

light night; whilst Mr. Wroath turned the latch-key in the door of his lodgings in the Anglesea road, and went in.

The two young men had been attending the Lodge of Harmony, that was known as the Gentlemen's Lodge, in Gippingswick; and Dr. Penhaligon had been nominated as a fit and proper person to become a Mason—to be balloted for, and, if approved, duly initiated into the mysteries of Ancient Freemasonry at the next regular lodge meeting.

Dr. Carlyon drily remarked that Bro. Jamieson, in proposing his friend, should be careful to give him his proper title, as he was not a Doctor at all, but only a Bachelor of Medicine.

Bro. Jamieson apologised, and said he thought he was a Doctor by courtesy; and some one muttered in a perfectly audible whisper that, as Dr. Carlyon was only a Licentiate of the College of Physicians, he had no more right to be called Doctor than the gentleman whose claim to the title he had impugned.

The Master's gavel called the brethren to order; the Secretary took a note of the nomination; and the other business of the lodge having been disposed of, it was closed with solemn prayer and in ancient form, and the brethren adjourned to the banqueting room for the usual weekly symposium.

Thus it was that Mr. Wroath came to the conclusion that the ballot possibly might not be clear the next lodge night, and as he had taken a great fancy to Dr. Penhaligon, to give him his courtesy title, he was naturally anxious that his advent in the town should not be signalized by his being black-balled at the lodge, which would probably have injured him very much in his professional career.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FEAST OF ROSES.

The Lodge of Harmony met al-

ways on the Monday before full moon and in the month of June, or about St. John's Day, was celebrated the Feast of Roses. No one could tell the origin of this feast. The lodge was a hundred years old, and the brethren wore with pride their centenary jewels, but whether for all those hundred years the Feast of Roses had been annually held, or whether it was an invention within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, no one knew.

The old minute books had been ransacked by one or two learned brothers, but without finding any evidence, except of the culpable neglect with which they had been kept toward the close of 1700—evidence which betrayed that they had got into the hands of the buttermilk; pages and pages of what might have been valuable Masonic records being torn out; greasy marks here and there, school-boy jargon scrawled across some of the minutes, and material evidence generally that they had certainly not been cared for and preserved as they ought to have been.

Nothing of the Feast of Roses could be found, but it was suggested that as a Knight Templar encampment had been held for over seventy years in connection with the lodge, and as the Rose Croix used to be given as an appendant degree, it was more than probable that its origin might be traced to the brethren of the Rosy Cross. However that might be, the brethren of the Lodge of Harmony duly honored the festival, and but few troubled themselves as to why or wherefore it was kept.

It was at this meeting Dr. Penhaligon was to be initiated, supposing him to be accepted; and there was a large muster of brethren.

The Lodge of Harmony was a very exclusive lodge, and boasted that its members were the *creme de la creme* of Masonry.

Were not the Provincial Grand Master, the Earl of Mount Stuart, and his deputy, the Rev. Mr. Old-