

The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, December 15, 1882.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is once more upon us, and we take this opportunity of wishing the patrons and friends of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN a Merry Christmas—a Happy Christmas—and many of them. We would, at the same time, remind our readers that if a little more interest were taken in the literature of the Fraternity, and our brother Masons made greater efforts to secure subscribers for us, we would enlarge our magazine and in many ways add new features of interest to it. We promise, however, that we will endeavor to do our best for the welfare of Masonry universal, quite irrespective of the criticism of cliques or the scowls of “party.” We wish, then, every Hiramite who reads this, the compliments of the season, and trust that the coming new year may be fraught with joy, pleasure and happiness for himself and those near and dear to him.

REMEMBER THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN.

At this season of the year, when all who have the means are rejoicing in the great home comforts of life; when lodges and chapters are feasting and banqueting; when brethren and companions are presenting out-going officers with jewels and other testimonials; we repeat, when at this time when money is lavish, Masons should remember their obligations, and recollect that in our ranks there are those who are bowed down with care and sorrow, who are lying on

the bed of suffering and pain, who are poor and penniless, and that in loathsome cellars and foul and filthy garrets, Masons' widows and Masons' orphans are existing, without friends, without food, without fuel.

This is the time when true Freemasonry rears her head on high, and baring her breast to the storm goes forth in all her simplicity and purity to perform the mission—the mission that springs from faith—the mission that wafts hope to the wan and weary—the mission that bears on its wings love and charity to all in distress, to all in misery, to all in sickness, and abides as the comforting angel of God by the bedside of the dying.

Freemasons who love Freemasonry know this, appreciate this, and strive to accomplish this. The field is wide and open; the paths may be rank with weeds, brambles and briars, and thistles may spread their thorny branches on every side, the earth may be covered with nettles and the devil's weed, but amidst it all the Hiramite plods on his weary way rejoicing, for amidst all this apparently hopeless waste he knows he will find a daisy here, perhaps crushed for the time being, but soon to be restored by refreshing water, a rose fading there because it was killed by its surroundings, a lily drooping because it is entangled with noisome weeds; the Mason rejoices then as he goes forth; he cannot save all, he cannot restore peace of mind to every one, he cannot relieve every case of misery, wickedness and despair, but he can do something, and the million of Masons on this continent can work miracles at this season if they are true to their pledges, faithful to their