

Masonic rank was discovered. M. W. Bro. C. F. Stansbury, the Grand Master of the District was immediately sent for; and upon learning the facts, convened the brethren who were present into a Lodge of Emergency, and had the third degree conferred forthwith upon the involuntary intruder—two weeks in advance of the time when the degree would have been regularly due. The record of the proceedings of the Emergent Lodge was certified to the Lodge in which the Fellow-Craft had received the first and second degrees; and the Grand Master authorized that Lodge to receive the fee, and to take the so-made Master Mason as a member, as if he had been regularly received in the Lodge. But the Lodge, upon ballot, refused to receive him. He is now, in the opinion of the Grand Master, in which we concur, to be recognized as a Master Mason in good standing, but unaffiliated, with the privilege of applying to any Lodge for membership.—*National Freemason.*

FUNERAL LODGE SERVICE.

LODGE CALEDONIAN, NO. 489.

On the evening of Thursday, the 13th August, this Lodge held Funeral Service in fraternal remembrance of Brother Fox Maule Ramsay, Earl Dalhousie, P.G.M., G.L.S., and Brother Thomas Wakeling, No. 489, who died at sea. The attendance was good; a number of visitors from sister lodges in the district were present. Canopies, pedestals, and altar, with the jewels and tools, were all in sombre covering. Worshipful Brother William Dorrell having taken his position on the dais, the procession, which was formed in the outer porch of the temple, marched into the lodge—the organ playing the “dead March in Saul.” A circuit of the Hall was several times made; and, the music having ceased, the procession halted—turning to the emblems of mortality, which were arranged on a table in front of the altar—when, in a few succinct, but appropriate sentences, Brother D. Frazer referred to the inflexible law which levels peer and peasant alike. He then broke his staff, figurative of the brittle hold mankind has with time, depositing the fragments cross-ways beside the hour glass, scythe, and twain sprigs of cassia. The Lodge was then formally opened in the A. D. Brother G. Pollock, Chaplain, then offered up solemn prayer, and as the response “Amen” was repeated by the brethren, the rich tones of the organ began sounding Beethoven’s beautiful “Funeral March.” “Grand Honors” in silence followed, and the brethren then sang in unison Cowper’s fine hymn (Tune Old Hundred)—

“The billows swell, the winds are high.”

Brother Pollock then addressed the brethren—giving a concise and historic account of the birth-place, scholastic attainments, and services rendered by the deceased Master to his country and the Craft—services acknowledged from the Throne, the Church, the Craft, and his countrymen generally—fraternally alluding to Brother Wakeling, the protracted, wearing illness meekly born, the strong desire to be laid beside kindred in the “Dear Old Land”—Home; how Providence had overruled the wish; and how, when nearing the “Giant Rock,” he contentedly fell asleep and passed to the “better Lodge,” consigned to the deep, no stone marking his grave. Yet the sure hope that He who rules and commands the waves cared as much for the dead in the great waters as those who were “sleeping” quietly beneath storied urn or marble slab. Brother Thomas Tucker presided at the organ with taste and ability, and, in concert with Brothers Mainwaring, Till, and Rand, sang two or three anthems suitable to the occasion.

The solemn and interesting ceremonies were brought to a close by an address from Worshipful Brother Dorrell, graphically illustrating the nature and intention of their meeting. “On the one hand, met to do fraternal homage to the memory of one exalted high in worldly honors, yet simple and kind in acts of benevolence and charity; on the other hand, assembled to show respect and esteem to the memory of a brother, humble, and unused to toil, was able to fulfil his vow—‘able and willing to labor for bread;’ ay! and did so when health and strength were granted.” The Worshipful Master, after expatiating the beauties of love and charity, concluded a well-thought address by an appeal to the brethren not to forget the widow and orphan of their departed brother in their dark hour of sorrow and bereavement.

The arrangements were very complete, the addresses apt and pointed, and the proceedings from first to last solemn and impressive—the whole stirring one’s mind to be “ready,” for everything on sea and land was reminding the human race that—

“All walk side by side,

In the slow death column,

To the sound of the Grave March,

Mournfully, solemn.”

The Lodge being closed masonically, the brethren separated in concord and harmony.—*Masonic News.*