

For THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

GRAND LODGE, QUEBEC. 1883.

BY A LADY.

Grand Lodge will meet anon. High noon is here;

To old and fam'd Quebec, from far and near,

Have come a goodly show of Brothers:
With laugh and jest, and great good-will
they greet,

Happy now each one; full sure some friend
he'll meet,

And with him, learn to know the others.

Assembled now in Hall, some thoughtful
scene,

Perhaps Ambition whispers, for e'en here
I ween,

As all are mortal, a place she'll find,
The only female who'd dare to enter there;
Ah, Brothers! shun her gaze, she's far from
fair, [blind]

To her indeed 'twere well you all were

But hush! the Master in the East appears,
The Master now for length of nine long
years;

All forward bend, silence reigns supreme,
As he with gentle courtesy begins his
speech,

His first pure words are for the God of each,
Thoughts for those dead, blessings on
the Queen.

And then he passes on to speak of things
Pertaining to the Craft; to light he brings

Many noble works of the past year;
None are forgotten, all are made to feel
Their efforts good; tho' they did but heal
Some silly strife, a work that Christ
holds dear.

His country's fame he longs to see increase,
But urges that with all, we live in peace,

Tho' not in any forced humility,
For all, their dignity must well maintain;
No abject service mar Masonic fame,
And thus impair its great utility.

The speech is closing, Brothers, still he
stands

The Master; his gavel still in hands

That wield it ably. Ah, who so meet?
A few deep words of love, he needs must
say

Unto the Brethren, and from his heart will
pray

Blessings on him who'll take his vacant
seat.

Now solemnly the ensign is laid by,
The Master is no more,—some gently sigh
As tho' they'd say, "Our King is dead!"
Not so, my Brothers, he but rests awhile,
His works are living on Time's mighty file,
And he can know who follows in his
stead.

The ballot now begins, each writes a name,
Ambition, silly fool, hopes much for fame,
And scarce hides her head, so eager she;
But soon she slinks away, and gladly ring
The Brothers' voices, they cry, the King,
The King, "long live the King."—So
move it be.

UNEXPRESSED.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Dwells, within the soul of every artist
More than all his efforts can express:
And he knows the best remains unuttered,
Sighing at what we call his success.

And the more devoutly that he listens,
And the holier message that is sent,
Still the more his soul must struggle vainly,
Borne a death a noble discontent.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received;
No true painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious visions he conceived.

No musician ever held your spirit
Charmed and bound in his melodious
chains;
But be sure he heard, and strove to render
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers
All his dream; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spoke to him
only
In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with Love; for Love and Art, united,
Are twin mysteries, different, yet the
same.

Poor indeed would be the love of any
Who could find its full and perfect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor
All its boundless riches to unfold—
Still the tenderest, truest, secret lingers
Even in the deepest depths untold.

Things of Time have voices, speak and
perish—
Art and Love speak, but their words
must be

Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea.

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

Officers of Hugh de Payen's Pre-
ceptory, K. T., Kingston:—Fr. F.
Rowland, E. P.; Fr. R. V. Matthews,
C.; Fr. S. W. Scobell, M.; Fr. Rev.
J. Gallagher, Chap.; R. E. Fr. W. D.