

## JURISPRUDENCE.

Q. Will you kindly answer the following question through your valuable columns, viz: Has any member who is also an officer of a lodge, a right to apply for and receive his dimit? I know of a case in point, where the W. M. decided that the dimit could not be granted, basing his decision on the Constitution and "Robertson's Jurisprudence?"

Ans. An officer of a lodge cannot resign his office, nor can he resign his membership or receive his dimit while in office. It is, however, probable that at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge of Canada, a notice will be given to amend the Constitution so as to allow any officer to resign his office. If this amendment should be carried, officers may then dimit the same as other members.

Q. Is there a regular form for calling off a lodge? In calling off, must the time at which labor will be resumed be stated?

Ans. There is a regular form for calling off a lodge from labor, and the time at which labor will be resumed should be stated.

Q.—A committee reports favorably on the application of a candidate for initiation, can a motion that the report be not received, but referred back to the committee with instructions to bring in an unfavorable report, be entertained by the W. M.?

A.—No.

Q.—Can a candidate for initiation, who has been balloted for and accepted, be initiated at an emergency meeting?

A.—Yes, if the emergency is called for the purpose.

B. W. Bro. R. KING, D. D. G. M. Georgian District, has nearly finished his official visits. His report will be interesting, with regard to one or two lodges. Most of them, however, we fancy, are in first-class condition.

## A HI-STORY.

Old Hiram Abiff—so the histories run—  
Was a jolly old chap—a lone "Widder's Son."  
His father a Tyrian—and as to his mother,  
Geneologists make up a dence of a pothar,  
Some going for one and some for another;  
Some say she belonged to the Naphthali clan,  
And some call her one of the "daughters of Dan."

This Hiram he came to Jerusa-lum,  
And made that famed city his own happy ham;

He helped wise King Sol, his temple to build,  
For in all works of brass he was mightily skilled,

But, alas! his sad fate we now must bewail.  
Come all ye bright Masons, come list to my tale!

This tragical tale, which they say is a true one,

Is old—but the manner is wholly a new one:  
For Bill Drew—who's a writer of some reputation,

Has told it before in a lucid narration.  
In a style of such melo-dramatical fullness,  
At high twelve—his usual custom, they say,  
Old Hiram went out into the Sanctum to

pray.  
And whilst he was praying as hard as he could,

Three rascally, scoundrelly Fellow-Crafts stood

At the gates of the temple, on murder intent,  
And waited for Hiram when forth he should went,

When Hiram had finished, he straightway arose

And most energetically blew his jolly red nose.

And when he arrove at the gate of the South,  
Then one of the ruffians opened his mouth,  
And asked him to give him the word and grip

Saying: "Now, then, my Tyrian, I've thee on t' hip."

Says Hiram: "Main Gott! Wat is dese tings? Hal Ha!

Oh, yaw! I furstay, and dot's you, Jeeble?"

"Dry up, you Dutchman," then the villain said:

"Give us them secrets, or I'll punch your head!"

"Have patience, Jubal," Hiram then replied,  
"WAIT TILL WE GET CUBA and you will be satisfied."

"Talk not to me of patience! Again, I charge thee, stay!"

"And give me them secrets or thy life, I'll surely slay!"

But Hiram was steadfast and bold as a lion,  
And told him his dodge it was no use to try on;

So Jubal, wazthy and bilin' with rage,