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THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

MASONIC RECORD.

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

"The Queen and the Craft."

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No. 6.

RECEPTION AND ADDRESS.

To M. W. Bro. Daniel Spry, G. M. of the G. L. of Canada, by Thorne Lodge,
No. 281, Orillia.

The largest and most enthusiastic gathering of the craft ever held in the county of Simcoe, took place on the 6th ult., under the auspices of Thorne Lodge, No. 281, G. R. C., in their magnificently furnished hall, on the reception of M. W. Bro. Daniel Spry, G. M. G. L., Canada, and other Grand Lodge dignitaries. The lodge room was well filled in the early part of the evening, but after the special train from Barrie arrived, it became a question of room; over eighty registered their names. The lodge was duly opened by M. W. Bro. Ramsay, and the degrees conferred by W. Bro. McTavish, (King Hiram); V. W. Bro. C. L. Sanders, (Corinthian); M. W. Bro. Spry, (King Solomon); V. W. Bro. R. L. Patterson, G. D. of Cer., assisted by the officers and members of Thorne Lodge, all of whom, without exception, were unanimously complimented upon the correctness of the work and their thorough knowledge of the ceremonies.

At 10.40 the brethren adjourned to the banquet at the Orillia House. The chair and vice-chairs were respectively occupied by M. W. Bro. Ramsay, and Bros. T. B. Newton, R. H. Denny, and C. E. Jessopp. On the right of the chairman sat the Grand Master, the Grand Director of Ceremonies, and W. Bros. D. M. Card, P.

M., Zeredatha Lodge; J. V. Steel, P. M., St. John's, No. 159, G. R. I.; R. G. McLean, W. M., Minerva; Capt. Ward, P. M., Kerr; and on his left R. W. Bro. Henry Robertson, P. D. D. G. M., Toronto District; V. W. Bro. C. L. Sanders, P. G. P., G. L. Canada; W. Bro. Henry Fraser, P. M., Corinthian; W. Bro. McTavish, W. M. King Hiram, Lindsay; and W. Bro. John Stevenson, P. M., Corinthian. The Wardens were supported by the Wardens, and the chairman of the Reception Committee had on his right the newly initiated candidates, Bros. Moase and R. Dalh R. Ramsay. Bro. J. C. Morgan presided at the piano, and Bro. J. L. Tipping at the harp.

After ample justice had been done to the viands, which were excellent, and evidently enjoyed with relish by all present, the chairman gave "The Queen and the Craft," which was enthusiastically drank, the brethren singing "God Save the Queen." The next toast, "The Guest of the evening, M. W. Bro. D. Spry, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada," to whose honored and distinguished Masonic career he briefly alluded, and after referring to the extraordinary success attendant upon Thorne Lodge since its removal to Orillia, eighteen having been initiated

and six petitions being now in, he called upon Bro. Jessopp, the chairman of the Reception Committee to read the following

ADDRESS:

{ THORNE LODGE, No. 281, G.R.C.
Orillia, Ontario,
May 6, A. L. 5884.

To Most Worshipful Brother Daniel Spry,
M. W. Grand Master Grand Lodge of
Canada, A. F. & A. M.:

Most WORSHIPFUL SIR,—Permit us on this your first official visit to Thorne Lodge, No. 281, G. R. C., of Orillia, to express to you our gratification and pleasure in welcoming you within the sacred portals of our lodge room. The honor is one that we duly appreciate, since we feel it not only a very high compliment to ourselves personally and individually, but a special act of courtesy to this body, which through your approval of the recommendation of the Right Worshipful District Deputies of the Georgian and Toronto Districts, was removed with such satisfactory Masonic results to this town.

Five months ago the majority of Thorne Lodge brethren that you now see around you, clothed with the emblem of purity, had not been brought to light. At our first meeting on December 4th, we had to appeal to outside aid in order to secure a quorum. Since that time we have held nineteen communications, have paid up our back dues to Grand Lodge, have on our roll of membership 42 good men and true; have initiated 18, passed 14, and raised 14. Furthermore, we are proud to say and to know, that having Masonry at heart, we strive not only to perfect our neophytes in our esoteric work, but endeavor to inculcate by practice and precept, those cardinal virtues, which have ever adorned your character as the exalted head of the Canadian craft.

We have then, indeed, peculiar pleasure in welcoming you and the distinguished Grand Lodge officers with whom you are accompanied. As a man we respect and esteem you; as a Mason we appreciate your character; and as the Most Worshipful, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, the premier colonial Grand Lodge of the world, we look up to you, we honor you, and cheerfully obey you, for since you have occupied that exalted position, you have acted with kindness, decided with firmness, and ruled with judgment, sound sense and true dignity.

Although occupying the throne in Craft Masonry, you have won honors and gained laurels in the various branches of our royal art. You have presided over our Grand Chapter, having twice been elected Grand

First Principal Z.; for several years during its most palmy days you were Most Puissant Grand Master of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, having penetrated the nine arches of Shekinah Council, No. 1, of which you are still a member, and whose warrant you behold on the walls of Thorne lodge room, neither can we forget that in this town in Gethsemane Conclave, Mount Calvary Preceptory, and Immanuel Rose Croix Chapter, you received the honors of Christian Masonic Knighthood. In the supreme bodies of the two former you soon rose to distinction, becoming Grand Sovereign of the former, and Chief Executive (Great Charcellor) in the latter, while in the Scottish Rite you have obtained the grade of S. P. R. S., 32°, and finally you have courteously accepted honorary membership in this lodge.

We welcome you then with three-fold pleasure to-night as an Orillia Mason, and rejoice to know that you do not forget those who have with pleasure and pride watched your honored and distinguished Masonic career, and trusting, now that T.G.A.O.T.U. has seen fit to restore you to health and vigor, He may long spare you to be the loving husband and fond parent at home, the genial brother abroad, and the wise councillor in the halls of Grand Lodge.

Signed by the officers of Thorne Lodge.

The toast was received with Masonic honors three times three.

The Grand Master upon rising was received with rounds of applause. M. W. Bro. Spry, said: "It was difficult for him to express the gratefulness and pleasure he experienced at the hearty reception accorded him to-night, and the really able manner in which the work was performed. It was a credit to Masonry, a credit to the town of Orillia, and the success of this lodge proved, as in Lindsay, Peterboro', Barrie, and elsewhere, that in towns of this size 'a second lodge aroused a new enthusiasm and was beneficial in many respects,' and added, 'you have demonstrated the proof thereof by your excellent work to-night, by your rapid and solid progress, your well furnished hall, and the intelligent gathering I see around me this evening, and it will afford me great pleasure, therefore, next July to report to Grand Lodge how successful you have been in every particular. After alluding in eulogistic terms to the Master, Bro. Ramsay,

Bro. Spry read the following reply to the address:—

REPLY.

R. W. Bro. Robert Ramsay, W. M. Thorne Lodge, No. 231, G. R. C., Orillia:—

R. W. SIR AND BRETHREN,—It is with more than ordinary pleasure that I visit your lodge in my official capacity this evening, and receive the hearty welcome which you have been pleased to extend to me and the brethren who accompany me.

I am fully aware of the great difficulties you have had to contend against in removing to Orillia your lodge that had been in a weak state for a considerable time, but it reflects the greatest credit upon your members for the zeal and efficiency which they have shown under their able guidance, in placing your lodge, and Masonry generally, in such a high state and in so short a period. I have heard of the more than ordinary care which has been exercised in the admission of members, and am gratified to know that the strict guard which has been kept on the ballot box, has resulted in having only those upon your Member Roll that are an honor and a credit to the fraternity. In a lodge composed so largely of young and zealous brethren, I am sure there is an honest desire to practice Masonry as it is taught to all those who enter our portals. May you ever keep in view the principles of the craft, brotherly love, relief, and truth. Brotherly love in forgiving those who may traduce you, and in exercising the kindest regard and deepest interest in your brother's welfare. Relief, in extending to him aid and assistance in the dark hour of his adversity, and Truth, by defending his fair name on all and every occasion when envious tongues assail him, or malice traduces him. And guard well your own expressions, avoid giving offence to others, and be slow to take offence yourselves. We are all engaged in the same great work,—the elevation of our fellow-men,—and let us see to it that we perform our whole duty, with honor to the craft and credit to ourselves.

I am indeed gratified to meet you this evening with the many friends and brethren who surround me, for two reasons; first, because it is particularly pleasing to find that your lodge has made such great progress in so short a time; and secondly, because I personally desire to do honor to you, R. W. Sir, my friend and co-worker in the broad field of masonic labor, where there is room enough for all, even if they are not of the same school of thought, and do not always agree as husbandmen as to the methods of performing their allotted task.

I am afraid, R. W. Sir and Brother, that your generous feelings have prompted you to think too highly of my official conduct,

and to place too great a value upon my labors. As my term of office will soon expire, it is a source of more than ordinary pride to me personally to receive such a flattering expression of opinion so near the end of my official career. That the G. A. O. T. U. may ever guide, protect, and bless you, and those near and dear to you, is my earnest wish.

Bros. Rogers and Morgan then sang a vocal duett,—“On the Field of Glory.”

Bro. J. L. Tipping next gave a charming harp solo, followed by Bro. Barraud's song,—“Sailing,”—which fairly brought down the house.

The next toast,—“The Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Canada,” was responded to by R. W. Bro. Henry Robertson, Past District Deputy Grand Master, and V. W. Bro. R. L. Patterson, Grand Director of Ceremonies, G. L. C.

R. W. Bro. Robertson, after expressing the pleasure he felt in being here to do honor to “Our Chief,” and pointing out how he had worked with him in almost every branch of Freemasonry, and every Committee of Grand Lodge, he could not help saying that he thought the marked change, and “the thorough business system” adopted now by G. L. was principally due to his energy and business habits. He congratulated his friend, the Worshipful Master, on, what to him, appeared the “entirely unparalleled success of Thorne Lodge,” and wished it a continued prosperity.

V. W. Bro. Patterson, in a short speech, (for which he fully made up by two excellent recitations), which he kindly gave later on in the evening, viz.:—“A September Gale,” and “Santiago;” referred to the “Progress of the Craft,” under the rule of Grand Master Spry. He gave great praise to the brethren of Thorne for their work.

Bro. J. C. Morgan then gave one of his delightful piano solos, followed by “I heard a spirit dream,” by Bro. G. Smith. The last toast by the Chairman was “The Worshipful Masters

and Past Masters of Sister Lodges," which was responded to by a large number of brethren.

Bro. Tipping then sang inimitably, "The Irish Christening," which was received with roars of laughter; Bro. Rodgers, to calm the tumult, gave "The Englishman," in fine old English style, and Bro. Smith, to calm them off, sang "Happy be Thy Dreams." Bro. Morgan closing the first part of the programme with one of his perfect piano solos. Bro. Morgan is a host in himself.

The toasts now being handed to the Senior Warden, Bro. Newton, "Our Orillia Brethren" was responded to by Bro. Barker. Bros. Henderson and Morgan, instrumental duett, and Bro. C. Matthews, "Turner Laugh."

"Signet Royal Arch Chapter, and Mount Calvary Preceptory," called forth two excellent speeches from Ex. Comp. C. L. Sanders, and V. Ex. Comp. Stevenson, of Signet Chapter. The latter, in some happy remarks, extolled the beauties of Capitular Masonry, and complimented them on their efficient working.

Sir Kt. Downie, on behalf of the Preceptory, said he had long looked forward to this visit, and was delighted to note the rapid progress and admirable work of Thorne. He hoped its younger brethren after joining the Chapter, would follow the example of its Master and Senior Warden by allying themselves with the Templar Order.

The Grand Master then asked the privilege, which was of course granted, of proposing "Our newly initiated brethren." Bros. Moase and Dalh. Ramsay briefly responded. At this point the Toronto, Barrie, and Craigvale brethren had to retire, so "The Junior Warden's Toast" was sung by the Kerr Lodge Quartette Club, assisted by Thorne Lodge Glee Club. Bro. Morgan first, however, reciting "High Twelve." Those going south then left the hall amidst three rousing cheers for the Grand Master.

Bro. Jessopp then, on behalf of the lodge, presented Bro. R. H. Denny with a farewell address, to which that brother suitably replied.

Songs and sentiments were then indulged in for another hour, and "Auld Lang Syne" having been sung, the company separated after singing "God Save the Queen."

POINTS.

R. W. Bro. John W. Brown, concludes his report on Correspondence to the Grand Lodge of Illinois by a variety of paragraphs under the above caption, from which we select:

BURDEN-BEARING.

In this world burden-bearing cannot be escaped. Not even labor-saving machinery, nor any possible skill or ingenuity, can wholly obviate it. The telegraph and the telephone will not act if the burden-bearer's work has been neglected or is omitted. Even the mighty engine will stop if the engineer and his fireman fail in their duty. Electricity and steam are mighty forces and accomplish wonders, when properly generated and handled, but still the operator, the engineer, the horse, and the day-laborer, are indispensable. Indeed, whatever may be done to avert them, burdens cannot wholly be avoided. The history of all human lives, and of all important enterprises, demonstrates this fact. Even Solomon's Temple, which was divinely favored, could not be erected without the labor of seventy thousand bearers of burdens, and the great lesson taught thereby is impressed upon each Mason's neophyte.

Each Entered Apprentice, symbolically at least, is a burden-bearer, and the idea runs through all the degrees. Inflexible fidelity to Masonic principles is everywhere inculcated, and none can escape the test of integrity. Even the so-called favored few who are honored with office, faith-

fully and fully discharging their duties, find themselves actual burden-bearers. So true is this, that it is now said: "Only those who have experienced it can comprehend the burden of well filling the office of Grand Master." Duty is imperative and must be performed, even at the expense of comfort and health. But not so much of this as of the burden of sorrow, do we wish to speak. All around us hearts ache, and souls are laden with trouble, and grief and woe. Widows, orphans, wives, husbands, brethren, find the load almost too heavy to bear, and some perish beneath its weight. "To relieve distress is a duty incumbent on all men, but particularly on Masons." How is this responsibility met? Are hands folded and hearts closed against the appeals of the unhappy, the unfortunate, the heavy burden-bearers? or are they aided, comforted, compassionated, saved? The sympathetic kind word, and the generous, helping hand, have raised to new life many who were in almost the very depths of despair, and who otherwise would have been crushed with their burdens.

Masonic charity, benevolence and beneficence, oft have thus blessed the weary and heavy-laden, and thereby eternal friendships have been formed and cemented. Craftsmen, open your eyes to the misery that surrounds you. Scatter kind words and deeds as the husbandman sows wheat, or drills it into the soil, and an abundant recompense of heavenly blessing shall be your reward. You are builders for eternity. Your souls are the temples which you are now erecting, and in the Temple on High you are to be perfect ashlar. Then wait not till the cry of distress rings in your ears, but seek those in need and early help them to bear their burdens. Thus you shall get honor and blessings, and put stars in your eternal crown. Also, thus your eternal home shall be adorned and beautified, and you shall be received and designated by the Master as real Master Builders.

COURTESY.

Freemasons are ever to be courteous; are to speak as true noblemen, kindly, agreeably, cheerfully, hopefully, mercifully, and lovingly; are to act by the plumb, by the square of virtue, and by the golden rule, and are never to forget that God is their Father, and Man their Brother. Alas! how many of the fraternity ignore all this, and let self have supreme control! How many seal their hearts against all that is good and kind, and disregard all obligation, and duty, and fraternal feeling and work! How oft the seductions of immorality get the upper hand of them; scar their souls against all Masonic instruction and influences, and fell them into the gutters and quagmires of evil, or hurl them into the quicksands of iniquity! When on this downward road, to ask them to pay a small debt, or to perform any duty, elicits from them naught but the grossest abuse. In brief: when appetite and passion enslaves them their manliness is crushed, they cease to be gentlemen, and ignore the amenities of life. How a Master Mason can thus destroy himself is a mystery, if man's proneness to evil be not the cause! But enough on that score. Courtesy and affability are to distinguish Freemasons from non-masons, and thus they are ever to be leaders in dispensing gems of happiness and refinement. While they are not to lavish kindness on the unworthy, yet they are not even to treat a dog impolitely simply because he cannot fully appreciate a courtesy. In brief: the supreme law of love is to be the rule of all their doings.

NON-AFFILIATES.

There is much merciless condemnation of non-affiliates, and much disposition to force them into affiliation, or into masonic nonentity. A better and far more masonic method would be to search for the cause of the evil and the true remedy. We

think membership fees prevent many from affiliating. They remove from place to place and cannot stand the expense of dimitting and affiliating every two, three, or five years. We know of many cases where not even one affiliation fee could be paid promptly, and as time passed all interest in Masonry was lost. If no affiliation fee had been requisite, the brethren would have applied for membership, been elected, paid their dues, and performed efficient fraternal service. With such facts before us, we advocate the abolition of affiliation fees, and the frequent and prompt collection of dues. We believe that this and true fraternal conduct, will prove an effectual remedy for non-affiliation. We suggest that lodges be required to show in their annual returns how faithfully they have discharged this duty, and that neglect of it be made a subject of discipline, and of deprivation of representation in Grand Lodge. In other words, that, instead of lashing non-affiliates so much, we apply the rod to the lodges that make them by neglecting frequent and prompt collection of dues. We believe the results of such action will be surprising.

NOT OMNIPOTENT.

Clear as the sun at meridian height is the enunciation of the fact that Grand Masters are not omnipotent, but the subjects of constitutions and laws, precisely as the humblest member of the fraternity. The unanimity of the Grand Easts on this topic is remarkable.

HONOR.

The time has been when craftsmen preferred death to dishonor. Such is not the fact now with many of the fraternity, as they wilfully deceive, cheat, wrong, and defraud their brethren and others, and indulge in degrading vices. They cannot plead ignorance of masonic requirements, as they have been duly instructed therein. They have been charged,

repeatedly, to steadily persevere in the practice of every commendable virtue, and to let no motive make them swerve from their duty, violate their vows, or betray their trust. In the most impressive manner, they oft have been taught that fidelity is to be inflexibly maintained, even unto death. They know that their honor is pledged beyond recall in behalf of their obedience to the tenets and virtues of Freemasonry; that their exemplary conduct is their only just title to masonic privileges and benefits, and that their faithfulness is to render them worthy of masonic confidence, and yet they deliberately sin. What must be thought of the professions and characters of such craftsmen? What reliance can be placed upon their honor? And what credit does Freemasonry get from their conduct? Alas! none. Its dignity is not supported, but humbled to the dust, by their acts. They are counterfeit craftsmen, or tares among the wheat, or rotten ashlar in the walls, endangering the entire Temple. Thank God, they are the minority, and the true, and good, and great, are the majority. Yes, thank God that the mass of the fraternity do maintain their masonic honor; do inflexibly adhere to their masonic vows, and do practice what they profess. To them integrity is in reality as sacred as life, and they would sooner die than betray their trust. With such brethren it is ever a pleasure to associate, as all their acts are governed by the courtesy of love, and their fidelity will stand the severest tests.

Never complain of the lack of appreciation until you have done something worthy of being appreciated. You hold others to this rule, for you will not trust and esteem them until they have given you proof that they are trustworthy. Remember your self-conceit adds no merit to your character.

RENTING ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE.

The *Buffalo Sunday News* had better more fully understand what it is talking about when it assumes to discuss the New York Temple affairs. The fact that the Trustees rented halls in the Temple to other masonic bodies than blue lodges was to increase the revenue and assist in paying the debt. To allow none but lodges to meet in the building would be foolish in the extreme, and the wonder is that the *News* did not see the absurdity of its reasoning. Tenants are what the trustees want and if they find such among the legitimate masonic bodies of the city willing and able to pay, it is a source of congratulation to the entire fraternity of the State.—*Rochester Democrat*.

The *Sunday News* does understand what it is talking about, and the writer has the courage to say what is right. Some masonic editors are given to fawning on dignitaries, covering them with nauseous flattery and a flow of sweet adjectives which disgust all save the two men directly interested. It could not be expected that the proposition to house lodges in the Temple to the exclusion of Mystic Shriners, Mohemmadan Nobles, and other pusedo masons, would receive favor in their eyes. It is not necessary to say more than that Blue lodges are better tenants, for there are more of them, whereas the Nobles and Shriners would pay less rent, and the rooms, when fitted up for their frequent use, could not be occupied by other bodies. There are scores of lodges near the Temple in New York that would be glad to meet there if there was room for them. Why crowd these lodges out?—*Buffalo Sunday News*.

From the above extracts it will be plainly perceived that our brethren in the rural districts are keenly alive as to the manner in which restoration of the Masonic Temple in this city shall be effected permanently, in order to attain the greatest possible revenue for the Asylum Fund, the specious beguiling the fraternity of this State into the erection of the Metropolitan White Elephant, threatening to remain on our hands as an unprofitable beast for half a century to come.

The *Buffalo Sunday News* is perfectly correct in its statements, all of which we heartily endorse, and, as out of the 70,000 Masons under our Grand Lodge, 50,000 are now resi-

dents of this city, but subject to a most obnoxious and un-masonic poll-tax. It is fair to presume that they will hold the Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund to a strict business accountability as to the manner in which their involuntary contributions have been invested. Were there no other reason for exclusion of the Templars and Shriners, a fundamental masonic law, which has hitherto been disregarded upon the excuse of policy, closes the portals of the Temple against them. That law, as old as the hills, declares that a hall, dedicated to Ancient York Masonry cannot be used for any other purposes. Our hall, erected by York Masons, was formally dedicated by our Grand Lodge to the purpose of York Masonry, over which it has authoritative jurisdiction, and cannot be legally devoted to occupation by bodies, other than lodges by it legitimately constituted. Such is the universal law of York Masonry, and it must be implicitly obeyed by any representative official, created by a Grand Lodge of York Masons. Were discretion to be tolerated, we might possibly have slugging matches or jig dancing in the Grand Lodge room, winked at upon the ground that the performers being Master Masons in good standing were desirous of increasing our revenue.—*Corner Stone*.

GRAND LODGE FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Opinions differ as to the advisability of establishing a Grand Lodge for New Zealand,—some Masons—among whom is our esteemed friend, Bro. Walter Hill—being in favor of forming an exalted body of the kind, while others prefer to remain under the control of the rulers in the old country. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. No consistent brother will contend that the principal desire on the part of the advocates for the institution of a Grand Lodge for this colony—the

formation of a substantial General Benevolent Fund—is not a commendable one; and, no doubt, many grievances could be more readily adjusted here by a superior body than by Grand Lodges at a great distance from this colony; besides which, colonial ideas are not quite so much confined to the old groove as are those of our good brethren of the old country. On the other hand, a great difficulty would, we think, be experienced in getting suitable brethren to fill all the very high offices in a Grand Lodge, and the geographical positions of the principal places of this colony may not be conducive to the easy settlement of any question affecting the control of Craft affairs in New Zealand by one governing body. There is, unfortunately, a great amount of jealousy existing between the people of the principal towns in this colony, and a contention would, probably, arise as to where the projected Grand Lodge should hold its sittings. In New South Wales and Victoria no such difficulty exists, as Sydney and Melbourne are the acknowledged capitals of those two colonies; while the idea of Wellington being considered the principal place in these islands is ridiculed by the people of Dunedin as well as by those of Auckland. The Dunedinites imagine their city to be the leading place in the Colony, while the business people of Auckland pride themselves on the rapid progress they are making in commercial affairs; so that the settlement of the question as to which "centre" would be the best for the transaction of the business of the Grand Lodge could not but cause some deplorable trouble. The advantages to be derived from the institution of a Grand Lodge for this Colony we are fully aware of, and should like to know that all dues were being spent in the country in which they are collected; therefore, it would give us pleasure to see the craft governed by a colonial body—if the movement could be carried out in

an amicable manner. We should be pleased, however, to give publicity to discussions on this subject, and look forward to the time when a Grand Lodge will be instituted in New Zealand. In the meantime, our brethren should make strenuous efforts to establish a general Masonic Benevolent Institution for this Colony; for the time has, unquestionably, arrived for the adoption of suitable measures for the relief of widows, orphans, and indigent brethren. This is, or should be, the main aim of every Mason, and we sincerely hope that many exalted brethren in the Colony will use their utmost endeavors to effect this most desirable object.—*New Zealand Freemason.*

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

One might suppose, from reading certain deliverances of the press, that the age of miracles has returned, and that its chief wonder-worker has been considerably sojourning among us for our supreme advantage. It would seem, that after our western world had been enduring sourness and darkness for a dreary period of nearly six thousand years, at last the apostle of "Sweetness and Light" appeared—St. Matthew the Less, surnamed Arnold. Well, we survived the advent of that fantastic "apostle of beauty"—Oscar Wilde—the self-appointed æsthetic missionary to these western wilds, and we can possibly survive that of this other latter-day saint. But what does his revelation amount to? What can anything amount to which is based upon a false assumption?

Sweetness and light are but other names for brotherly love and truth. These have not been just discovered by a modern saint—they are as old as Freemasonry. For an unknown period, ever since its origin, Freemasonry has been waging war against darkness and sourness, and it will not concede its mission to one who, so far as we are informed, has never

been truly "brought to light." No, self-satisfied and self-sent Mr. Arnold, you may be great in "Literature and Dogma," your poetry may be pure and cold, your criticism incisive and overturning, but we suspect your faith to be unfaith, and we fear your work is correspondent thereto. At all events, you are not the apostle, *par excellence*, of sweetness and light; while every true Freemason is.

The conflict between darkness and light began, who can say when? It was prior to the birth of man, but how long prior none can tell. At first it was a battle of the elements; but doubtless spirits of good and evil dominated them. What says our First Great Light? "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and *darkness* was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light: and there was *light*." The first recorded triumph was for light: darkness was dethroned and light achieved the mastery. Ever since the vanquished has been scheming to conquer the conqueror, and many forces have aided him. Infidelity has been his cannon, ignorance his sword, falsehood his rifle, intemperance his revolver. These, and others of the minions of darkness, have fought a stubborn fight for evil; but it has been a losing fight. The supremacy has never been attained. Every discovery of science has lessened the chances of darkness to recover the mastery. Every geographical discovery has widened the field for the spread of truth. Had Arnold and Wilde been able to visit America four hundred years ago, they might have been hailed as prophets of truth and beauty by the untutored aborigines; but now truth, that is light, covers the land as the waters cover the sea, and these self-appointed missionaries cannot be regarded as its chief apostles.

Sweetness is ever lovable, and what

is sweeter, or nobler, than the sentiment of brotherly love, which is the very essence of Freemasonry? It sweetens life, it is the charm of home, it is the spirit of heaven. Brotherly love banishes envy and enthrones unselfishness. It is the secret of happiness. He who loves his brethren is beloved of God, for "God is love."

Light is as lovable as sweetness; but what does light symbolize but truth? And what are the highest truths known to man? Those twin-truths, often denied, often in secret taught by our craft, in its elder days, but now openly avowed—the Unity of God and the Immortality of the Soul. The civilized world has sentimentally accepted these truths; but sentiment goes for nothing unless it is authenticated by the life, and made a working, pervading force. Even the Freemason may be only a sentimentalist. If so, he sins against light; and some of us are aware that there are such self-deluded brethren. Alas, how pitiful it is to be conscious that one knows the truth and follows error, sees the light and loves darkness. It were better for him had he never been "brought to light."

Traditionally we are taught that Freemasons came of a race of temple builders. History endorses tradition. We know that the middle age Freemasons were the builders of the magnificent fanes which glorify Europe. How faith, hope and charity are inscribed in indelible character on their walls. Gothic architecture is embodied sweetness and light. Every arch and spire points to heaven, and is a reminder of the Grand Architect of the Universe. On the lectern rests that Great Light of the craft, the Truth of Revelation. The three-fold division of the cathedral into chancel, choir and nave, represent the sacred triad, the three-in-one. The architects of these temples were Operative Masons, our progenitors in the craft. What Freemason is not

proud, and justly proud, of his ancestry.

Sweetness and light. Let us honor and love them. They are our heritage as Freemasons. We need no Master Arnold to introduce them to us. In our fraternity there is no conflict between light and darkness; there is in the world. Brotherly love and truth are the corner stones of our institution, and as long as it rests upon them, so long will it endure and prosper.—*Keystone.*

THE BIBLE IN OHIO FREEMASONRY.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in October last, the Grand Master in his address referred to the Bible in Freemasonry, and that the brethren might understand the matter more clearly he reviewed the subject as follows:—

That you may see the position the Grand Lodge of Ohio has taken in relation to the Bible question in all her past history, allow me to call your careful attention to the following quotations from her printed proceedings:—

In the year 1817 (see print, vol. 1, page 85), I find "A circular from the Grand Lodge of Ohio to the subordinate lodges under its jurisdiction." In this circular occurs the following language:

"The celebrity and unity of Masons depends not on the number, but on the purity and uprightness of its votaries. Therefore, in every admission, a strict observance of the three Great Lights of Masonry is solemnly requested and enjoined. A satisfactory belief in the infallible rule of our faith and practice is ever to be required as an essential pre-requisite for initiation, nothing short of which can possibly warrant an expectation that its influence will be duly realized."

The same sentiment runs through the entire circular. In the year 1844 these declarations were substantially

repeated, as you will remember, the entire report of the committee being published in printed proceedings of 1880. In 1852, extracts were published from the correspondence of W. B. Hubbard, then Grand Master. I suppose no better authority need be produced, at least to Ohio Masons, than William B. Hubbard. The following decision received the hearty approval of the Grand Lodge:—

"Belief in God. Ancient Masonry required a belief in God, the Supreme Architect of the Universe, a God of spirit (not of stone, wood, or any other specimen of idolatry), one that was from everlasting to everlasting, supremely wise, good, and powerful. The fraternity from time immemorial were taught to regard the 'Book of the Law' as the rule and guide of their (not faith, but) conduct. A member denying the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures (or, Book of the Law) should be dealt with, and reprimanded, suspended or expelled, according to the nature and circumstances of the case."

In the year 1868, at the session held in the city of Dayton, a case came up on appeal, from Erie Lodge, 239. The committee on grievances, of whom Bro. J. Kelly O'Neal was one, made the following report:—

"Your committee on grievances, to whom was referred the appeal of H. N. Shipman, from the action of Erie Lodge, No. 239, suspending him indefinitely from the privileges of Masonry, for un-Masonic conduct, after a careful examination of the proceedings of the lodge, and the testimony on file, find that Bro. Shipman has been guilty of denying, in open lodge, the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures, and ridiculing the same, and asserting the same as in no way essential to Masonry. Your committee are of the opinion that such disregard for and disrespect of the great Light in Masonry should not be tolerated in any organized body of the craft; and while your committee think the sentence a severe one, they

also think that the spirit manifested by the accused brother required firm and decided action on the part of the lodge. They, therefore, offer for adoption the following:—

“Resolved.—That the action of Erie Lodge, No. 299, in the suspension of H. N. Shipman be, and the same is, hereby approved.”

To show you the temper of the Grand Lodge in regard to this case, the following should be added:—

“A motion was made to recommit the report to committee, to amend by striking out of the report the phrase, ‘by denying in open lodge the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures,’ and substitute therefor ‘by treating with contempt the Holy Bible, one of the great lights of Masonry, and saying, ‘take it from the lodge, we can get along without it,’ which was not agreed to.”

“The recommendation of the committee was adopted.”—*Liberal Freemason*.

At the last meeting of Leopold Lodge, Brigden, W. Bro. Seager was presented with a past master's apron, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by the brethren.

There are no new developments in the Quebec-English R. A. and M. M. muddle. The *London Freemason* says that the Grand Chapter of Quebec is but a “two-penny half-penny affair at most,” and “anything more absolutely childish or insane (than the edict of non-intercourse) we cannot well affect to realize, and it will be laughed at all through Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry,” and more of that sort. As a Mason, we can but feel that our English brethren have made a mistake, and that Quebec has cause to feel aggrieved. Put yourselves in their place. We meet upon the level, and Masonically the smallest Grand Lodge is the peer, and no more a “two-penny-half-penny affair” than is “the Grand Lodge of all England.” Reason, not ridicule, will win.—*Masonic Home Journal*.

THE MISSES HETHERINGTON.

A bachelor Mr. Jonas Everard was, and a bachelor it was his intention to remain all the days of his life. At least, so all his friends said, and as he never took the trouble to contradict them and never sought the society of the opposite sex, it is only reasonable to suppose that his friends were right.

For nearly forty-five years he had lived, more than twenty of them a solitary, but not unhappy, life of study in his rural New York home, free from care, content with his lot in the world, with no responsibilities, no ties of kindred or friendship.

His visitors were few and far between, for he never encouraged chance callers, so that it was with something like a shock of surprise that he heard one evening as he sat in his study that his privacy was intruded upon.

“Some one to see me, did you say, Thomas?” and Jonas Everard let fall his eye-glasses, lifted a frowning brow from the work he was studying—“The Decay of Modern Culture”—and looked severely and doubtfully at the servant who had announced such an astounding fact.

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well; show him in here.”

Mr. Everard resumed his eye-glasses and his study, and Thomas bowed himself out of the room and betook himself to the entrance-hall with such an excess of curiosity tingling in every vein, and away out into his finger-tips, and away down into his toes, that he with difficulty maintained his usually slow and decorous gait.

In a minute and a half exactly the tap signaling his return sounded upon the study-door; but already his master had forgotten the existence of any visitor in the house, as the servant knew by Mr. Jonas Everard's monotonous response to the summons. And with such a tremor of excitement as had not thrilled his obese form since the days of his youth and mild flirtations with waiting-maids and kitchen-girls, Thomas threw wide the door and announced, in his most impressive manner:

“The Misses Hetherington.”

If a thunderbolt—a whole heavenful of thunderbolts—had been hurled into that room Jonas Everard could not have been more stunned than he was at the sight of the Misses Hetherington, and would not have uttered anything more impious than he did as the two pretty little creatures, in queer cloaks with black bows and Mother Hubbard cloaks, over which their golden hair streamed advanced to greet him.

“By Jupiter!” he exclaimed, in tones compounded of helpless supplication and antipathetic amazement.

At that the Misses Hetherington halted, and even made a retrograde movement.

“Are you swearing?” questioned the elder

of the twain severely. "Because if you are so very wicked of you."

Thus taken to task Mr. Jonas Everard looked more amazed than ever—as if the first discharge of the weapons of the worthy whose name he had taken in vain had been followed by another of superlative force.

"No, I wasn't swearing," he said feebly. "But who are you?"

"The man told you—we are the Misses Hetherington," replied Miss Hetherington, gravely. "And we have come to stay with you."

"Have you?" responded Mr. Everard.

"Yes," continued Miss Hetherington, sternly, not allowing him time to interpose another question. "And I'm glad you're our guardian, and we can call you 'Guardy,' like the little girls and young ladies do in books, for Jonas is such an ugly name; and if you were our uncle we would have to say Uncle Jonas, and there couldn't be an uglier name than Jonas, could there?"

"I don't know that there could," assented Mr. Everard, in the most subdued manner. "But I didn't name myself," dejectedly, as if for the first time in his life it occurred to him that it was a great mistake that he had not done so.

"Oh, no; of course not. You're not to blame for it. It was your papa's and mamma's fault," said Miss Hetherington condescendingly. Then, pulling forward her sister, "This is Daisy. I'm Rose."

"Yes?" said Jonas Everard, dismally, the grievance of his name still apparently over-clouding his mind. "You have very nice names. Are you Owen Hetherington's children?"

"We're your children now, mammy says."

"I ain't his child!" broke out Miss Daisy, decisively, at this juncture. "I won't be his child. He is too old and cross, and he don't kiss us like papa does."

At this outburst Mr. Everard looked wildly about his study, as if with a vague idea of escaping from these critical infants. But Miss Rose Hetherington took the matter much more calmly.

"Yes, you are," she said, authoritatively and reprovingly, to the rebellious Daisy. "Papa's dead, and we're his legacies to Mr. Everard. He is to be our 'guardy.' And he is just papa's age, for papa told me so. Besides, it's not polite to talk about how old people are."

"Then I suppose it's very impolite for me to ask your respective ages?" inquired Jonas, meekly.

Rose looked dubious about the point of manners involved, but answered promptly: "I'm 8 years and 10 months, and Daisy is 6 years and a half."

"And how did you get here? You didn't come from Connecticut alone, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. Mammy brought us. She's out in the hall."

Jonas Everard had begun to revive from

the first shock of the Misses Hetherington's appearance, but now he was reduced to a state bordering on imbecility.

"And your mother is to live with me, too?" he gasped.

"O dear!" sighed Rose, exasperated at his stupidity; "our mother died when Daisy was a baby. Mammy is our nurse. Of course she is going to live with you. She would have got us here a day sooner than Mr. Felton's letter said but we had to stay at a big hotel in New York while a lady got our black clothes for us and these cloaks. They're nice, ain't they?"

Poor Jonas knew very little about the merits of young ladies, clothing, but quite willing to trust to Rose's superior judgment, assented to the niceness.

"And did you say a letter had been sent me—about you?" he inquired, casting a glance of relief at Daisy, who was stealing out into the hall.

"Yes," nodded Rose; "Mr. Felton, papa's lawyer, wrote you a letter the day papa died."

"It did not come," remarked Jonas Everard, with something like a groan, as he thought how he might have averted this awful catastrophe which had befallen him had he been warned in time. "If you will tell your nurse to come here I will ring for Mrs. Wilson."

"Who is Mrs. Wilson?" asked Rose, as she moved toward the door.

"My housekeeper. She will—will—take care of you."

"Oh, mammy will take care of us, only we want a new nursery, you know, and to get our playthings unpacked," explained Rose. "This looks as if it might be quite a nice house to run about in," she added, patronizingly, as she disappeared.

Thomas had done his full duty in the matter of informing all his fellow-members of the household concerning the new arrivals, and Mrs. Wilson, as well as her subordinates, the cook and the kitchen maid, was in a high state of excitement by the time Mr. Everard's bell rang its imperative summons to his study. Like Thomas, however, she did her best to maintain her usual dignity, though she was scarcely prepared for the remarkable scene which was occurring in the library when she arrived there.

Jonas Everard sat on the edge of his great chair, before his study table, regarding the two children in silent misery—Daisy in her nurse's arms, crying and kicking; Rose essaying to act as mentor and comforter.

"There, now, honey, do be still," coaxed the old woman, dropping tears of wo and moist kisses all over her darling's face. "It knows its mammy loves it, sure enough."

But the fact that its mammy loved it did not console the weeping Miss Hetherington, who only sobbed the louder and writhed the more vigorously.

"For shame, Daisy!" exclaimed Rose. "This is an awful big house, and we'll have such fun in it. Do be still."

"But she wants to go back home," exclaimed the old nurse, in extenuation of her pet's conduct. "She says the gentleman don't love her."

"Of course he does," declared Rose, decidedly. "Don't you, guardy? He's going to love us awfully. Come, see if he isn't, Daisy."

Thus urged Daisy's sobs lessened and she slid down from her nurse's lap and allowed her sister to drag her toward Jonas, who looked askance at her tear-drenched face and splashed garments, wondering how he was to prove to this watery damsel the depth of his affection for her. But the Misses Hetherington took the matter out of his hands by Rose putting her arms about his neck and kissing him warmly, but decorously, while Daisy climbed upon his knee and smeared his face with her wet one, inquiring:

"Have you got any new playthings for us?"

"No; but I'll get you something very nice," he answered, hurriedly, glad to seize upon this mode of pacification, and looking thoroughly uncomfortable in his unwonted position. "Something very nice," he repeated, almost coaxingly. "And now, hadn't you better go with Mrs. Wilson and see what comfortable rooms she can find you, and what a nice supper? I think she has—ah—jam—and marmalade—and cake—or something nice," feeling, from his ignorance of what was beguiling to the youthful appetite, forced to fall back upon the "something nice."

"Oh, yes," said Daisy, beginning to beam, and tugging at Rose's hand, "I'm hungry."

"Very well. Mrs. Wilson, you will see that the—ah—the Misses Hetherington—are provided with every comfort."

And assuming something of his usual unbending dignity, Jonas Everard bowed the party out of his study, and prepared to shut them out as well. But the nurse lingered, thrust one hand into a capacious pocket, and dragged forth a bulky envelope.

"There! Master said as how I was to give you that, and to tell you that he'd sent his children as legacies to you, and trusted as how you'd be as kind to them as you was once to him," and having delivered her message in a voice broken with tears the faithful woman followed her charges, who were romping through the wide hall in a manner that was awful beyond expression to good Mrs. Wilson.

There was a suspicion of moisture in Jonas Everard's eyes as he closed the door and seated himself at his desk with Owen's letter in his hand. He had loved the boy years ago, when they had been in the same classes at Yale, and he had been Owen's one com-

forter and ally when the small, affectionate, but passionate lad had suffered the pangs of homesickness and aroused the hostility of all his other schoolmates by his hot temper and pride. Then had come separation when they went out into the world, and they had never met since, though a few letters passed between them at intervals of years.

Jonas knew that Owen had not married until he was 35, but was utterly ignorant of his friend's domestic life; while Hetherington knew that Jonas had never married at all, but lived a lonely, secluded, studious life in the old family homestead, but was ignorant of that passage in his friend's life which had transformed him into a recluse and woman-hater.

It was with a heart growing momentarily more tender and eyes more moist that Jonas Everard read how Hetherington dying—the last of his race—bequeathed to the friend who had always held the old, warm place in his affections his two little daughters and the charge of their property.

"You may find them troublesome charges," he wrote, "but for my sake keep them, Everard, the poor little creatures, by a wretched fate made motherless, and now by this incurable disease so soon to be robbed of their only relative. They are prepared to love you, old friend, for I tell them about you daily, and you will find them deeply affectionate."

By the time he came to the end of the letter some real tears dropped from Jonas Everard's eyes, and he was so metamorphosed that he wished he had been more genial to the Misses Hetherington—he even thought he might have offered to kiss them.

"Poor things! And they are Owen's children!" he sighed reproachfully. "Well, they must have some new playthings. That'll make it all right."

He summoned Thomas and gave an order which caused that worthy personage to entertain doubts as to his master's sanity. The toy-shops in the village were to be rifled of their choicest treasures that night, regardless of expense.

"Then the young ladies are to stay here?" ventured Thomas, curiosity for once in his life getting the best of his decorum.

"Of course they are to stay here," snapped Mr. Everard.

Next he summoned Mrs. Wilson and informed her that two or three of the largest and sunniest rooms must be prepared expressly for the use of the Misses Hetherington and their nurse, who were, for the present at least, to reside at the homestead, and that Martha, the nurse, would advise her as to the habits and needs of the children.

"And does he think I'm to be advised by an ignorant nurse-woman, and to stay here and see her hugging and kissing those children, and to have the little impudent minxes racing all over the house?" queried good

Mrs. Wilson, energetically, of the ceiling as she closed the study door behind her and left her master attempting to pick up his broken thread of thought on the subject of the decay of modern culture.

But while Mrs. Wilson's question remained yet unanswered, and before poor Jonas succeeded in regaining his interest in his interrupted study, the library door was flung open and Daisy and Rose ran in.

"We've come to bid you good-night," said Rose, putting up her face to be kissed.

"And when are we to get our presents?" questioned Daisy.

With unusual gentleness, and an awkwardness that would have been very funny to an observer, but to which the children were entirely oblivious, Jonas lifted his little charges upon his knees, and assured them of the forthcoming of their presents on the morrow, and his hope that they would find the old house a happy home. Then he dismissed them to bed.

And certainly his hopes were fulfilled, however his appreciation of his charges may have fluctuated.

The Misses Hetherington took most kindly to their new home, and at times, not a few, turned into a small pandemonium. Martha humored them most injudiciously, Mrs. Wilson stormed at them and made them hate her, but acquired not the slightest control over them, and their guardian locked himself in his study and let them go their own gait, though he often shuddered at the racket they made through all the once quiet house. Still, with it all, the little intruders wormed themselves into Jonas Everard's affections by their sweetness of manner and their daily night and morning caresses.

But matters came to a climax when, one day in the early spring, Daisy dug up Mrs. Wilson's choicest mound of bulbs. It was more than that much-exercised woman could bear, and she informed her employer that he must part with either her or the Misses Hetherington.

"Then I'll advertise for a new housekeeper to-day," announced Jonas Everard, bluntly.

"Very well, sir."

Mrs. Wilson retired with an injured air. She felt that superior virtue is seldom, if ever, rewarded in this world. After seven years of faithful service the Misses Hetherington were preferred before her.

The Misses Hetherington themselves expressed unbounded joy at her approaching departure.

"And don't you think, guardy," suggested Rose, who was a remarkable combination of womanliness and mischief, "that you'd better get some one who would teach me some lessons as well as look after the house? Mammy says I ought to be learning something."

"True enough, Rose," assented Jonas,

well pleased; "I will act upon your suggestion. Now run away and play, and don't let Daisy dig up any more hyacinth beds."

It was some weeks before Mrs. Wilson's place was filled; but when Mrs. Latimer was engaged Jonas Everard flattered himself that he had gained a prize.

Her application had been earnest, her references unexceptionable, her letters lady-like and polished.

It was nearly June when she arrived at the homestead—a tall, lissom woman, dressed with a severe simplicity that was yet decidedly stylish as well as becoming to her pale face, with its full blue eyes and shining brown hair.

The children "took to her" immediately and Jonas Everard, delighted, after a few days of observation, left home for a short sea voyage to Greenland, where he had lately heard of some curious geological formations which he was anxious to inspect.

Short—and yet it lengthened into months.

It was almost September when Jonas returned to his home and the tender mercies of the Misses Hetherington. But what a change had come over the place in his absence! There was not a room in it but what was well aired and lighted, and bore the stamp of a refined and womanly presence. Everything everywhere was bright, cheerful, dainty, home-like. And Rose and Daisy had shared in the general improvement—gay and affectionate as ever, they were no longer enfants terrible in untractable mischievousness and outbursts of stormy passion.

It occurred to Jonas Everard instantly that these were Mrs. Latimer's doings, and almost as instantly that he could not treat such a woman as he had treated Mrs. Wilson. It cost him a struggle, but before night he astonished Thomas by informing that personage that the big dining-room must be put into use, and that he, Jonas Everard, would no longer eat alone in his study, but with Mrs. Latimer and the Misses Hetherington.

Whether Jonas ever consciously acknowledged to himself that he was rewarded for his self-sacrifice in this respect is doubtful, but he certainly came to actually enjoy meal-times—even to enjoy, most of all, the late dinners at which Rose and Daisy did not appear—and to regard Mrs. Latimer as an extremely sensible and agreeable woman.

As the weeks drifted on he even fell into a habit of spending an hour or so with her of an evening in the little sitting-room she had chosen just off the dining-room. You see how things were going.

In early spring a letter from Mr. Felton summoned the Misses Hetherington's guardian to New York. He was gone some weeks, and he had never dreamed how dear his home was to him until he felt all his veins thrilling with delight and expectation

as he stepped just within it upon his return. But in the hall he saw something which caused him a swift shiver of uneasiness. Two little tearful, black-robed figures sat sadly upon the lower steps of the great staircase, and a big trunk stood near the door.

"Oh, guardy!" sobbed the Misses Hetherington, rushing to greet him. "Mrs. Latimer is going away! The carriage will be here for her in a minute! Don't let her go! Please don't!"

"Mrs. Latimer going away? Where is she?" demanded Jonas Everard, excitedly.

"In the sitting-room. Oh, go and tell her she must stay!"

"I will," promised Jonas, obediently, and he strode away and gave one swift tap at Mr. Latimer's door and then entered her presence.

At sight of him she sprang up with flaming cheeks and hastily gathered from the table some sheets of paper upon which she had been writing.

"Mrs. Latimer, the children tell me you are going away. It is absurd, impossible! You must not go! What will they do without you? What shall I do without you?"

And having thus irrevocably committed himself, Jonas Everard leaned across the table and pleaded his suit with the vehemence of a converted woman-hater and his 45 years.

"It is impossible that you should marry your housekeeper," dissented Mrs. Latimer, with drooping eyes, when he hesitated for her to speak.

"Not impossible at all! I will never marry any one else!" maintained Jonas, stoutly.

"But it is impossible that you should marry me! You know nothing about me! You don't even know who I am!"

"I know all that I want to know—that I love you?" declared Jonas.

"Ah, no! That is not enough. When you learn the truth about me you will, perhaps, want to retract much that you have said. At all events, I will not listen further to you until you acquaint yourself with all my history," said Mrs. Latimer, decisively. "Take these papers and go away again for a few days. I will stay with the children. A week from to-day you shall telegraph me whether I, too, am to go, or whether you wish me to stay."

Jonas accepted the conditions, took the finely-written sheets the lady extended to him, wrung her hand passionately, and went into exile.

But not for a week. He had only been gone four days when he burst into the old house, stamped the dust from his boots, and made straight for Mrs. Latimer's sitting-room, taking that lady in his arms in the most summary fashion.

"I want you, my dear, for my very own!" he exclaimed, as he held his housekeeper

against his breast. "Will you give yourself to me? Can you love me? Owen Hetherington gave me his children, and now I want his wife!"

At which rather peculiar speech the lady smiled happily up into Jonas Everard's face.

"Yes," she answered, "I will give myself to you, for I had learned my heart's secret before you returned from New York. And I shall again—just think!—you and my children! But what are we to tell them?"

"O guardy! Dear guardy!"

"By Jupit—" Jonas commenced, but thought himself of the enormity of the ejaculation in the Misses Hetherington's eyes in time to check it before fully exploding. For there they both were, having heard of his arrival.

"Come here, Rose," he commenced again, more collectedly this time, and took Daisy on his knee and drew two chairs before the open fire for himself and Mrs. Latimer. "I want to tell you a story. You may not quite understand it all now, but you will as you grow older. There was once a young lady who loved a nice man and was to marry him, but she heard he was dead. Then, though very sorrowful, she let her friends persuade her into marrying another nice man, but a man with a jealous nature and a fiery temper. She was a good wife and had two little baby girls of whom she was exceedingly fond. But while the younger was yet a tiny infant, the man whom she was to have married, but believed dead, came to call upon her. They had a sad interview and parted, never to meet again on earth, as they never have, for he has been really dead for some time. But the lady's husband heard about this call and flew into such a rage and said such cruel things to his wife that she felt that she could not live with him again. She went to her old home and led a quiet life there, mourning for her dear little girls whom she could not see, until her husband died and sent the girls as a legacy to a friend of his. Then the lady, hearing of it, left her pretty home to live in that gentleman's house as a housekeeper and governess that she might be near her children."

"Guardy," said Rose, stopping him here, "I don't want to hear any more unless you mean Daisy and me, and that Mrs. Latimer is our mother."

"I do," nodded Jonas, brightly.

Both children flew at Mrs. Latimer and nearly smothered her with kisses.

"And to think we've got a mamma, when we always believed she was dead," said Rose, complacently. "How lovely it is!"

"And shall we call you mamma and keep you for good?" inquired Daisy.

"Yes, you're to keep her for good, and to call her mamma, and to call me papa—if you don't object," added Jonas, with a little uncertainty. "For your mamma has promised

to marry me, and you see that will make me your papa."

"No; only our step-papa," corrected Miss Hetherington, gravely. "But we'll call you papa; won't we, Daisy?"

"Yes," assented Daisy. "He's very nice, and papa's a nicer name than gurdy."

"But poor mamma'll have to call him Jonas, I suppose?" remarked Rose, reflectively.

"But I don't mind calling him Jonas a bit," laughed "poor mamma," kissing Rose. "I don't think it is such a dreadful name."

"Don't you?" in surprise. "Well, I think it is nicer myself than I did a long while ago," seriously.

At which Jonas Everard laughed excessively.

"A year ago, eh, Rose? Ah, my dear"—to Rose's mother—"I must tell you, sometime, about a year ago! But now see what I have brought you all."

There were two delicate golden chains for the Misses Hetherington, and a diamond hoop for Mrs. Hetherington. And when Jonas Everard had bestowed these with appropriate remarks, he encircled the children and their mother in his arms and declared with a rapture which proved to the inestimable Thomas, waiting at the half-open door to announce dinner, that the bachelor days of his master were forever over.

"And these—Owen Hetherington's legacies to me—are the most priceless possessions in the whole world!" L. A.

HUMORISMS.

Brought as a lamb to the slaughter—Last year's sheep.

Boston has organized a cremation society. We can smell burnt beans already.

The man who died of humor in the stomach must have swallowed a laugh.

Woman take kindly to the telephone; it never disputes their right to the last word.

An Ohio girl with forty-eight toes was born recently. She ought to make a good all-toe singer.

A correspondent asks with a sigh: "Are there any kind of pants that will last a life-time?" Certainly—the occupants.

The small boy who hangs round the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.

A gun that is charged with powder is likely to go off—so is a treasurer who is charged with embezzlement if he can get a chance.

A man named Limburger has turned up at Rochester who claims that he hasn't a scent to his name.

"What is syntax?" asked the teacher. "A saloon license is sin tax," shouted the son of a prohibitionist.

No, dear, mice do not grow into rats, but they sometimes grow into cats by a natural process of absorption.

One of the fashionable cloaks for ladies has dog sleeves. This sort of a cloak must be highly convenient for carrying poodles.

The man who spends most of his time in feeling the public pulse is a chap who lives on tick.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower beds are concerned.

"Shall I play 'over the garden wall'?" asked the organ grinder. "No," replied the citizen, "I would rather you would play in the next street."

"A man who can govern a woman can govern a nation" is an old saying that can well be doubted. After a man has succeeded in governing a woman he is too tired to do anything else.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."

The wife of a New York artist has been arrested for blacking the eye of her orphan girl servant. Art, when it enters the kitchen, is very likely to make trouble.

"Men live a great deal faster than women," says a writer. This must be true, because we never saw a woman quite as old as a man born in the same year.

A man in this city claims to have a wife so hot tempered that when she is angry he can light his cigar from the fire that flashes from her eyes.

A West Hill girl calls her lover's letters "sigh for" despatches. Yes, dear; that is just what they are worth, on the face of them.

"Is this seat engaged?" She—"Yes, sir I am keeping it for a gentleman." He (bowing politely)—"Madame, he is here." (Sits down.)

"Ma, what do you suppose makes all photographers so homely?" asked a little 10-year-old girl. "Because they are making faces all the time?"

An Irishman put up the following notice: "Whoever is caught trespassing upon these grounds will be given forty lashes on the back. Half the penalty to the informer."

"I can't pay the bill just now; you will have to wait a little for the money." "All right, sir," cheerfully responded the boy, as he seated himself and unfolded a copy of the morning paper. "Them's the orders of the boss." "What are the orders of the boss?" demanded the gentleman, sternly. "I'm to wait for some money."

The Canadian Gentleman.

Port Hope, June 15, 1884.

STAND BY THE ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

It is a dreadful crime to initiate a man with the tip of his little finger *oā!* Such an outrage is a crime not to be overlooked!! The shadows of our forefathers would haunt us in the dark hours of midnight if we thus violated the ancient landmarks. One Grand Master, (M. W. Bro. Matthews, Texas), however, has actually been bold enough, after doubtless much deliberation and many sleepless nights, to rule, to come to the conclusion, that although "a man with a glass eye, or one who has lost a portion of the second finger of his right hand were ineligible as candidates for Masonic honors, one afflicted with bronchitis might be accepted." Well, well, this is such utter nonsense that we really weary of it. A man with consumption, having a cavity in his lung, would, of course, by this brother's ruling, be decidedly ineligible. We are glad to note, however, that the committee on his address said:—

"Your committee strongly incline to the view that too much importance is attached to trivial defects of body, and entirely too little attention directed to moral defects.

"If a good workman applies to work in a quarry, what sense is there in looking in his mouth, as a horse-trader would into the mouth of a horse he was dickering over, or of running your hands over his joints to see, perchance, if some joint in his leg or ankle was not a little stiff, or to shake something before his eyes, to see if it would blink?

"Masonry requires no such foolish-

ness. It is the mental and moral, and not slight physical defects, which now more than ever require microscopic attention."

We are wearied of the whole subject of "physical qualification." One Grand Master actually ruled that if a man had a cataract in the eye he could not be admitted. How about a corn on the foot? a mole on the hand, or a wart on the nose? One is as reasonable as the other. If candidates for Freemasonry must be "perfectly sound," let us have the physician to test their lungs, the surgeon to examine their joints, the chiropodist to see to their feet, the oculist and aurist their eyes and ears, the dentist their teeth, etc. The whole thing is a farce and an arrant humbug, a remnant of the dark ages, a disgrace to Canadian and American Freemasonry, (for in Great Britain, Ireland, and continental Europe, they know not this *American* dogma and this laughing stock of sensible men). Away with it!

MEETING OF GRAND LODGE.

The twenty-ninth Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada will be held in Toronto, commencing on Wednesday, the 9th day of July.

Notice was given at the last Communication of the following motions:

1. By M. W. Bro. James Seymour —That in future the several Articles or Sections of the Constitution be numbered consecutively, and not as at present, recommencing with 1 at every subject.

2. By R. W. Bro. Henry Robertson —That the Constitution be amended as specified in the report of the Special Committee on Masonic Trials,

received at this Annual Communication, and to be published with the Proceedings.

3. By R. W. Bro. David McLellan—That section 7 "of the Grand Lodge," in the Book of Constitution, be amended by inserting after the word "Masters," on the sixth line, the words "who were installed Masters of Lodges on the Register of this Grand Lodge," and that section 11 "of the Grand Lodge" be amended by adding thereto the words "on the Registry of this Grand Lodge."

4. By Bro. ———— That section 1 "of the Board of General Purposes," in the Book of Constitution, be amended by striking out the words "ten of whom shall be appointed by the Grand Master and the remaining ten," and by inserting instead the word "who," and by striking out the word "appointed" wherever it occurs.

5. By R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson—That the Toronto District be divided into two Districts, one to comprise the City of Toronto and the Villages of Parkdale and Riverside, and the other the remaining Lodges at present in the Toronto District.

6. By R. W. Bro. R. Radcliffe—
1st.—Private Lodges may by By-law admit their members to life-membership, on such terms as such Lodges may determine, and each such life-member may, in addition to any amount payable to his Lodge for such privileges, pay into the Grand Lodge the sum of (\$5.00) five dollars, which payment shall exempt his Lodge from the payment of further dues to Grand Lodge on his behalf.

2nd.—Upon such life-member withdrawing from the Lodge of which he originally became a life-member, and joining any other Lodge, such other Lodge shall not be obliged to pay any annual dues to Grand Lodge on his account; nor in case he becomes a life-member of such other Lodge

shall he be obliged to pay a second fee thereof to Grand Lodge.

3rd.—Life-members shall be entitled to all the privileges of, and shall be amenable to discipline, in the same manner as ordinary members.

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING MOVEMENT.

The London *Freemason* has got a little mixed regarding the bogus Grand Lodge of Ontario. Its editor very honestly says, "All we want is truth; the facts of the case. Will any brother in Canada kindly post us up, since as regards details and actualities, we are without information and without knowledge." For the benefit of our *confreere* we will give him certain data, and we feel satisfied he will admit there is no possibility of comparison between the position of the Grand Lodge of Quebec and the so-called Grand Lodge of Ontario; in fact, on this continent we had never heard such a comparison made, for the fact is the Grand Lodge of Canada, which very foolishly retained its old name after the secession of Quebec, has only territorial jurisdiction over the Province of Ontario, and the writer, at the time of that secession, strongly urged through the Masonic press a change of name to "Ontario," and pointed out that otherwise we might, in the future, be troubled by some petty rebellion in our midst, which has, unfortunately only proved too true.

Before, however, giving the history of Eden Lodge, U. D., the parent of the so-called Grand Lodge of Ontario, we quote the leaderette of the *Freemason*, which only shows how earnest

brethren at a distance may misunderstand what to us is, of course, clear, plain and concise:—

“A movement is going on in Canada, which is curious and interesting in itself, as showing forcibly the outcome of those hasty moves for ‘separation,’ which have been such a characteristic of Canadian Freemasonry. If our readers wish to realize the reality of the original case, they had better peruse the official correspondence, or study the then authentic intelligence of the *Masonic Observer*. Just now in the Masonic dominions they are in a ‘fix.’ Quebec ‘swarmed’ from Canada, Ontario is doing the same. If Quebec was lawful in its emergence from connection into independency, we cannot see ‘a priori’ or ‘prima facie’ why Ontario is not. It seems to us that the ‘engineer is hoist by his own petard,’ and that what is ‘saucy for the goose is saucy for the gander.’ According to the Québec view, each province, like the United States in America, can have a conterminous Grand Lodge, and, if so, unless it can be clearly shown that the movement in Ontario has no geographical or Masonic features, properly or legally, in its favor, we cannot see why what Québec did Ontario cannot do. But we pronounce no opinion and express no partiality, favor or affection. All we want is the truth; the facts of the case. Will any brother in Canada kindly post us up, since, as regards details and actualities, we are without information and without knowledge?”

Eden Lodge, London, was chartered in 1875, by the then acting Grand Master, M. W. Bro. J. K. Kerr, and in his address to the Grand Lodge of Canada, on the 11th of July of that year, held in the city of London, he duly reported the same to Grand Lodge. The Board of General Purposes, to whom the address was in due course referred, recommended

warrants to thirteen lodges, U. D.; postponed the granting of a warrant to Harman Lodge, Toronto, and reported, “In the application for the issue of a warrant to Eden Lodge, London, the Board recommend that a warrant be not granted, but that the M. W. the Grand Master be requested to issue his dispensation authorizing the officers and brethren named therein to pass and raise those already initiated in that lodge.” Grand Lodge endorsed the recommendations of the Board.

This gave dire offence to these brethren, and a few months afterwards, the Grand Master refusing to grant a fuller dispensation than that ordered by Grand Lodge, some ten or twelve Masons, only three or four of whom were Past Masters, organized themselves into the “Grand Lodge of Ontario,” got the body incorporated by Act of Parliament, (so much for legislative action making Masonic bodies legitimate or otherwise), added a sick benefit fund like any other secret charity association,—Oddfellows, etc., and then went round the country peddling what they called the first three degrees.

Not a single lodge on the Grand Lodge of Canada roll ever joined them. Prominent Masons were offered any position they wished. All declined. The movers were suspended by the Grand Lodge of Canada. Several recanted, and their offence was condoned; but they have persevered, and have a number of lodges in Ontario, though not a single Grand Lodge recognizes them.

Bow River Lodge, No. 28, G. R. M., has been instituted at Calgary.

THE GRAND CHAPTER OF CALIFORNIA.

The Grand R. A. C. met on April 8. Comp. L. E. Pratt, Grand High Priest, condemned spurious Scottish Rite Masonry and called the Cerneau Council fellows bad names. He used such words as "glaring outrage," "shameless Masonic fraud," "peddling and hawking pretended Scottish Rite Degrees," said that young California Masons "are being cajoled and duped by the score and perhaps by the hundreds by these Masonic sharpers, quacks and charlatans, who for their own profit make merchandise of Masonry."

Well, they must be bad, why don't California try and expel them? Bad as they may be, we have not yet discovered how a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons can sit in judgment on men who are not Royal Arch Masons. It seems to us that it is not legitimately their funeral. The Grand Chapter passed resolutions denouncing the illegitimate bodies claiming to be Scottish Rite, and decided what were the genuine Templars, Councils, etc.—*Masonic Home Journal*.

We thoroughly agree with the *Masonic Home Journal* in its remarks on recent legislation for the Scottish Rite in a Royal Arch Chapter, and *vice versa*. Many of the most able Masonic writers on this continent maintain the Cerneau bodies to be the legitimate branches of this rite, whilst others advocate Bro. Pike's branch. At all events, in Grand Lodges and Grand Chapters they have sufficient to do to look after the interests of their own organizations, without interfering with other bodies and rites of Masonry. The sooner this attempt to interfere with the inherent rights of individual Masons is put a stop to the better, as we can only end in disgrace or possibly schism. Every

Mason has the unquestionable right, as a free man, to ally himself with any and every Masonic body that is based upon the principles of Ancient Craft Masonry.—The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man,—Grand Lodge or Grand Chapter notwithstanding.

OUR STATISTICS BOOK.

The "Craftsman Statistics Book" contains 12 pages in which to write the "History of Formation and Progress of the Lodge;"—23 pages for "By-Laws, Rules and Regulations;"—11 pages for "Signatures to By-Laws;"—11 pages in which to write the names of "Candidates Rejected;"—14 pages, with proper headings for "Roll of Members of the Lodge, with Date for Initiation, Passing and Raising, Affiliation, &c.;"—26 pages for keeping a Record of the "Elective and Appointed Officers Annually Installed or Invested;"—16 double pages of "Abstract of Half-yearly Returns to Grand Lodge, with Cash Account, &c."

The above have printed headings, and each page is properly ruled, making the book a very easy one to keep.

Every lodge should have a copy of this Book, as, if properly kept up, it preserves in condensed form a most valuable history of the affairs of the lodge for many years. The following is an extract from an old and experienced Past Master.

"I am in receipt of 'Statistics Book,' which you kindly send me for inspection. The advantages accruing to a lodge possessing this book are manifest and manifold. It conduces to regularity; it inculcates systematic observances, and becomes a valuable souvenir of information to hand down from year to year; and must prove at all times a perfect referee in important

matters relating to the affairs of the lodge, when the object for which it has been so carefully formulated is appreciated and observed. To me, as an orthodox constitutionalist in Freemasonry, the 'Statistics Book' comes most agreeably, and I have great pleasure in purchasing one for the use and on behalf of our lodge."

This Statistics Book will last an ordinary lodge from 20 to 25 years, and the information it contains is so easily accessible that it can be turned to instantly at any time when required. Price \$4.00, postage prepaid.

A copy will be sent to any lodge on approval, and if after examining it, the members do not wish to purchase the book, it can be returned to us. Send for a copy to J. B. Trayes, Port Hope, Ont.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

At the Seventeenth Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, held in the City of Saint John, on the 22nd and 23rd days of April, 1884, the following officers were elected and appointed, viz.:

M. W. Grand Master, John V. Ellis, S. John.

R. W. Deputy Grand Master, James McNichol, Jr., St. John.

R. W. Senior Grand Warden, Julius T. Whitlock, St. Stephen.

R. W. Junior Grand Warden, W. J. Norfolk, M.D., Moncton.

V. W. Grand Chaplain, Rev. W. W. Brewer, Sussex.

V. W. Grand Treasurer, Charles Masters, St. John.

V. W. Grand Secretary, Edwin J. Wetmore, St. John.

W. Senior Grand Deacon, Thomas A. Peters, St. John.

W. Junior Grand Deacon, George F. Hibbard, St. George.

W. Grand Director of Ceremonies, Thos. Walker, M.D., St. John.

W. Asst Grand Director of Ceremonies, W. G. Disbrow, M.D., Dalhousie.

W. Grand Sword Bearer, Arthur Everitt, St. John.

W. Grand Standard Bearer, John A. Morrison, Jr., Fredericton.

W. Grand Organist, J. C. Hatheway, M. D., St. John.

W. Grand Pursuivant, John A. Watson, St. John.

GRAND STEWARDS.—W. Bros. R. B. Humphrey, St. John; Thomas Stothart, Robert Clerke, St. John; Geo. F. Harding, Carleton; M. L. Macfarland, Andrew McNichol, St. John; Geo. M. Jarvis, Moncton; J. S. Andrews, Milltown; R. W. L. Tibbits, Andover; John Mair, Campbellton; A. C. Fairweather, Clifton, K. C.; Joseph F. Whittaker, Hampton.

Grand Tyler, Dingee Scribner, St. John.

THE BOARD OF GENERAL PURPOSES is constituted as follows: M. W. Bro. John V. Ellis, Grand Master; W. M. Bros. R. T. Clinck, P. G. M.; Robert Marshall, P. G. M.; Wm. F. Bunting, P. G. M.; R. W. Bros. J. T. Whitlock, S. G. W.; V. W. Bro. Edwin J. Wetmore, Grand Sec'y (Sec'y); M. W. Bros B. Lester Peters, P. G. M.; William Wedderburn, P. G. M.; Benj. R. Stevenson, P. G. M.; Jas. McNichol, Jr., D. G. M. (President); W. J. Norfolk, J. G. W.; Edward Willis, Henry Duffell, Thomas A. Godsee; W. Bros. Wm. R. Russell, J. Henry Leonard, John D. Short, W. Watson Allen, T. Nisbet Robertson, W. J. Logan, W. H. B. Sadleir.

The following amendment to the Constitution was adopted, viz.:—Strike out Sec. 18, page 34, as in the Book of Constitution of 1878, and instead thereof, insert:—"Every candidate initiated in a lodge shall become a member thereof upon receiving the Third Degree, and shall thereupon sign the by-laws and be liable for the regular dues."

GRAND CHAPTER OF CANADA.

The twenty-seventh Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of Canada, R. A. M., will be held in Toronto, on Friday, the 11th day of July, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Following is the only motion of which notice was given last year:—

By E. Comp. D. H. Watt, Toronto,—

I give notice that at the next Annual Convocation of Grand Chapter I will move that Clause 65 of the Book of Constitution be amended by striking out the words "unless he be an installed Master or Past Master of a Regular Lodge."

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

The Grand Lodges of Italy and Roumania have recognized the Grand Lodge of New South Wales.

We learn from *The Keystone* that the Masons of Philadelphia propose erecting a Masonic Home. Good.

I. E. Comp. Charles Doebler, Grand Supt. of Ontario District, has been paying his official visits to the Chapters. He reports Peterboro' in an unusually flourishing condition.

The Grand Lodge of Oregon was the first to declare that to be engaged in the sale of spirituous liquors was a masonic offence. Several other American Grand Lodges have now adopted a similar resolution.

We had the pleasure, recently, of meeting M.W. Bro. Col. A. A. Stevenson, P.G.M. Grand Lodge of Canada. Our distinguished brother is looking remarkably well, and visited King Hiram Lodge, Lindsay, with M. W. Bro. Spry, Grand Master of Canada, and M.W. Bro. Ramsay, all of whom took part in the work. This lodge, under W. Bro. McTavish, will prove a big success.

GRAND LODGE MEETING.—The Rossin House has been selected as headquarters for the Grand Lodge, the Grand Chapter, and Great Priory, which meet in Toronto, July 9th, 10th and 11th, 1884. Applications for rooms for delegates from the various lodges should be sent in to the Rossin House at an early date securing rooms. We advise the brethren not to neglect this.

The Grand Lodge of New York meets next month, and we sincerely trust it will not fail to recognize the Grand Lodges of New South Wales and Victoria. Heretofore it has shirked the question. It also, according to the *Corner Stone*, should attempt some legislation *in re* representation of lodges, and take some action regarding the reparation of the Hall and Asylum Funds.

The Grand Lodge of Michigan adopted the following motion. It is right enough, and we only wish the name could be changed, as it is a decided misnomer, and should never have been retained after the formation of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. We would say, however, we never claimed to be the Grand Lodge of the Dominion of Canada:—

Resolved.—That notwithstanding the Grand Lodge of Michigan recognizes the fact that the Grand Lodge of Canada assumes a title which implies a governing power over a much larger territory than that over which she claims jurisdiction, the time has not arrived for this Grand Lodge to take any action which may disturb the friendly relations now existing between this Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge of the Dominion of Canada.

THE COSTS AT THE TRIENNIAL.—Total, \$61,152.44. Of this \$3,784 was for the competitive drill; \$15,282.87 for decoration; \$892 for divine service. It does not cost much to worship, but it costs like all-possessed to dance and drill! "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined," but don't swear about it, or get drunk, and it's all well enough. Balance on hand, \$7,000. The best thing of all. The committee gave \$3,853.54 in charity after all bills were paid. "That's just splendid." We like that. Who would not? That makes

us feel comfortable to think that in all that fun, frolic and enjoyment, the poor were not forgotten. It covers a multitude of errors—if there were any.—*Mas. Home Journal*.

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

A Lodge of Instruction will be held at Woodstock, on the 21st inst.

London Knights Templar have arranged to drill every Friday evening during the summer.

R. W. Bro. John Ross Robinson has been appointed Representative of the Grand Lodge of Italy, near the Grand Lodge of Canada.

The Craft of Centreville will celebrate St. John's Day, the 24th June, by installation at high noon, and a sermon, to be followed by a grand banquet. Ten lodges have been invited to attend, and an enjoyable time is anticipated.

R. W. Bro. H. G. Lindsay, D. D. G. M., London District, accompanied by V. W. Bro. Alex. Hess, and Bros. J. W. Butler, J. M. Conroy, and J. H. Thompson, paid an official visit to McColl Lodge, Bismarck, recently. After the lodge was closed the visiting brethren were entertained at a supper at the Argyle House.

On the evening of the 30th ult., the members of St. Francis Lodge, No. 15, Q. R., gave a supper at the restaurant of the G. T. R. station, Richmond, in honor of Bro. Thomas J. Maughan, S. W., who is about to remove to Toronto. The chair was occupied by P. G. M. Dr. Graham, having on his right hand the guest of the evening, and P. W. M. Gymer, etc.; and on his left W. M. Dr. McCormick, and Bro. "Deacon" Snow. The vice-chairs were occupied by Bros. Nicholson, J. W., and Dr.

Brown, Secretary. Among those present were: Bros. Drinkwater, Dyson, Hanns, Scott, Moore, Gilbride, Fardy, Sheppard, Sheffler, etc. During the evening the usual loyal and masonic toasts were duly proposed and suitably responded to. The toast of "our guest" was enthusiastically received, and called for a unanimous expression of the very high estimation in which Bro. Maughan is held as a man and a Mason, and of their best wishes for his future welfare and prosperity. The speeches, with the songs interspersed, were all good, and the supper all that could be desired,—"mine host" Duffy having procured expressly for the occasion, some of the latest delicacies of the season,—strawberries, pineapples, etc.

WHAT THE ENGLISH PRESS SAY.

The London *Freemason* is paying a few compliments to our able brother, Past Grand Master Graham. The *Freemason* will yet admit that these lodges in Montreal are detrimental to the best interests of Masonry in our sister province. The *Herald* says:—"In a lengthy leading article 'Reviewing his Reviewers' regarding the situation of Masonic affairs in Quebec in their relation to the Grand Lodge of England, the editor of the (London, Eng.) *Freemason* says:—"Brother Graham, than whom no more cautious or able ruler exists, is so fully aware of the real and serious difficulties of the case, that he has always, to his honor be it remembered, though a firm advocate for independence, advised measures of peace and prudence."

A Masonic lodge was opened at Carberry, Manitoba, recently, under dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, with the following officers:—W. Bro. N. Dickie, W. M., (formerly of Thorndale); Bro. W. J. McAdam, S. W.; Bro. M. Collins, J. W.; Bro. C. W. Macloan, Secretary.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY.

We are glad to learn that M. W. Bro. Geo. C. Longley, the Grand Master General of the Sovereign Sanctuary, is now out of danger, although still very weak from his long confinement to his room, and also suffering a great deal from rheumatism. The Substitute Grand Master has also been laid up for the past two weeks with gout. The Egyptians apparently are suffering "at home" as well as "abroad."

Osiris Rose Croix Chapter, Toronto, has changed its place of meeting from the Adelaide street hall to the Victoria street hall.

The action of Doric Lodge, Toronto, in deciding to do away with liquors at the refreshment table, is very generally endorsed by the Craft. Other lodges will probably do likewise before long.

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.

NON-INTERCOURSE WANTED.

To the Editor of the CRAFTSMAN.

In these times of masonic sympathy in this province, the correspondence of the Grand Z. of the Grand Chapter of Quebec seems quite refreshing. The correspondence, as detailed in the proceedings of Grand Chapter, is such a precursor of the many truths produced for the enlightenment of the Grand Mark Master Mason of England in the correspondence that has taken place since the meeting of Grand Chapter in January last. It is manifestly evident that the Grand Z. appreciates the rights of the Grand Chapter, and the duties devolving on him as its chief executive during the call off from labor of the Grand Chapter. I have no doubt the Grand Mark Master of England will come to the conclusion that the man is mad, as he will, no doubt, suppose no sane man could deluge the superior clay and blue blood of old England with such an avalanche of contempt, justly called forth by the exspirating lamb-like innocence of the correspondence on the part of England. It is to be hoped, as the King said of Wolfe, that he will bite the other Generals; and if the process should galvanize the Grand Master of Quebec into life and action, so much the better for the state of masonry in the province. No man could have done better in his address to Grand Lodge than did our present Grand Master. No man could, apparently, have done less than he has done during the last five months. His address had the true ring about it. It seemed to indicate that he was a man who could be trusted to look after the rights of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. In his address, he told us how often the Grand Lodge had declared her supremacy. How often the preceding Grand Masters had been instructed

by Grand Lodge to do the one thing needful—to render practical that declaration of supremacy, and in doing so, he told us how often preceding Grand Masters had failed to carry out the high trust reposed in them by the great body of the craft in this province. Let me quote from his address:—“The time for action has arrived.” “Let us either exercise our constitutional privileges, and maintain the landmarks, or hereafter hold our peace. We have done all in our power to obtain an amicable adjustment of these differences. I advise that we now assert our rights—avow our position. That all who are not with us are against us, and declare masonic non-intercourse with those lodges who will not array themselves beneath our banner and join our register. This to be preceded by due notice.” It is not to be forgotten that the Committee on the State of Masonry recommended that the course indicated by the G. M. be followed, and that report was received and adopted by Grand Lodge (see Proceedings, January, 1884, page 61). Why, then, has not due notice been given? Are the members of the craft to understand that we are to accept the other alternative referred to by the Grand Master, viz.: to content ourselves with the delusive declaration that we are a Sovereign Grand Body? Perish the thought. If such is the case, it were better that such an address as that of the G. M. in January had never been made. Why should we hold ourselves up to be the laughing-stock of the whole masonic world? If we are destined to go on as we are, better say nothing about our wrongs and bear them like stoics. Unless we strike the blow that is to make us free, we cannot expect the Grand Lodge of the world to plunge into discord on our behalf, when we are seemingly prepared to accept matters as they are. Why should they bother about us? Heaven helps them that helps themselves, is an old adage, and one not to be for-

gotten in our case. There is one chance remaining to the Grand Lodge of Quebec to enforce her legitimate rights. But the members of Grand Lodge think it will on or before the next session of Grand Lodge in Montreal. Do not again throw the control of your destiny in the hands of any one man, no matter to how high a position you may have exalted him. Remember, decided action has been kept back year after year by some vague, undefined phantasmagoria that was about to happen in the near future, and that was to put matters right, and now this will-o'-the-wisp seems as far off as ever. Let us test practically the doctrine of Grand Lodge supremacy, and let the Grand Lodges of the world maintain it or not, as they please. If it cannot be maintained, let it be dropped, and then hurrah for chaos! but as far as we are concerned, let there be no more fooling with the question. It is not one of solely provincial interest. It affects the craft at large. It is our responsibility to issue the mandate; it is the responsibility of the other Grand Lodges to see it carried into effect. With their action we have nothing to do. If we do our duty to the craft, no doubt they will do theirs; at any rate let us give them the chance. The secular press shows us, from time to time, how American Masons, God bless them, are backing up the Grand Z. in his action. The Grand Lodge of England is violating our Grand Lodge Constitution; the Grand Mark Lodge is doing no more than a violation with the Constitution of the Grand Chapter. Lord Hgn-ecker shows in his correspondence how, from his standpoint, the establishment of Mark Lodges here is a necessity for the English Craft Masons. If our Grand Masters had done their duty, no such necessity would exist, for we would have no English Craft Masons here. So then, it seems it is our Grand Masters who have brought this trouble on our Grand Chapter and our Grand Z.

Everything urges to immediate action. Why is it not taken? In default, let us do it ourselves. Let the rank and file show that they are no longer to be trifled with. Let us at next meeting of Grand Lodge pass a resolution enjoining non-intercourse, and call on the Grand Lodges of the world to sustain our action. This will obviate the necessity of a proclamation from the Grand Master, at the same time having all the effect of one. No doubt such a course of action would be distasteful to the A. & A. Rite men, who seem to be running lodges, chapters, and Grand Lodges, &c., for their own benefit; but then, Craft Masons are not bound in any way to consider the interests of any side show, if they conflict with the interests of Craft Masonry. It is about time it was understood, as was declared in the articles of union in 1813: "That Masonry consists of three (3) degrees, and no more." Very little doubt exists in the minds of some brethren, that if only the interests of Craft Masonry had been consulted in the past, our difficulties would long ago have been settled. OSIRIS.

A PERMANENT GRAND MASTER.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR AND R. W. BRO.—I, with many others in Toronto, am very much surprised at your taking up the subject of the election of a "permanent Grand Master" seriously. Here, the subject is only referred to to be condemned, and those who advocate it have neither following nor influence. It is true, M. W. Bro. Kerr's name has been made use of, but I feel confident without his consent. What object there can be in agitating this question I cannot understand, for I feel sure none of those who pretend to favor so radical a change will venture to mention the subject in Grand Lodge. It seems to me that some people are disposed to discuss Masonic affairs very much after the style that our secular press deal with

political questions, and refer to our prominent men in much the same terms as our leading politicians are abused and blackguarded. All I have to say is, that such a course cannot fail to have a very prejudicial effect on Masonry, and will induce many to leave the ranks whom we cannot afford to spare, while the better class of the people will hesitate to connect themselves with an organization in which their names are likely to be connected, without their knowledge or consent, with the schemes and vagaries of a designing few, who think, because they reside in the metropolis of the jurisdiction they should have everything done to suit their views. The "Toronto ring" has been guilty of many very doubtful tricks,—and more than once their conduct has put to shame their more honorable brethren,—but as it is known that this ring only works for the aggrandizement of its own little clique, its influence is waning, and I hope the day is not far distant when it will be powerless. The Masons of Toronto repudiate the ring and its actions, and those composing it do not gain their objects through Toronto votes, but by playing their cards so as to catch the votes of the country lodges. The Masons of Toronto are perfectly satisfied that Grand Lodge will at all times give them fair representation in the distribution of offices, and they feel that they have been placed in a false position by the injudicious references made to Hamilton, with a view of injuring R. W. Bro. Murray's prospects of election to the highest position in Grand Lodge. It is claimed that because the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer reside in Hamilton, Toronto should furnish the Grand Master permanently. Anything more absurd could not be urged, and the raising of the sectional cry is, in my judgment, a very great mistake, and not calculated to either advance the interests of the craft in general or Toronto in particular. In the election of Grand

Master, the fitness in every particular of the aspirants to the position should be the one thing of importance in making the selection, and I sincerely hope this view will prevail. I fail to see why R. W. Bro. Murray should be cast aside for any Past Grand Master in Toronto, or for that matter for any other member of Grand Lodge. He has been an active worker for a number of years, and as a member of the most important committees has evinced a zeal and capacity which was recognized by his election as Deputy Grand Master. I do not see that, because the brother resides in Hamilton, he should be excluded from filling an office which he has proven by his past services he is well qualified to fill, and I am confident, with but few, if any, exceptions, he will have the cordial support of the Toronto lodges. It has been customary in the past to elect the Deputy Grand Master to the Grand Master's chair, and I am sure no petty feeling of jealousy will be the cause of a departure from this rule.

I could say much more on this subject, if I considered it necessary, but will not further intrude on your valuable space, further than to warn the delegates against the insinuating manners of the office-seekers, and the persistent efforts of the obsequious canvasser.

Yours Fraternaly,
P. G. OFFICER.

Toronto, June 9, 1864.

The more youthful and energetic Fratres of Richard Cœur de Lion Preceptory, Knights Templars, of London, are about to move in the matter of engaging a drill instructor to perfect them in the Templar tactics. Twenty-two brethren have already secured uniforms, and before July it is expected that the Preceptory will be able to turn out thirty swords. Those desirous of joining the drill corps should consult with Sir Knight Hawthorn without delay.

MASONIC SONG.

Air—"The Belle of the Bar."

Excepting He has willed it, and His Hands
alone have skilled it,
'Tis but labor lost to build it,—let the work
be what it may;
Firm friendship must unite it, and the One
Great Light must light it;
Then it's brighter than meridian sun, of
beautiful May-day.
Come brothers let us see,—To us no mys-
tery
Is hidden, when our sacred rites can con-
stitute us free:
Let heart and hand unite, 'Twas said,—
"Let there be Light,"
And may our light still brighter shine, to
all eternity.

CHORUS.

As truth we all discover, let a brother help
a brother,
Let's be kind to one another, and as Masons
true and fair;
Let's try to keep the token, let our vows be
never broken,
For we're free and we're accepted, so we'll
act upon the square.

Those virtues we hold dearest, they will al-
ways shine the clearest,
To our hearts we'll keep them nearest, and
we'll love the sacred three;
The outer world may taunt us, they may
chaff us, they may jaunt us,
'Twould be better if they could but know
why Masonry is free;
The bond of union's sweet, when men as
Masons meet,
And grasp the hand of friendship, and as
brothers all unite;
The bond of union's true, if half the world
but knew,
That life's journey's rendered brighter by
Freemasonry's true light.

Chorus—As truth we all discover,*&c.

But the Architect has willed it, and His
Own Hands have skilled it,
And if each one has fulfilled it, thrice hap-
py then is he:
Though ancient is the story, still how bright
's the Mason's glory!
And if he's acted on the square, exalted
must he be,
So happy have we met, there's none can
part us yet,
Whilst secrecy, fidelity, obedience, make
us one:
The bonds let's closer bind, within each
other's mind,
The bonds of freedom, friendship, that can
never be undone.

Chorus—As truth we all discover, &c.

A GRAND LECTURE.

In my last article, I referred to the
district meetings held in Vermont.
Since then, I have had the pleasure of
attending the annual meeting of the
seventh district, held at Swanton,
Vt., in the hall of Seventy-six Lodge,
and under the supervision of W. Bro.
T. S. Miller, D. D. G. M. The Most
Worshipful, the Grand Master, as
well as Rt. W. Bros. Hall, S. G. W.,
and C. H. Holbrook, Grand Lecturer,
were present. Work on an actual
candidate, in the several degrees, was
performed by Franklin Lodge, of St.
Albans, Eagle Lodge, of Fairfield,
and Seventy-six Lodge, of Swanton,
and in such a manner as to elicit the
highest praise from the Grand Lec-
turer. W. Bro. Sturtevant, of
Seventy-six Lodge, then called upon
M. W. Bro. Meecham, Rt. W. Bros.
Hall and Holbrook and W. Bros. T.
S. Miller, Frank W. Baxter, Willard
Farrington and L. G. Burnell, who
made passing remarks, and the meet-
ing then adjourned.

To say that these meetings are
beneficial to the Craft, would be too
tame an expression. They work
wonders in the way of ritualistic per-
fection and social equality, and bring
the *real workers* of Freemasonry to-
gether *at work*. There are no lucent
titles hung out as a bait, and conse-
quently you find here, only the *bone*
and *sinew* of Freemasonry congregat-
ed for the express purpose of advanc-
ing the science. The Grand Master
does not sit on a throne, swaying his
sceptre with that pomp which seems
necessary in Grand Lodge, but stands
on an equal level with each member
present, and it is easy to be seen that
they recognize this fact from the *sarg*
froid in which they express their
views. This, in my opinion, is as it
should be, and could the same "at
home" feeling be inculcated in Grand
Lodge, there would be more universal
Masonry, and less individual favorit-
ism. Country delegates, as a rule,
are overawed by the spontaneous

language of the graduates, and although their logic may be sound, yet they have never learned to frame their opinion into words, and they consequently relapse into a state of apathy, leaving the government of the Craft to a few whom they feel powerless to oppose. This is much to be regretted, but as certain forms must be observed in Grand Lodge, and as the dignity of the Throne must be maintained, let us adopt a similar course to Vermont, and amend the Constitution, by adding thereto the office of "Grand Lecturer." The Grand Lodge of Quebec has thought best to revise her Ritual, without any regard to international similarity, and now let them adopt such measures as shall cause this work to be universally used and understood. The fact that because I am to-day Master of a Lodge and to-morrow a District Deputy does not bring with the morrow that essential knowledge which is required in one who must shape our destiny, and therefore it is evident that this office is not all that is required, even when the incumbent does his duty, which is not always. In 1878, Rt. W. Bro. T. P. Butler made a move in the right direction, but without avail, the majority doubtless believing in the old adage that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Freemasonry is a progressive science, and the end which it desires to attain is human perfection, but in order to succeed there must be a constant battle with all that is productive of evil, and unless the weak receive some substantial encouragement from the strong there is little prospect of ever attaining the end. If the root be healthy the tree and its branches will flourish and bear fruit, and by that fruit the tree shall be known. In the battle against religious bigotry and English domineering, the Grand Lodge are losing sight of the internal condition of Freemasonry, and are thus shaping weapons for the use of their enemies. For instance: if a brother in good

standing, for personal reasons known best to himself, decides to dimit, and honorably discharges all obligations to his lodge, he is, from that time, excommunicated, although under the discipline of the nearest lodge; whereas, if he had remained and never paid his dues, he would have been entitled to all the rights and privileges of the order. Does this not approach something like a reward for dishonesty? Does Grand Lodge imagine that this kind of legislation will improve the moral status of Freemasonry? No brother should be suspended for non-payment of dues, without a trial. But for Grand Lodge to say he shall not be suspended is going one step too far, and virtually unlocks the treasury to dishonest members, a class it should be our first care to rid ourselves of, instead of framing laws for their protection. For a Mason who has signed the by-laws of his lodge, has bound himself to pay those dues to the same extent as though he had given a promissory note for a like amount, and to relieve him of this bond, except in cases of charity, is unjust to the contributing members of a lodge, and injurious to the institution. Let us, therefore, have more Freemasonry and less spurious Masonry. Let the Grand Lodge of Quebec see that Freemasonry is taught in all lodges, by one who understands the art, and let every individual Mason be entreated to take its beautiful teachings and influences home with him, fresh in his mind, and not remain to join in debauchery, which is generally very innocently termed "refreshments." It is in the family that you are framing material for the future man, and it must be moulded and fashioned by the training it receives there.

Mark well, then, that you perform your allotted task while there is yet time, lest your negligence bring grief and discredit on your old age, when it shall be too late to repent. Keep within the bounds of the Square, the

Compass, and the Ohisel. Promote peace; cultivate harmony; encourage concord and brotherly love; avoid all wrangling and quarrelling; condemn slandering and back-biting; and vote for better government of internal affairs in your Grand Lodge.

"MAX."

MEETING OF GRAND LODGE.

The Committee on arrangements for the reception of Grand Lodge, to be held at the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 9th day of July, 1884, have issued the following circular:—

The Grand Lodge Reception Committee beg to inform you that they hope to have the pleasure of meeting a large delegation at Grand Lodge, and trust yourself, and delegates of your lodge, will be of the number. The Committee has made arrangements with hotels, as under:—

LIST OF HOTELS AND THEIR RATES.

Queen's Hotel (*Special Rate*), \$2.50, \$3.00 per day, according to location of rooms.

American Hotel (*Special Rate*), \$1.50, \$2.00 per day, according to location of rooms.

Walker House, \$2.00 per day.

Rossin House, (*Special Rate*), \$2.50, \$3.00 per day, according to location of rooms.

Revere House, \$1.00, \$1.50 per day.

Shakespeare Hotel, \$1.00, \$1.50 per day.

The rate of \$1.00 per day is charged at the following good hotels, viz.:—Albion Hotel, Clyde Hotel, Russell House, Bay Horse Hotel, Windsor Hotel, Imperial Hotel, and Commercial Hotel.

At the hour of High Twelve the Grand Lodge will be opened in the Pavillion in the Horticultural Gardens on Gerrard Street East.

The Garden can be reached conveniently by the Sherbourne, Winchester and Church street cars.

The Committee has arranged for a reception to the Grand Master and delegates to Grand Lodge, and the holding of a promenade concert on Wednesday evening, July 9th (first day of holding Grand Lodge). A

Committee has been specially struck to attend to the arrangements there. Delegates from outside the city, on registering their names with the Credential Committee, will have tickets presented to them.

During the meeting of Grand Lodge the Masonic Hall on Toronto street (which contains life-size portraits of the Past Grand Masters), with Chapter and Templar rooms, will be open for inspection.

The D. D. G. M., or myself, will be happy to give you any desired information, and the members of the Committee will be happy to render the delegates any assistance in their power during their stay in Toronto.

I am, Dear Sir, and W. Bro.,

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM ROAF,
District Secretary.

JOSHUA G. BURNS, D.D.G.M.,
Chairman.

Toronto, June 15, 1884.

"A MASON'S SISTER."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

Shortly after the war hundreds of strangers applied to the Masons of Louisville upon various pleas for pecuniary assistance. Some had been soldiers of one or the other army; some were in search of lost friends, and were out of means. The Masonic Board of Relief did a noble work, and individual Masons often came to the rescue. One day the President of the Relief Board came to us with the request that we accompany him to see a lady at the Louisville Hotel, who claimed aid as a Mason's sister. She said that her maiden name was Livermore (if we remember aright) that her father was President of a bank in Portland, Maine, and that her brother was Master of a lodge in the same city. Her story was, that she married against her father's wishes, and, with her husband, sought a home in the West. At St.

Louis her husband deserted her, and took her watch, jewelry, and trunk, leaving her only the clothes she had on.

She made known her distress to a gentleman at the hotel, who proved to be a Royal Arch Mason on his way south, via Louisville, and kindly brought her thus far, saying that he was pressed for time and could do no more, but that she would be in no worse condition here than she was among strangers in St. Louis. The hotel clerks stated that she had arrived with some gentleman who went on to Nashville, and that she had no baggage, and deported herself in a modest, lady-like manner. Her dress and jewelry were good, without display, and her appearance betokened intelligence. She did not ask for money, but wanted a ticket to New York, as she was acquainted with the captains of both steamers that plied between that city and Portland, therefore anticipated no trouble, if she could get to New York.

She desired to go immediately to her father, hoping to meet with parental pardon, and be received again into her father's house. To secure all this she modestly craved our influence with the "old folks at home." The writer was a bank teller and knew that a man, such as the lady described, was President of the bank she named. We examined the Grand Lodge Proceedings, and found the brother's name, as Master of a Portland lodge, just as she represented. Our sympathies were aroused, and the Mason's sister was provided with a through ticket, a few dollars in change, a luncheon, and recommendation to the fraternal consideration of Masons *en route*. The genuineness of her claim, or the truthfulness of her simple story, corroborated by many externals, and the bank and lodge records were satisfactory. Our gallant Bro. Horace Gooch, President of Relief Board, accompanied the lady to Jeffersonville, Ind., putting her in charge of the conductor, and request-

ing that she should not want for attention.

Nor was this all; he wrote to Worshipful Brother Livermore, while the writer corresponded with the father, giving an account of the sister and daughter's repentance and auspicious start for the city of Portland, pleading for her reception into the circle of her kinsmen. After a reasonable delay both of us received responses. The writer's letter, from Mr. Livermore, Sr., thanked us for the kindness exhibited, encouraged us to go on in the philanthropic work of relieving distress, etc., and closed with words something, if not exactly, like these: "I have but one daughter, and she is the happy wife of General Smith, now residing in this city."

We reflected upon the uncertainty of human things generally, and murmured, "she was a stranger and she took us in."

Hope is the most lustrous gem in life's store of jewels. It shines through the gloom of horror, lights up the night of woe, sheds glory over the miseries of toil. Sorrow loses its sting, the unknown its terror, even sin its power, when God, pitying our helplessness, sets in the skies of the future this light of hope. Without it the evils of life would overwhelm us, and the good things of the world would seem worthless. It is the food of love, man's holiest virtue. It links the present joys of feeling with the visions of future fruition. Ever flying from us, yet ever within our sight, it lures from the finite into the infinite. For when the whirl of life is over, when this world's joys no longer tempt us, nor its perils terrify us, Hope turns our eyes to the sphere wherein the soul will find its true delight. Nor do we know even then Hope's work is over. For with the higher ends we pursue, with the deeper wisdom we know, it wings its flight through eternity. So mysterious, so limitless is this wondrous gift of hope.—*Lon. Freemason's Chronicle.*

HUMORISMS.

Very frequently the waiter has to be feed before he will feed you satisfactorily.

A young man asks: "When is the best time to move?" When is his rent due?

Although Rome had eight circuses, neither of them had a calcimitted sacred elephant.

"Another expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to the barber shop.

"I tolled you so," said the sexton to the bell that cracked and refused to peal any more.

"A baby is the oasis of married life."—*N. Y. Journal*. O! a sis, is it! Thought it was a boy.

In the social circles of the chicken yard the lines are very distinctly drawn, for each hen has her own set.

There is one thing about a house that seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does. That is the rent.

A careless printer made a dancing-master's card read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

"What," said Margaret to Cecilia: "What, dearest, do you really think is the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrow-root."

Two mules used on Lake street cars rejoice in pet names—Sin and Misery—because it is misery to drive them and a sin to whip them.

A bright reporter on the *Buffalo Express*, after seeing a delegation of Latter Day Saints, remarked that "Raphael never painted such saints."

"Now, children," said the teacher, "What do you call the meal that you eat in the morning?" "Oat meal!" promptly replied a member of the class.

A tough old widower, in response to a neighbor who addressed words of comfort to him, replied: "Well, yes, I shall miss her—she was a very expensive woman."

Mme. De Staal once said. "The more I know of men the better I like dogs." Now let some bachelor retaliate by saying the more he knows of women the better he likes cats.

"But these hacks are dangerous. We might get the small-pox." "You've no cause to be afraid of my coach, mum for I've 'ad the 'ind wheel vaccinated, and it took beautiful."

As two ladies were gazing at the large black bear brought into town yesterday, one remarked. "Oh, what a nice buffalo robe his skin would make!" The other replied: "Or such a splendid seal skin sacque!"

A scientist says that in the moon a nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a bullet. That settles it; we shall never go to the moon to gather nuts.

"When I was a boy," said Thackeray, "I wanted some taffy. It was a shilling. I hadn't one. When I was a man, I had a shilling; but I didn't want any taffy."

"I love her still," sang the serenader. And then a married man passing along the opposite side of the street soliloquized: "Yes, you're right. I'd love my wife still, too; but she won't be still."

Sir Boyle Roche once said, in reference to persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that "it seemed to be hereditary in the family to have no children."

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a would-be dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" asked Joe, immediately. "Because they can't see your ears."

"Alice," said Mrs. Petulia, in a subdued tone to her little girl one evening at supper, "you must eat bread with your jam." "But, mamma," protested Alice, "it's plenty good enough without bread."

A philosophic individual, who suddenly sat down on a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee disarmed the usual ridicule incident to accidents of that character by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it before getting up.

A young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear ———, I send you by the boy a bucket of flours. This iz like my luv for u. The nite shade menes kepe dark. Rosis red and posis pail, my luv for u shall never fale."

"This art craze is going too far," said Broughine, when a pot of paint fell from a second story window and struck him on the head. "No more decorated tiles for me," he mournfully added, as he began to scrape the yellow paint off his silk hat with a jack-knife.

The obliging visitor, to show that he really is fond of children, and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot! trot! trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replied the child; "but not so nice as on the real donkey—the one with four legs."

A Washington school-boy has a grievance, and writes about it to the *Star*: "When a boy goes to school in the morning an Forgets to Sharpin his Pencil Why then of Corse he Hast to do it in School An if he does his Teacher takes His knife away from him. Then he goes home An tells his Father an he Makes a fus. But he never gets his Knife."