrade's corpse being robed only in the sable habiliments donned by the outer world. Here, no boastful show is made of Masonic membership—the decorated breasts, in this land of orders and insignias, carrying no emblem of our Fraternity to claim the notice of the uninitiated.

"Mystery" is the one term which fully describes Masonry in Germany. Here, the profane can know but little more of the mystic fold than that it is. He may hear its name spoken, yet he can identify no one as being its adherent. He may hear of its secrets, yet he knows no one who boasts of being in possession of them. He may hear of its lessons of wisdom, yet he knows no one who says he has tasted of its lore, or drunk from its instructive fount. He may hear of its charity, yet he sees not the hand that casts its love offering into the lamp of suffering. In brief: regarding Masonic secrets and Masonic doings, our German brethren are almost as mute, in the presence of the outer world, as that stony sentinel (the Sphinx) which stands at the foot of the mighty pyramids—those mysterious mausoleums of the proud and pompous Pharaohs—*Proceedings G. L. Nebraska, 1882.*

BROS. COL. MACLEOD MOORE MOORE AND T. B. WHYTE- HEAD.

We have to thank our distinguished Bro. T. B. Whytehead, of York, England, for important Masonic documents and a most friendly letter, in which he says, in answer to a request of ours that he would occasionally favor us with some of his valuable contributions: "It would give me great pleasure to do anything for THE CRAFTSMAN, and I will try sometimes to write you a letter or otherwise assist in what I know too well are the arduous duties of an editorial life." Our brother writes to the *Freemason*, London, England, regarding the recent losses sustained by the Great Prior of Canada:—

To the Editor of the "Freemason," London, England.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I am sure all your readers will sympathize with me in the misfortunes sustained by my dear friend and our good brother, Col. W. J. Bury MacLeod Moore, of Laprairie, Canada, from whom I have just received the in-