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AND

MASONIC RECORD.

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THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

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(Continued from last Number.)

They went into everything. Fired off the guns and made the bell ring, winning nuts for hitting the bull's eye; and chaffed the man in charge of the walking skeleton, who, as soon as he had got them in the tent, was heard to go outside and announce that "five medical gentlemen from Bodmin had just gone inside, who vouched that it was the most startling exhibition in the world."

Then they went off to the Guinivere again, and found their visitors in the ladies' cabin having a cup of afternoon tea. There was a piano there and harp, and Miss Penhaligon had been singing to them. She was not one of those young ladies who only care to show off before gentlemen, but was equally popular with her own sex, and only strove to make herself pleasant and agreeable to everybody.

She played beautifully, was passionately fond of music, and, indeed, composed herself. She would sit by the hour together playing to her father of an evening tender little bits like Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte." Sometimes she would chant lullabies, such as tender mothers would love to sing to their infants, and now and again, what would have been a grand fugue upon an organ,

would astonish her father, and bring the tears into her mother's eyes as she played it.

The gentlemen preferred to smoke on deck for an hour in the cool of the evening, and lazily watch the yachts with their white sails, like great wings, coming up the harbor; but Lord Esme, who was himself a musician, hearing music down below, preferred to join the ladies.

Miss Penhaligon, at the earnest request of Miss Pentreath and Miss Rowatt, sat down and gave them a little cradle song she had composed the day before. The words ran thus, and were supposed to be sung by a sailor's wife rocking her child to sleep:

Ah! so wearily pass the days,
Whilst father sails o'er the sea;
Ah! so drearily pass the nights;
When will he come back to me?

Baby, dear, we'll sing for him,
Perhaps the winds will hear,
And carry our songs and evening hymn
To father, his life to cheer.

Oh! God in heaven, keep him safe,
And end our care and pain;
So we may praise thee, babe and I—
Oh! bring him home again.

It was a very pretty, sad air, and the last line in each verse was repeated like a mournful cry. When she