

State before us, now, how often you sought out, approached and warned this unfortunate man of his fault of intemperance, when you saw that his lifelong good and upright conduct was being reversed?"

Had a bombshell exploded in the lodge the effect would scarcely have been greater. Brother Honeybag hung his head for a few minutes, and then like the good man he is (but poor grammarian) he rose and said, "Nary a time, sir!"

For ten minutes I sat in silence, until the attention of the audience became too painful. Then I said to the Senior Warden, in effect, that he lived in sight of Brother Elmore's house; he had met him every day; he saw the habit of intemperance gaining power over him—how often had he warned him of his fault? The Senior Warden, without even rising to his feet, replied, "Not once!"

Again the room was silent. I sat with closed eyes, but I felt that the whole lodge was looking toward the Junior Warden, and that he looked worse than poor Elmore had done. So I said, "Brother Junior Warden, you know as well as I do what are the official duties which you assumed at installation. One of the most important and solemn specifications on your part is that of counseling, guiding and warning the Craft. State to the lodge to what extent you have performed this duty with Brother Elmore?"

I believe I have not yet named the Junior Warden; it was Cabinet. Brother Cabinet was a man, though a conceited one, and he acted now like a man. He arose, pulled out his address, "Moral Obliquity Illustrated," tore it into several pieces, quietly dropped it out of the window that was open behind him, handed his jewel to a Past-Master who sat hard by, came out before the altar and said, "Right Worshipful Sir, I am more guilty than Brother Elmore, and I think the lodge ought to pardon him and punish me."

Causing Brother Cabinet to take a seat, I then ordered the vote taken successively on the questions, "Shall Brother Elmore be expelled?" Unanimously, "No!" "Shall he be suspended?" Unanimously, "No!" "Shall he be reprimanded?" By a small majority, "Yes!"

So I had Brother Elmore again before me, and I "reprimanded" him. Then there was a general shaking of hands all round, during which I observed the Secretary tearing up and throwing out of the window all that pile of evidence upon which his heart had been so set an hour before.

I suppose the reader need not be informed that Brother Elmore never got drunk again.—*Light in Masonry.*

BURNS AS A FREEMASON.

In a little work, intended for private circulation, an author, concealing himself under the title of "A Son of the Rock," has given some interesting facts regarding the Masonic career of the poet Robert Burns, which deserve a place in the pages of *The Freemason*. The author starts by stating that Masonry was the "Great propelling power of the poet, influencing his thoughts, inspiring his muse, and nurturing that stern love of independence and brotherhood which are universally acknowledged to have been predominant characteristics of his manhood." With few exceptions, the poet's patrons, associates, correspondents, &c.—in fact all whose names are made memorable by his genius—were linked together in the Masonic chain. On the 4th of July, 1781, when Burns was in his 23rd year, he was initiated at St. David's Lodge, Tarbolton—a memorable event for him, who was so full of human nature and brotherly earnestness. In the following year a disruption took place, when the separating portion reconstituted the old lodge of St. James, Tarbolton, which had formerly existed and to which Burns adhered with all the fervor of new love and light. Major-General Montgomery, a scion of the noble house of Eglintoun, was the first W. M.; and though the poet removed to Mossgiel, about three miles distant, he never missed attendance at any of the meetings. In the St. James Lodge began his acquaintance with Gavin Hamilton, whom the poet thus describes:

"The poor man's friend in need;
The gentleman in word and deed."

Amongst others he then became intimate with Dr. Mackenzie, who married one of the celebrated "Mauchline Belles;" John Ballantine, to whom "The Brigs of Ayr" were inscribed, and by whose exertions was erected the new "brig," opened on the 22nd November, 1786, when a grand Masonic demonstration took place; William Wallace, Sheriff of Ayrshire, respecting whom the poet wrote:

"Heaven bless your honored, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear;"