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THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

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(Continued from last Number.)

The Lodge of Harmony was eminently hospitable, and welcomed all and sundry to its feasts; and, as on the present occasion, there were many vocalists present, as well as clever musicians, and excellent speakers, like our friend the Director of Ceremonies, or Sir John, the London civic functionary, it may readily be surmised that the candidates' first impression of Masonry was an eminently favorable one.

They were certainly not teetotalers, neither did they believe in thrusting total abstinence principles down each other's throats; yet no one was pressed to drink wine if he did not wish to do so; and if a brother preferred his modest tankard of bitter ale, or a bottle of lemonade, he was free to have exactly what he liked, and no man said him nay, or looked askance because he did not drink just as much as his neighbor. Then there were the toasts with Masonic and musical honors; and then the Entered Apprentice's song given by the Secretary (as good a fellow as ever lived), for the special benefit of the neophytes; and they could not help noticing how pleasant and harmonious it all was. Sometimes some one would

begin a little pleasant chaff with a neighbor opposite as to the ritual at St. Mary at Axe, or the probable success of the Liberals at the next election; but he would be immediately called to order by the Worshipful Master, whose word they saw was law, and who was quite autocratic in his authority, and scrupulously obeyed. He would then explain to the newly-made Masons that politics and religion were expressly excluded, and never on any pretence allowed to be discussed within the tessellated borders of a tyled lodge, and also that nothing that took place there was allowed to transpire. Before they left, the candidates were tested and reminded in a forcible way, which of course cannot be divulged, of the obligations they had entered into their mysteries to keep; and when at near midnight the Deputy Provincial Grand Master's carriage was announced, and young Lord Esme, who was to be his guest, rose to go, the party broke up and sauntered home in the lovely June night, the nightingales singing in their ambush near the river, and making night vocal with their sweet melody.

"Well, Pen, old man," said Rowatt