

boat was directed up the river. Skillful oarsman as poor Bro. Spaight was, this was a new experience for him; for had he been acquainted with the currents, a slight divergence to the shore would have landed them safely. Sometimes they almost held their own, so much so that Mr. Sommerville thought they must have thrown out an anchor; and then the current gaining strength they would lose ground. The boat passed through the first rapid stern foremost, and still they struggled hard against what was now the inevitable; then with a tremendous plunge she dipped into the *Grand Sault*, or chief leap of the wild waters; one of the men was seen to spring almost into the air, as if pitched upwards by the sudden plunge, a moment of concealment of boat and boatmen, and then the boat re-appeared further down, bottom upwards, but the unfortunate men were already overwhelmed in the surge.

Both men were valuable assistants on a daily newspaper; but I confess to missing poor Spaight the more keenly. In certain departments of newspaper literature, he was unquestionably without an equal on the Canadian press, and had few superiors on the press of England. He was a gentleman by culture and education. Of a somewhat restless disposition he had early determined to see something of the world; and by constant travel, by incessant contact with new scenes, in various parts of the globe, he had added to the foundation of ripe scholarship laid in a scholastic course at the far-famed Trinity College, Dublin. His Australian, his South American, his Mediterranean, and American experiences were as varied as they were wonderful. I met him first at Ottawa, when he edited the *United Service Gazette*, and reported for the *Ottawa Times*, and was so impressed with his striking abilities and singular modesty that I offered him shortly afterwards a position on the *Spectator*. That was four years ago, and, with the exception of a short intermission, he has been my *compagnon de plume* ever since. The readers of the *CRAFTSMAN* knew him well through his contributions. He was the "G. Raion" who wrote the racy columns "For Ladies Only," which I have reason to believe were very popular with masons' wives and masons' daughters. He contributed "The Last of the Celadores," "The Cruise of the Thetis," and other tales to the paper; all of which were of great interest, and most of which I may now say, were personal experiences of his own, he having been initiated in Ireland before setting out on his travels. During my second absence in England, to him I entrusted without hesitation the editorship of the magazine; and I am sure it suffered nothing in his hands.

Poor fellow, he has gone to his long home. Although, if my memory serves me, he was never affiliated with any lodge in Canada, he was a lover of freemasonry, having been a close student of its mysteries, and possessing a keen appreciation of its principles. Of freemasonry, as of every other subject with which he interested himself, he acquired a deep and thorough knowledge. With him the mere rituals appeared to possess small charm, the history and principles of the institution, and its wonderful power of tenacity on the heads and hearts of its votaries, were its special charms; and freemasonry in his death has lost a champion, less noisy than some who seek through it the honors and prominence which many obtain, but certainly not less earnest in his love for it, or less ready and skillful with his pen in its defence.

Yours fraternally,

THOMAS WHITE, JR.