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LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

BY J. C. ADAMS.

In the year 1849 the writer of this article became acquainted, (as a neighbor) with a certain Mrs. H., a somewhat queenly grass widow, who had quite a family of small children on her hands and had been deserted by her husband, who was a practicing physician of the *steam and red pepper* school, in the town of Cuba, in the State of New York. The worthless wretch, as he was often spoken of, had actually deserted the love of his younger days, together with his tender offspring which it should have been his greatest joy to have protected, nourished, and watched the development of the buds into full-grown flowers. But threw them on the tender mercies of a cold, calculating, and uncharitable world, for life or for death it mattered not to him which the case might be. No thanks were due the Doctor for the iron constitution and indomitable pluck Mrs. H. possessed in her own right. Suffice it to say the children grew apace, not in rags, filth and ignorance, but clean, tidy, and in after years possessed themselves of a good common school education, the best the country afforded at that time, it being new and undeveloped. Night after night, week in and week out, year after year, did the midnight oil flicker at the cottage window where maternal fingers plied the needle that was to keep cold, hunger, nakedness, and the poor-master from entering the abode of this resolute and persevering lady. No one presumed to know the exact cause of her desertion, or why the husband and father had gone down to Pennsylvania as was generally understood and believed, to no good purpose. But one thing is certain, our resolute grass widow and mother cherished a hatred towards Masons and Masonry as deep and intense as ever her love had been towards the brute of a husband who had in years gone by, with the guile of the serpent, lured her to his home. It is an old saying and a true one that those who love well can hate equally well; and we infer from this that the author of all this trouble heaped upon this poor woman was a Mason; and if a Mason, who in the name of all that is great and good could blame her? And if to blame would you believe dear reader that I can point you to a score or more of ladies of the pre-