

PRESENTATION.—We should sooner have noticed in the CRAFTSMAN the acknowledgement by the brethren of Barton Lodge, of their obligations to their P. M., V. W. Bro. Edgar. On the 20th Dec., an Emergency Meeting was held when Bro. Edgar was presented with a P. M. Jewel and Apron. The following notice appeared in the *Spectator* of the presentation. We bespeak for V. W. Bro. Edgar a warm and fraternal greeting from our Detroit brethren. They will find him well tried, true and trusty :

MASONIC PRESENTATION.—On Monday evening last, an emergency meeting of the Barton Lodge of A. F. and A. M., was held for the purpose of presenting V. W. Bro. William Edgar, Past Master of the Lodge, with a Past Master's Jewel and Apron, as a token of their respect and esteem and appreciation of the services rendered by him to the Lodge, and as a parting gift to carry with him to his new scene of labours, the city of Detroit, which, for some time to come, will be his home. The Lodge Room was filled with the brethren of the Barton and visitors from the sister Lodges, the chair being occupied by V. W. Bro. Munday, the W. M. of the Lodge. On the right of the W. M. was seated R. W. Bro. J. W. Murton, V. W. Bro. W. W. Pringle, and W. Bro. W. Reid. and on his left, V. W. Bro. E. Mitchell, W. M. of Acacia Lodge, W. Bro. Kearns, W. M. of Burlington Lodge, and W. Bro. George Walker. An address accompanying the present was read by Bro. Charlton, and was suitably responded to by Bro. Edgar. The usual fraternal toasts were given and appropriately recognized.

CHARITY.

“And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity.”

Oh, be not the first to discover
A blot on the frme of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover
Whose heart may prove true in the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or not speak about him at all.

A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and untrue,
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the bright smile of gladness
Is worn by the friend that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often a sigh of dejection
Is heard from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal,
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they *cannot* reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace our defects;
Let ours be a noble ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or not speak about him at all.

At Rest.

DIED.—On the 20th ultimo, Bro. J. G. Clute, of Filius Viduæ Lodge, No. 189, Adolphustown, aged 87 years.

The brethren of the Lodge paid a last tribute of respect to our departed Brother and committed to the grave with Masonic ceremonies.