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EMBLEMS OF THE THIRD DEGREE AMPLIFIED.

ROBERT MACOY, 93°, NEW YORK.

THE THREE STEPS.—The Sun rises in the East to open the day with a mild and genial influence, and all Nature rejoices in the appearance of his beams. He gains his meridian in the South, and shines with full strength upon the earth, invigorating animate and inanimate matter with the perfection of his ripening qualities. With declining strength he sets in the West to close the day, leaving mankind at rest from their accumulated and diversified labors. This is an appropriate type of the three most prominent stages in the life of MAN—*Infancy*, *Manhood*, and *Age*. The first stage is characterized by the blush of innocence, pure as the tints which gild the eastern portals of the day. The heart rejoices in the unsuspecting integrity of its own unblemished virtue, nor fears deceit, because it knows no guile. Manhood succeeds; the ripening intellect arrives at the meridian of its power, and either conveys blessings or curses on all within the sphere of its influence. His strength decays at the approach of old age, his sun is setting in the West, and, enfeebled by sickness or bodily infirmity, death threatens to close his variegated day, and happy is he if the setting splendor of his sun gild his departing moments with the gentle tints of Hope,

and close his short career in peace, harmony, and brotherly love. The Three Steps are also symbolical of the three stages of human progress. It is one of the most striking proofs of the infinite benevolence of the Deity, that he has created man ignorant, but with an unlimited capacity to learn, thereby placing within his reach those sublimed enjoyments and enduring and satisfying pleasures which arise from the constant acquisition of knowledge. Man's nature is so constituted that his happiness consists in unceasing acquisition and perpetual progress. Twenty-five centuries ago, a figure, clothed in mail and wearing a regal crown, was seen one morning standing on the western shore of the Indian Ocean, gazing with intense longing across the mighty waste of waters, as if questioning whether in those unknown spaces there might not be other continents—the homes of powerful nations. That figure was the world's conqueror—Alexander the Great. He beat his breast in agony, and wept that nothing remained to be acquired. Here is a remarkable picture of the wretched and miserable creature man would be should he find a limit to his advancement, or arriving at a period when nothing would remain for him to