

his recovery from delirium tremens, he had drunk nothing. He had sworn before a magistrate that he would never drink again. He had endeavored to join the temperance society, but they refused to admit him. He was willing to give security in all he was worth that he would never drink again. He would be humbly thankful, he said, that the brethren would only *suspend* him so that he might remain *on trial*. He didn't care how long the suspension should run, only he would be grateful if they would give him a chance.

Weak under all that he had undergone, Bro. Elmore here asked leave to sit down for a moment. I had another glass of water brought to him. The Lodge was much moved, all but the Secretary who was studying some point in a work of Masonic Constitution, and the Junior Warden who was surreptitiously reading a page of his address, "Moral Obliquity," &c. For my own part I had hard work to hold in, and Bro. Honeybay, who sat on my left, cried openly like a man as he was.

Brother Elmore said he had little more to say. Whatever might be the action of the Lodge, he couldn't blame them, he said, for the severest action, and he asked their forgiveness for the disgrace he had inflicted upon the Lodge. As for the Grand Master in Heaven, he said, he had humbly asked already for pardon, and devoutly trusted it had been accorded to him. And so, first asking permission as a Mason should, and exchanging the proper salutations as a Mason will, he retired, evidently supposing that he would never return.

The vote was taken, "Guilty," unanimously.

"Shall he be expelled?" Before putting this question I glanced again at the note Mrs. Elmore had handed me and read it to myself. "Mr. Elmore never received a word of warning from a brother Mason. Did they treat him Masonically?" Then I arose and remarked quietly that this case was an aggravated one, yet there was one point in it that the Junior Warden, I thought, had neglected to specify in the lengthy and detailed "charges" he had preferred. The Secretary, on hearing this, hastened to take down the roll of papers he had docketed. The Junior Warden opened his ears and eyes with astonishment. I glanced amusedly around the Lodge and proceeded somewhat in the following vein:

"Worshipful Master: If there is any one thing more than another that illustrates the high principle of Masonic attachment, and makes it almost divine in its origin, it is the injunction that you so well understand and have so often inculcated upon the Master Masons here to *warn one another of approach: danger; to remind each other in the most tender manner of their faults, and endeavour to aid in their reformation*. As the Master of this Lodge, his duty, in relation to Brother Elmore, was in a special manner incumbent upon you. State before us now, how often you sought out, approached and warned this unfortunate man of his fault of intemperance when you saw that his life long good and upright conduct was being reversed?"

Had a bombshell exploded in the Lodge the effect would scarcely have been greater. Brother Honeybay hung his head for a few minutes, and then like the good man he was, (but a poor grammarian,) rose and said: "Nary a time, sir."

For ten minutes I sat in silence until the attention of the audience became too painful. Then I said to the Junior Warden in effect, that he lived in sight of Brother Elmore's house, he had met him every day, he saw the habit of intemperance gaining power over him,—how often had he warned him of his fault? The Junior Warden, without rising to his feet, replied that he never *had!*

Again the room was silent. I sat with closed eyes, but I *felt* that the whole Lodge was looking toward the Junior Warden, and that he looked worse than poor Elmore himself had done. So I said:

"Bro. Junior Warden, You know as well as I do what are the official duties which you assumed at installation. One of the most important and solemn specifications of your part is that of counselling, guiding, warning the craft. State to the Lodge to what extent you performed this duty with Bro. Elmore."

I believe I have not yet named the Junior Warden's name; it was Cabinet. Bro. Cabinet was a man, although a conceited one, and acted now like a man. He rose, pulled out his address on "Moral Obliquity Illustrated," tore it into several pieces; quietly dropped it out of the window that was open behind him; handed his jewel to a Past Master who sat hard by; came out before the altar and said: "Right Worshipful, sir, I am more guilty than Brother Elmore, and I hope the Lodge will pardon *him* and punish *me!*"

Causing Brother Cabinet to take a seat, I then ordered the vote successively taken on the question, "Shall he be expelled?" Unanimously, *No*. "Shall he be suspended?" Unanimously, *No*. "Shall he be reprimanded?" By a small majority, *Yes*.

So I had Nicodemus Elmore again before me, I "reprimanded" him, after which