

Then, brothers let us do  
 Good work and square and true,  
 For Him to try  
 And raised by His strong hand,  
 Accepted we shall stand  
 Be ore the Orient Grand,  
 The Lodge on high.

—*Dispat'h.*

### A FREEMASON'S STORY.

We are indebted to Brother Adam Currie for the following story taken from the *Ayrshire Post*, Scotland :

The brethren of the Mystic Tie say that Freemasonry dates as far back and took its rise at the building of Solomon's Temple. Well that is a statement easier made than proved. It is undeniable, however, that it is of very remote origin, and has been in existence for many centuries, and has spread itself over many lands as no other society has done, for in every civilized country the signs, grips and other mystic symbols of this ancient Order are known and practiced. It has waxed and waned, flourished and decayed, had its times of prosperity and its times of adversity ; but it has never lost its hold upon society, far less gone down—which shows that it possesses considerable vitality. It numbers among its members the highest and lowest, from the titled peer of the realm to the humblest peasant, and all united by a common bond. More than one hundred years ago Freemasonry was in a very flourishing condition, at which time the poet Burns was a member of the mystic brotherhood, as was also my father, from whom I got the following story more than sixty years ago, before starting which I may say that at that time, and for long after, every thrifty housewife—more especially in rural districts—bought wool, which, after being cleaned, carded and made into "towans" at the 'oo mill, she spun into yarn, then sent it to the customer weaver, who wove it according to order, either into "hodden grey" for garments for her gude man and sons, or druggie for petticoats for herself and her daughters, or wo blankets for them

all. But improved selfacting machinery, driven by steam power, has put an end to all that. No more may we hear the cheery berr of the spinning wheel at the hearth, nor the click of the cast and mess weaver's shuttle in country districts on a winter night—such things are numbered among the things that were. After this prologue I tell my story.

In the little rural town of Tarbolton, which is not far from the classic and beautiful grounds which lie around the Castle o' Montgomery, in the shire of Ayr, there lived a woman who had got home a web of druggie from the weavers, but was awfully provoked and vexed on discovering shortly after that it had been stolen. Distressed at her loss and anxious to find out the thief, she thought her best plan would be to go to the Grand Worshipful Master of the Freemasons and tell him her case and see if he could give her any help in the matter, for it was believed by some ignorant, superstitious persons that the brethren of the Mystic Tie had some connection and dealings with the hidden powers of darkness and the deil was among them every night they met ; so on going to his house this woman wished to see the Worshipful Master, whom she knew very well, in private for "a wee," when the following conversation took place.

"Weel, John," said the woman, "hoo are ye the day?"

"Thank ye for speerin', I'm no that ill. And hoo are ye yersel', Janet?"

"Weel, John," she replied, "I hae nae reason tae compleen o' the want o' health, but am geyan sair pitten aboot wi' something else."

"Aye, woman," said John, "an' what micht that be?"

"Weel afore I tell ye, I micht speer at ye first ava gif ye're gaun tae the Masons' meetin' the nicht?"

"Meetin'?" quath John. "What meetin'?"

"O, the Masons' meetin'," quath she.

"Ou, aye," said John. "Ye ken