

than at the present time. As far as we are ourselves concerned as Freemasons, we care nothing for this noisy Armada, even with all its violence and vulgarity, its illogical arguments, and its hopeless inconsistencies. But, as we said, we are as Freemasons so tolerant ourselves, that we deeply deplore the fact, too patent, alas, just now, that the Church of Rome has to have recourse to the hurtful and hateful weapons of falsehood, libel, and degrading personalities. We are sorry to witness the, to us, always lamentable sight of a great religious body making itself a stumbling block to many and a laughing stock to more by promoting avowedly under ecclesiastical, nay Papal sanction, the undisciplined rhodomontade of fanatical partizans, and the hopeless intolerance of an Ultramontane clique. Deeply distressing is it for every reflecting mind to see before our eyes in 1875 the worst excesses of mediævalism repeated in the untruthful and irreligious tendency of doctrine and decree, of censure and of controversy, of attack and anathema, of the cruel accusation and lying slander.—*London Freemason.*

FREEMASONRY IN SCOTLAND—REMINISCENCES OF BURNS.

THE foundation stone of the Public School in Tarbolton, Scotland, was laid on July 17th, by the Lodge St. James Kilwinning, No. 135, R. W. Bro. D. Murray Lyon, S. P. G. W., of Ayrshire, acting as Provincial Grand Master. The members of the Tarbolton Lodge were present in great force, bearing the flag, now sadly dilapidated, under which the Poet-Mason, Bro. Robert Burns, had walked in "grand procession" through the village, with the minute book and other documents containing his signature—the jewel which had hung on his breast while presiding in the Orient being worn by the Acting P. G. M. Two very old Craftsmen honored the ranks with their presence, viz., Bro. Alexander Murchy, of Monkton, navigator, aged 93, and Bro. John McMillan, of Tarbolton St. James, aged 86 years—the former, having been initiated in 1802, is believed to be the oldest Freemason in Scotland. Among the brethren was also Bro. John Sloan, of St. David (Burns' Mother Lodge).

Bro. D. Murray Lyon, Acting Prov. Grand Master, delivered an admirable Address after the laying of the corner stone. Our readers will be much interested in the following extract, containing reminiscences of Robert Burns, and other eminent local celebrities and Masons, which extract we take from the *Ayr Advertiser* of July 22nd, ult.:

Standing as it were under the shade of those woods where

"Summer first unfaulds her robes,"

does not "Mary's Thorn," with its tender memories, and "The Castle of Montgomerie," stir up recollections of Burns' intimate association with this district. So does the appearance of St. James Kilwinning Tarbolton at the head of the procession to day; for it was to the brethren of that lodge he addressed the "heart-warm fond adieu" which has imperishably associated the Poet's name not with that particular lodge only, but with Masonry itself. Burns was strongly attached to the principles of Freemasonry, and shared in its labors—and it was to his relationship to the Craft that he owed his introduction to the brilliant circle of literary and scientific men, whose acquaintance he made on his first visit to the Scottish metropolis, and who did so much to spread the fame of his poetical genius. In referring to Burns and his connection with Tarbolton, I am reminded of the fact that this parish was the birthplace of Thom, the sculptor of the statues illustrative of a scene in the tale of "Tam o' Shanter," which have been admired by thousands of visitors to Burns' Monument at Alloway. In modelling as well as in cutting these and other figures, the sculptor had an apt assistant in his brother Robert. The presence of that gentleman in the Masonic ranks is a pleasing feature of this day's proceedings.

In many respects this locality is rich in its associations. Here it was that, at a remote period of our country's history, the invading Britons were successfully resisted by the Scots and Picts, whose victory was rendered complete through the death of the enemy's chief. A green mound within a few hundred yards of this spot is still pointed to by tradition as the last resting-place of "auld King Coil." In pre-Reformation times, this neighborhood was the seat of a monastery, but little is now known of it or its occupants, save that the convent was founded in the middle of the thirteenth century, and that

"The Friars of Fail drank berry-brown ale,
The best that ere was tasted, . . .
And they never wanted gear enough
As long as their neighbors' lasted.

But, brethren, believing that you will be better employed in viewing the scenery amid