

break bread and enjoy themselves socially.

It is on occasions of this kind where friendships are renewed and strengthened, and the better part of our natures brought to the surface. Did you ever notice with what sincerity the country brother grasps the hand of his neighbor, how he swings on to it while he asks after "Nancy and the children," and if "they are not well," how sympathetic he looks, and "sends them his love?" How interested he is in "your crop," and if you "need rain badly," how easily he lets you down by "so do we in our neighborhood," thereby causing you to feel that your prospects for a crop are as good as the best. In fact, he never turns you loose until he has gone through the catalogue of questions pertaining to your welfare and softened the corns in your hands by the fraternal squeeze he continues to give. Such a shake as this comes from an honest heart, warmed up through the influence of Masonry, and ought to be appreciated by him who is lucky enough to receive such recognition.

Note the difference, if you please, when he meets the city brother, how exceedingly shy he seems, and how gently he grasps your hand. Why, do you ask? Because he has been raised in a different social school, and is afraid that a good old fashioned country shake might not just be in keeping with city ways and might hurt your delicate white hand. He is also reticent in your presence, and while he does his best to make you feel at home, yet he is a little diffident because your ways are not like his ways. But go with him in the Lodge room, note how he takes in the esoterics, and mark his approval of good work done or impressions made on the candidate. We have been honored by those present leaving their seats and gathering about the east to catch every word we uttered, and occasionally assist in "warming us up" by their "amens" and "thank the Lord," all of which we heartily approved.

Where, in a city Lodge, have you ever seen this done? Nowhere, we imagine, at least with few exceptions. We never have. And why? Because the city brother takes everything he hears and sees as a matter of course, and the most of them are vain enough to imagine they "could do just as well or a little better." Little do they think that by their coldness and apathy they are pouring ice water down the spine of their Master, causing him to have the cold shivers, and thereby destroying in a great measure the happy effect of the degree. The good Master, like the good actor, if he can "catch his audience," he can do twice as well, because he becomes enthused by their approbation.

Then, again, when the work is over you never hear the country brother criticise his Master, but, on the contrary, will compliment him, and tell him "how well he has done the work; how pleased the candidate was; and how glad he is at being able to be present." While on the other hand, the city brother sits in judgment on the work as a critic, especially if he is "bright," and most of them seem to think they are, and as soon as the work is done proceed to twit their Master and poke fun at him for some little thing he done "wrong," or for the incorrect reading of some part of the ritual. All this goes to show that the city Master must be constantly on the alert and pay more attention to the rendition of his work than to the life and soul he puts in it. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, and the "truly bright" brother never hesitates to compliment good work irrespective of the few little mistakes that may have been made, and thereby cause his Master, especially if he is a young man, to feel that his work was not in vain.

Once more note, if you please, with what tender care the country brother nurses the sick of his Lodge; how promptly he fills his place when called upon by the Master to "watch with Brother So and so," and how particular he is in explaining to the one who re-