

as they left the Masonic Hall and strolled through the church-yard into Silent-street, "and how do you like Masonry?" Bro. Rowatt was in a friendly, not to say familiar mood, a good dinner and excellent champagne having something to say to it, no doubt.

"Well, of course the ceremonies are strange, and perhaps a little meaningless, though with a certain impressiveness about them which sets one thinking; but I can hardly give an opinion yet until I have taken the third degree."

"Right you are," said Rowatt; you are as cautious as a Scotchman."

"But I think—pray understand me"—added Penhaligon, "that you are all a very good set of fellows, and I am very much obliged to you for admitting me amongst you."

### CHAPTER III.

#### ASELLYA PENHALIGON.

It was, taken altogether, a fortunate day for Dr. Penhaligon when he was initiated as a Freemason in the Lodge of Harmony, No. 101 on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England. It introduced him at once to the society of the leading people in the town, for all the members of the lodge were men of very good standing in Gippingswick, and, finding him emphatically a gentleman, they one and all invited him to their houses. The Deputy Provincial Grand Master, who had several marriageable daughters, much given to croquet and lawn tennis, persuaded him to come out to his rectory in the country now and again, and, altogether, he had no reason to regret he had become a Mason; for, let it be understood, the people in East Anglia are clannish to a degree. If you do not hail from their counties you are called "a foreigner," and, as coming from the shires, you are beneath contempt. But for Masonry, Henry Penhaligon might have waited till Doomsday to get into Society. It has been said,

that in Gippingswick you might live and die without your next door neighbor at No. 9 caring a jot. Probably, when you were buried; he would come to his window, rising from dinner, with his toothpick in his mouth, and remark casually that there must be some one dead at number one, as he saw a hearse standing at the door. A well-known authoress has contrasted, very unfavorably to the South Folk, the difference of treatment strangers receive in East Anglia and Devonshire. On the east coast they have long since lost, as some think, all belief in the apostolic doctrine of being given to hospitality, knowing very well that the days have long gone by when they might possibly entertain angels unawares. In the sweet western country it is different, and every courtesy is shown a stranger, and simply because he is a stranger. "Use Hospitality one to another without grudging. As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

I read this in a very old book just as I have penned the above lines, and it set me thinking whether we, in England, have not somehow forgotten this.

Where are the friendly gatherings of one's younger days? The pleasant dropping in at one's neighbor's, and staying, with hearty welcome, to take pot luck.

"Pot luck! good heavens," I think I hear one say. "Do you think we care for such vulgar friendliness as that?"

Alas, in these days of making haste to be rich, of striving for a better place in the social scale, we are nothing if we are not pretentious. To give a grand party now and then, and outdo in lavish display anything your neighbor may attempt; to strive for petty distinctions, in which, after all, you have no claim; to give up the old-fashioned idea of contentment with the position in which Provi-