

mony, came forth from the hand and brain of one poor man, who made its creation the task of his life, and who withdrew all thought from everything else that he might do one thing well. And his success shows how much depends upon fixing it clearly in the mind what to do, and then suffering no side influence to withdraw attention from the chosen task.—*Selected.*

A FRATERNAL EPISTLE.

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

EMINENT SIR AND BROTHER,—The committee under whose care was performed the Coronation of Rob Morris, December 17, 1884, as Poet-Laureate of Freemasonry (successor to Robert Burns, who was crowned in 1787), beg leave, in the spirit of Masonic love and respect, to approach you, through this Fraternal Epistle, and solicit your co-operation in an effort which appeals to the warmest sympathies of the Freemason's heart, and promises to reflect honor upon all who take part in it.

We have to-day forwarded you by mail a pamphlet copy of the Coronation Proceedings of December last. The success of this affair was complete. The names of those whose approval is certified in the pamphlet might be enlarged tenfold from letters received since December last, and they come from every part of the Masonic world. The catalogue, as it is, is a brilliant one, embracing much of that learning, intelligence, and official dignity which give character to Freemasonry above every other institution. It should be preserved as a memento of a Grand Honorarium, fully earned, wisely conceived, worthily conducted, universally approved.

But now we have the mournful tidings that our Poet-Laureate, so lately distinguished by the Craft Universal, is disabled by paralysis. The field of active usefulness which he has so worthily occupied for two score years will know him no more. It is certified to us that no hope is enter-

tained of his restoration to bodily strength. This misfortune appeals irresistibly to the sentiment of us all, and justifies us, we think, in approaching the Masonic leaders through this Fraternal Epistle.

We have therefore selected from the Rosters of all the Grand governing bodies of Freemasonry of every Rite, the names of Grand Officers, Present and Past, and of the Grand Representatives, where the representative system is in vogue. To all such we have this day mailed this Fraternal Epistle.

As one of the Honored Band, upon whom rests the dignity of Freemasonry,—leaders in all liberal deeds, guides and rulers of the Universal Order,—we lay this before you. Please receive it in the spirit which pervades it, and consider the query,—Is there not something due to Rob Morris from us all?

For this man has labored in the field of Freemasonry more than any of us. Besides a patient service in every grade of official work up to Grand Master of Kentucky, he has composed scores of volumes upon Masonic subjects; delivered addresses in great numbers; edited Masonic journals; undertaken Masonic pilgrimages; made good the Masonic theory in every part of the world. In all this he has lived the life of a Freemason,—industrious, temperate, upright, abounding in charity, true to the square. What he thought his duty, he has fairly done as before God, and has done it at his own cost. And now, at a period of life nearing to three score and ten, he stands before us with clean hands, the relic of a hard-worked Mason, who only craves, as his wages, a restful old age. He has no means of subsistence, and his strength is gone. What then, we ask you again, what is our duty (we who are known as the Chiefs and Rulers in Freemasonry), what is our duty to Rob Morris?

In reply, the committee have no purpose to ask for charitable contri-