

## REMINISCENCES OF A SECRETARY.

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George Lippard in one of his famous novels, I think in the "Quaker City," describes two sorts of Quakers, the one, very scrupulous, about the shade and cut of his coat, the tails of which must be of the exact regulation length, the brim of his hat just so wide, and he never mistakes in speaking the thee and thou, and is always trying to impress you with the idea that Quakers are superior beings, unimpaired and untouched by human weakness; nevertheless, in trade, look out for this sort of Friend. The other, less particular about the exact color of his cloth, less concerned about the brim of his hat, but scrupulously honest in all his dealings, never forgets that he is part of the great Society of Friends, and that the world at large is watching him and will judge him by his acts, not by his words.

This description applies strikingly to the members of the Craft; the one always ready to tell his friend that he is a Mason; always sure to display conspicuously some Masonic jewel, and always trying to impress his friends, outside of the Order, that he is a great man and "High Mason." I have heard such boast that they are Master Masons, or that they have taken the "hull degrees" in Masonry.

The other perchance never wears a Masonic emblem, never mentions his connection with the Craft except to members thereof, but is always at his post in the lodge and always ready to serve on committees; does not seek office, but accepts the same as a matter of duty, and once accepted does his whole duty in as well as outside the lodge room. Commend me to the brother of this latter description, for of such is the glory of Masonry.

But worse than all is the enthusiast of other fields who brings this enthusiasm to our lodges with him—the

military, the temperance, the religious enthusiast—these cannot understand why all Masons should not join in with them, *their* idea, of course, is the right one. The military man finds not much scope in lodge and chapter and he quickly rushes into the commandery, where, amid drills and tactics, marches and counter-marches, he finds himself at home; here his talent finds room to display itself, and he soon loses interest in the other bodies and devotes his entire time and money to the chapeau and white feather, the latter, possibly, emblematic of the fact that he has turned his back upon true Masonry. But he delights in military drills, is a captain in one of our militia regiments, and his knowledge of the art of war comes very handy on the floor of the carpeted commandery room. Yet Masons have no fault to find with the enthusiast; true, he does no good, but he also does no harm.

More troublesome is the temperance fanatic; he lectures the brethren constantly upon his favorite theme, implores them to flee from the tempting cup and never to touch the blighting curse—liquor. Either he has never touched any himself, does not know the want or need of it, or else he has been "redeemed" out of the gutter, and now turns savagely upon those who moderately indulge in light stimulants. He thinks the lodge is just the field to work in, wants all the members to sign the pledge, and the height of his ambition is to become Master—not of his lodge, but of a lodge composed strictly of good, sound totalablers; and he will even make an effort to obtain a sufficient number of brethren of his own way of thinking to start a new lodge, where his idiosyncrasy will find and have full sway. He does harm in so far that his endeavors in that one direction turns many from the true path of charity; while the lodge is emphatically a place for the temperate man it is not a place to proselyte for a fanatical notion, and our bro-