

ed receipts during the past year as follows:—Male fund, £7,495; Widows' fund, £6,792. The annual report of the Committee of management stated that owing to the generous subscriptions of the Craft, they felt justified in adding 90 more annuitants to the list; and as there were 23 vacancies by deaths during the past year, the number to be elected would be 53, or

29 men and 24 widows. This would raise the number of recipients of the Fund to 145 men and 125 widows. A letter was read from Bro. Francis Knollys, Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, intimating that the M.W. the Grand Master approved of the Annual Festival being fixed for Wednesday, 13th February, 1878.

SHORT TALKS WITH THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

Before we go to bed, Worshipful Master, let me tell you *plainly* how delighted I was to-night with your manner of governing the lodge. I think I never shall forget the pleasure I experienced in the two hours in which I sat under the sound of your Gavel, and witnessed your mode of operations. I made some notes as you went along, "of things proper to be written," and although we are both tired and sleepy, yet, as we must part to-morrow morning early, and may never meet again, I will make my comments now.

Punctuality.—Your lodge, I observed, had a good clock, and a good, honest Tyler to wind it up and set it accurately. You were present at the hall half an hour before the time of opening. This afforded an opportunity for you personally to examine that diffident visitor from Alabama, who knew a great deal more than his diffidence enabled him to express, but who under your kind and patient questioning finally "developed" splendidly. I doubt whether Aholiab, the builder of the Tabernacle, if he had been caught in a strange place, could have stood a better examination than the diffident brother from Alabama did when you gave him time.

While you were attending to this, I was copying from your By-laws the

following splendid passage:—"When the hour has come which is specified in the By-laws, the Worshipful Master will take his proper station and congregate his lodge as Entered Apprentices, by giving one knock. Instantly the brethren hasten to clothe themselves, and to shut the door and take their seats; while the officers put on their jewels; the Wardens dispose their columns, down in the west, erect in the south; the Deacons take their rods; the Secretary lays his books and papers and the three great Lights upon his table, and within the space of *one minute* the lodge is in perfect order and silence, prepared for the opening."

I copied the passage in my notebook, thinking it the most comprehensive sentence I ever saw in a set of By-laws, and I watched you and your members sharply, to see whether you would observe your own regulations. Well, you did. You did it handsomely. When your clock gave that peculiar click which clocks always do give five minutes before striking (but why they give it no living man knows), I saw you mount the dias with a dignity that Charlemagne might have emulated, and take your seat. I saw you draw your charter from its case, open it, examine signatures and seal with a care, im-