

1867; and the Unity of Sydney, No. 1169, the same year, these being the last which were constituted under warrants granted by the late Lord Zetland. An interval of a few years passes, and we come to Lodges Doric, No. 1450, Hill End and St. John's, No. 1451, which were warranted in 1873; while the Tumut Unity, No. 1510, was founded in the following year. These lodges, 23 in number, constitute the evidences still existing in the colony of the work done by the English brethren in the way of establishing lodges during the 46 years—from 1828 to 1874, both inclusive—which elapsed between the introduction of the craft into Sydney and the accession of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to the Grand Mastership, the remaining 59 lodges having been constituted during the years from 1875 to the inauguration in 1888 of the Independent and United Grand Lodge of this rich and prosperous colony. All these lodges, so far as our information goes, have been removed from the roll of our Grand Lodge, and though less numerous by some 20 than those of the Scottish and Victorian Constitutions taken together, will be found to form the chief element of strength in the composition of the newly organized Grand Body.—*London Freemason.*

BETWEEN THE PILLARS.

I am sure that every reader of the CRAFTSMAN will be sorry to learn that illness has compelled Bro. Hambly to give a portion of this month's work into the hands of others. Bro. Hambly is a worker. I forget whether it was Socrates, Cicero or Bro. John J. Mason who said "Life is Action! Action!!" Bro. Hambly has certainly made this the rule of his life. He has labored day and night at his beloved profession. Few men realize how wearing upon a man's system journalism is. Every idea coined seems to cost a drop of life blood to an earnest worker. The great public consider the life of a newspaper man is one gigantic holiday;

that because he is permitted to hear Patti or the latest theological lecture on a free ticket, life is one round of continual enjoyment. Alas! they never dream of the skeleton at the feast that is constantly grinning at the man of letters, marring all these pleasures. They do not know that attending a lecture or a drama is, as a rule, a cold blooded matter of business. That's what knocks the poetry out of it.

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The true newspaper man is a worker. Work, Action to him is life. His hands are upon the wondrous chords of life and in the grandeur of the symphony he evokes he forgets himself. Days and years pass, but in his enthusiasm time is forgotten. Some morning he wakes up and finds that there is something wrong with his system. The idea that he had a system or any internal economy never occurred to him before. How very stupid it is that we have to eat, to drink, to sleep, to have stomachs and systems!

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This is just what happened to Bro. Hambly. He has been working too hard. Now he is off "taking a holiday," he calls it—recuperating I call it. There is plenty of go and energy in him yet. After he has had two or three weeks of quiet and rest he will be back again dealing sledge hammer blows at error and unrighteousness. He doesn't know this is going in, or I guess he'd run his pencil through it.

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I attended Bro. Malone's lecture to the brethren of St. Andrew's Lodge. In that lecture I found food for thought. We live so fast nowadays that it is seldom we have time to think. I asked a brother the other day if he had given a certain subject any thought. "Thought," he said, "I never think. Life's too short. Fact." "Well," said I, "don't you think before you act?" "Well," he replied, "I guess I should, but to be candid with you, I am afraid that sometimes I don't." How many of us are like this, brethren? How