

sires of the world, its pleasures and burdens, its labors, its defeats and triumphs. Over me I want no mantle of Masonic charity, broad or narrow; in the sense sometimes expressed, to hide wrong and injustice, hideous deformity, or unmanly act. But I do want that mantle that shields me from wrong, that teaches me right and justice to my fellows, that charity not quick to evil report that sees in me a man and a Brother. Take not from me appetite and passion, and desire, and bid me be good—too useless to live—too insipid to die. Take not from me strength and vigor of mind or body, that I may not harm my fellows in the activities of the world, but let the Mason's square and level, plumb line and trowel, fashion and mold, and set the ashlar that from quarries of Zathan I bring and place in the Temple of life. Teach me not the ways of the sluggard, that I may my Brother's charity know, but let me feel the grasp of fraternal hand, the blood tingling in his veins, leaping, jumping, from throbbing heart, that in the struggle of life helps me in its pathway—the sympathy, the kindness, the fraternity that gives the cloud its silver lining and robes the valley and mountain and with grateful sheen. That's Masonry's humanity.—*Alfred Taylor.*

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## Craft Tidings.

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### CANADIAN.

The officers and members of Prince Consort Lodge, Montreal, enjoyed a very pleasant outing on Thursday evening, June 25th. Bro. W. Barclay Stephens, S. W., very kindly extended an invitation to the lodge to enjoy an evening sail on his steam yacht the *Dama*. About 35 members took advantage of the invitation and thoroughly enjoyed a trip down the river about 30 miles.

### AMERICAN.

*The Tyler* complains about some distinguished 33 Mason, saying, "It

is wonderful to note, that after the 'Masonic mountain' has been climbed and the final hundred dollars paid for the 'Thirty-third,' how the distinguished Inspectors General are forced to sit with their feet hanging over the precipice which divides the possible from the impossible. They can go no further, for there their proud Masonic march is stayed. Lacked carefully and labeled, they become emeritus, and all earthly work is done." One of these 33, says our contemporary, paid \$3.00, and another \$8.00 for that paper, which they ordered stopped. Those 33 are not the only ones who do such things. We know of two Past Grand Masters who did worse by *The Trestle Board*, only the amount was one dollar to each. This is conclusive evidence to us that committees of investigation should not be implicitly relied upon, and that the secret ballot should be abolished, for both Grand Masters were able but not willing to be honest. The merits and demerits of every candidate should be well known in every Lodge. Such are more of a fraud on the Craft than upon the printer, for the Craft would get a better paper if all paid their honest debts to the printer.—*The Trestle Board.*

The meetings of the Grand Lodge of Iowa are annually growing in interest. It is a pleasure socially as well as Masonically to greet hundreds of brothers and fellows who have wrought with skill, industry and zeal in the quarries, and who come up for the wages of corn, wine and oil always lavishly dispensed at Grand Lodge.—*The Freemason and Fre.*

At the last annual convocation of the Grand Chapter, R. A. M., of Missouri, at Springfield, the Grand Chapter, O. E. S., also in session, asked for an audience with that body, which was granted for fifteen minutes, the Grand Chapter, R. A. M., being called off for that purpose, and members of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S., entered the hall, led by the Grand Matron, were introduced with brief speeches, the object