

Bro. C. was a member of D. W. Clinton Lodge, No. 1—could not be mistaken; and yet it was not so in the book before us but instead of it, No. 1 had, unfortunately, another name affixed. Who could question his veracity—who dare say he was an imposter on the rampage? Of course we didn't; but we smiled, and Bro. Craig smiled *some*, and then we both smiled and smiled again in concert, at-at—we didn't know else to do.

Bro. Craig resumed, with an expression of deep concern as to our opinion of him—feared we might think under the circumstances he was not “all right.” We endeavoured to reassure him, and stated we had not the slightest doubt as to his true character, and took the occasion to explain in suitable terms why we were not authorized to grant the relief asked for. We were engaged in select expressions of mutual admiration for each other—he for our fidelity to the requirements of the law, and we regretting that our obedience should bring mortification to so worthy a Brother as he must be, when the steam whistle announced that the hour of our separation was at hand.

We silently and slowly approached the incoming train, and upon its arrival Bro. Craig, bending under the burden of his smothered emotions, extended towards us his dexter paw which we, firmly grasping, each gave a hearty shake. Said he, good-bye, Doctor; said we, farewell, Bro. Craig.

The next and last we heard of Bro. Craig, he had “sold” some of our confiding Brethren forty miles south, and had turned his footsteps towards the east.

Our object in dignifying this vagabond with so lengthy a notice is two-fold; first, to warn the Brethren of his approach; and secondly, to impart

#### A LESSON

which may prove beneficial to others.

It has been our fortune, during the last twenty years, to meet many of Craig's sort; and we have adopted it as our uniform custom, from which we have had no occasion to depart, never to hold “Masonic intercourse” with a stranger craving our pecuniary assistance—never. When such applicants declare themselves Masons, and propose to submit to the usual test, we take it for granted they have, by “hook or by crook,” picked up more than we choose to find out by due examination, and hence we think the wiser rule is to decline playing a game where the odds are so largely against us. He would be a poor fool indeed to invite an examination he could not stand successfully.

And then what boots it should he prove to be a Mason? All Masons, it may be contended, are not worthy, and if found worthy, may not be in real distress; so that at least the relief grant should be measured by the merits of the case.

An honest, worthy Brother, will tell a straight forward story, one that will bear sifting; such, and such only, have a right to our assistance.

We have never “put through” one of the traveling mendicants on his own programme, without detecting the villain at some point in it.

—*Masonic Tablet.*