

tiful with leaf and fragrant with flower, but bearing no fruit. What we desire is, is to see that Freemasonry, which our fathers and forefathers loved, kept pure and spotless, and rendered holy by generous deeds and noble actions.

Lodges, too, at the present day are too devoted to work and ritualism. Many brethren seem to think that as long as there is plenty of work in the lodge that is all that is required. This anxiety to manufacture Masons is a terrible mistake. We have too many in our ranks now. The duty of the Brotherhood is to make the lodge room a home, to make the members brethren in act, as well as in name; to make each brother the missionary of truth and honor, and the harbinger of goodness, and rendering generous aid to those in sorrow, sickness, misery and distress. If lodges did this, brethren would not run mad after spurious degrees, and absurd and nonsensical titles, as is now the case.

What do the brethren mean when they say: "Oh! Bro. So and So is a very high Mason?" High Mason, indeed, because forsooth he has a long purse, and consequently has taken an innumerable number of so-called grades and degrees, and wears stars and ribbons upon his breast! Why, perchance he has never presided over a lodge or occupied the East in any Masonic body, yet brethren speak of such an one, because he writes his Sir Knight before his name, and on dress parade in his cocked hat, with sword and baldric looks a very handsome fellow, or has the mystic number "32" after his name, or even, perchance, "38" if he has the money to run over to Spain to get it with the consent of the Supreme Grand Council of the Northern Jurisdiction of the U. S., we repeat because of these things, he is called a "very high Mason." What a farce! What a burlesque on our glorious brotherhood!!

The Freemasonry of the nineteenth

century has a holy glorious, God-inspiring mission to perform. In our ranks are thousands poor, starving, ill, dying. There are thousands of widows burning the midnight oil with heated brows and aching hearts. There are thousands of starving Masonic orphans running wild in New York and our large cities, learning to curse and swear, and rob and steal and there are numbers among us sinking into idolatry, despair and ruin, through the love of strong drink. There are many of us ruined seeking solace in the gambler's hell. There are some of our daughters, once beloved and admired, who have fallen before the false smile and gilded words of her accursed and doubly accursed, seducer. Has Freemasonry, then, no better mission to perform than teach her votaries a love of titles, display, parade, banquet and regalia? Surely the holy mission of the Craft is to stretch forth her hand to aid and succour, protect and save. Let the tocsin be sounded, and let the Craftsmen come forward and purge our society of its false glitter and flimsy tinsel, and gild it with the pure gold of Masonic truth, Masonic honor, and Masonic charity. Then, and then only, will Freemasonry have performed her holy mission.—*Corner Stone.*

#### Canadian Freemasonry.

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The progress of the craft in Canada has during the past few years been decidedly prosperous. At the present time there are Grand Lodges in the following Provinces, each exercising exclusive sovereignty over its own jurisdiction:—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, and British Columbia. The most influential of these is, of course, the Grand Lodge of Canada, properly speaking, Ontario, as all are located in that Province, with the exception of two