

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

# THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## MASONIC RECORD.

J. B. TRAYES, P.D.D.G.M.,  
Editor & Proprietor.

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.50 per annum  
in advance.

VOL. XX.

PORT HOPE, ONT., DECEMBER 15, 1886.

No. 12.

### THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY.

"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"—Job xi. 7.

There hangs in the writer's sanctum, the gift of a good brother many years ago, a picture of the ocean, in the midst of which is a rock, and on the top is an altar, surrounded with three candles. The altar contains a Bible, square and compasses. The scene represents a raging storm, but the "three great lights" are so secure that even the tempestuous waves do not reach them.

The lesson of this picture is easily discovered. It is a most appropriate symbol of the durability as well as the spirit of Masonry. The verse that I have selected from Job seems to explain the object of our Order. According to my view of this grand fraternity, the design for which it is intended is a much broader one than is at first supposed, and the searching of the scriptures is the first duty. Zophar named the spirit of Masonry of to-day when he said to Job, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" This fact should be prominent in all our deliberations.

The making of the Bible alone furnishes one of the most important histories extant. The various councils that have been in session, the books that have been rejected, and all the details, taken together, is a history of itself. The great object of life is to find out what is to follow at

the end. We look around us, and the very formation of the planet and surroundings surprise us. In ancient times men would fall down and worship. Not that they were more reverential in spirit than we are, but something prompted them that there must be a great august Being who controls this great system, and for fear that he would deprive them of the necessaries of life, they gave great homage and reverence. In our day we are more formal. The Arabian, at a certain hour of the day, falls on his knees and prays. We do not! We imagine that we can fathom all things, but the recent earthquake at Charleston, S. C., has demonstrated our weakness, and that we have as much reason to be reverent as our primitive fathers had. Over three thousand years ago was written this passage, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" To-day we are still searching. New creeds are being constantly devised, all tending to this point. Society and church-work is being conducted on a larger scale than ever before, simply to purify mankind, that we may see God. If we read history, we learn that church-work has been largely associated with blood. One time—about the third century—the monks burned a synagogue, and they were compelled to rebuild it. The priests, too, were held responsible for the fertility of the earth. This shows how strong the

ancients believed in the efficacy of prayer. Near Licopolis, about the time above-named, there dwelt an hermit called Holy John, who built a rude hut on top of a large mountain. He prayed five days, and received visitors on Saturday and Sunday, when he opened a small window. During fifty years he never ate cooked food. Even the emperor of Rome would send officers to consult him. Such a person to-day would be styled a crank, and yet fifteen hundred years ago many thousands of people would make long journeys to consult with a hermit who might be able to tell them how to find God. John the Baptist was the forerunner of the new religion, and up to the time of Constantine, A.D. 325, about one-twentieth of the people were Christians.

The work still goes on, and while the earth is not yet Christianized by any means, with the aid of the great invention of printing, the probability is that ere another century rolls around, the Christian religion will predominate over this planet. Liberalism is the spirit of the age. In America a man can think as he pleases, and the time is fast approaching when freedom of speech will prevail everywhere.

Contrast our day with A. D. 324, in which, at Rome, two thousand persons were put to death for being Christians. Contrast also our time with that event where a Gothic king compelled ninety thousand Jews to be baptized. This searching the scriptures makes a good government. That we are prospering is an undisputable fact. One time, a whole nation of one hundred and twenty thousand persons disappeared, and twenty years later not a person could be seen. War and turmoil was the cause.

One of the great Masonic writers informs us, that at the revolution in 1688, only seven lodges were in existence in England, and of them there were but two that held their meetings regularly, and these were chiefly Op-

erative. This declension of the Order may be attributed to the low scale of morality which distinguished the latter end of the seventeenth century.

And how, indeed, could Freemasonry, pure and spotless as it is, remarks a great writer, continue to flourish at a time when the literature and morals of this country were in a state of semi-lethargy, and a taste for reading or the pursuit of science and philosophy had scarcely begun to manifest itself amongst the middle classes of society?

A modern writer says, "Though the reign of Queen Anne has been generally termed the Augustan age of literature in this country, owing to the co-existence of a few celebrated writers, it is astonishing how little, during the greatest part of that period, was the information of the higher and middle classes of society. To the character, of the gentleman neither education nor letters were thought necessary, and any display of learning, however superficial, was among the fashionable circles deemed rudeness and pedantry."

Such was the condition of society just before the revival of 1717.

The writings of Addison and Steele, who lived about 1712, had much to do to counteract this depraved state of morality. The historian states, "These writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had but little notion before."

We contrast the spirit of Masonry of to-day with that of the spirit of the revival, and we readily see what progress has been made through the agency of the Great Light upon our altars. In those times (1717) the public saw nothing of Freemasonry but its annual processions on the day of the grand feast. It was considered merely as a variety of the club system, which then prevailed amongst all ranks and descriptions of people; and as these institutions were of a convivial nature, Freemasonry was reduced, in public opinion, to the

same level. The practice of the lodges was principally of a social and companionable nature.

Sometimes the Master found leisure and inclination to deliver a charge, or a portion of the lectures, and such entries as the following are frequent in the minute-books of that period:—"The Master delivered an elegant charge, or a portion of Martin Clare's lectures, as the case might be, and the evening was spent in singing and decent merriment." The usual penalty for a breach of the by-laws was "a bottle of wine, to be consumed on the spot;" and it was not an uncommon occurrence to expend the whole fee on a night of initiation on a supper and wine.

A fine contrast of what the spirit of Masonry is accomplishing, may be seen in the fact of the recent pageant at St. Louis, and the age of 1113 A. D., as described by Addison in his "History of Knights Templar;" "Nine knights renounced the world and its pleasures, and in the Holy Church of the Resurrection, in the presence of Arnulph, Patriarch of Jerusalem, they embraced vows of perpetual obedience and purity, after the manner of monks. They elected as their first Master that true knight Hugh de Payens, and united themselves in the two most popular qualities of the age—devotion and valor."

The great progress of the age, the different ways of thinking, and the universality of the liberal arts and sciences, all prevail to so great an extent that we are apt to forget the elegant system of morality of Masonry, and look upon it as a delusion. We can practice Masonry to-day with the same sincerity that did the three Grand Masters in the days of Solomon King of Israel. We have just as much need of such an institution, and there is ample opportunity on our part for the same display of zeal and earnestness as shown in the history of the three eminent craftsmen just named. Even in our daily avocations we can apply the lessons of

the working tools, all of which will add materially to make us honored citizens.

The Bible is the gift of God to man. It is the consummation of wisdom, goodness and truth. Many other books are good, but none so good as this. All other books may be dispensed with, but this is absolutely necessary to our happiness here and our salvation hereafter. Oliver gives us this explanation of the three Great Lights of Masonry:—"The book before us contains rules for preserving health, by the exercise of temperance and chastity; for procuring blessings, by the practice of fidelity, industry, and zeal; for securing a good reputation, by integrity and a faithful discharge of every trust; and for inheriting the promises, by the exercise of faith, the encouragement of hope, and the practice of charity, or the universal love of God and man.

"Upon the first Great Light, we find two others—the square and compasses, which are varied in their position in every degree, to mark the gradual progress of knowledge, and the former is opened at different passages appropriate to each; for the Bible being considered the rule of a Mason's faith, the square and compasses, when united, have the same tendency with respect to his practice." If we read the lessons of the emblems as explained by the great writers, we are surprised to find out how much useful information is contained in each one.

The writer is of the opinion that the Masonic system of morality is a broad one, and that the request of Zaphar to observe the scriptures is the first duty of a brother. The fact that over half a million of men are enrolled in the membership of this fraternity, the large number of charitable institutions, as well as the elegant temples that are being erected all over the world, are satisfactory evidences that by searching the scriptures a good work has been wrought through the instrumentality of Masonry.

All this is embraced in the spirit of Masonry, viz., to improve the condition of mankind, not only to benefit those who may be engaged in the good work, but to make its excellent influences felt in all the channels of society.

In answer to the interrogatories of the text, we give the words of the "Great Light" as recorded in Romans:—"And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God."

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

The above passage fully explains the spirit of Masonry.—*Freemasons' Journal.*

#### A LODGE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The extracts from our American and other contemporaries which we give from time to time in our pages, may occasionally read strange to English brethren, as the systems of Freemasonry to which they refer are in many ways different to what is practiced in this country, but there is always some point of similarity which may be traced, and the same spirit of brotherhood is discernable throughout the many and varied opinions to which we give publicity. From some of the excerpts, which at first sight may appear the most widely opposed to English ideas, knowledge may be acquired which would prove of great advantage if properly grafted on to the English system, while from all it is possible to gather both information and instruction.

In a recent issue we inserted an extract from the Louisiana Proceedings as to a lodge's responsibility, which is worthy of special consideration, although we may not be able to endorse the opinions therein expressed. The idea of our Louisiana brethren appears to be that a lodge

is, morally, responsible for the support of the distressed and destitute, the widows and orphans of its own membership, whether they reside within its jurisdiction or otherwise. This idea will be at once rejected by many English brethren, on the plea that if true, it would place Freemasonry on the level of a benefit society pure and simple, as every brother would have a claim for subsistence from the lodge wherein he was initiated. Whatever may be the opinion in regard to the practical working of this theory of responsibility, there is no doubt that it morally exists, as our American brethren say, and that it would be well if brethren bore this in mind and carefully considered it ere they sought to extend the number of members in their lodge. We fear a great change would be necessary in many quarters in the rules regarding the admission of candidates, if it became recognized that a lodge was liable for the support and maintenance of each of its initiates, should they be overtaken by misfortune, or for their widows and orphans, should they be left unprovided for. The responsibility will no doubt be looked upon as impossible, and yet it exists morally, and among a class of men who pride themselves on the sincerity of their doings, and the force of the obligations they voluntarily enter into.

As we have said, it would be well if the brethren would look upon their responsibility from a practical rather than from a moral point of view, and learn to consider that it is actually their duty to render aid to their distressed fellows, rather than, as is at present recognized, a matter of favor, to be decided one way or other as they may think best. This would not be so serious an undertaking as at first sight appears, as those already belonging to the craft would exercise greater caution than they now do as to the gentlemen they admitted, and on whose behalf they undertake grave responsibilities. It is not that un

worthy candidates would be rejected, but in many cases gentlemen would be excluded to whom the privileges of Masonry are nothing short of unnecessary extravagance, for, from the point of view at present occupied, Freemasonry must be considered as a luxury only available for those who can afford to patronize it. Its teachings, it is true, are intended alike for the rich and poor, but its obligations—if properly understood—are of such a character as to make it a measure exclusive for those who cannot afford to pay a good price for their amusement and instruction.

Our American brethren follow up their idea as to primary responsibility, with some instructive and well meant rules as to the action of a lodge towards a strange brother, and the liability of a brother's mother lodge for any aid rendered by others, all of which appears to be opposed to English ideas, and yet we could hope that it was not only otherwise, but that it was really the system under which our Freemasonry was worked; although we know it is practically impossible for such ever to be the case, as there are so many obstacles to prevent it, first and foremost being the feeling that any extension of Masonic benefits in the direction intimated, would open the door too wide for imposition. When we consider that it would be possible for any one to seek admission to Freemasonry so as to secure for himself and his family certainty of subsistence in years to come, we see how impossible it would be to practically carry out the obligations to which Freemasons are morally bound.—*Freemasons' Journal.*

---

If a man is not a better man for being a Mason, then he is not a good Mason.

---

THE foundation-stone of Freemasonry, and consequently its strength, is a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being.

## THE OBLIGATIONS OF MASONRY.

There is a beautiful harmony between the laws of the land and the laws of Masonry, and notwithstanding our enemies have said that we are banded together for the purpose of defeating or overthrowing the government and its laws, nothing could be wider from the truth. There is no law in the country which we are commanded to obey, that is not rendered more obligatory upon us by the ties of Masonry; this fact is well known and understood by every just and upright member of the institution, and to argue otherwise is but to argue the exception, and not the rule. That there are those in the Masonic fraternity who violate laws, and forget the vows which are upon them, is to assert that Masons are but men, and that in this, as in all other institutions, the church not excepted, there are those who disregard the pure and elevated precepts which these institutions teach.

The edicts of the country in which we live, require us to obey the laws which are enacted for the government of our moral character, in order that public confidence may be maintained, and that the affairs of life may pass along quietly and smoothly, and execute their legitimate purpose in contributing to the happiness and general good of all. This law finds an echo in the Masonic institution, and he who has been adorned with the square, and armed with the emblem of authority, can never forget the time when this lesson was impressed upon his memory.

When the tocsin of war sounded in our ears, and the blades of the valiant and loyal leaped from their scabbards to repel the effects of the plots and conspiracies which had been formed against the government, with what force must the remembrance of the obligation of loyalty have come home to the minds of those who had so solemnly pledged themselves to avoid all such plots and conspiracies, and

to submit peaceably and loyally to the supreme legislature of their country. The true, upright, and intelligent Mason, is bound by every tie, both human and divine, to resist all such inroads upon the peace, prosperity, and happiness of his country.

In his character as a citizen, law requires the Mason to pay all due respect to those who, in a civil capacity, rule over him; it also enjoins upon him the duty of diligently pursuing some useful avocation, that he may live creditably among his fellow-citizens, acting honorably towards them, that he may be honored in return. To the support of a provision so wise and so just, the Masonic institution gives its most holy sanction, and inculcates these lessons with promptness and fidelity.

When the law of the land warns men to avoid intemperance, and those excesses which unfit them for their duties as citizens, fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, a law based upon the divine code found in that volume which we are all taught to respect and obey, the voice of Masonic law is heard reiterating the lesson, and urging its importance.

From the very nature of the constitution of human society, if men would pass peacefully and happily down the stream of life, it is but reasonable that they should seek to promote the general good of the society in which they live, and to cultivate all those social virtues which render life pleasant, and smooth down the asperities of those adverse scenes through which, at some period in our experience, we must all inevitably pass. To the performance of these duties the spirit of Masonry whispers in the ears of its votaries a friendly reminder, and it would be well for us all if we would listen to and obey the voice.

We have hastily glanced at but a few points, tending to show the harmony existing between the laws of Masonry and the laws of the land. These views might be still further

extended, but enough has been said to show that so far from there being any conflict between them, the Masonic law but reiterates the spirit of the laws of the country in which we live, and presses home upon our hearts and consciences the importance of a strict conformity thereto; so that those who declare that the object of the Masonic institution is to subvert or overthrow the laws, cannot fail to perceive the great injustice of advancing such a charge.

It is not in the power of man to contrive any obligations of loyalty more sacred and binding, than those which the Masonic institution imposes, and he who by disloyalty violates them makes shipwreck of peace, honor, friendship, and everything which the human heart instinctively holds dear and sacred upon earth. Wherever disloyalty has been found, there Masonry has been present to raise the barrier to oppose its progress, and to unfurl the banner of union and obedience to law; and whenever the peace of the country is threatened by foes from within or without, there will this institution be found to guard the sacred portals of the temple of liberty against the evil designs of those who would attempt to cast down her pillars of strength and beauty.—*Reproduction.*

---

#### GOOD SENSE.

There is a theoretical side to Freemasonry. There are abstract questions worthy of consideration. The system has a scientific basis, a philosophical and historical character, calling for extended and technical investigations, and the application of many rigid tests. There are precedents and habitual formulas, landmarks and teachings of a various order, all of which need to be regarded in representing the institution and shaping its course. There is likewise a practical side to the fraternity, having regard both to the system and the organization; hence there is a de-

mand for good sense in the treatment of its interests, that it may be preserved from the dangers of a dull conservatism on the one hand, and on the other from perils likely to come from enthusiastic theorists and fanatics.

There are those not inaptly denominated "cranks" in every society, men who have some hobby or pet theory which rules them altogether. This class of people can only do work within narrow lines. It is some single principle or rule which they want applied,—some one line which they want followed out to a determinate result. In Masonry we find this same type of minds; brethren who have but one idea respecting the system, and who would interpret and use Freemasonry according to the pet theory that they have formed concerning it. They are technical, holding always to the letter instead of the spirit, clinging tenaciously to some antiquated word, or form, or practice, as though the very life of the institution depended upon the retaining of that which has become obsolete or lost its power of usefulness. Good sense would say, "Stand upon the old ways, yet make progress." Men of culture and of broad discernment see this practical side, and they may not be accused of any lack of devotion to Freemasonry, or want of respect for the landmarks and peculiar features that give it character, because they are ready to eliminate some superfluities from the system and adapt it to the best work and largest usefulness. Good sense will not hesitate to purge the Masonic ritual of ungrammatical and foolish forms of words, and do any work of revision that is required to bring out and make more effective the lessons and principles of the craft, which are its abiding, unchangeable foundation. If Freemasonry is intended for intelligent men, if it is worthy to be called a progressive institution, good sense must be acknowledged as one factor in the forces that are requisite to maintain its strength and point it to

the wide fields of a noble service and a large accomplishment. The ancient law must be held in respect; no innovations must be allowed to creep in; but this does not mean that a narrow, technical, and blind conservatism shall bear rule, or that a mere theoretic impulsion shall bar the way to a practical movement, approved by the general intelligence and good sense of craftsmen.—*Freemasons' Repository*.

### WOMAN'S PLACE IN MASONRY.

"A ministering angel thou."

Woman has a place in the Order of Freemasonry, but not in the ranks of the active workers. As woman has always had a place in the army—not in the ranks with a musket, but still occupying an important position and rendering invaluable service—so she has in Masonry. In the church she is not expected to occupy the sacred desk and expound the teachings of Holy Writ, but she has a place as useful and important as that of the minister himself. The many kindly offices of woman in the army and in the church are recorded to her praise. The ceaseless ages of eternity will be too short to tell all that her gentle hands have done. The myriads of fevered brows that have been bathed by her tender hand, the thousands of parching lips that have been cooled by water brought by her loving feet, the many aching hearts that have been cheered by her angelic presence, the army of disheartened human beings that have been raised from despondency by words of comfort her sweet lips have spoken, will only be revealed in the world beyond. These are gentle offices that woman alone can fill.

Her place in Masonry is as a helpmeet in the work of charity as taught, and as it should be practiced by the Order. She could not be a member of the lodge, because Masons are, symbolically, builders,—"hewers and squarers of stone, toilers in the heat of the day, and it would be out of all

character to permit the fair and fragile frames of our sisters to be subjected to the rough labor and weariness which must ever attend manual labor."

There have been many attempts to found a society of Masons of both sexes, but they have never succeeded or been real Masonry. They have been adjuncts or auxiliaries. France has perhaps been foremost in the effort to have lodges made up of male and female members, but they flourished for a time, then died out. In 1780 the idea seems to have been originated, and various organizations have since been established, but none have succeeded to the present time in any strength or prominence. The ceremonies in many of them were very beautiful and impressive, but the objects seem to have been solely for social intercourse.

In this country, the Order of the Eastern Star originated in 1855, and is now in a flourishing condition in many parts of the land. It is calculated to cultivate the social elements of Masonry, and at the same time render assistance to its members, and to society in general. The ceremonies of the five degrees, of Jephtha, Ruth, Esther, Martha and Electa, are very beautiful, and the lessons taught valuable and impressive. This part of woman's connection with Masonry is very pleasant, and is productive of good, alike to Masonry itself and the members of the Eastern Star Chapters.—*New York Dispatch.*

#### THE LANDMARKS.

1. The modes of recognition. 2. The division of Symbolic Masonry into degrees. 3. The Legend of the Third degree. 4. The government of the fraternity by a presiding-officer, called a Grand Master, who is elected from the body of the craft. 5. The prerogative of the Grand Master to preside over every assembly of the craft, wheresoever and whensoever

held. 6. The prerogative of the Grand Master to grant dispensations for conferring degrees at irregular times. 7. The prerogative of the Grand Master to grant dispensation for opening and holding lodges. 8. The prerogative of the Grand Master to make Masons at sight. 9. The necessity for Masons to congregate in lodges. 10. The government of every lodge by a Master and two Wardens. 11. The necessity that every lodge, when congregated, should be duly tiled. 12. The right of every Mason to be represented in all general meetings of the craft, and to instruct his representatives. 13. The right of every Mason to appeal from the decision of his brethren in lodge convened, to the Grand Lodge or to a general assembly of Masons. 14. The right of every Mason to visit and sit in every regular lodge. 15. That no visitor, not known to some brother present as a Mason, can enter a lodge without undergoing an examination. 16. That no lodge can interfere in the business or labor of another lodge. 17. That every Freemason is amenable to the laws and regulations of the Masonic jurisdiction in which he resides. 18. That every candidate for initiation must be a man, free-born, and of lawful age. 19. That every Mason must believe in the existence of God as the Grand Architect of the Universe. 20. That every Mason must believe in a resurrection to a future life. 21. That a book of the law of God must constitute an indispensable part of the furniture of every lodge. 22. That all men, in the sight of God are equal, and meet in the lodge on one common level. 23. That Freemasonry is a secret society, in possession of secrets that cannot be divulged. 24. That Freemasonry consists of a speculative science founded on a speculative art. 25. That the landmarks of Masonry can never be changed.—*Masonic Era and Analectic.*

### REASONS FOR MASONIC SECRECY.

If the secrets of Masonry are replete with such advantages to mankind, it may be asked, why are they not divulged for the general good of society? To this it may be answered, were the privileges of Masonry to be indiscriminately dispensed, the purposes of the institution would be subverted, and our secrets being familiar, like other important matters, would lose their value, and sink into disregard.

It is a weakness in human nature, that men are generally more charmed with novelty than with the intrinsic value of things. Innumerable testimonies might be adduced to confirm this truth. The most wonderful operations of the Divine Artificer, however beautiful, magnificent and useful, are overlooked, because common and familiar. The sun rises and sets, the sea flows and re-flows, rivers glide along their channels, trees and plants vegetate, men and beasts act, yet these beings perpetually open to view, pass unnoticed. The most astonishing productions of nature on the same account escape observation and excite no emotion, either in admiration of the great cause, or of gratitude for the blessing conferred. Even virtue herself is not exempted from this unhappy bias in the human frame. Novelty influences all our actions and determinations. What is new or difficult in the acquisition, however trifling or insignificant, readily captivates the imagination and insures a temporary admiration; while what is familiar or easily attained, however noble or eminent, is sure to be disregarded by the giddy and unthinking.

Did the essence of Masonry consist in the knowledge of particular secrets or peculiar forms, it might be alleged that our amusements were trifling and superficial. But this is not the case. These are only keys to our treasure, and having their use,

are preserved; while from the recollection of the lessons which they inculcate, the well-informed Mason derives instruction, draws them to a near inspection, views them through a proper medium, adverts to the circumstances which gave them rise, and dwells upon the tenets which they convey. Finding them replete with useful information, he prizes them as sacred; and convinced of the propriety, estimates their value from their utility.—*Masonic Register.*

### EDITORIAL ITEMS.

THE Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky reports having given the following decisions during the year:—

Can a lodge hold a fair for the purpose of raising money to pay incumbrance on lodge-room?

Answer—Yes.

Is it lawful to raffle articles at a Masonic fair?

Answer—No; any violation of the laws of God or of the State, is a violation of Masonic law. Raffling is gambling; gambling is a violation of the moral law and of the laws of the State. A raffle should not be permitted in connection with any entertainment controlled by a Masonic lodge.

Upon what class of papers should the seal be used?

Answer—Upon all official documents, whether issued by the lodge or by order of the Master.

A brother was upon trial, found guilty of unmasonic conduct. The question was, shall he be expelled? The Master voted. When the vote was counted it was found to be a tie. The Master then voted again. Did he have a right to vote twice?

Answer—No. The Master can vote but once upon any question. The motion to expel was lost.

Will you grant me a dimit?

Answer—No. Your lodge alone has the power to grant you a dimit.

Will you grant a dispensation to confer degrees out of time?

Answer—No. The Constitution of the Grand Lodge forbids it. I believe that it should be amended in this respect. But the Grand Master has promised to abide by its provisions.

Is it necessary for the Master to sign a dimit in order to make it valid?

Answer—No. If the dimit is properly made out, signed by the Secretary, and bears the seal of the lodge, it is good.

Is it lawful to elect the officers of a Masonic lodge in any other way than by ballot?

Answer—No. The Constitution provides that the officers of Grand Lodge shall be elected by ballot, and that the rules for elections in subordinate lodges shall be similar to those adopted in Grand Lodge. An election *vice voce* would not be valid.

### TWO KINDS OF MASONS.

There is not a lodge of Masons in the world that does not have two kinds of Masons, and not only in lodge, but in all organizations are those same classes to be found, and the following, from the *Keystone*, is very true:—

“There are two kinds of good Masons—those that are Masons indeed, and those that know Masonry. There are some brethren who know Masonry, yet are not Masons—it is so much easier to know a thing than to be what it implies. It is a capital thing to be a good ritualist, provided you mean what you say, and practice what you teach. It is often said that a brother who can confer all the degrees with honor is a good Mason. So he is, skin deep, but he ought to be a Mason all through, and especially in his heart. There is nothing like heart-Masonry. It tells in the life as well as on the lips. Indeed, some men are Masons at heart who were never initiated. They are fit to be made Masons, but never happened to petition for initiation. It is a

lucky thing for the world that it has these heart-Masons in it, all unlabelled, but as surely Masons in action as though they had received the imprimatur of the Craft.”

### CLEANINGS.

THE Grand Master of Washington, District of Columbia, decided that if a brother is an habitual gambler for money, he can be dealt with for unmasonic conduct.

WHERE a brother uses language he ought not to use against another brother, in the course of a lodge trial, and subsequently apologizes therefor in open lodge, this apology should settle it. But brothers should remember, when the assault is made and it is really insulting, that it will take a long time for the brother insulted to get over it. He may accept the apology at the time, but there may never again be that due feeling of respect which should exist between them. If a brother wants to keep a friend for ever, he should never insult him, nor wound his feelings. It takes but little to destroy friendship,—the most trifling act may sometimes do it,—that a lifetime cannot fully repair.

MASONIC AIMS.—Aim not so much at high office in the craft, as to be a true Freemason in thine heart. It is not necessary that we all should take office, nor is it possible for us all to do so; but it is of essential importance that every Freemason should prove by his actions that he has not crept into the craft under false pretences, but that he is really anxious to live its holy precepts, not only for his own sake, but also in order to make himself more useful to his fellow-creatures. A selfish Freemason is a perjured man, in whom I, for one, could place no confidence, whatever signs or pass-words he may be able to give.—*Bro. Markham Tweddell.*

### Holiday Pastimes.

#### PROVERBS IN ACTION.

Proverbs can be played in impromptu style with pleasure and profit, and can also be dramatized so as to amuse crowded audiences of cultivated people. But they are, perhaps, funnier when done in the former manner, and the costumes are caught up from the entry and the properties from the kitchen.

In this case the most eccentric turn can be given to the sentiment and pronunciation of the words used, and the alternate scenes may be represented in tableau, pantomime or charade. A few specimens of each will be given here from which even the youngest reader can gain ideas enough to enable him to choose the proverbs and arrange the action for himself.

#### A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

*Scene 1.*—A cottage interior represented by any room, with wash-tub, churn, spinning-wheel, or any articles of domestic use. The old dame sits in a high-backed chair, and seems intent on convincing her family of the importance of keeping busily employed at home. Each one of her daughters is at work at some domestic labor.

Her son enters, dressed in a walking costume, with a plaid shawl over his arm and a bundle in his hand.

"Now, my dear boy," says the old lady, "I hope you will think better of your foolish plan of going out to service, and be content to help your father in carrying on his farm, which will be yours some day if you attend to it well."

"But, mother," says the boy, "I want to see the world."

"The world is a poor place, my dear boy, and full of trouble."

"Never mind, mother; you will rejoice to see me back again when I have made my fortune."

"Fortune will come to you, my son, if you work hard at home."

"I hate farm-work, mother, and have made up my mind to go. So good-by all."

The son gaily marches off, and the mother follows him to the door and looks earnestly after him, waves her handkerchief a few times, then totters to her chair and cries bitterly. The girls all cry in concert, and then dry their eyes and continue busily at work until the curtain falls.

*Scene 2.*—The same room with much better furniture and adornments. The old lady and her daughters in evening dress are engaged with fancy-work and books, and one young lady plays a cheerful tune on the piano. The door opens and a gust of snow is blown into the room by means of a pair of bellows and a large quantity of very small scraps of writing paper. A terrific wind howls without, the sound being produced by blowing into a glass bottle.

The son enters with rags and tatters hanging from his clothes. His cheeks are chalked at the sides, so that he looks very much emaciated. He holds out his right hand as if asking alms, and leans heavily on a rough cane with his left. No one recognizes him at first, until he says—

"Don't you know me, mother? I have come home destitute."

The mother rushes into his arms, and the girls welcome him eagerly. One runs out for provisions, another spreads the table, and all try to show their welcome and sympathy. He sits at the table and eats ravenously, and then says—

"O mother, it is a blessed thing to have a home to go to, and I have learned the lesson that steady labor is far better than a wandering life."

Another pretty entertainment is this:

#### FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A fop enters and struts about with eye-glasses and cane, seeming too proud to speak to common people. A negro girl enters carrying a basket of clothes on her head, and the fop eyes her with disgust as she passes him and knocks off his hat accidentally with her basket. He is very angry and shakes his fist at her as she goes out of sight.

But his manner suddenly changes as he sees a lady with showy bonnet, thick veil and elegant cloak, and he makes the lowest bow to her as she advances. The lady, however, pays him no attention, being very much annoyed at his rudeness, but passes out of sight rapidly.

The fop still lingers sucking the head of his cane and putting on airs, when he again beholds the same costume approaching. Gaining courage, he sidles up and offers his arm to the lady, who accepts it to his delight, and they walk up and down together. He tries in vain to get a view of her face, which she keeps averted; but finally he lifts

her veil, when he beholds the same colored woman that he met at first, who has put on the bonnet and cloak of her mistress. The mistress enters also now, and both the women laugh at the discomfited fop, who slinks away in disgust as the curtain falls.

Another proverb which affords an opportunity for action is the following:

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

A pair of country people are taking a walk. They gaze into the shop-windows, and seem to be surprised at the novel sights which they see on every side. They walk arm-in-arm and offer look tenderly at each other.

Soon they are met by a Jew peddler, who has a tray full of fancy goods. He stops and calls their attention to his wares. They seem to be delighted with the articles which he holds up for their inspection, and at last fix upon a large bracelet, which is made of a band of sheet iron covered with gold paper. They spend much time in discussing the price, and the man says,—

"Is it gold?"

"It certainly's cold," says the Jew, rubbing his ear with one hand.

"If you are sure it is gold," says the bumpkin, "I will give you six dollars for it."

"Ten is the lowest," says the Jew, and after much chaffering the bracelet is purchased for six dollars and a half, and the man proudly clasps it on the arm of his friend, rejoicing that he has outwitted the peddler.

The couple continue their walk, and the lady, after constantly looking at her new bracelet, rubs it with her handkerchief to brighten it. What is her horror to see the gold rub off and the iron slowly come to light under the process. The woman cries, and the man sets out with uplifted stick in eager but fruitless pursuit of the deceitful Jew.

The above examples, it will readily be seen, can be easily enlarged into little dramas by writing in longer dialogues, which will prove an excellent exercise in composition. But if the actors have confidence and wit enough to make up the conversation as they act, it will sound more real than if written and committed to memory.

The Masonic bodies in Naples have formed themselves into a powerful committee to consider the best means to further cremation.

### Scheming to Evade the Giving of Christmas Presents.

A boy of twelve stood leaning against the fence on Duffield street yesterday, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occasionally to wipe his nose, when along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

"Sick?"

"No."

"Any the family dead?"

"No, I've just been licked."

"Who dun it?"

"Dad."

"Did your ma ask him to?"

"Yes. She told him I had been aching for it more than a month."

"Say," said the new arrival, "you are in luck. I'm trying my best to get dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents if he had tanned me this noon and it was all through hurting."

"Why?"

"Why! Haven't I got \$3 saved up to buy pap, and marm Christmas presents, and if I can get 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of that money on myself? How much you got?"

"Two dollars."

"Bully! You are all right! You've bin licked, and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the baby around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can get wolloped to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping knives and rock-candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me down, dear father—hang my hide on the fence, mother darling.—*Detroit Post.*

According to *Le Monde Maconnique*, the Grand Orient of France has 361 bodies in its allegiance, namely: 313 Symbolic lodges, 35 Chapters, and 13 Councils, which are thus distributed, namely: 67 in the Orient of Paris, 11 in Beaulieu, 229 in the Departments, 13 in Algeria, 9 in the Colonies of France, and 32 in countries outside France and the French possessions. The same authority gives the receipts for the year ending the 28th of February, 1886, as close upon 139,857 francs, and the expenses as 139,866 francs.

**A NIGHT IN A STAGE COACH.**

As Phillip Bruce concluded his story, silence, an oppressive silence, pervaded the party. This was broken by a sudden lurch of the coach which threw the rear passengers on top of those in the front, hurled the driver from his seat, and brought the vehicle to a sudden halt. When the passengers on top crawled out, and those underneath extricated themselves, and no limbs were broken, there was a ghastly attempt on our part to consider it a good joke. But when, on investigation, it was discovered that an axle was broken, and that it was about 10 o'clock at night, and we were some eight miles from a station in the midst of a scraggy oak timber, with no help but to have the driver ride back and bring out another coach, the joke would not develop.

I then suggested that while the driver was absent that we should build a fire, "camp out," and continue our stories.

This was agreed to. In fifteen minutes a good fire was blazing and we were squatted around it. Our female passenger was wrapped in the buffalo robes, while merschaums and pocket-flasks served to keep the male portion of the party in spirits and warmth, for the nights were getting perceptibly cool.

I then called on Ned Carry a New York traveling man to entertain the audience.

After a smack from the flask and relighting his merschaum, Ned gave us the story of

**MAURICE DEVERAUX.**

On the night of May 5, 1864, after the first day's battle of the Wilderness, the moon rose slowly up and cast its weird light over the battle field, while during the preceding twelve hours death had glutted itself in mowing down the noblest work of God.

It seemed to me that the moon looked larger that night, and its light partook more of the light of the dead than I ever saw it; for it was more ghastly when it peeped up from behind the distant hills and seemed to move slower as it came in sight of the deadly results of man's passions and ambitions. Then its reflection on the then jagged and torn trees, and on the wounded, dying and dead had a greenish hue that made us soldiers, hardened as we were, feel that we stood in the presence

of our master, death! I was a sergeant in one of the New York regiments who took part in that day's battle, and when the company roll was called that night Captain Deveraux was missing.

The captain was a true-hearted, genial-souled man, though born and bred in luxury, had such a fine sense of equality and justice, that while you always felt his superiority, you also felt his equality in his companionship. This, added to the fact that he was brave, almost to rashness, made him beloved beyond any other officer in the regiment.

When Captain Deveraux was reported not present, the men felt sure that something serious had happened, and when, on inquiry, one of the members of company B reported that he saw him return to the field when the regiment was safe and out of danger, bearing on his shoulder a wounded and dying officer belonging to another regiment;

then indeed we felt that our brave captain was either killed or badly wounded.

It did not take long to organize a party to search for him, and I, being the "orderly," was placed in command of the party. We arrived on the field just as the moon was rising above the distant hills and throwing its sombre light over the battle field. We felt as though we stood on some vast plain where nature had wrenched and distorted all its beautiful handiwork to illustrate death; the moon's melancholy light making a panorama most weird and blood curdling. The moaning of a soldier on our left attracted us towards a tree where, patient and silent, Captain Deveraux partially sat and partially lay, pale, helpless, and bleeding from a wound below the left breast.

We rushed to him, bathed his forehead with water, and put a spoon of brandy to his lips, which revived him sufficiently to enable him to open his eyes, recognize me, and press my hand. I gave him another spoon of brandy, bound up his wound and stopped the hemorrhage, placed him on the stretcher and was preparing to bear him back to camp, when he motioned to me to lay him down.

"How is it, captain?" I asked, while I held the light of the lantern up to look in his face.

"All is over I am afraid, my good fellow," said he, trying to smile in spite of all the pain that darted through

his frame.

At the same time he lifted himself up on his elbow for a moment, looked at a part of the battle field about sixty feet from where we stood, and while trying to catch his breath he said to me: "Go and see if Major Downs is dead." Major Downs was an officer of a New York regiment and was adopted by Captain Deveraux's father when he was a boy. But there was a rupture between them for some years that made them silent and deadly enemies. Hence I was astonished when he asked me to inquire into his condition.

I went over to where the major lay and ascertained that he was dead, which I reported to the captain, who drew a deep sigh and said:

"Well, we will die closer to each other than she ever dreamed we would."

"Too bad, captain," I said. "If you had only remained with us that scoundrelly grape-shot would not have deprived us of a captain we all love. Why did you go back for him, captain? I supposed you and he were not friends, and that some injury he had done you in the past released you from even deeds of charity, much less risking your life to help him. He was wounded unto death, and what was the use of caring for him?"

"Much," answered the captain, with a strangely sweet smile. "Raise my head a little, Ned," he said to me; "then bring me a few drops of water from yonder stream. Is it not written in the book of life, 'Forgive and you shall be forgiven.'"

One of the soldiers held the crystal draught to the captain's lips, while all the party felt the solemnity of the situation, the place and the expression.

"And now, Ned," said the dying soldier as he sank back on the stretcher, "I have one favor to ask of you, so listen, and don't interrupt me in the few moments I have to live:

"Twenty years ago a poor boy, handsome, black-haired, and attractive, called at my father's house, then on Brooklyn Heights, and was permitted to become attached to the house as a servant. He proved to be intelligent and my father took a liking to him. First he sent him to the public school, then to college. Finally, when the congressman from our district appointed him to West Point, my father adopted him, so that he would not be con-

sidered a waif in that institution.

"I became somewhat attached to him. He premeditatedly courted my friendship and I took him into my confidence.

"We both grew up somewhat like brothers. I was confidential with him and entrusted him with my secrets. He was secretive and never spoke much of his designs, which I attributed to the fact that he knew that I was aware of his history, and consequently he did not like to mould fortune with the same abandon that a youth brought up on his father's floor is likely to do.

"When he passed through West Point my father became quite attached to him and gave him much of his confidence.

"I was twenty-one when he arrived at the age of twenty. My father proposed that I should make a tour of Europe before settling down to business.

"Preparations for my trip were in progress for several weeks, while I was trying to brace myself up to part with the one creature I ever loved.

"Ellen Jewett was the daughter of a wealthy merchant that lived in Paterson, New Jersey. I met her two years before while visiting a mutual friend in Fifth avenue, New York. We met often, and the oftener we met the deeper I became entangled in the meshes of her fascination.

"At last I made up my mind to name a day for my departure, but not until we had mutually plighted our love and named a day, two years hence, when we were to be married, the secret of which I intrusted to Downs, making him the confidential agent between us until I should return.

"I was absent a year and a half. The answers to my letters became gradually cold. Miss Jewett complained about reports she heard about me. I treated it as some silly pouting of a young girl whose affianced was away, and she must necessarily find some fault, and I retorted by charging her with coldness. She upbraided me and ordered our correspondence to cease. I was thunder-struck. About the same time I was ordered home, as my father was dying. When I arrived my father was dead, and when his will was opened I found myself almost penniless, and Stephen Downs the heir to my father's estate.

"This announcement shook my reason and brought on a brain fever which

confined me to my bed for six weeks, and when after three months I returned to New York from the West, I was confronted with the announcement in the morning *Herald* of the marriage of Stephen Downs and Miss Ellen Jewett. Then it was that for the first time the thought occurred to me that I was the victim of a villainous, deep-laid, scheme to rob me of the dearest prize on earth. Still, here was my father's will, which disinherited me of the major portion of his property and giving it to my adopted brother.

"Suspicious and doubtful of all mankind, I felt it my duty to investigate, and for that purpose called on one of the detective agencies for the purpose of unravelling the mystery.

"When I stated my case, the detective asked me:

"Did you give any reason for Miss Jewett to break off the engagement?"

"None in the world."

"You are satisfied she loved you?"

"Yes."

"And you think she was actuated by a belief that you had been guilty of some act that outraged her sense of propriety?"

"I think she would not have broken the engagement if she had not believed me guilty of some mean act."

"And you loved her?"

"As my life, and do now."

"Why didn't you go to her and seek a personal explanation?"

"I was too proud, and felt it would be too humiliating—then my father's death, and his will, threw me into a fit of sickness from which I am just recovering."

"Well, your pride has broken two hearts—yours and hers," said the detective, "for no doubt some villain poisoned her mind against you; in fact, invented the reports which she claimed she had heard about you, and did it for the purpose of supplanting you in her affections. The man that did that no doubt forged your father's name to a will which disinherited you and made himself the heir to your father's property. Have you searched for your father's will?"

"No."

"Have you any of your father's furniture in your possession?"

"Only my father's office furniture."

"Then let us go and search that."

"That afternoon we went to my

rooms, and in a secret drawer of the desk used by my father, we found his last will, made just before I left for Europe, making me his heir, with a proviso that I should pay ten per cent of the profits of the estate to Stephen Downs for twenty years, after which, if I was alive, he was to have twenty-five thousand dollars in lieu of a dowry.

"My feelings when I read the will can better be imagined than described. I asked the detective what I should do?"

"Arrest him, of course," said he, "and send him to Sing Sing."

"Ah, but there is Ellen Jewett, she is happy; she believes her husband to be honest, and that I am the guilty one. Let it be so, I will not disturb her, at least for the present."

"Fool," muttered the detective.

"I will think over it; good night," I said to him.

"I did think over it for a month—three months, and still retained the will in my possession. I became solitary, shunned society, and felt like one alone in the world. I could not turn the object of my affections out into the world and make her a convict's wife.

"The war broke out. I welcomed the chance to drift into a channel of excitement, raised a company and joined our regiment.

"The government sent a commission as major to Stephen Downs, he being a West Point graduate, and ordered him to join his command. I now feel happier for that one act than if I owned the entire earth.

"Oh, Ned! there is a supreme gratification, a supernatural joy at the moment of death, from the memory of the good deeds we have done during life. I prefer to carry that one act to my God than all the wealth of mankind."

As he spoke, a priest came up and said:

"My son you speak well; I hope your acts have been equally good."

We withdrew a few paces to permit the priest to administer the dying rites of his religion, after which the captain beckoned to me to draw near. Every moment made it more difficult for him to breathe, and the muscles of his face showed the intense pain he suffered. Making an extra effort, he opened his coat and took from an inside pocket a parchment like paper, and handed it to me, and said:

"Ned, here is my father's will, with mine attached; take it to her, tell this story, tell her I loved her, and don't let the guilt lay too heavy on him. For her sake, tell her I forgave him—tell—tell—her—to think of me as a brother, and that dying for my country," here he raised himself up with a soldier's pride, "I am compensated, in part, for parting from her."

As he ceased speaking his wound bled afresh; he gasped, kissed a picture attached to a crucifix, his head dropped on my breast, and Captain Douveraux was dead. — *Sigismund, in Catholic Home.*

### His Uncle Is Sick.

A girl might as well be up and down about such things as to suffer herself to be imposed on and have the feeling gnawing at her heart from one year's end to another. The other evening when a certain young man in this city dropped himself down in the parlor alongside of the girl he hopes to marry some day or other, she began:

"Harry, New Year's is almost here."

"Yes."

"Three years ago you presented me with a pair of ear-rings. They were from the dollar store."

"Y-e-s."

"Two years ago you presented me with a pair of \$50 bracelets. They were rolled-plate and only cost \$6."

"Um."

"Last year you placed in my hand a diamond ring. The ring is washed and the stone is from Lake George, and they retail at about \$3 per bushel. Harry."

"Yes, dear."

"Are you thinking of making me a present this year?"

"Of course."

"Then do not seek to cheat and deceive me. Do not throw away your money in trifles and baubles, but buy something that I can show to the world without fear of criticism. Here is an advertisement in the paper of a lady's saddle pony and saddle for only \$300!"

Yesterday morning Harry left for Denver to nurse a sick uncle through a case of bilious fever, and he won't be back until after the holidays. Still, it was a wise policy on the part of the girl. That very day he had figured with a jeweler on buying an \$8 silver watch and having it gold-plated and marked: "18K—\$150—Harry to Susie —188"

### A Funny Present.

One Christmas Grandma Melville sent something from the farm to be hung on the Christmas tree for Ava.

It was alive, so it couldn't really be hung, you know. It was snow-white, but it wasn't a rabbit with his winter coat on. It had feathers and a pair of bright eyes, but it wasn't one of Grandma Melville's doves—not a bit of it.

Papa made a little cage for it by nailing slats across a box; and then he put it behind the Christmas-tree.

They unloaded the Christmas-tree in the afternoon, because there were lots of little cousins who must get home before dark; but when the blinds were shut tight, and the lamps lighted, it was a good deal like night-time.

All of a sudden, breaking right through the talk and laughter, came a sharp little "Cut—cut—cut—cut—da—cut! Cut—cut—ker—da—cut—da—cut—da—cut!"

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" cried Ava.

"What do you guess?" asked papa, laughing.

"It sounds like a hen-biddy," said Ava, "but maybe it's a turkle."

Then every body laughed; and papa pulled the little cage out from behind the tree.

"It is a hen-biddy!" cried Ava.

Sure enough. There was a snow-white little hen.

And as true as you live the snow-white little hen had laid a snow-white little egg.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ava. Her's gave me a present all herself; and her name's Snowball."

And almost every day all winter, Snowball gave Ava an egg for her breakfast next morning.

The sentence of expulsion is the highest known to our laws; it falls with severity upon the subject of it. It renders him from the date of the sentence Masonically dead. Between him and the whole fraternity there is a great and impassable gulf. Great care should be taken to see that the offence is proportionate to the punishment—to mete out our judgments tempered with mercy, yet squared by the unerring principle of justice.

## The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, December 15, 1886.

### THE LONDON FREEMASON AND QUEBEC.

In the September and November numbers of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, we reproduced certain somewhat lengthy editorials from our respected contemporary, *The Freemason*, of London, England, upon the "Quebec question," and we now redeem the promise made in our last issue, by commenting more fully thereon.

It must have been evident to all our readers that our contemporary conveniently sought to evade the fundamental questions involved in the Quebec-England controversy, and endeavored to becloud the subject by raising minor issues. We will not, therefore, at this present, follow our contemporary in its meanderings, the more especially as nearly all which it has advanced has been answered, nay, even refuted, over and over again.

The whole "Quebec question" (and the consequent Quebec-England controversy), readily resolves itself into three propositions:—

1. The rightful existence of the Grand Lodge of Quebec.
2. Its right to have exclusive sovereignty over Craft Masons and Craft Masonry within the territorial limits of the Province of Quebec, and
3. The right by lawful means to enforce said exclusive Masonic sovereignty.

The question of the constitutional right of the Grand Lodge of Quebec *to be*, long ago passed beyond the region of controversy amongst well-informed brethren.

The Grand Lodge of England fully conceded its rightful existence by its official correspondence therewith,—by proffering its recognition and the interchange of Grand Representatives as a regularly constituted Grand Body, with no reservation whatever pertaining to the regularity of its existence.

The right and title of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, to territorial sovereign craft jurisdiction, has been conceded by all the Grand Lodges of the world (to which Quebec, as in duty bound, submitted the question for decision)—with the exceptions of England and Scotland!

This important question is therefore reduced to very narrow limits, and to use the vulgar illustration of our London contemporary, "two boys have attempted to send their forty school-mates to Coventry!"

And be it ever remembered, that as all regular Grand Lodges of Freemasons are peers as to their rights, privileges and prerogatives, the age or numerical strength of any Grand Lodge does not *per se* give increased force or effect to their vaticinations or decisions.

It has been irrefutably demonstrated by Quebec, and accepted and emphasized by most of the other Grand Lodges, Grand Masters, and leading jurists of the Masonic world (more especially amongst Anglo-Saxon Freemasons) that the doctrine of "exclusive sovereignty" is not merely an "American doctrine," but that it is a fundamental doctrine of the constitutions of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland and Ireland,—and that, too, ever since the formal

adoption of written constitutions by these Grand Lodges; and that they have in practice, ever adhered to, and maintained this vital principle within their own territorial limits; and hence the real question in point is, why do these grand bodies, especially those of England and Scotland, seek to deny the possession and exercise of "exclusive sovereignty" to some and not to other Grand Lodges?

The answer is patent. These British Grand Lodges claim the right to have and to exercise concurrent jurisdiction, not in the territory of each other (oh, no,) but in each of the "foreign" Dependencies of the Empire! whether a regularly constituted Grand Lodge exists therein or not! This latter claim, the Grand Lodge of Quebec denies in toto (*hinc illae lachrymae Anglicanae!*) and every regular Grand Lodge formed in said "Dependencies," will take the same position as Quebec has done!

The foregoing is the core of the Quebec-England controversy. The Quebec claim of the right by lawful means to enforce exclusive territorial sovereignty, is but a corollary of the preceding.

Now, if for the sake of argument, we were to admit that the Grand Lodge of Quebec had perchance been somewhat precipitate in issuing its recent edict of non-intercourse with England,—such would not materially affect the issue.

The embroglio exists. Can it be removed, and how?

It does not appear to us that the resources of Masonic diplomacy and

personal conference have as yet been exhausted. We believe that an ardent desire for peace, concord, and union, exists in the hearts of leading brethren in both grand jurisdictions. Let us therefore make a suggestion. Let Quebec appoint one of its eminent brethren thoroughly conversant with all matters at issue, who, in the true spirit of Freemasonry, would meet and fully consider these mutually important interjurisdictional questions with the Pro-Grand Master of England, the Earl of Carnarvon. If such were done, we are of the opinion, that an early, satisfactory, and final decision would be the result.

In the mean time, if our reverend and "big brother" of the London *Freemason*, re-touches the Quebec-England controversy, let him materially modify his "tone;"—let him cease "to aggravate" what he intimates are the "offences of his Quebec brethren;" let him cease raising "clouds of dust" over minor or side issues;—let him drop his allegations of "chestnutty" flavor;—let him now and for ever cease making assertions of the superior "loyalty" of any class of Freemasons in Quebec, or elsewhere in Canada; and above all, let him diligently "seek for those things which make for peace," and incalculable good will be the result.

Brethren in England and in Quebec,—Let there be peace. So mote it be.

Grand Master Williams, of Ohio, very properly refuses permission to lodges to appear as such in promiscuous processions and parades.

FOR THE CRAFTSMAN.  
**FREEMASONRY IN THE KING-  
 DOM OF BAVARIA.**

BY A. BORUGASSER, P. S. H.

In no country of Germany has Freemasonry been subjected to as many restrictions and vexations as in the kingdom of Bavaria; it did not penetrate until lately into the elder Bavaria; and it was not until 1777 that the Royal York Grand Lodge organized a lodge in Munich. But for a long time it has existed in operative lodges located in countries which, in 1810, were annexed to this kingdom. A lodge had been organized by Prince Frederick, of Brandenburg, on the 21st of June, 1741, at Beyreuth, the ancient capital of Franconia, where other lodges were said to have existed at this time; but little is known about them. The Society of the Illuminati, founded by Professor Weisshaupt, and to which was entrusted the noble task of causing virtue to triumph over folly and ignorance, and of carrying instruction and civilization into all classes of society, had found access into some lodges located in elder Bavaria, and particularly those of Munich; and thereupon Prince Charles Theodore, moved by the influence of the Jesuits, issued two decrees, the one dated 2nd March, and the other 16th August, 1785, interdicting the assemblies of the Illuminati, and also those of the Freemasons. Following these prohibitions, which were renewed, from at first by King Maximilian Joseph, on the 4th November, 1799, and subsequently on the 5th March, 1804, the lodges of Munich and of Manheim ceased their labors. Within the Protestant countries annexed to Bavaria—at Beyreuth and Ratisbonne—the lodges were allowed to continue their labors, but under most intolerable restrictions. No employees of the government, either civil or military, were permitted to attend any of the meetings or to be initiated into them;

in a word, these lodges had to contend with the Jesuitical tendencies of the government, and were consequently paralyzed in their actions. Notwithstanding this pressure, however, the lodge at Beyreuth, constituted on the 8th August, 1800, as a Provincial Grand Lodge, under the jurisdiction of the Royal York Grand Lodge at Berlin, made a stand under the Grand-Mastership of Count Giech and Bro. Voelendorf, prefect of the government; and finally in 1811, it, with four other lodges, created an independent power at Beyreuth, under the title of "Grand Lodge of the Sun." This authority has at present under its jurisdiction in the northern portion of Bavaria nearly twenty operative lodges, while in the southern portion, which is entirely Roman Catholic, Freemasonry is completely interdicted; the light in that part still remains under a bushel, and superstition is as great as though a Martin Luther never appeared in Germany. But the old saying is, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

**FREEMASONRY.**

"It is a vulgar error to suppose that Freemasonry does not exist and flourish in what are all but exclusively Roman Catholic countries, or that it does not therein worthily exemplify its cardinal principles of 'brotherly love, relief, and truth;' and, as so aptly put by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, its distinguishing attributes of 'loyalty and charity.'"

"Among the many influential Masonic grand bodies of the world, with large numbers of constituent lodges, are those of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and other Catholic countries in Europe; and those of Mexico, the United States of Columbia, the Empire of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, Peru, Ven-

cuels, Cuba, and other Roman Catholic countries in America."

"Nearly all the officers and members of all these lodges are Roman Catholics, and many of them are men of great ability and prominent in almost every walk of life."

"Very rarely, in these and in some other countries,—an over-zealous subordinate ecclesiastic, mistaking the real import of superior general declarations, imprudently causes temporary discord and misunderstandings which, however, are in general, promptly allayed by authoritative instructions to such, that they must devote themselves exclusively to the spiritual duties of their jurisdictions, and let Freemasons alone."

"The many obvious inferences from these indisputable facts, are so plain that 'he who runs, may read.'"

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Masonic *Home Journal* proposes a twenty-five cent contribution for Bro. Rob Morris from every Mason in America, so "that he may rest in his old age with the sweet assurance of the loving approval of the craft." We think Canadian Masons would promptly and heartily respond. Name your treasurer and send a subscription list to every lodge.

Every human being has a blank form to fill according to his capacity. This document is prepared by our Eternal King. Our deeds fill the space in it; God's law supplies what is already there. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and obey the golden rule, are the requirements. How this blank will be filled rests with us. Blue Lodge Masonry requires that every space shall be according to the requirements mentioned. If we do this, the world will pay homage to Freemasonry.

R. W. BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, of Torquay, England, will please accept our thanks for a copy of advance sheets of a very handsome and useful work, en-

titled "Masonic Records"—1717 to 1886, comprising a list of all the lodges at home and abroad warranted by the four Grand Lodges and the "United Grand Lodge" of England, &c., &c., by W. Bro. John Lane, F. O. A., Torquay, with an introduction of great interest by R. W. Bro. W. J. Hughan. This work will be sent to any address in Canada or the U. S. for \$8.50.

BRO. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The *Review* (London), in noticing the death of the Duke of Wellington, who died at Wilmer Castle, on the 14th of September, 1852, said:—"Our noble and illustrious brother, when Colonel of the thirty-third regiment of foot, was initiated a brother in lodge 494, which was then held in the Castle of Dangan, County of Meath; the late Earl of Mornington, the Duke's father, being then Master. This lodge, which at that period was composed of the late Earl of Guildford, Marquess of Wellesley, Earl of Westmeath, Sir John Sommerville, Bart., Sir Benjamin Chapman, Bart., and other eminent individuals, has for many years been in abeyance; but we believe the warrant is extant. Our warlike brother now rests in peace, and when the last trumpet calls him into a new existence, may he find a place in the lodge of just men made perfect."

We shall be curious to hear what Quebec and its supporters may have to say as to the course pursued by the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, at its recent triennial meeting at St. Louis, with reference to the question of jurisdiction pending between the Great Priory of Canada and the Scottish Templar Encampments in New Brunswick. The question, as our readers are aware, is not quite on all fours with that contained in the dispute between the Grand Lodge of Quebec and our three Anglo-Montreal lodges. The Scottish New Brunswick Encampments have always been

outside the authority of the Great Priory of Canada, which now claims jurisdiction over them, but the Anglo-Montreal lodges were part and parcel of that English Canadian Freemasonry, from which were in great part formed, in the first place, the Grand Lodge of Canada, and then, through it, the Grand Lodge of Quebec. However, the analogy is close enough for us to see our way clear to applying to both the same general principles of common sense. Thus, if the Grand Encampment has not considered itself justified in declaring clandestine the Scottish Templar Encampments of New Brunswick, which never had anything to do with the Great Priory of Canada, *a fortiori*, must the Grand Bodies of America declare the Anglo-Montreal lodges, which were formerly an integral part of Canadian Masonry, be non-clandestine likewise. Hence the Grand Lodges of America which sympathize with Quebec, are between the horns of this dilemma. If, as some of them have done already, they pronounce the three Anglo-Montreal lodges clandestine, then the Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec, which were originally constituted in chief part by lodges created by the same supreme authority as the Anglo-Montreal lodges, must also be clandestine. If, however, the said Anglo-Montreal lodges are not clandestine, but derive their warrants from a legally-constituted Grand Lodge—and no one has yet had the hardihood to deny the legal position of the United Grand Lodge of England—then they are well within the compass of their rights in pursuing the course they have adopted. Here is another nut for our friend the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN to crack.—*London Freemason.*

THE All-Seeing Eye, whom the sun, moon and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and will reward us according to our merits.

## A MASONIC FUNERAL.

The first Masonic funeral that ever took place in California, occurred in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies state that upon the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mark Master, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little farther investigation revealed to the beholders the most our'e exhibition of Masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on the human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm in red and blue ink, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the square and compass, the twenty-four inch gauge and the common gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented tessel which surround it, and the blazing star in the centre. On his right arm, and artistically drawn in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz., the plumb, the square, and the level. There were also five columns representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite. In removing the garments from his body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative Masonry, beside all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On the other parts of his person were the bee-hive, the book of constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's sword, the sword pointing to a naked heart. The all-seeing eye, the anchor and ark, the hour glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, stars, and a comet, the

three steps, emblematical of youth, manhood and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the books of Constitution. In her left hand she held the pot of incense, the Masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of Acacia, the beautiful emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread," and the hour glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability such as the fraternity may never witness again. The brother's name was never known.—*Masonic Journal*.

### QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

*Question.*—A member of our lodge is believed to be guilty of unmasonic conduct. While no one knows certainly, every member believes him guilty, but no one is willing to prefer charges. Can the lodge, as a lodge, prefer charges?

*Answer.*—There may be such a thing as acting as prosecutor, court and jury, in trying a case, but we should prefer some other tribunal. If a brother has committed an offence against Masonry, and the fact generally known to members of the lodge, but no one is willing to take the responsibility of making the necessary charge to put him on trial, a proper way to institute proceedings against him would be to raise a committee in the lodge to prefer the charge and prosecute the case. When the charge has been presented to the lodge, the same proceedings should

then be had as is required by the regulations of the Grand Lodge at the trial of a brother. On general principles we are opposed to such proceedings as we have here suggested, but we have known instances in which it seemed to be the only way to punish the guilty, and thus maintain the reputation and dignity of Masonry.

*Q.*—A brother dimitted from the lodge some eight years since, giving as his reason for so doing that his health prevented him from attending lodge meetings. He has never visited the lodge since he dimitted, but requested before his death, which occurred a few days since, that the lodge should give him a Masonic burial. Was he entitled to it, and could the lodge lawfully comply with his request?

*A.*—He was not entitled to be buried with Masonic honors, as a matter of right, but the regulations of the Grand Lodge permit such burial, at the discretion of the lodge. The request having been made, it was the duty of the W. M. to convene the lodge to consider it, and then do as a majority should decide.—*Masonic Advocate*.

HOW TO MAKE LODGE-ROOMS ATTRACTIVE.—1st. Let your lodge-room be comfortable and cheerful, and give it as much of a home character as possible. 2nd. Let your furniture and regalia be neat, clean, and appropriate. 3rd. Let the intercourse of the members be entirely kind and fraternal. 4th. Let the work be at all times illustrated fully and accurately. 5th. Let the business be transacted with becoming despatch and earnestness. 6th. Let the degrees be conferred with all possible care, without levity or rudeness. 7th. Let the exercises of the evening be varied, especially during the winter months, by brief essays or addresses. 8th. Indulge frequently in fraternal visits to other lodges in your own vicinity.—*Freemasons' Journal*.

### WORK IN THE LODGE.

Bro. Burdett-Coutts, M. P., (says the *London Freemason*), spoke to very good purpose the other day at the meeting of the Abbey Lodge, Westminster, when he insisted on the importance of accurate working in our lodge ceremonies, and brethren who aspire to be lodge rulers will do well to take his advice to heart. A Master is paying a very poor compliment to the lodge which has elected him to its chair, when he performs his duties in a slovenly and perfunctory manner; or when, in absolute ignorance of the most important of those duties, he is obliged to call upon some brother to perform them for him. We are not all gifted with the same power of committing things to memory, and one man may succeed in knowing his part more perfectly than another, just as of two whose knowledge is about equal, one may be able to carry it out more impressively than the other. But it is well known there are many brethren among us who are incompetent to work either of the three degrees, or even to open or close the lodge, without some one being at hand to help them through the task. Yet they are elected W. M's., and at the close of their term of office are presented with the usual jewel in recognition of their valuable services. It is quite possible, of course, that they may have rendered such services, but they have also done the lodge the dis-service of setting to the members an example of laxity in work which cannot be otherwise than prejudicial. If a brother intends offering himself as a candidate for any office, let him follow the example of Bro. Burdett-Coutts, and obtain a knowledge of the duties that he will be called upon to perform. If he cannot make up his mind to undertake this small amount of trouble, then let him stand aside for others who, while they regard office as an honor that is worth aspiring to, are not unwilling to discharge its

duties in a creditable<sup>1</sup> or passable manner.

### CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

The members of Fidelity Lodge, met in the Masonic hall, Ottawa, on the 11th Nov., where there were a large number of brethren from the other lodges in the city present. The occasion was accepted as a fitting one to present R. W. Bro. Church, P. D. D.G.M., with a costly jewel, etudded with diamonds. R. W. Bro. Burritt, of Pembroke, D.D.G.M., was present, besides past grand officers, W. Bros. John Satchell, Chatfield, Minge, and other members of the Grand Lodge. Bro. Church is a favorite with the craft, which accounts for the large and enthusiastic attendance. In accepting the jewel Bro. Church made an appropriate reply, and a very pleasing evening was spent.

### GLEANINGS.

By desiring what is perfectly good, we are a part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—*Geo. Eliot.*

THE true Mason believes in a supreme intelligence which pervades and animates all nature—the Infinite One—and will pay him that reverence due from a creature to his Creator. Nor will he use the name by which He is known to us in a light and trifling manner.

THE Steward, in England, is a Masonic official, whose title has been retained in America, but his occupation is gone, inasmuch as we have discarded the convivial usages of our progenitors, and transact business upon strictly temperance principles. It would be considered an affront to a guest at a public dinner in this region to "pass round the hat," and when a man pays for his ticket to a feast he imagines his creditable mission to be ended. In England the case is re-

versed, as it is the duty of the Steward not only to dispose of tickets, but to collect in contributions from the diners, at the close of the feast, which every guest knows to be a transparent veil over a charitable work, and hence comes prepared to donate much more liberally when the stomach "is with fat capon lined." John Bull is shrewder than Brother Jonathan on some points.—*Masonic Chronicle, Columbus, O.*

THE square teaches us to regulate our actions by rule and line, and harmonize our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue. The compasses teach us to limit our desires in every station, that, rising to eminence by merit, we may live respected and die regretted.

It is not truth which makes men worthy, but the striving after truth. If God in his right hand held every truth, and in his left the one inward impulse after truth, although with the condition that I should err forever, bade me choose, I would humbly incline to his left hand, saying O, Father, give that; pure truth is for Thee alone.—*Lessing.*

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and sorrow, for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister, do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cozy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We are all

wearied with combatting with the realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companion, to find solace in the mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one may go on with instances of the influence a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.—*Liberal Freemason.*

In the earliest days of operative Masonry, the great object of the master builders was to erect beautiful and substantial edifices, with foundations so deeply laid, and superstructures so skilfully cemented together, that the ravages of time might be defied, and their magnificent specimens of skill, surviving for ages, should be monuments to future generations of their genius and greatness. When speculative succeeded operative Masonry, the great and good who were its founders had a nobler end in view. Their ambition was of a loftier and more exalted type—to elevate their race, to render man a wiser and happier being, and to inculcate those sublime doctrines of eternal truth, a knowledge and practice of which would fit them as living stones in that Spiritual Temple, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*Selected.*

FREEMASONRY is strictly a moral institution, and the principles which it teaches, tends to make the brother who obeys their dictates a more virtuous man. The morality of Freemasonry requires us to deal justly with others, not to defraud, cheat, or wrong them of their just dues and rights. We are to minister to the wants of the destitute and afflicted. It strictly enjoins industry and frugality, that so our hands may ever be filled with the means of exercising that charity to which our hearts should ever dispose us,

## A PERFECT CHRISTMAS.

## CHAPTER I.

There was not a larger house in all the valley than Grandfather Vrooman's. It was old and comfortable, and seemed to lie sound asleep, with a snow blanket all over its roof.

Nothing short of a real old-fashioned Christmas could wake up such a house as that.

Christmas was coming!

Unless Santa Claus and the Simpsons and the Hopkinses should forget the day of the month, they would all be there at waking-up time to-morrow morning.

"Jane," said Grandmother Vrooman, that afternoon, to her daughter, Mrs. Hardy, who lived with her—"Jane, I've got 'em all fixed now just where they're going to sleep, and I've made up a bed on the floor in the store-room."

"Why, mother, who's that for?"

"You wait and see, after they get here, and we've counted 'em."

"Anyhow, there's cookies enough, and doughnuts."

"And the pies, Jane?"

"And I'm glad Liph gathered such piles of butternuts."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed little Sue, "I gathered as many as he did, and beech-nuts, and hickory-nuts, and—"

"So you did, Sue; but I wonder if two turkeys 'll go round, with only two pair of chickens?"

"Mother," said Mrs. Hardy, "the plum-pudding?"

"Yes, but all those children! I do hope they'll get here to-night in time for me to know where I'm going to put 'em."

At the very minute, away up the north road, two miles nearer town, there was a sort of dot on the white road. If you were far enough away from it, it looked like a black dot, and did not seem to move. The nearer you came to it the funnier it looked, and the more it seemed to be trudging along with an immense amount of small energy. Very small, indeed, for anybody close up to it would have seen that it was a 5-year old boy in a queer little suit of gray, trimmed with red. He had on a warm gray cap, and right in the middle of the front of it were worked a pair of letters—"O. A."—but there was nobody with the gray dot to explain that those two letters stood for "Orphan Asylum." No, nor to tell

how easy it was for a boy of 5 years old, with all the head under his gray cap full of Christmas ideas, to turn the wrong corner where the roads crossed, south of the great Orphan Asylum Building. That was what he had done, and he had walked on and on, wondering why the big building did not come in sight, until his small legs were getting tired, and his brave, bright little black eyes were all but ready for a crying spell.

Just as he got thoroughly discouraged he came to the edge of the woods, where there stood a wood sleigh with two horses in front of it, drawn close to the road-side, and heaped with great green boughs and branches.

"The sleigh's pretty nigh full, grandfather," sang out a clear, boyish voice beyond the fence, and a very much older one seemed to go right on talking.

"Your grandmother, Liph, she always did make the best mince pies, and she can stuff a turkey better'n any one I know."

"Grandfather, do you s'pose they'll all come?"

"Guess they will. That there spruce 'll do for the Christmas tree. Your grandmother said we must fetch a big one."

"That's a whopper. But will Joe Simpson and Bob Hopkins be bigger 'n they were last summer?"

"Guess they've grown a little. They'll grow this time, if they eat all their grandmother 'll want 'em to. Hello, Liph, who's that out there in the road?"

"Guess it's a boy."

"I declare if it isn't one of them little gray mites from the 'sylum. Way out here! I say, bub."

"I'm Bijah."

There was a scared look in the black eyes, for they had never seen anything quite like Grandfather Vrooman, when he pushed his face out between the branches.

The trees all looked as if they had beards of snow, but none had a longer or whiter one than Liph's grandfather.

"Bijah," said he, "did you know Christmas was coming?"

"Be here to-morrow," piped the dot in gray, "and we're going to have turkey."

"You don't say! Just you wait until I cut a tree down, and I'll come out and hear all about it."

"Is your name Santa Claus?"

"Did you hear that, Liph? The little chap's miles from home, and I don't believe he knows it."

"Is that your sleigh?"

"Yes, Bijah, that's my sleigh."

"Those ain't reindeers, and you're bigger'n you used to be,"

"Hear that, Liph?"

Bijah had not the least doubt in the world but that he had discovered Santa Claus in the very act of getting ready for Christmas, and his black eyes were growing bigger every minute, until Liph began to climb over the fence. Then he set off on a run as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hold on," shouted Liph, "We won't hurt you."

"Let him go," said Grandfather Vrooman. "He's on the road to our house. We'll pick him up."

"Took me for Santa Claus, I declare! Liph, this here tree'll just suit your grandmother."

It was a splendid young spruce tree, with wide-reaching boughs at less than two feet from the snow level. Grandfather Vrooman worked his way carefully in until he could reach the trunk with saw and axe, and then there was a sharp bit of work for him and Liph to get that "Christmas tree" stowed safely on the top of the sleigh load.

"Now for home, Liph. Your grandmother'll cut into one of them new pies for you when you get there."

"Look!" shouted Liph, "that little fellow's waiting for us at the top of the hill."

The hill was not a high one, and the road led right over it, and there on the summit stood Bijah.

"I'm so tired and hungry," he said to himself, "and there comes old Santa Claus, sleigh and all."

He was getting colder, too, now he was standing still, and when Grandfather Vrooman came along the road, walking in front of the sleigh, while Liph perched among the evergreens and drove, there seemed to be something warm about him.

It was not so much his high fur hat, or his tremendous overcoat, or his long white beard, or the way he smiled, but something in the sound of his voice almost drove the frost out of Bijah's nose.

"Well, my little man, don't you want to come to my house and get some pie?"

"Yes, sir."

Bijah could not think of one other word he wanted to say, and he mus-

tered all the courage he had not to cry when Grandfather Vrooman picked him up, as if he had been a kitten, and perched him by the side of Liph among the evergreens.

On he went, and Bijah did not answer a single one of Liph's questions for five long minutes. Then he turned his black eyes full on his driver and asked, "Do you live with Santa Claus in his own house?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Liph, with a great chuckle of fun; but all he had to do the rest of the way home was to spin yarns for Bijah about the way they lived at the house where all the Christmas came from.

When they got there, Liph's father and the hired man and Grandfather Vrooman were ready to lift off that Christmas tree and carry it through the front door and hall, and set it up in the "dark room" at the end of the hall. That ought to have been the nicest room in the house, for it was right in the middle, but there were no windows in it. There were doors in every direction, however, and in the center of the ceiling was a "scuttle hole" more than two feet square, with a wooden lid on it.

"John," said Grandfather Vrooman to Mr. Hardy, "we'll hoist the top of the tree through the hole. You go up and open the scuttle. Hitch the top good and strong. There'll be lots of things to hang on them branches."

Liph's father hurried upstairs to open the scuttle, and that gave Grandfather Vrooman a chance to think of Bijah. "Where is he, Liph?"

"Oh, he's all right. Grandmother's got him. She and mother caught him before he got into the house. He tried to run away, too."

Bijah's short legs had been too tired to carry him very fast, and Grandmother Vrooman and Mrs. Hardy had caught him before he got back to the gate.

The way they laughed about it gave him a great deal of courage, and he never cried when they took him by his red little hands, one on each side, and walked him into the house.

"Jane," said grandmother, "what will we do with him? The house'll be choke, jam, packed full, and there isn't an extra bed."

"Father found him in the snow somewhere. Just like him. But what a rosy little dot he is?"

"Are you Santa Claus' wives?" asked

Bijah, with a quiver of his lip in spite of himself.

How they did chuckle when they tried to answer that question! All they made clear to Bijah was that the place for him was in a big chair before the sitting-room fire-place, with a plate of mince-pie in his lap, and Bush, the big house-dog, sitting beside him.

"It's Santa Claus' dog," said Bijah to himself; "but his house isn't as big as the 'sylum.'"

#### CHAPTER II.

There were fire-places in every room on the ground floor of Grandfather Vrooman's house and some kind of stove in more than half the rooms upstairs.

There were blazing fires on every hearth downstairs, and Liph got hold of Bijah after a while and made him and Bush go around with him to help poke them up. Bijah had never seen a fire-place before, and it was a great wonder to him, but Bush sat down in front of each fire and barked at it.

It was getting dark when they reached the great front parlor, and the fire-place there was wonderful.

"Woof, woof, woof," barked Bush.

Bijah stood still in the door while Liph went near enough to give that fire a poke, and he could hear Grandfather Vrooman away back in the sitting-room:

"Now, my dear, we'll stick him away somewhere. Put him in one of the stockings, and hang him up."

"That's me," groaned Bijah. "He's going to make a present of me to somebody. Oh, dear! I wish I could run away."

But he could not, for there was Liph and there was Bush, and it was getting dark.

"Now, my dear," went on grandfather, "I'll just light up, and then I'll go and meet that train. I'll bring Prue and her folks, and Pat'll meet the other, and bring Ellen and hers. Won't the old home be full this time?"

"He's caught some more somewhere," whispered Bijah to himself. "I wonder who'll get 'em? Who'll get me?"

That was an awful question, but Liph and Bush all but ran against him just then, and he heard grandmother say:

"You'll have to stick candles on the window-sills. I can't spare any lamps for upstairs."

"But, my dear, it's got to be lit up—

every room of it, I want 'em to know Christmas is going."

"That's what they were all saying at the 'sylum this morning,'" thought Bijah, "and here I am, right where it's coming to."

So he was, and he and Liph and Bush watched them finish setting the supper table, till suddenly Bush gave a great bark and sprang away toward the front door. Grandfather Vrooman had hardly been gone from the house an hour, and here he was, back again.

Jingle, jingle, jingle. How the sleigh-bells did dance as that great load of young folk came down the road, and what a racket they made at the gate, and how Bush and Liph, and grandmother, and the rest did help:

"He's caught 'em all," said Bijah, "but they ain't scared a bit."

No one would have thought so if they had seen Mrs. Prue Hopkins and her husband and her six children follow Grandfather Vrooman into the house.

They were hardly there, and some of them had their things on yet, when there came another jingle, and ever so much talking and laughter down the other road.

"He's caught some more. Some are little and some are big. I wonder who'll get the baby?"

Bush was making himself hoarse, and had to be spoken to by Mr. Hardy, while Mrs. Simpson tried to unmix her children from the Hopkinsons long enough to be sure none of them had dropped out of the sleigh on the road.

Then Liph set to work to introduce his cousins to Bijah, and Bush came and stood by his new friend in gray, to see that it was properly done.

"Where'd you come from?" said Joe Simpson.

"'Sylum," said Bijah. "Where'd he catch you?"

"Catch what?" said Joe, but Liph managed to choke off the chuckle he was going out, and to shout out:

"Why, Joe, we found him in the road to-day. He thinks grandfather's old Santa Claus, and this house is Christmas."

"So I am—so it is," said Grandfather Vrooman. "We'll make him hang up his stocking with all the rest to-night."

Bijah could not feel scared at all with so many children around him, and he was used to being among a crowd of them. Still, it was hard to feel at home after supper, and he might have had a

blue time of it if it hadn't been for Liph and Bush. It had somehow got into Bush's mind that the dot in gray was under his protection, and he followed Bijah from one corner to another.

All the doors in the "dark room" were open, and it was the lightest room in the house, with its big fire on the hearth and all the lamps that were taken in after supper; but there was not one thing hanging on the Christmas tree until Grandfather Vrooman exclaimed:

"Now for stockings! It's getting late, children. I must have you all in bed before long."

"Stockings?"

They all knew what that meant, and so did Bijah, but it was wonderful how many that tree had to carry. Bob Hopkins insisted on hanging two pairs for himself, and Thad Simpson was begging his mother for a second pair, when Liph Hardy came in from the kitchen with a great, long, empty grain bag.

"What in the world is that for?" asked grandmother, perfectly astonished. "Why, child, what do you mean by bringing that thing in here?"

"One big stocking for grandfather. Let's hang it up, boys. Maybe Santa Claus 'll come and fill it."

There was no end of fun over Grandfather Vrooman's grain bag stocking, that was all leg and no foot, but Uncle Hiram Simpson took it and fastened it strongly to a branch in the middle of the tree. It was close to the trunk, and was almost hidden; but Liph saw Uncle Hiram wink at Aunt Ellen, and he knew there was fun of some kind that he had not thought of.

Grandmother Vrooman had been so busy with all those children from the moment they came into the house that she had almost lost her anxiety; but it came back to her now all of a sudden.

"Sakes alive! Jane," she said to Mrs. Hardy, "every last one of 'em's got to be in bed before we can do a thing with the stockings."

Bijah heard her, for he was just beyond the dining-room door, with a cruller in each hand, and it made him shiver all over.

"I wish I was in the 'sylum. No, I don't either, but I kind o' wish I was."

Bijah was a very small boy, and he had not seen much of the world, but his ideas were almost as clear as those of the other children, and Grandmoth-

er Vrooman for the next fifteen minutes. The way the Simpson and Hopkins families got mixed up, with Liph and Sue Hardy to help them, was something wonderful. Old Bush wandered from room to room after them, wagging his tail and whining.

"Mother," exclaimed Mrs. Hardy at last, "the bed you made on the floor in the store-room!"

"Just the thing for him. All the rest go in pairs. I'll put that poor little dear right in there."

So she did, and not one of her own grand-children was tucked in warmer than was Bijah. He did not kick the bedclothes off next minute, either, and he was the only child in the house of whom that could be said. Grandfather Vrooman paid a visit of inspection all around from room to room, and Bush went with him. It took him a good while. When he came to the store-room and looked in, Bijah's tired eyes were already closed as tight as were the fingers of the little hand on the coverlet, which was still grasping a cruller.

He was fast asleep, but Grandfather Vrooman was not; and yet, when Bush looked up at him, the old man's eyes were shut too, and there was a stir in his thick white beard as if his lips were moving.

Things got pretty still after a while, and then there began a steady procession in and out of the "dark room," which was not dark.

Boxes went in, and bundles, and these were opened and untied, and their contents spread out and looked at and distributed. It was no wonder Grandfather Vrooman's big sleigh had been so full, and the one Pat had driven, when they brought the Hopkins and Simpson families from the north and south railway stations.

Grandfather himself went away out to the barn once for something he said he had hidden there, and while he was gone Aunt Ellen Simpson and Uncle Hiram slipped a package into the grain bag, and grandmother handed Uncle Hiram another to slip in on top of it, and Uncle John Hardy and Uncle Martin Hopkins each handed him another, and the bag was almost half full, but you could not see it from outside; and then they all winked at each other when grandfather came in with a back-load of sleds. Grandmother may have thought she knew what they were ~~winking~~ about, but she didn't, for Un-

cl<sup>r</sup>, Hiram whispered to Aunt Ellen:  
 "I'm glad it's a big stocking. One  
 'll do for both of 'em."

It was late when they all went to bed, and there was so much fire in the fire-place they were half afraid to leave it, but Grandfather Vrooman said it was of no use to try and cover it up, and the room would be warm in the morning.

When they got upstairs the children must all have been asleep, for there was not a sound from any room, and the older people went to bed on tiptoe, and they had tried hard to not so much as whisper on the stairs.

### CHAPTER III.

Oh, how beautiful the country was when the gray dawn came next morning!—white and still in the dim and growing light.

So still! But the stillest place was the one Bijah woke up in. He could not guess where he was at first, but he lay awhile and remembered.

"Santa Claus' house, and they're all real good. He's going to give me to somebody as soon as it's Christmas."

He got up very quickly and looked around him. It was not dark in the store-room, for there was a great square hole in the middle of the floor, and a glow of dull red light came up through it which almost made Bijah feel afraid.

There was his little gray suit of clothes, cap and all, close by his bed on the floor, and he put them on faster than he ever had done it before.

"Where's my other stocking?"

He searched and searched, but it was of no use. and he said, "I can't run away in the snow with a bare foot."

He had been getting braver and braver, now he was wide awake, and he crawled forward and looked down the scuttle-hole. He knew that room in a minute, but he had to look twice before he knew the tree.

"Ever so many stockings! And they're all full. Look at those sleds! Oh my!"

Whichever way he looked he saw something wonderful, and he began to get excited.

"I can climb down. It's just like going downstairs."

It was just about as safe and easy, with all those branches under him, and all he had to do was to sit on one, and get ready to sit on the next one below him. He got about half way down, and

there was the grain bag, with its mouth wide open. Just beyond it on the same bough, but further out, there hung a very small stocking indeed.

"That's mine!" exclaimed Bijah. "It's cram full, too. They've borrowed it, after all theirs were full. I want it to put on now, but I can't reach it out there."

Just then he began to hear noises upstairs, and other noises in the rooms below—shouts and stamping, and people calling to one another—and he could not make out what they were saying.

"Oh, dear! they're coming. Santa Claus is coming. What 'll I do?"

Bijah was scared; but there was the wide mouth of Grandfather Vrooman's grain-bag "stocking," and almost before Bijah knew what he was doing he had slipped in.

Poor Bijah! The moment he was in he discovered that he could not climb out. He tried hard, but there was nothing on the sides of the bag for his feet to climb on. Next moment, too, he wanted to crouch down as low as he could, for all the noise seemed to be coming nearer.

So it was, indeed, and at the head of it were grandfather and grandmother and the other grown-up people, trying to keep back the boys and girls until they should all be gathered.

"Where's Bijah?" asked grandfather, after he had counted twice around, and was sure about the rest.

"Bijah!" exclaimed Liza. "Why, I looked in the store-room; he isn't there."

"Hope the little chap didn't get scared and run away."

"Dear me—through the snow!" exclaimed grandmother.

"Of course not," said Aunt Jane. "He's around somewhere. Let's look the children in. They're all here."

"Steady, now!" said grandfather, as he swung open the door into the "dark room." "Don't touch anything till we all get in. Stand around the tree."

He himself stepped right in front of it, and he looked more like a great tall, old Santa Claus than ever as he stood there. The children's eyes were opening wider and wider as they slipped around in a sort of very impatient circle; but grandfather's own eyes shut for a moment, as they had a habit of doing sometimes, and his white beard was all of a tremble. It was only for a moment, but when he looked around again he said:

"Now, children, wait. Which of you can tell me what child it was that came into the world on the first Christmas morning?"

They had not been quite ready to answer a question that came so suddenly, and before any of them could speak, a clear, sweet little voice came right out of the middle of the tree:

"I know. And the shepherds found Him in a manger, and His mother was with Him. He sent down after my mother last summer."

"Bijah!" exclaimed grandfather, but grandmother was already pushing aside the boughs, and now they all could see him. Only his curly head and his little shoulders showed above the grain bag, and Uncle Hiram shouted:

"Father Vrooman, he is in your stocking! Who could have put him there?"

"I think I know," said grandfather in a very low, husky kind of voice; but all the Simpsons and Hopkinses and Hardys broke loose at that very moment, and it took them till breakfast-time to compare with each other the things they found in their stockings, and all the other wonderful fruits of that splendid Christmas tree.

Bijah was lifted out of the bag, and he got his stocking on, after it was empty. For some reason he couldn't guess why all the grown-up people kissed him, and grandfather made him sit next to him at breakfast.

That was a great breakfast, and it took ever so long to eat it, but it was hardly over before grandmother followed grandfather into the hall, and they heard her say:

"Now, husband, what are you wrapping up so far, just to go to the barn?"

"Barn! Why, my dear, I'm going to town. I told Pat to have the team ready."

"To town? Why, husband—"

"Mother, there'll be stores open to-day. I can buy cords of toys and candy and things. When I get to the Orphan Asylum, to tell 'em what has become of Bijah, and why he won't come back there again, I'm going to have enough to go around among the rest of 'em—I am, if it takes the price of a cow."

"Give 'em something for me."

Uncle Hiram heard it, and he shouted, "And for me," and Uncle John followed, and all the rest, till the children caught it up, and there was a contribu-

tion made by every stocking which had hung on that Christmas tree. They all gave just as fast as they understood what it was for, and the last one to fully understand was Bijah.

"You ain't going to take me?"

His lips quivered a little.

"No, Bijah, not unless you want to go. Wouldn't you rather stay here?"

"Course I would."

That was not all, for both his hands were out, holding up the store of things which had come to him that morning, and he added, "Take 'em."

Something was the matter again with Grandfather Vrooman's beard, but he told Bijah he would get plenty of other things in town.

"Keep 'em, Bijah. Good-by, all of you. I'll be back in time for dinner. Children, you and Bush must be kind to Bijah. He came to us on Christmas morning, and he has come to stay."

Bush and the children did their part, and so did all the rest, and so did Bijah, and so it was a perfect Christmas.

### A Christmas Message.

It was Christmas eve.

The streets were full of people all rushing homeward with packages in their hands; some were carrying turkeys tied up in paper parcels, their fierce feet sticking out like weapons of defense. One man had a little rocking-horse, and another a drum, while a woman toiled along with a go-cart big enough for her crippled boy, and two little girls carried a high-chair between them. They were going to have it at the breakfast table in the morning for their beautiful baby.

One whole family, mother, father and children, were hurrying up the avenue with their arms loaded full. They were all a little anxious.

"Grandpa will be so lonesome," the children said.

"I expected to be at home an hour sooner," the mother said. "I know Christmas eve must be a lonely time for father. I'm sure it used to be for me after poor Sam was gone."

"Turkey to-morrow," chimed in the brave boy of six, who was almost lost in a small forest of celery he was carrying.

"An plum puddin' an'—an' cranberry sauce," echoed his little sister.

"I've got grandpa's present," said

202

Rob, the "big brother" of nine years.

"He'll be lookin' out'n the window an' sayin' what keeps them childer so long," said his little pet, Barbara.

"He'll be so lonely," sighed his daughter, hurrying the group as she spoke.

Was grandpa lonely—let us see.

He was an old, old man, with thin, shrunken cheeks, a back bowed by care and trouble and with long, floating locks of lint-white hair that was as fine as silk. He had drawn his arm-chair in front of the window so that he could see the "children" when they came across under the street lamp, which was lighted so early that it shone like a taper in the yellow and red atmosphere of a setting sun, and a young moon blended with the fading daylight. The old man fixed his eyes on the struggling light, but they wavered from that and sought the sky, where—

In the dim and distant ether  
The first star was shining through,  
And another and another  
Trembled softly in the blue.

Soon he had unseen company, and was no longer lonely. A sweet, young face, radiant with the bloom of immortality, and that light which never was on sea or land, came close to his, and he could feel the very thrill of her kisses on his dull cheek. Then she brought him their first-born, that lovely babe—his first and only son. Then two children were at his knee, and the young mother lay with a sweet smile on her lips, where the weary are at rest. But he only saw his boy—his dear, dear boy—now a merry youth—then the helmet of a soldier shading his frank, blue eyes—then a soldier's record, promotion—the epaulets of a brave officer, and so proud to wear them and have his father walking with him, and hearing how he fought this battle and won that, and what he meant to do when the war was over.

"And they had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail."

But they knew it not, and the proud young victor rode away to his death on that dreadful battlefield from which he never returned.

The old man saw the troops in the sky, he saw their gay banners, he saw his son—the General—proud, handsome, unspoiled by the admiration of a world—he saw—ah, Heaven! he saw him dying alone on the field of battle, and it was Christmas eve. No hand to

give him even a drink of water, to raise that beloved head, to wipe the death foam from the pallid lips, only the pitiless stars and the cold moon to note his dying agonies!

But stay. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." His peace passeth all understanding. Who knows that he died alone? Who can deny that his young mother leaned over him and whispered words of sweetest comfort—that the pain and memory and longing of earth were not swallowed up and forgotten in the foreshadowing of the bliss of Paradise.

The sky changed; the old man saw only the tinted field of Heaven. A chime of bells rung out soft and clear:

"Light on thy hills, Jerusalem,  
The Savior now is born."

But what is this? A little child again—a child with radiant brow, crowned with a wreath of immortelles, and above his head a bright and shining star.

"Tis the star that shines on Bethlehem,  
Shines still and shall not cease."

"Grandpa, grandpa! Wake up, grandpa," cried the children.

"Dranpa, I've got sumthin' for 'er," said pet Barbara.

Then the children all went crying to their mother and said they could not wake grandpa.

#### A Funny Present.

One Christmas Grandma Melville sent something from the farm to be hung on the Christmas tree for Ava.

It was alive, so it couldn't really be hung, you know. It was snow-white, but it wasn't a rabbit with his winter coat on. It had feathers and a pair of bright eyes, but it wasn't one of Grandma Melville's doves—not a bit of it.

Papa made a little cage for it by nailing slats across a box; and then he put it behind the Christmas-tree.

They unloaded the Christmas-tree in the afternoon, because there were lots of little cousins who must get home before dark; but when the blinds were shut tight, and the lamps lighted, it was a good deal like night-time.

All of a sudden, breaking right through the talk and laughter, came a sharp little "Cut—cut—cut—cut—da—cut! Cut—cut—ker—da—cut—da—cut—da—cut!"

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" cried Ava.

"What do you guess?" asked papa, laughing.

"It sounds like a hen-biddy," said

Ava, "but maybe it's a turkle."

Then every body laughed; and papa pulled the little cage out from behind the tree.

"It is a hen-biddy!" cried Ava.

Sure enough. There was a snow-white little hen.

And as true as you live the snow-white little hen had laid a snow-white little egg.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ava. Her's gave me a present all herself; and her name's Snowball."

And almost every day all winter, Snowball gave Ava an egg for her breakfast next morning.

#### Scheming to Evade the Giving of Christmas Presents.

A boy of twelve stood leaning against the fence on Duffield street yesterday, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occasionally to wipe his nose, when along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

"Sick?"

"No."

"Any the family dead?"

"No, I've just been licked."

"Who dun it?"

"Dad."

"Did your ma ask him to?"

"Yes. She told him I had been aching for it more than a month."

"Say," said the new arrival, "you are in luck. I'm trying my best to get dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents if he had tanned me this noon and it was all through hurting."

"Why?"

"Why! Haven't I got \$3 saved up to buy pap and marm Christmas presents, and if I can get 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of that money on myself? How much you got?"

"Two dollars."

"Bully! You are all right! You've bin licked, and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the baby around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can get wolloped to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping knives and rock-candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me down, dear father—hang my hide on the fence, mother darling.—*Detroit Post.*

#### His Uncle Is Sick.

A girl might as well be up and down about such things as to suffer herself to be imposed on and have the feeling gnawing at her heart from one year's end to another. The other evening when a certain young man in this city dropped himself down in the parlor alongside of the girl he hopes to marry some day or other, she began:

"Harry, New Year's is almost here."

"Yes."

"Three years ago you presented me with a pair of ear-rings. They were from the dollar store."

"Y-e-s."

"Two years ago you presented me with a pair of \$50 bracelets. They were rolled-plate and only cost \$6."

"Um."

"Last year you placed in my hand a diamond ring. The ring is washed and the stone is from Lake George, and they retail at about \$3 per bushel. Harry."

"Yes, dear."

"Are you thinking of making me a present this year?"

"Of course."

"Then do not seek to cheat and deceive me. Do not throw away your money in tridles and baubles, but buy something that I can show to the world without fear of criticism. Here is an advertisement in the paper of a lady's saddle pony and saddle for only \$300!"

Yesterday morning Harry left for Denver to nurse a sick uncle through a case of bilious fever, and he won't be back until after the holidays. Still, it was a wise policy on the part of the girl. That very day he had figured with a jeweler on buying an \$8 silver watch and having it gold-plated and marked: "18K—\$150—Harry to Susie  
—188

IRA BERRY, GRAND SECRETARY, ME.

—This veteran completed his eighty-fifth year September 23rd. He has thus entered upon his eighty-sixth year, has recovered from his serious illness, and is seen on our streets and welcomed by all. No citizen of Portland is held in higher esteem than our venerable brother, who has tried to live as Masonry dictates.—*Masonic Journal.*