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J. B. TRAYES, P.D.D.C.M.,
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REMINISCENCES OF A SECRETARY.

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All those who have been active in Masonic life for a number of years, those who have served on committees, have visited the widows, the poor and the sick, must have become familiar with the sight of poverty, with distress and suffering in every form; they must have seen the poor and meek woman and mother who suffers in silence and in tears with her children, and she who gloats in showing her rags, is noisy and demonstrative, and those who take pride in exhibiting their poverty; these Brethren then must have seen more or less of human wants and human needs, and if observant must have seen much and learned much which is deplorable in our high (?) state of civilization.

But there is another phase of patient suffering which I have met with, and wish to speak of to-day; and would you believe it, it is the suffering of wealth, the pangs which are felt by the monied man. Many will smile at this and probably think that if they only have the full enjoyment of health, they would be willing to suffer all possible pangs of the man of wealth, yet they do suffer, and if to riches is added social standing or possibly commercial position, or even political influence, then, indeed, they must endure pangs which their less fortunate and poor fellow

men escapes entirely and knows nothing of.

The late Fernando Wood, who was for many years a member of my lodge, used to relate to me many amusing anecdotes of Masonic and other "dead beats" who constantly annoyed him, especially when in Washington, for when he was in this city he would invariably refer Masonic applicants to me and told them to bring a letter of introduction from the Secretary of the Lodge, knowing full well that I would not rashly send him any tormentors, though he was always ready to aid and assist worthy Brethren. While at his post of duty, one time a page brought him the card of a reverend gentleman from New York who desired to see him; he sent word back that he could not then attend to him, but would see him the next morning at his house. Punctually at ten o'clock the next morning the reverend gentleman was ushered in, and began by explaining that he had recently joined "our" lodge and hearing that the honorable gentleman before him was a Brother of the Mystic Tie, and of the same lodge, he would apply to him for advice and help to forward a certain scheme whereby the children of poor parents could be gathered together on a large farm and become healthy and self-