

*The Masonic Home Journal*, of Louisville, Ky., U. S., is published for the benefit of the Masonic orphans at the Kentucky "Home" for such. It thus especially merits patronage from all, besides Kentuckians, who can conveniently do so.

"THE BIZARRE," Notes and Queries, Manchester, N. H., U. S., is one of the most welcome of our many valuable exchanges. One dollar a year.

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—At the quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, held in Melbourne, September 16th, M. W. Bro. Hon. J. B. Patterson, M. L. A., was re-elected Grand Master, and R. W. Bro. Rev. D. Meadowcroft, Grand Secretary.

MASONRY MULTIPLIES FRIENDSHIP.—Man's greatest need on earth is friendship, constant, true and helpful. Masonry multiplies friendship. The quality of sweet friendship, like that of her sister, mercy, is not strained. It blesses him who gives and him who takes, and so on to the end. Let our aim and efforts ever be to establish and maintain true and abiding friendships, and life will teem with richer blessings.—*P. G. M. Congdon, of New Jersey.*

At a meeting of the brethren of Trent Lodge, No. 38, held some time ago, for the purpose of presenting a Past Master's jewel to the I. P. M., Worshipful Bro. R. Weddell, the following songs, adapted by R. W. Bro. the Rev. W. T. Wilkins for the occasion, were sung, and are now furnished to *THE CRAFTSMAN* for publication by request.

Tune—I lo'e na a laddie but ane.

I lo'e na society sae

As the A. and the F. A. M.;

'Twas willing to make me E. A.

And to be an E. A. was my aim.  
I chappit ae night at their yett,  
And said that I cam' tae them free;  
But I vow I was a' in a sweat  
At the way the yett opened tae me.

They coft me a pund o' tow,  
And with it a pair o' guid shoon;  
I vow'd that I'd ever be true,  
And I plighted my troth that e'en.  
O I lo'e na society sae  
As the A. and the F. A. M.;

'Twas willing to mak' me E. A.  
And to be an E. A. was my aim.

In time I was made an F. C.,  
And then what a sight struck my een,  
The light o' the second degree!  
By Craftsmen alone ever seen.  
Let warldlings ae hoard up their store—  
And tremble for fear aught they tyne—  
Guard their treasure wi' lock, bar and door  
Wi' fidelity I can guard mine.

At last an M. M. I became,  
In due form receiving the Word—  
The points and the parts o' the same,  
A' ken wha ha'e seen them and heard,—  
O brithers the heart that is true  
Has something mair costly than gear;  
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
Their lands and their lordly degree;  
The Lodge I ha'e ta'en for my dear,  
Its degrees are a' lordly tae me.  
Its words mair than sugar are sweet;  
Our Tyler o' cowans tak's care;  
On the level our brethren we meet;  
And as brethren we part on the square.

Air—O this is no my ain lassie.

Mere friendship's no our mystic tie,  
Fair tho' the bond may be:  
O weel ken I a Mason chiel,  
Kind lo'e is in his e'e.  
He's seen the light—can gi'e the grip—  
To cowans he can gi'e the slip—  
Tho' ne'er a word should pass his lip  
He's ken'd by a' in Masonrie.

A brither leal's Past Maister Bob—  
No brither e'er would try to rob—  
A cowan loon maun tak' that job—  
But tent caro c' Masonrie!  
Mere friendship's no our mystic tie,  
Fair tho' the bond may be:  
O weel ken I a Mason chiel,  
Kind lo'e is in his e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks;  
It may escape the learned clerks;  
But weel the brither Mason marks  
The kind lo'e that's in his e'e.  
Mere friendship's no our mystic tie,  
Fair tho' the bond may be:  
O weel ken I a Mason chiel,  
Kind lo'e is in his e'e.