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"THE QUBEN AND THE CRAFT."

The Canadian Craftsman

AND MASONIC RECORD.

VOLUME XX.

JAN. 1886 to DEC. 1886.



PORT HOPE, ONT.:

J. B. TRAYES, F. D. D. G. M., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

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J. B. TRAYES, P.D.D.G.M.,
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PORT HOPE, ONT., JANUARY 15, 1886.

No. 1.

GRAND MASONIC CELEBRATION AT HAMILTON.

On the 13th January last, Barton Lodge, No. 6, celebrated her 90th anniversary, in the city of Hamilton. It was also made the occasion of presenting M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, with a beautifully engraved address, and the regalia pertaining to his rank.

At the same time, R. W. Bro. Gavin Stewart, P.D.D.G.M., was presented by his district with the regalia which his position entitles him to wear.

The large lodge-room was well filled by brethren from far and near.

An impressive scene was, when all had entered save the G. L. officers, when the three W. Bros. Carl E., Otto J., and Emil W. Klotz announced themselves and then entered, the whole lodge rising, and the organ playing, until they were seated on the dais;—worthy sons of a worthy father.

The usual announcement being made, the Grand Lodge entered.

Members of Grand Lodge present :

G. M.—M. W. Bro. Hugh Murray.
P. G. M.—M. W. Bro. Daniel Spry.
D. G. M.—R. W. Bro. Henry Robertson.
G. S. W.—R. W. Bro. R. L. Patterson.
G. J. W.—R. W. Bro. Wm. Forbes.
G. Treas.—R. W. Bro. E. Mitchell.
G. Sec'y.—R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason.
D. D. G. M. Hamilton District,—R. W. Bro. Donald McPhie.

D. D. G. M. Niagara District,—R. W. Bro. T. L. M. Tifton.

Chairman Committee on Finance,—R. W. Bro. Thos. Sargant.

Chairman Committee on Benevolence,—M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz.

Chairman Committee on Jurisprudence,—R. W. Bro. Hy. MacPherson.

Chairman Committee on Constitution of Masonry,—R. W. Bro. J. R. Robertson.

Chairman Committee on Grievances and Appeals,—R. W. Bro. R. T. Walkem.

Past District Deputy Grand Masters,—R. W. Bros. Richard Bull, Chas. Magill, W. G. Ried, R. Brierley, John M. Gibson, William Gibson, Gavin Stewart.

Past Grand Senior Wardens,—R. W. Bros. B. E. Charlton, John W. Murton.

Past Grand Registrars,—R. W. Bros. R. L. Gun, E. T. Malone, H. A. Mackay.

Past Grand Supt. of Works,—V. W. Bro. Wm. Reid.

Past Grand D. of Cer.—V. W. Bro. Carl E. Klotz.

Past Assistant Grand Secretaries,—V. W. Bros. H. Bickford, R. A. Hutchinson, Geo. Russell, H. J. Morgan, G. R. Smith, C. Lemon.

Past Grand Sword-Bearer,—V. W. Bro. E. E. Loosley.

Past Grand Steward,—V. W. Bro. Wm. Carey.

The M. W. the Grand Master, having assumed the gavel, made some appropriate remarks anent the three-

fold object of this great gathering of brethren from far and near; whereupon Deputy-Grand Master Robertson read the following address:—

The Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Canada, to Most Worshipful Brother Otto Klotz, Past Grand Master,—

DEAR SIR, AND MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER:—Your brethren of the Grand Lodge of Canada, cheerfully embrace this opportunity of bearing testimony to the zeal and ability with which you have endeavored to further its interests since you became connected with the craft. From the time of your entrance into the Grand Lodge, in 1858, you have been constant in your attendance, and have diligently performed all the duties incumbent upon you, in the various positions you have been called upon to fill.

As Warden, Master, Past Master, and District Deputy-Grand Master, you have served the Grand Lodge efficiently, and as a member of the Board of General Purposes, continuously since 1864, you have taken a full share, and often more than a due proportion, of the labors of that body.

It is, however, more in connection with the practical exemplification of that virtue, which may justly be denominated the distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason's heart, that your name has become so widely known and will be long remembered. As the Chairman of the Committee on Benevolence, you have systematized the large expenditure of the Grand Lodge for this praiseworthy object to a remarkable degree, and your perfect records of this department of Masonic work, deserve the highest commendation.

Reference should also be made to your excellent compilation of the resolutions of Grand Lodge, and rulings of Grand Masters, which have proved of great use to the craft in this jurisdiction; and also, to your valuable aid

on the Committees on ritual and revision of the constitution.

At the last Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, it was resolved by a unanimous vote, that the rank of Honorary Past Grand Master should be conferred upon you, in recognition of the long and distinguished service rendered by you to this Grand Lodge. It was further ordered, that a committee should be appointed, to select and present to you the regalia pertaining to your position.

We have, then, Most Worshipful Sir, very great pleasure in presenting you with the Regalia of a Past Grand Master, and we trust that you may long be spared, by the favor of the G. A. O. T. U. to wear it, as a mark of the esteem and respect in which you are held by your brethren in Freemasonry.

Fraternally yours,

HY. ROBERTSON, D. G. M.
HY. MACPHERSON, P. D. D. G. M. } Com.
THOS. SARGANT, P. D. D. G. M. }

Hamilton, Ont., Jan. 13, 1886.

REPLY BY M. W. BRO. OTTO KLOTZ.

Most Worshipful Sir and Brother, as the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada; Right Worshipful Brethren of the Committee; and Right Worshipful Brethren, and Brethren here assembled:—

With the deepest feeling of gratitude, I tender to Grand Lodge, and to you, my brethren, my sincerest and warmest acknowledgments for this magnificent testimonial, accompanied by a beautifully engrossed address, expressive of the esteem in which I am held by the craft.

Grand Lodge, in conferring upon me this great distinction, has proved to me that it has followed that sublime injunction, given in one of our solemn ceremonies, viz:—"Let us cast around his foibles, whatever they may have been, the broad mantle of a Mason's charity." For although the beautiful, grand and sublime lessons taught by

our ritual and by our lectures, made, when first imparted to me, a deep and a lasting impression upon my then young and idealistic mind, I am, nevertheless, fully cognizant of the fact, that while honestly endeavoring to fulfill my duty as a Mason, I have often and repeatedly failed to perform the same.

The brethren of Grand Lodge, however, have not only been pleased to cast over those failures the broad mantle of a Mason's charity, but they have actually, in a most munificent manner, rewarded the performances of sacred duties,—of duties which every Mason is solemnly bound to perform.

Nothing, my brethren, could induce me to unremitting activity in our Masonic bee-hive, than this evidence of forbearance and generosity of Grand Lodge.

You have been pleased to mention the year 1858, as that in which I first attended Grand Lodge. That communication was not only eventful, as to myself personally, as it brought me from the narrow limits of private lodge matters, into the wide sphere of Grand Lodge affairs; it was also one of the most eventful and important in the chronology of Grand Lodge, since on that occasion the amalgamation of the two grand Masonic bodies in the old Province of Canada was so happily effected.

Grand Lodge, as you are aware, when established in 1855, did not obtain the unanimous approval of all the Masons residing within its jurisdiction; on the contrary, a considerable number of brethren not only refused to join, but actually formed a direct opposition.

On the part of Grand Lodge, every peaceful effort was made to reconcile these dissenting brethren; the services of brethren of eminence from sister Grand Lodges were secured, and nobly did they work in their endeavors to bring about the desired result. Correspondence was extensively carried on; hope for an early settlement

of existing differences was increasing, when suddenly that correspondence was broken off, and those dissenting brethren formed an opposition Grand Lodge. Yet, notwithstanding this serious act, earnest efforts were made to revive the correspondence, and they were crowned with success. In the short space of about six months, the requisite arrangements for an amalgamation were completed, the newly-formed Grand Lodge was dissolved, and those brethren who had composed the same, were admitted into Grand Lodge, and there received in the most fraternal manner.

And if, brethren, we remember that the Masonic schism in England, which had produced two Grand Lodges, lasted nearly a century, that it was only healed in December, 1813, by an amalgamation of those two Grand Lodges, through the earnest labors of those two brothers, the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Kent, we may justly say that the amalgamation of the then existing two Grand Lodges in the old Province of Canada, and the happy union effected on the memorable 14th day of July, 1858, was an eventful and important day in the history of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

That Grand Lodge did so consider the same, was amply demonstrated, by the fact that honorary rank was conferred upon those eminent brethren who took a most active part in bringing about the desired union. The rank of Past Grand Master was conferred upon M. W. Bro. Philip Tucker, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Vermont; M. W. Bro. H. T. Bachus, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan; R. W. Bros. Thomas D. Harington, and Thomas G. Ridout, Past Provincial Masters of the Grand Lodge of England, and R. W. Bro. W. C. Stephens; while the rank of Past Deputy-Grand Master was conferred upon M. W. Bro. Rob Morris, the Deputy-Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, now the Post-Laureate of Freemasonry.

Only two other instances prior to 1885 are on record, where Grand Lodge conferred the honorary rank of Past Grand Master, the first being in 1860, when M. W. Bro. Thos. D. Harrington was elected Grand Master, the rank of Past Grand Master was conferred upon R. W. Bro. A. Bernard, Past Deputy-Grand Master of Grand Lodge; and the second being in 1874, when that rank was conferred upon Deputy-Grand Master Thomas White, upon his departure from the Province of Ontario, by which the Grand Lodge was deprived of the privilege to elect him Grand Master.

Brethren, when I reflect upon the fact that Grand Lodge has placed me in the same rank with these eminent, illustrious and worthy brethren, I can, at least in some measure, estimate the great value of that exalted position, though language is not at my command to express in words my deep sense of gratitude.

You have also been pleased to mention the year 1864, as that in which I became a member of the Board of General Purposes. No one could have been more surprised than myself, when Grand Master Simpson announced that he had appointed me to that honorable and responsible position. However, I accepted the appointment, and endeavored to perform my share of the numerous and important duties of that Board; and after that first appointment, I have enjoyed the exceptional honor of having been elected by Grand Lodge a member of that Board up to the present time.

You are so kind, to say that I have often taken more than a due proportion of the labors of that Board. To this I beg to reply, that whatever labor I may have performed during the past twenty-one years, while a member of that Board, I feel convinced that I have never done more, and often less than the duty imposed upon me, and upon every ruler in the craft, and more especially upon every member of the Board of General

Purposes, upon which rests the greater share of the responsibility of the effectual working of Grand Lodge affairs.

You are pleased to emphasize especially my labors as the Chairman of the Committee on Benevolence; but, brethren, while in a measure identified with our present system of benevolence, I have never looked upon the labors connected therewith, as labor in the ordinary sense of the term; for whatever I have done in establishing and working that system, has been to me a work of love and of pleasure, never a burthen. And, brethren, if I look upon the numerous proofs received by letter and otherwise, of the appreciations of Grand Lodge aid, in ministering to the relief of want and sorrow, in comforting the mourners, in carrying good tidings to the habitations of poor brethren in the sere and yellow leaf of old age, of sorrowing widows and of orphans, left destitute by the untimely death of the bread-winner, the father; then, brethren, I feel ample compensation for all the little I have done in bringing about those happy results. Brethren, that is a satisfaction—a pleasure and a gratification—which can only be felt in its full force and importance, but cannot adequately be described by me in words.

And if my compilations of the resolutions of Grand Lodge, and rulings of Grand Masters, has, as you assure me, proved of service to the craft in this jurisdiction, my aim has been fully accomplished. In like manner do I feel fully compensated for all I have done in perfecting our Ritual, and in revising the Constitution, by your assurance that the brethren appreciate that work. All this has also been to me a work of love and of pleasure, and I have myself largely increased my Masonic knowledge by those compilations.

To you, my dear brethren of Barton Lodge, I tender my sincere thanks, for having permitted this presenta-

tion to be made under the auspices of this my mother-lodge, at its ninetieth anniversary. Nearly forty years have passed, since on the 10th day of June, 1846, I was initiated in Barton Lodge; only a few of the brethren who were members at that time, are now numbered among the living; but I am highly pleased to know that the life of Barton Lodge is as vigorous at the present day, as it was forty years ago; may it so continue to the end of time.

Great and many have been the changes during that long period; and I have experienced a fair portion of the same.

When initiated, I was a young man with a young family, and now I am nearly three score and ten, with a grown-up family including grandchildren married. I had then not a relative a member of the craft; I have now three sons enrolled among the rulers in the craft, and one grand son-in-law, the husband of one of my grand daughters, a Senior Warden. I had the pleasure of initiating, passing and raising, two of my sons, and in due course of time, installing them Masters of a lodge, and of assisting in the installation of my youngest son. Never did I induce either of them to join the craft; they did so entirely of their own free-will and accord; but after they had joined, I used my best endeavors to instruct them in our science and ancient mysteries. These members of my family are present here to witness the presentation of this address, and this magnificent testimonial of the Grand Lodge of Canada; and I trust, my dear brethren, that you will pardon me, when I say that I feel proud of this happy combination of events in my Masonic life.

To you, brethren of Strict Observance Lodge, I also tender my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me, by electing my youngest son as Master of your prosperous lodge; I have every confidence

that he will never cease you to regret your choice.

And to you, Most Worshipful Sir and Grand Master, and to the brethren of the city of Hamilton, who, through you, sent me a telegram congratulating me upon that election, I tender my warmest thanks.

And finally, my dear brethren, may we all be granted power, endurance and will, to carry out the true principles of Freemasonry: to practice those noble virtues, so beautifully illustrated in our ritual and lectures. To make us to look beyond the narrow limits of particular institutions, whether civil or religious, and to view in every son of Adam a brother of the dust; may tolerance, forbearance, and good-will to all mankind characterize our actions, and when we are summoned before the Grand Architect of the Universe, to give an account of our lives and actions, may He be pleased to say:—

WELL PROVED, TRUE AND TRUSTY!

Once more, brethren, my sincere thanks to Grand Lodge, and to all present.

Yours fraternally,
OTTO KLOTZ.

Shortly thereafter, R. W. Bro. Mulligan read a beautifully engrossed address to R. W. Bro. Gavin Stewart, P. D. D. G. M.

Hamilton District, Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons, to Right Worshipful Brother Gavin Stewart, Past District Deputy Grand Master:—

Your brethren were delighted, when at the annual communication of Grand Lodge, held at Toronto in 1884, you were elected District Deputy-Grand Master of this District. They congratulated themselves on the wise selection which the representatives of the lodges had made, and felt that the duties of the office would be faithfully and zealously performed by a worthy successor of the distinguished brother who had preceded you. On the expiration of

your term, your brethren desire to assure you that their expectations have been fully realised, and that they have been greatly impressed with the ability and grace with which you have conducted the inspections of the lodges. In addition to making an official visit to each lodge you have held lodges of instruction in the central localities, where the work was exemplified, and much valuable information was imparted. Your brethren have further to thank you for the courtesy shown during your visitations and in your correspondence, and assure you that they will continue to look forward to many further visits from you, in company with the brethren who from time to time may be elected to the high office you have filled with so much satisfaction to the lodges. This District Deputy-Grand Master's regalia we ask your acceptance of, and trust that you may long be spared to wear it, and that you will always be reminded by it of the many happy meetings in the different lodges, and of the hearty, fraternal feelings entertained by your brethren towards you.

On behalf of the Hamilton District Lodges.

D. McPHEE, D. D. G. M.
C. W. MULLIGAN, D. Sec.

Hamilton, Jan. 13, 1886.

The recipient replied in a suitable manner, showing deep feeling.

At the close of the lodge the brethren repaired to the banqueting-hall, where a couple of hours were spent very pleasantly. W. Bro. Geo. Bull, W.M. of Barton Lodge, who occupied the chair, read letters from R. W. Bro. K. Tully, Toronto; V. W. Bro. A. Born-gasser, G. S., Sharon; R. W. Bro. Rev. H. W. Davis, Toronto; R. W. Bro. John Satchell, G. R., Ottawa; R. W. Bro. Dr. Church, D. D. G. M., Ottawa; R. W. Bro. F. F. Manley, Toronto; W. Bro. James Seymour, P. G. M., St. Catharines; M. W. Bro. J. Moffat, P. G. M., London, and others, expressive of

their regret at their inability to be present.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were honored, and toasts pertaining to the craft and its members followed. To the toast of the Grand Lodge of Canada, R. W. Bro. H. Robertson, D. G. M., M. W. Bro. Daniel Spry, P. G. M., R. W. Bros. Rev. Dr. Burns, and E. E. Sheppard, Toronto, and others, responded.

The speech-making was interspersed with song and sentiment, all of which went to make the time pass pleasantly and speedily.

IMITATIONS OF FREEMASONRY.

It is not necessary for us to give evidences of that imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery, to prove the high opinion in which Freemasonry is held by the world in general; if it were, we might point to almost every society or brotherhood established for the purpose of relieving the necessities of its members, and claim each of them as imitators of Freemasonry, for in nearly every instance can we find traces of either the ritual, the forms or the ceremonies of Freemasonry, while in some, the similarity is so strong, as to induce the belief that the one is but a clumsy copy of the other. But while all, or nearly all of these societies, may be termed imitators of Freemasonry, many of them have extended the sphere of their operations far beyond the scope of Freemasonry, with results more or less beneficial or disastrous, in different instances. In England, it is the boast of a very large section of the Masonic brethren, that Freemasonry is not a benefit society. Admission to its ranks is open to all free men of good character, but it has no advantages of a pecuniary nature to offer to those who seek a participation in its mysteries. Its labors are directed rather to the improvement of a man's moral character, than the state of his finances; but this is not the case with some of the imitations of Free-

masonry, the advocates of which appear to vie with each other in offering inducements to attract new members. We have before us an instance in the "Chosen Friends," a "Fraternal Society, 30,000 strong," which is being advertised in some of the American papers as "organised on the basis of Masonry and Oddfellowship." Really, we are inclined to think that Free and Accepted Masonry is not only old in point of age, but is also old-fashioned in the way its affairs are conducted, when we read of the benefits this new society is able to offer its members; but we will let our readers judge for themselves. This imitation of Freemasonry offers "3,000 dollars secured! A safe investment for merchants, professional men, clerks, employers, and employees, as soon as a person becomes a Chosen Friend." This sum, says the advertisement, being "as securely invested as if it was in a Trust Company." What do English craftsmen think of this? Is it desirable, in face of such counter-attractions, to continue Freemasonry as a non-benefit society? Is it not rather desirable that we should discover on what basis these "Chosen Friends" work, and inaugurate a similar system among Freemasons, to entitle each member to "3,000 dollars, as securely invested as if in a Trust Company?" Are we acting up to the principles of Freemasonry, if we allow such an opportunity of benefiting our fellow-creatures—and ourselves—to pass? If a comparatively new society, only 30,000 strong, can offer 3,000 dollars fully secured to each of its members, how much could Freemasonry offer, with its hundreds of years' existence, and its branches spread over the four quarters of the globe? We almost imagine ourselves rich; all we want to know is, how is it done? Must we become a "Chosen Friend" to find out, and if so, where shall we find the nearest "Council?"

Do such imitations as this have any effect on Freemasonry?—is a question which might naturally be

put by any one reading of this scheme—and in reply, we would say, yes. The effect may be very insignificant, but it is doubtless existent. Just as surely as there are fools in the world to be caught by such absurd promises, so are there men who will believe that such societies as the one referred to, are "organised on the basis of Masonry," and they will carry their belief so far as to actually associate the society with Freemasonry. When they are duped by some Chosen or unchosen Friend, they will blame Masonry for it, because the society they joined made use of the name of Freemasonry—without authority, it is unnecessary to say—and so we get a bad reputation. This, however, does not materially affect us. Freemasonry can boast a career of usefulness for ages past; it has done good work in days gone by, and is doing a good work now; but it teaches that Truth is one of the grandest of principles, and if associated with Brotherly Love and Relief, is sufficient to keep together a fraternal society more than 30,000 strong, without any such nonsense as offering to each of its members 3,000 dollars, fully secured. If our imitators would copy our great principles of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, and act up to them, they would do us no harm, while they would greatly benefit themselves. — *Freemasons' Chronicle.*

A PATTERN MASTER.

How few of our newly-elected Masters appreciate the responsibility attached to their exalted positions? The fact that their elevation, while conferring power, also incurs grave responsibility and accountability, is, we fear, not generally understood and appreciated, and the incumbent is more apt to regard his elevation in the light of a deserved honor, or, perhaps, even as one earned by close application to lodge duties in an humbler sphere, and to be borne lightly, rather than in a true aspect.

'Tis not every brother who has given a full measure of time and attention to the lodge, who is qualified or worthy to preside over it; and yet long service in the ranks is too often considered the only requisite for the East, a course of reasoning which has well nigh ruined many aforesaid prosperous lodges, teaching the brethren a bitter, though beneficial lesson.

To be Master of a lodge, calls for varied and peculiar qualities. A gentleman he certainly should be, in the most strict interpretation of the word, exemplifying in private, as well as in public life, the walk and language of such; of refined and courteous demeanor, combining good education with an adaptability for his exalted position; liberal in mind, dignified and firm in the exercise of his duties, educated in the common law of Masonry, having a fair acquaintance with the landmarks, and yet not afraid to listen to those who may have enjoyed superior advantages. His name and character, like that of Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion;" that nothing derogatory to either may weaken the respect of his brethren. While fearless in the discharge of duty, he should neither be tyrannical nor arbitrary, listening with respectful attention to the humblest of his brethren; gentle and forbearing, teaching by example that even the most distasteful and irksome task, may be rendered less so by a cheerful performance. Such a one would, by his ready kindness, smooth the pathway of each despondent brother through the weary mazes of life, and prove a ministering angel, whose unbought praises could not be withheld, and whose heart, nourished by the kindly feelings of refined life, would repay him even a thousand-fold. The Master should be a father among his brethren, consoling, teaching, both by example and precept, carrying out the spirit of fraternity. Our Master should be a correct exponent of the ritual, though we would not have a parrot-like perfection as to words, so

long as the essence is preserved; and if he possess somewhat of originality, so much the better, as a *rara avis* among the Masters of the present day. Above all things, the Master should be charitable and just. To be charitable is to be just, for the principal virtue of Masonry being charity, and the teachings of the Order that we should render unto each man his due, we must be charitable or our professions are in vain, and we parody our charitable pretensions. The Master should, therefore, be a living exponent of charity, striving to further the cause of the widow and the orphan, and a firm opponent to the pernicious practice of receiving pay for attending to the duties of the office, while the poor and needy are suffering for the common necessities of life. He should also strive to instil this into the hearts of his brethren, as being the great aim and end of their fraternity; and, since example is more often influential than mere precept, we do not know of a more efficacious method than the one suggested.

Such a Master as the one which we have here described, would in our humble opinion, prove a blessing to any lodge, and would result in untold benefit to the craft at large.

Let our newly-elected Masters but strive to follow out any of the courses here indicated, and a prosperous reign will be the prelude to years of renewed prosperity to the universal craft, and at the end of his term, a good conscience will amply repay the struggles which may have been encountered in the performance of Masonic duty, all of which will justly confer upon him the appellation:—"a Pattern Master."—Selected.

BURLINGTON.—Burlington Lodge, 165: W Bro M Durker, I P M; W Bro Thos Campbell, W M; Bros Robert Graham, S W; J W Henderson, J W; Robt Hammond, Chap; W Richardson, Treas; Fred Bray, Sec; W Day, SD; J H Campbell, JD; J H Burks, D of C; Alex Robb, J. Thomas, Stewards; S W Moor, I G; H E Cotter, Tyler.

THE SQUIRE'S MODEL.

"Mr. Hayward, I hear, is going to execute a splendid statue for the Burwood exhibition in October. Gillingham and I were joking him about it the other day, and asking him who his model would be, and he blushed like a boy eighteen. He would not tell us, but I think we know who it will be—eh, Gertrude?" and Lady Mercia laughed archly, as she turned to her younger sister, a superb beauty, fully aware of her own loveliness.

"I wish you would not be so ready to couple my name with Cuthbert Hayward's," answered the Lady Gertrude, pettishly; "people will think we are engaged, and it will spoil all my chances for the season."

"Well, do as you please, dear. Only he is of old, though unfitted family, and immensely rich; and the youngest daughter of a poor earl may live to rue the day she slighted him," was the elder sister's plain-spoken reply.

"Mamma does not agree with you, Mercia; she thinks I ought to certainly secure a title; if I fail, then I may, perhaps, accept Mr. Hayward, as I should not care to risk another season."

The sisters were sitting in a pretty rustic arbor in the grounds of Grey-stone Hall, and talking confidentially. Lady Gillingham and her husband were guests for the present; the former, being happily married was generously anxious to see the younger sister similarly circumstanced; but Gertrude was quite unlike the warm-hearted Mercia. She was cold-hearted, selfish, and calculating, and had neither love nor admiration for any man, except for his title and position.

The sisters had thought themselves alone in the grounds, but as Gertrude finished speaking, a gentleman, tall, handsome, and more aristocratic in appearance than many a duke, arose from a little mound where stood a marble fountain, close to, but hidden from the arbor, and with a bitter smile on his lips, walked quickly away.

It was Cuthbert Hayward. He was honestly and truly in love with Lady Gertrude, and her last speech, unintentionally overheard, was a cruel awakening from his dream of happiness.

He had intended her to be his model; in his youth he had been passionately fond of the sculptor's art, and it was still the favorite amusement of his leis-

ure hours, and since he had met the earl's lovely daughter, a great desire to immortalize her perfect features in pure white marble had taken possession of him, and he had resolved that, as the Burwood Exhibition was to be held in the autumn, he would execute for it a beautiful statue of his love, and when it was closed, the statue would fill an honored place in his ancestral gallery. And then, too, he fondly thought, its lovely original might also find a lasting home at Hayward Lodge.

Now his dream was rudely shattered. He had come forth from his home that bright spring morning, a happy lover; he returned two hours later, a blighted, disappointed man.

"So," he thought bitterly, "my Lady Gertrude will flirt, and dance, and hunt, with her worldly minded mother's aid, for a title through one more London season, and then, if no noble lord or duke is caught, poor, insignificant Cuthbert Hayward may claim the prize! Thank you; but your ladyship may chance to find that you have but rehearsed in reality the famous fable of the dog and the shadow. The statue shall be sculptured to the best of my poor ability, but the false face of Lady Gertrude will not be my model."

So he wrought at his block of marble, and with every chip of the chisel, with every blow of his hammer, his bitterness of spirit increased, and his determination never to marry, never again to look with love on the face of woman, became stern and fixed.

"Elma," said Lady Gertrude, one day, to an orphan cousin who lived with them, "do you know I used to think Cuthbert Hayward a perfect beau, no other gentleman was half so gracefully attentive as he; now, he has quite altered, he is a worse bear than that old Churchill whom we all hate."

Elma's soft gray eyes opened wide with surprise.

"How can you think so, Gertrude? Why, I always think him so kind, so thoughtful, and——"

"Oh, of course I quite forgot you had set him up as your *beau idéal*, Elma. Perhaps you would like to marry him yourself, eh? Well, if an eligible suitor comes my way when we go to London next month, I'll turn him over to you!"

Elma's eyes filled with tears, and a painful blush suffused her cheeks.

"You are very cruel to talk so, Gertrude, and you do not deserve the love

of such a man as Mr. Hayward. He does love you, I know, and you play with him as if he were a toy, to be taken up and cast aside at your pleasure."

"There, that will do, Elma; you quite fatigue yourself with your energetic defense of my admirer; he is mine at present; please to remember I have not yet surrendered him!"

Yet, though Lady Gertrude thus claimed him as her property, she sometimes had an uneasy feeling that he was not now quite so much her slave as he had once been.

One fine day in June Elma was returning from the town, and had taken a path across the fields, when she was overtaken by the squire himself.

After the usual greetings he said:

"So you have not gone to London, Miss Wentworth? Have you heard from your cousin lately?"

"Oh, yes; I had a long letter this morning. She had just been to the Duchess of Wurgrave's ball, and had enjoyed it immensely," answered Elma.

They talked then on different subjects until Greystone Hall was reached, and Elma felt a strange fluttering pleasure at her heart as she expressed an earnest hope that they soon might meet again.

And Cuthbert went to his statue, and as he worked softer thoughts stole over him, and the hard lines of his face relaxed, and a happier light came into his eyes.

The London season was over, and once more all the family were at Greystone Hall, and Lady Mercia and her sister were in conversation, this time their mother making a third.

"You have come back disengaged, then, Gertrude? I thought when we left you for Vienna in June, that the Marquis of Cariston would certainly propose."

"So he would have done, but mamma thought that the Duke of Brentwood was so very attentive just then, and it would be a better chance," said Gertrude.

"It was your own perversity, my dear child," said the countess. "But it is useless now; I am not sure that we could even afford another season, and you must accept Mr. Hayward."

"Has he proposed yet?" asked Lady Mercia.

"No; he has had no opportunity of doing so. We only met him twice and

Gertrude was so fully engaged, she could not give him even one dance. So much the better; he will think the more of her."

"Well, I hope it will soon be settled, and I think myself he will be an excellent *parti*—a near neighbor and a favorite as he is with all. You had better lose no time, but ask him to come and stay here for the autumn, and that will settle the affair," concluded Lady Mercia, who, though she did not say so, had great misgivings as to Cuthbert's intentions; she knew his character better than her mother did.

So the invitation was sent, but was gratefully declined: the master of Hayward had so much on his hands in the preparation for the forthcoming Pot-teries Exhibition.

He contrived, however, to be a great deal at Greystone, and as his manner had resumed its old graceful courtesy, Lady Greystone flattered herself things were in the proper train.

"He evidently means to wait until his counterfeit presentment of you tells you his love, Gertrude," she said smiling.

For her ladyship, in common with all, made sure that whatever the statue might represent, the face would be that of her lovely daughter.

So the summer waned and faded, and when the fierce October blasts were scattering the leaves for the November rains to bury, the statue and the exhibition were both ready.

One person who had worked hard in helping to prepare for it, felt nothing but the bitterest pain at the thought of its opening. Poor Elma! the summer had been too happy; her constant meetings with Cuthbert had caused her to live in Elysium, and almost without knowing it, she had grown to love him.

She awoke from her dreams of happiness when her cousin returned, feeling sure that as Gertrude was free, he would marry her, and for three months a cruel struggle had been going on in her mind. She had avoided Cuthbert as much as possible, but her ladyship's determination to have him at Greystone as often as possible, made it very difficult to keep apart from him.

At last the eventful day arrived. There was to be a private view for the gentry, and on that occasion Cuthbert's statue was to be seen for the first time; he had kept his studio care-

fully locked, and had resolutely declined to show it while in progress.

There was to be a ball at Hayward Lodge in the evening. It was a bright October day; the great hall was quite full of people, and all the exhibits were duly admired, and Cuthbert's kindly interest in his townsmen praised as it deserved to be.

"But your statue is still veiled. When are we to see it?" asked Lady Greystone, who with her party had clustered around the spot where it stood.

"Will your ladyship condescend to unveil it?" asked the sculptor, bowing.

"With pleasure," answered her ladyship, and withdrew the cloth with her usual graceful movements.

A murmur of admiration was heard around as the pure white marble glistened in the October sunlight.

The figure was that of the goddess Ceres, and corn and vines surrounded her, and her hands were full of fruit, which she seemed to be offering to the spectator. But the face was not the lovely, faultless, Grecian features of the Lady Gertrude, but the sweet and tender face of her cousin Elma.

Not a feature of the countess's well-bred countenance changed as she gracefully complimented the sculptor on his work, although her surprise and chagrin were only equalled by her daughter's. But whatever they felt was nothing to the confusion and almost terror poor Elma experienced; she wished the floor would open and swallow her, and was thankful enough when the carriage was announced, and the party left.

At first Lady Greystone had intended to scold Elma well, but reflecting that it would make no difference, she congratulated her instead, and when, with flaming cheeks and tear-stained eyes, Elma disclaimed all idea of being Cuthbert's wife, her ladyship closed her eyes and smiled as if her niece's assertion were simply amusing.

That very afternoon, slipping away from the guests who demanded his attention, and leaving it to his house-keeper to attend to the preparations for the ball, the squire appeared at Greystone Hall, and after a short interview with the earl he asked for Elma.

She had gone out in the grounds and could not be found, and he was walking away disconsolate, feeling sure

that she would not appear at his ball if he did not see her first, when he heard the rustle of a dress near, and saw her, thinking she had escaped him, go into the very labor Gertrude had sat in on that eventful morning in the spring. He was by her side in a moment, and had taken both her hands.

"Darling, forgive me for not asking your consent," he pleaded. "It was wrong, and I ought to have told you before this morning."

"But Gertrude—you loved her——" began Elma, striving vainly to withdraw her hands.

"I did; but I found her heartless, and oh, my darling, she never had my heart as you have! Be my wife, love, or I swear no woman shall ever be! I will be content with my darling in marble, if I cannot have her real self."

What could she say!

Anyhow, they were married soon after, and all Greystone, Hayward, and Burwood went wild with excitement. It was so delightful that the squire had married that darling Miss Elma instead of the proud Lady Gertrude, who took no more interest in the poor than if they had been so many machines.

And Lady Gertrude is unmarried still, and wishes she had been less ambitious, while Cuthbert is only too thankful that the gentle Elma, and not her proud ladyship, was his "model."

THREE KISSES.

"An' is't true, Nora, beyant a doubt?"

"Quite true, Con. The young master's writ the news to madam that he's to be wed at Michaelmas to an earl's daughter, no less, wid oceans of goold to her fortune. Hasn't he made the fine match of it?"

"Begorra and you're right there. It's the luck he's got. But talking of fine matches," said Con O'Moore, as he brushed his master's boots outside the kitchen door, while Nora Rooney rubbed the spoons not far away—"talking of fine matches, Nora, honey, didn't my great-grandfather throw away just the finest chance you ever heard of? And if he'd taken it, it isn't living at service I'd be, but in my own castle, with bags of goold and bundles of bank-notes to my hand; and, maybe, in this warm weather, my own man bringing me the iced wine, the while I swore at him for not being speedier."

"What's that you're telling us now, Con O'Moore?" said Nora. "As if we were green enough to belave the loike of that."

"But, indade, you moight, then," said Con; "and, indade, you've belaved more lies than I'll tell you and my great-grandfather, the man it happened to, and he was a Connaught man, and a very handsome fellow, the loike of me, I'm tould; six feet in his boots with eyes no girl said 'No' to." "Sure, the vanity of men!" said Nora.

"Well, honey," said Con, "this same great-grandfather, by name Larry O'Moore, knew well enough his advantages, and he was in no hurry to marry. And it was thirty years old he was, when, being out walkin' one Christmas Eve a little farther from home than usual, he came to a funny looking lot of rocks; and taking a good look at them, what did he see but the opening of a cave. It was a dark-looking place; but he was a lad that didn't know what fear was, was my great-grandfather, Larry O'Moore. So into the cave he went, and before he'd gone far, it began to grow lighter; and, after while, lo and behold! instead of being in a cave he was in a garden, with flowers and birds and fountains and green grass, and in the middle of it, just the prettiest castle you ever set your two eyes on, and the sun shining on all around just for all the world as if it was the middle of summer instid of deep winter. It was all very foine; but he knew by the look of it it was fairy land, and another man would have been frightened again, but, as I told you, there was no scare in Larry O'Moore; and what did he do but walk up to the door and knock on it wid his shillaly, and walk in without a 'bye your leave,' and, to be sure, when he walked in, he just stood staring, for the sight he saw was one no man ever saw before.

"Right before him was a big pond of water with a marble brim to it, and in it swam about the prettiest crayther. The head of her was a woman, with the prettiest goolden hair and black eyes, and cheeks like roses; and you never saw prettier arms than she had, and whiter hands or nicer shoulders; but all below her waist was the loike of a fish. A great goold fish, you might say, and she was swimming about in the pond loike a salmon.

"Come in, Larry," she says, as soon as she caught sight of my great-grandfather. 'I've been expecting you all day.' Come in."

"So in he walked, making his manners, and says he,—

"I hope your ladyship finds herself quite cool and comfortable this warm afternoon."

"More than I loike," says the fish-lady, with a sigh. 'Sit down a bit, Larry, and I'll tell you something. I'm a princess, Larry, and the wealth I have, the goold and jewels, is just past countin'."

"Troth, it's aisy believing that by the foine diamond crown you have on your head, me lady," says Larry.

"Just look into some of those big coffers there," says the lady. 'Lift the kivers and look in. You're no thafe, but you couldn't stale a guinea if you wanted to, for you'd be caught by five hundred little gnomes and chopped in to mince meat the minute you touched one. Lift the kivers and look in.'

"So Larry lifted the kivers, and the sight he saw was enough to make a miser crazy. Every wan av thim carved oak chests was full of silver and goold, rubies and emeralds and pearls, and splendours Larry didn't know the name of.

"It's not a bullrush to all I have," says the lady. 'I've lashings in all sorts; and the day I marry they'll all be me husband's.'

"The gentleman gooldfish is in the luck, me lady, whoever he may be," says Larry.

"I don't know who he'll be yet," said the lady. 'Now listen, Larry, and I'll tell ye my story.'

"I was once a beautiful princess, but I was fool enough not to know when I was well off, and nothin' would suit me but to take a peep into fairy-land. I knew the cave you came in by was the way there, and so one day I ran away from my court ladies, and in I crept; and, sure, a beautiful place it was, and illigant enough for an angel. So I called all the lords and dukes, and the loike of them, and I had me a palace built, and here we lived in luxury. And the pond you see me on was our bath-room, where I and the rest of the great ladies used to bathe.

"And we used to laugh and dance, and say, 'A fig for all the fairies on the earth; they can't hurt us.'" But little we knew what we were saying. The fairies were mad enough with us. And

what did they do but creep into the palace one night, and bewitch the water of the bath; and when I rose from my bed at the break of day, to take my dip, oh, the terrible thing that happened! I was changed to the loike you see me now; and all my ladies into frogs or lizards, or tiny bits of fish. Sure,' says the poor crayther, 'me heart is broke wid it intirely.'

"And isn't there any way ye can get changed back again?" says my great-grandfather.

"Just wan," says the lady, "just wan. I'll tell you what it is. If you'll give me three kisses, it won't be two minutes ather it before I'm a beautiful princess again. And I'll marry you and make you a prince, and we'll go back to the dacent parts of the world to live, and you'll have all that Leart can wish ever after."

"Sure I'll do 't," says my great-grandfather, "and glad to do it, too."

"And with that the fish-lady swam up to the edge of the pond, and he stoops over her and gives her first wan kiss, then another; but before he gave her the third the thought that all mightn't be right came into his moind.

"Just kape them two," says he to the lady, "and I'll go and ask Father Mooney about it, and come back to give ye the other. He's a knowledgeable person, is the father, and if there's deviltry in this he'll tell me."

"Oh, wurrah! The shriek the crayther gave and the way she clung to him! But he just soused her under the water, and off he went, a thousand little devils ather him. And crash came something, and the next he knew he was lying in the snow forninst his own cabin, with his dudeen in his mouth and a black bottle in one hand, a shillelah in the other, and Father Mooney preachin' a lecture on temperance over him, and remarkin' to the boys that was lookin' at him that they could see what a pass drink would bring a foine fellow to.

"Not a drop have I had this day," says me great-grandfather; but the idea had got into their heads, and they only laughed at him; and the next day, when he went into the woods again, to find the cave, makin' up his mind to give the other kiss, it was clane gone, and search as he might he niver found it again. And now you see it isn't a bit of a lie I'm telling you when I say that if my great-grandfather hadn't been a

fool I'd have been living in illgance this day, instead of blacking these boots.

"And maybe," added Con, picking up the boots as he spoke, "it's a princess you'd have been wap day, if you'd said 'yes' when I axed ye."

SEA PINKS.

An Episode of Club Day on the Isle of Man.

It was not every girl who was as lucky as Lizzie Milrea. Who and what was she? Just a Manx weaver of nets—nothing more.

But one's rank matters not if only one be the queen amongst one's kinship and acquaintance. Lizzie was this. But then the Milreas were a handsome race; its men were stalwart fishers, and its maids and matrons had deep blue eyes, and a quaint refinement of feature that in some vague way set them apart from the rougher-looking wives and daughters of fishermen.

The air of Peel was electric with expectation—the morrow was to be a holiday. All the shopkeepers were busy, and in every fisher's cottage, there was a grand brushing up and arranging of the men's best clothes—clothes which were worn once a year certainly; perhaps, too, when the men went to church or chapel.

Some visitors—there were only a few such folk in the town, for the inroad of noisy mill-workers had not commenced—were being shown over the largest net factory in the place. Coming along the knobbly, stony street they had seen yards—millions of yards of nets, so it seemed, being hauled up from carts into a high warehouse window, that would be for storage or for mending; then they had gone on a few steps farther to the factory.

There were the looms, hand-worked—the best nets are not turned out by steam-power—rows of looms with a girl to each. Every girl was dressed in the same way, and her skirt was kilted high beneath a snowy broad apron; a little tartan shawl was pinned across her shoulders; her feet were bare, and the beat of treadles and the whirr of wheels and the clatter of cranks went on with a buzz and a burr.

The visitors went along, and looked, and watched. There were the creamy,

even-meshed nets extended on high; a shuttle was sent along by a quick hand, then a white foot—yes, all the feet were white as a hand—sprang to set a low crank—never mind the non-technical word—then feet flew back, and a treadle was set going. So along the rows. And one girl was tall and ruddy, and another was small and frail-looking; one was an Amazon, and another one—only one—looked worn and weary.

Then one was beautiful, undeniably beautiful. This was Lizzie Mirea. Her foot and hand were swift and sure; and what a lithe, straight figure the girl had!

It was at her loom that the strangers stood the longest, and she it was who showed all the doings and intricate turns of the machinery.

But she was proud, and she turned haughtily away as one lingered behind and would have left a gift for the net-makers.

"Where's the sense o' yer being so high?" said the girl who we have called the Amazon. Her frame was huge, but she had the soft Manx tongue. "It'll be good for the rest of us, if ye'll be above taking it."

"It'll be on that bench, if ye're wishing for't," Lizzie answered.

She, too, had the soft voice and easily gliding speech of the island.

A quick glance and a quicker dart from the girl who looked so weary, and the coins were taken possession of.

"We'll not have the luck o' Lizzie!" came as sharply as the other girl's tones had been soft. "Eh, Liz, if I'd your luck, I'd have done with this long ago!"

"Would you? You are not like me." There was a quaint decision in the girl's manner as she still worked on deftly. "Eh, I'm half-thinking I'll be sorry when I leave the factory."

"That's likely!" the other retorted scornfully.

By and by work was done, and the sweet, pure evening had set in with the breeze blowing freshly in from the western sea.

Some of the girls sat on the low seawall; only one now had her feet bare, and she was Nan Clucas, the sharp girl who was careless of her appearance—careless of most things, in fact. Of course all the rest walked the streets shod, whatever they might do for the easy performance of their work.

All the houses along the shore-road faced the bay except one, and that one stood apart, and with one side set to the dancing Summer waters, set its face looking adown the road to the pier, and harbor, and ruined castle.

A girl came out of this. It was freshly white-washed, like every Manx cottage in Summer time, and the flowers behind its polished windows were the finest in the place. To have good flowers in one's window is a pride of these fisher-people.

"Eh!" came in a long cry from Nan, sitting and dangling her feet. "Eh, and who has he gone walking with the night? Lizzie! Hearken to me!"

Lizzie did not hear, but went on her errand to a cottage, and was back in a few moments.

"I'd have more pride than that," Nan shouted to her.

"What will ye be saying?" The girl came up.

"When my man takes another lass out with him, I'll not go to his mother's asking for 'm," cried Nan mockingly.

"You dare to say such a word!"

Lizzie was proud, and could fire up.

"Don't answer her," a companion, the Amazon, advised.

"That will I not."

"It's well to be grand. Tom Caine's as chancy as the rest. I'll go with him next time he asks me."

"And ye may," Lizzie answered.

If she had a fault, and of course, like the rest of the world, she did have one, it was that of a haughty and proud spirit. She turned away, saying:

"But never, till I see 't with m' own eyes, will I believe that of Tom."

"Then where will I be getting these from?"

And the careless Nan pointed to a knot of sea-pinks she had, contrary to her usual custom, set for adornment in the fastening of her dress, under her chin.

There are times when a girl's heart is seemingly waiting to be wounded. Such a moment had come to Lizzie. All her love and faith had gone to Tom, the finest young fisherman of the town, and yet here was a stinging word spoken, and her strong heart had one weak point in which it took root.

She walked, erect and proud, away from the other girls, but directly she was within the door of her father's cottage she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. No one was by her, there was

no need to hide what she felt. Did she not know where those sea-pinks grew—on all the grassy mounds within the old ruined castle. Did she not know that her lover, Tom Caine, was the one chosen to manage the day doings of the morrow; he and the others were up in the castle the evening before; he had been too busy to see her except for one minute when he started for his committee.

"And he to give them to that Nan Clucas!"

Lizzie made no questioning over her misery, but she rocked herself to and fro upon her chair and cried until she heard her mother coming along. Good Mother Milrea always had a word to say to some one, or to a stray dog or cat, and her voice was her herald.

Lizzie ran into a tiny room that was her own.

But the evening was spoiled. Tom Caine dropped in as usual, but Lizzie held aloof; she made a pretense of much work, and she bade him tell her father about the morrow's doings.

"More'n ever this year, Tom—eh?" said the old man. "Our club's a gran' institution—ay, that it be!"

"That's fine news!" his jolly wife cried. "We know that that news was in before my time."

"You're right, mistress," Tom agreed. "An' the master 'll be right, too. Just you count us to-morrow; there'll be nigh upon five hundred of us!"

"Man!" the good woman cried.

"Aye it is so!"

Tom was so full of his great work that he gave no right judgment regarding Lizzie. To see her busy was, of course, nothing, but at any other time, he, being a lover, and, consequently, exacting, would have wanted to absorb her cares; on this evening he was full of business, and after talking about what was left in his hands to do, took himself off to finish it.

The sun rose glad enough for the gladdest of June days; then a cloud came angrily sweeping down from the mountains, and, with the wildness of April, a dashing storm poured down upon the fishing town. What would become of all the finery? Was there a girl now—a girl with any pretensions to a position, who had not a new dress, or a new hat, or some new finery for the day—for the "Club Day"—the day

of the year for the town? There is but one day which transcends the Club Day, but then, of course, all the world knows that that is a day for the whole Isle of Man, for rich, as well as for poor, and not only a matter for one small town.

But the storm swept itself away right over the sea to the West, where one saw the misty risings of Irish hills, and the day was good for the sturdy fisher-folks of Man.

From the headland, at the north point of the bay, one could see all. A band sounded out from below; the sun blazed down on the grand, in-rolling tide; the harbor was choke full of boats—for what man went out to fish on Club Day? The band burst louder and louder, the shouting of children helped the noise of the music, then—then, from an opening down by the harbor, could be seen the flash of the brass trumpets, and the scarlet on the bandmen's caps, and, high aloft, borne by two men, swung a banner. Such a banner! Blue and gold, and white, shining like silk; but stay! There can be no description of any one banner, for their number was legion, and their devices and sage recordings of wisdom too many to write down.

Small boys came next, the youthful hopes of the town—fisher-lads most of them, but some too young for that; then banners again, and insignia carried aloft and shining with gold and silver in the sun; then men with head-gear like burnished helmets; then men—hundreds of men, in brand new blue cloth clothes, with hats called irreverently "top-hats," and with white gloves. Yes, the white gloves are a needful point; hands innocent of covering except that of wind, and storm, and sea, must don the regulation garb on Club Day when a man walks with his brother. A broad silk scarf, too, decorates each breast.

So they went. Aged, bent men with gray beards, and brawny men of all ages, downwards from these last. The fisher-folk of Man are a fine and stalwart race; looking at their strong frames, their bronze skins, their tawny or brown beards, one sees they are the sons of old Vikings—one believes without question all their own beliefs of Scandinavian descent.

But we must not wander. Looking down from the headland one might see and might think many thoughts; one might liken the long procession to the

guild procession of Middle Ages, and might cavil about the lack of quaint costume, and the blaze of color. Just go down and stand close, and there would be no lack of strong native force and character; but there! they, the five hundred, had turned out of sight up a pebbly rising street, upward through the town—upward and in sight again along a terrace below the headland, then away again.

And among all the men there was no finer man than Tom Caine—none with so clear a light of straightforwardness in his gaze.

But through the whole course of the procession Tom never once saw Lizzie Milrea; surely he had looked for her. She was not at work—no one was at work.

Then he pulled himself together and asked himself: "What was he dreaming of? Was he setting himself to doubt that lass—his lass?"

She would be at the castle in the evening.

Yes. All the world was wandering up there then—now there is nothing but ruins and grassy knolls, and vague memories about the place which once was a sort of citadel for the sovereigns of Man, and the fisher-children play where the brave Countess of Derby held her court in state.

Caine and Lizzie Milrea were at last side by side, standing by the ramparts. He could not fail to see that she was changed in some way—changed in her thought of him.

"I've angered ye, lass, and yet I'll never know the thing I've done. Speak up and then we'll be square again."

"Ye speak easy," she answered softly, but none the less decidedly.

"Eh? I do—why not?"

A string of girls passed them laughing.

Without thinking Caine turned his head.

"Ye are free to go to her," said Lizzie. "I'll not wish to keep ye if ye desire to be away."

She drew a little apart.

"Lass, are ye daft? Go to 'her'—which one will ye mean by 'her'?"

He looked so surprised that he really must have thought her senses were going.

"Tom," reproachfully, "ye ask me that?"

"Eh!—I do ask ye that, Lizzie. Ye've no cause to—"

"An' that have I," she cried hotly. "Ye can give her flowers, if ye like, but not at the same time that ye call me yer lass! No."

"Ye mean the Clucas girl?" The young man started and stood erect before Lizzie, but, if he started, it was with anger, not with shame. "And she made a lie of that?"

"I do not know."

Lizzie spoke low.

"Ye mean the bunch of those things she got from me?"

He pointed to a mound rosy with masses of sea-pinks.

"Eh, I do."

"Then I'll tell ye the truth; ye've been over-ready to believe a lie. I was bringing a handful of the flowers to ye when she, Nan, ran past me with her loud laugh, and she struck at my hand with them, and snatched them away before I knew. Would ye have had me run after her—after the like of her—to get them back for ye? Were they fit for ye when her hand had touched them?"

Lizzie gave no answer.

"Lass, ye thought I gave them to her?"

"She said so," she whispered.

"Ye should not have thought it."

When the two walked back amongst the crowd, the wild, careless Nan Clucas laughed again, but they did not heed her. Lizzie had a fresh bunch of pinks fastened in her dress, and if the other laughed, and took this as a sign that there had been a lover's quarrel of her making, Lizzie herself was taking her folly to task. Never again would she be so foolish, never again could she think a thought against her lover.

Perhaps that was the time when Tom settled how long she should go on working at the net factory; it was not long. To leave the factory meant so many things.

"How Shall We Treat Bismarck?" is the head-line of an article in the *New York World*. We think that, if Bis is like most of his countrymen, beer would do.

A Brooklyn bridge policeman says: "It is a curious thing that I am never asked the way by the Chinese. All other nationalities bother with their questions about the bridge, the railroad, etc., but John Chinaman, strangely enough, every time knows where he is going and the way to get there."

The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, January 15, 1886.

GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, held on the 27th January, when a large number of representatives of lodges were present, the subject of the difficulties with the Grand Lodge of England was fully discussed, the result being that the following resolution was carried almost unanimously, only two voting against it:—

Moved by R. W. Bro. John P. Noyes, seconded by R. W. Bro. James Addie,—

That whereas, the issue of the edict by the M. W. the Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, forbidding intercourse between the Master Masons of this jurisdiction and the three lodges in Montreal warranted by the English Grand Lodge, has produced no perceptible effect in the settlement of the difficulty as to the supreme jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge in the territory of this Province; and

Whereas, this Grand Lodge cannot honorably recede from its rightful claim to supremacy in Masonic matters in this Province, or leave its future chances for success to the chapter of accidents;

And whereas, the Grand Lodge of England has refused to withdraw the warrants of its said three lodges:—

Therefore, be it Resolved,—That the Grand Master of this Lodge be, and he is hereby instructed, to issue an Edict, in the name and on behalf of this Grand Lodge, severing all intercourse between this Grand Lodge, its subor-

dinate lodges and members on the one hand, and the Grand Lodge of England, its subordinate lodges and members thereof on the other hand, unless the warrants of said three lodges be withdrawn, or unless they affiliate with this Grand Lodge on or before the first day of July next. Carried.

A NOBLE BENEVOLENCE.

An aged Mason at Shelbyville, Indiana, Past Grand Secretary and Past Grand Master Hacker, writes that his lodge has been greatly afflicted within less than two years, nine of the Masonic brethren having died. Each required in his last illness expensive medical and other attention, and each was interred at the expense of the Order, costing various sums, from \$175 to \$400 each. At the time of writing this letter, Bro. Hacker avers that the lodge still had in its care three worthy members, each of whom, it was feared, would follow the long array of those who are resting under the green sprigs.

Such cases are healthy to read. They brighten up the pages of Masonic history. They are our best argument with the sceptic. They do more to hold members in affiliation than anything else. Masons never dimitt from the lodge because its charities press too heavily upon them, but because of the deadness and inertness of the lodge in the discharge of such duties. I have no pity to waste upon the lodges which have done so well, but rather congratulate them that their benevolence has been so fairly tested, both towards God and man.

A PROMINENT MASON.

M. III. Bro. Robert Ramsay, K. C. T., 33, 96, 90,—Past Grand Master of the Sovereign Sanctuary of Canada.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY—A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE CRAFT—MANY MASONIC HONORS—HIS LITERARY WORK—KNOWN & HONORED THROUGHOUT THE MASONIC WORLD.

It becomes our painful duty to chronicle in this number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, the sudden death of our distinguished Brother, Dr. Robert Ramsay, of Orillia,—one who has so long been intimately connected with this journal. A short time ago, the deceased had broken his leg on York street, in Toronto, by falling on the sidewalk. On Monday, the 4th inst., it was thought he had sufficiently recovered to bear removal from the hospital to private rooms, where he arrived at 7.30 o'clock in the evening. At 10.30 he was dead from a severe attack of heart disease. Just before his death he expressed himself pleased at the change, and was in the best of spirits. His wife being in attendance, when he was suddenly attacked, and in a few minutes breathed his last, although medical aid was immediately summoned. In Dr. Ramsay, the Masonic fraternity generally have lost one of their most prominent members, he having long held high offices in the craft, and was universally known as a diligent Masonic student and writer.

Dr. Ramsay was born in London, England, March 21, 1841. When about eight years of age, he came to Canada with his father, the late Rev. Canon Ramsay, M. A., a prominent clergyman of the Church of England,

a Past Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and a Past Deputy Commander of the Grand Priory of the Knights Templar of Canada. Robert Ramsay chose the profession of medicine, which he practised with considerable success. Dr Ramsay found leisure, however, while engaged with his profession, to devote much time to literary pursuits, confining his work with the pen principally to subjects of interest to the craft, and his reputation as a Masonic writer is world-wide. He was first brought to light as a Mason in Tyrian Lodge, No. 370, Cleveland, Ohio, August 22nd, 1866; passed September 26th, and was raised October 10th of the same year. In April 18, 1867, he was duly exalted in Webb Chapter, No. 14, and on March 1st, received the Cryptic Degrees in Cleveland Council, No. 86. In '68, he was made a Knight Templar and Knight of Malta in Oriental Commandery, No. 12. He applied for and soon obtained high and distinguished degrees in the A. & A. Rite, including the 32° in Ohio Sovereign Consistory at Cincinnati. While in Cleveland he first commenced writing for the Masonic press, through *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Before removing to Philadelphia, Pa., his brethren in Cleveland presented him with a magnificent apron.

RETURNED TO CANADA.

In 1869, Bro. Ramsay returned to Orillia, his former residence in Canada, and there became still more prominent in the craft by his strong advocacy of the secession movement of the Masons of the Province of Quebec. His views were finally carried out. When the Grand Lodge of Scotland recently infringed on the jurisdiction of Quebec by establishing

two lodges in Montreal, and forming under her authority what Bro. Ramsay termed "a Splendid Provincial Grand Lodge of Montreal," his pen was among the first to point out the injustice of such an action, and in acknowledgment of the great services rendered to the Grand Lodge of Quebec, that Supreme Body, at the request of the Board of General Purposes, unanimously elected him a Past Grand Junior Warden, for his "many eminently valuable services."

IN CAPITULAR MASONRY.

Comp. Ramsay was a Past First Principal of Signet Chapter, No. 84, and a Past Grand Scribe N. of the Grand Chapter of Canada, Grand Representative of the Grand Chapters of Ohio, Nebraska and Illinois, near that Grand Body. In 1872 he was the recipient of a magnificent Past Z.'s jewel from the members of Signet Chapter, and on a subsequent occasion his Masonic friends presented him with a splendid P. M.'s chain and jewel, and a handsome clock.

CRYPTIC MASONRY.

Cryptic Masonry in Ontario had not a Council in the Province, until he secured a warrant for Shekinah, No. 1, from the Grand Council of New Brunswick, and on the formation of the Grand Council of Ontario, he was unanimously elected Grand Recorder, and in 1874, he represented the Grand Councils of Ohio and Tennessee near it. The latter conferred on him the rank of Past Deputy Grand Master. He is also an honorary member of the Grand Council of New Brunswick, and has a commission of Grand Representative of Ohio to that Grand Body.

IN TEMPLARISM.

Sir Knight Ramsay was a P. E. Preceptor of Mount Calvary Preceptory, an honorary member of Odo de St. Armand Preceptory, Toronto, a Past Provincial Sub-Prior of the Grand Priory of Canada, and Past Grand Captain of the Grand Con-

clave of England and Wales. He was a Templar Priest and Past High Priest of Emmanuel Tabernacle, No. 1, Maitland.

THE CONSTANTINIAN ORDER.

Ill. Sir Knight Ramsay closely identified himself with the above Order, becoming Sovereign of both Gethsemane and Heraclius Conclaves. He was also an Inspector-General of the Order.

IN ROYAL ARK MASONRY

he holds his commission from England as a Deputy Inspector-General.

OTHER RITES. C

Bro. Ramsay was also an affiliated member of St. James Lodge, No. 74, G. R. C., Maitland Chapter, No. 65, R. C. M., Melchizedik Council, No. 1, Order of High Priesthood; Khurum Council, R. & S. M., No. 5, G. R. Ont.; Gondemar Preceptory; Raymond Dupuis Priory; St. James Conclave, No. 10; Kt. Red Cross of Rome and Constantine; Salem Sanctuary, No. 1, Kts. Holy Sepulchre; Salem Commandery, No. 1; Novices and Knights St. John the Evangelist or of Palestine; Lebanon Tabernacle, No. 1; Knights of the Palm Tree; Spynx Lodge and Temple, No. 1, Swedenborgian Rite; Ararat (Premier) Lodge, No. 1, Royal Ark Mariners; Orient Chapter, E. S., No. 1; Graticula Lodge, Order of St. Lawrence, No. 1; and Paton of Viela Mea Chapter, No. 8, Eastern Star, Orillia.

ROYAL AND ORIENTAL FREEMASONRY, 88°, 96°, 90°.

At a convention of all the members of the Egyptian Rite of Memphis, 96°, held in London, on the 12th October, 1881, Dr. Robert Ramsay was duly elected the first Grand Master of the A. & A. Egyptian Rite of Memphis, 96°, which body subsequently united with the Sovereign Sanctuary of Maitland, of which M. Ill. Bro. George C. Longley was Grand Master, under the name of "Royal and Oriental Freemasonry, 88°, 96°, 90°." This

united body exercises sovereign control over the following Rites, viz:— The Ancient and Accepted Egyptian, or the Egyptian Masonic or Supreme Rite of Memphis, 96°; the Ancient and Primitive Rite, 88°; the Oriental Rite of Mizraim, 90°; the Reformed Egyptian Rite, 38°; the Swedenborgian Rite of Freemasonry; the Royal Oriental Order of Sab B'hai; the Order of High Priesthood; the Masonic Order of St. Lawrence; the High Council of Allied Degrees, &c. This union was brought about mainly by Bro. Ramsay's efforts, he proposing that Bro. Longley be elected Grand Master *ad vitam*. On assuming this important position, Bro. Longley appointed Bro. Ramsay Substitute Grand Master of the Order, which position he held until Bro. Longley's death. From two chapters at the time of Bro. Ramsay assuming the gavel of Grand Master, the Order has grown to thirty-seven, mostly through his untiring exertions. It now has a membership of over 800, who will deeply deplore the untimely death of its Past Grand Master-General. He was Representative of the Sovereign Sanctuaries of the United States of America, Great Britain and Ireland, and of India; was elected an honorary Past Grand Master-General of the above Grand Bodies, and those of Italy, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary, and an honorary member of the Sovereign Sanctuary of Egypt. In 1888, the Executive Council of England conferred upon him

THE MEDAL OF LITERARY MERIT;

the Sovereign Sanctuary of Roumania the Star of Merit; and the Sovereign Sanctuary of Italy the Grand Star of Sirius, whilst in the Imperial Council of the World, he held the position of Grand Chamberlain. He was one of the first to support the rights of the Grand Lodges of New South Wales and Victoria for recognition, and the former Grand Body gracefully acknowledged

his services by making him a Past Deputy Grand Master of the same, while three lodges in her jurisdiction, and one chapter, elected him to honorary membership. On the recognition of the Grand Lodge of Victoria, he was appointed Grand Representative from that body. The Grand Lodge of Liberia also elected him an honorary member. In the summer of 1882, he affiliated with Thorne Lodge, No. 28, G. R. C., of Holland Landing, and was elected Worshipful Master, and had it removed to Orillia, where he was re-elected W. M.

ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY OF CANADA.

He was created an Honorary IX° of the above society, and organized Ontario College at Orillia.

ADDITIONAL MASONIC HONORS.

At the Annual Assembly of the Great Priory of Canada in Ottawa in 1883, the Great Prior, M. E. Sir Knight Col. W. J. B. Macleod Moore, announced that, in consideration of Right Eminent Sir Knight Ramsay's services to Templary, both through the Masonic press and otherwise, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the Grand Master of the Order, had been pleased to create him a Knight Commander of the Temple (K. C. T.) At the annual convocation of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Canada, he was elected Grand Master. Roumania and Italy has also elected him Past Grand Master.

As a speaker, Bro. Ramsay was forcible, chaste, and eloquent, and as a writer his articles were of a superior caste, being terse, logical, and vigorous.

Weep no more! He is not dead;
On the earth he rests his head,
But his spirit everywhere,
Like the sunlight, fills the air.

On the 6th, his remains were interred, with Masonic honors, in the cemetery at Orillia, the two lodges in the village turning out in force, R. W. Bro. King, D. D. G. M., performing the burial ceremony. The Grand Lodge was represented by M. W. Bro.

Spry, Past Grand Master, and the Sovereign Sanctuary by M. Ill. Bro. Daniel Rose, Grand Master General.

The Grand Recorder of the Grand Council of the Royal and Select Masters of Canada, issued the following circular to the members of the Order:

DEAR SIR AND RT. ILL. COMP:—It is with feelings of deep regret that I announce to you the demise of our Most Illustrious Companion, Robert Ramsay, Grand Master of the Grand Council of Canada. This sad event took place in this city on Monday evening, the 4th instant; the cause, heart disease. At one moment our beloved companion seemed in perfect health, the next, the pallid messenger who approaches with silent foot-fall beckoned him to come, and our friend, brother and companion had passed into the Beyond—to the shore of that mysterious sea that never yet has borne on any wave the shadow of a returning sail. We bow our heads in grief and mourn his loss.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the lands where sorrow is unknown.”

Our companion as a man, a citizen and brother, had all those qualities which endears a man to men, and his presence will be sadly missed from our counsels. His ready pen, which for the past quarter of a century has brightened the pages of almost every Masonic publication in the world, will answer his will no more. His fund of knowledge, gained by years of study and reading, always at the disposal of his brethren, will enrich the minds of the brethren he has left behind, and the interest he was wont to take in our fraternal gatherings makes his loss to us one that words cannot express.

The Right Illustrious Deputy Grand Master, E. H. Raymour, of St. Thomas, will assume the functions of the Grand Master until the next annual election, and all communications for him should be sent to his address at St. Thomas, Ont.

Yours fraternally,

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, *Grand Recorder.*

A MASONIC PARLIAMENTARIAN.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS.

The Speaker of the New York House of Representatives, Governor Husted, was a Past Grand Master in the olden time, and in his day one of the best disciplinarians the Grand Lodge of New York ever had. When elected Speaker, he found himself in a place where his former training seemed to be of little use. He hammered his desk until he broke various handles, fractured much ivory, and mutilated the mahogany before him to an alarming extent. Upon one occasion, the whole House was in a ferment over some inexplicable question of parliamentary usage, and the patience of Bro. Husted was quite worn. It occurred to him, instinctively, to tune the Masonic notation. He rose solemnly and struck his desk with three distinct knocks! Naturally, every member who was a Freemason rose up. So many of them were there, that the other members naturally followed their example. Amidst the profoundest silence, the Speaker looked around as though about to communicate a piece of his will and pleasure, and then, without uttering a word, gave one knock and sat down. The House seated itself with the precision of a thunder-clap. After that Bro. Husted found less difficulty in keeping order.

A writer in the *Albany Evening Journal* enlarges upon Speaker Husted's use of the gavel, declaring that “he understands it as no one else does; as if he was born with one, or had a gavel given to him at the age when other babies get their rattles. He does not hammer with

it, like a blacksmith with a sledge, as most men do who use gavels, but plays it like a musical instrument. Suppose Carlisle saw a man in the gallery with his hat on. He would have to talk about it, and order some flunkey to have it removed; but Gen. Husted knocks the offending hat off with his little hammer. "The gentleman in the gallery will uncover—Bang!" he says, with a sudden, startling, desk shivering rap, at the end of a most authoritatively-toned sentence, that every man in the gallery puts his hand to his head, and the offender, finding his hat on, whisks it off, quicker, perhaps, than he ever did anything in his life. It is just so about a vote. Forty or fifty men might think a motion to adjourn was not carried, but they don't think so if Husted says it is; bangs down his mallet, and whirls out of his chair in one instant, or, if they do, what can they do about it; or suppose the other thing: suppose Speaker Husted does not want to adjourn, and wants to give the Opposition a little courage to bring a few more voters to their feet, or to call for a count—somehow he will make that felt in a stammering, uncertain trip of the hammer. Imagine the House in disorder just as the Chaplain is about to pray. "Members will please take their seats"—Bang—(pause), Bang—(longer pause), Bang—and the House is as still as the tomb."

LETTER BETWEEN TWO OLD MASONS.

M. W. Bro. Rob Morris sends us a letter from an old and esteemed friend, M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, of Preston, and asks that we publish it as an appendix to his article upon the Grand Lodge of Canada, contained in our December issue. Bro. Klotz is too well-known to the readers of the

CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN to need any introduction from us:—

"With more than ordinary pleasure I found in the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN of December 15, an article from your esteemed pen; though I am always pleased to read your articles, the one referred to has particular attractions for me, as it was one of the most eventful days in my Masonic life to which you refer. My first entrance into Grand Lodge, was on the 14th July, 1858, when I, as Junior Warden, represented Alma Lodge, No. 72, of Galt. I witnessed that grand union, when the portals of Grand Lodge were thrown open, and Sir Allan MacNabb, Thos. D. Harington, Th. G. Ridout, and the many other brethren of the 'Ancients' entered, and were so cordially received. I never will forget that happy day, nor the genial face of our dear Bro. Philip Tucker, nor that of many others, including your own; nor the intermingling of the brethren. O! it was sublime!

At the banquet in the evening, it was my good fortune to sit to your right, while you sat at the head of one of the tables; it was there where I saw you pulling out paper and pencil, and commencing to write; and when called upon to respond, you took up that paper and read a poem composed for the occasion. That poem I found in your publication, "The Poetry of Freemasonry," page 167; and you give it in the article above referred to, minus the last two verses.

You say that you write 'from personal memories of that event,' and I find your memory still fresh; only one error I discover: you say Bro. Kivas Tully was the representative of the Grand Lodge of Scotland; this he never was; but of the Grand Lodge of Ireland; he presented his credentials 14th July, 1858, (see G. L. Proceedings, 1858, page 27,) and has held that office ever since."

OTTO KLOTZ.

THE CRAFT OF OTTAWA ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE.

The members of the lodges of Ottawa turned out in large numbers on Sunday, 27th Dec., 1885, the festival of St. John the Evangelist, to attend a special service in St. George's Church.

An Emergent Communication of Dalhousie Lodge, the senior body in the district, was held in the Masonic Hall at two o'clock, at which the members of the other city lodges, and those of Hull and Aylmer had been invited to be present. The following were among the principal officers in attendance:—R. W. Bro. Dr. C. R. Church, D.D.G.M. of Ottawa District, and Master of Fidelity Lodge, No. 281; R. W. Bro. C. D. Chitty, D.D.G.M. of Hull District; W. Bro. J. G. Wallis, Master, and W. Bro. C. S. Scott, Secretary, of Dalhousie Lodge, No. 52; W. Bro. John Smith, Master of Doric Lodge, No. 58; W. Bro. Le F. A. Maingy, Master of Civil Service Lodge, No. 148; W. Bro. John Beihler, Master of Builders' Lodge, No. 177; W. Bro. W. A. Jamieson, Master of Chaudiere Lodge, No. 264; W. Bro. Wm. Northwood, Master of Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 871; Bro. W. H. G. Garrloch, Master of Eddy Lodge, Hull; and the W. M. of the Aylmer Lodge. Shortly before three o'clock, the Masons, wearing the regalia of the Order, formed in procession outside the hall, and, headed by the Masonic band, under Band-master Carter, passed up Rideau street, over the Sappers bridge, and along Sparks and Metcalfe streets to St. George's Church, which they entered, and occupied seats on the main floor. In this portion of the church there were also many of the general public not members of the Order, and in the spacious galleries nearly every seat was occupied. The Rector of the church, Rev. P. Owen Jones, conducted the service—the Evening Prayer of the Church of England. The

musical portion was grand, the choir in the chants, anthems and hymns, showing to great advantage. R. W. Bro. C. B. Petit, Rural Dean of Cornwall, preached an able and appropriate

SERMON,

taking for his text, I Corinthians, iii., 9-10:—"For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building. According to the grace of God, which is given unto me, as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon." The Holy Apostle, said the preacher, compares his work in the Church to a wise man building a house. First, laying the foundation deep and strong, then, rearing the walls with skill and care. He speaks of himself as being, by the grace of God, "a wise master-builder," as "a co-worker with God," and a "laborer together" with Him; and to his Corinthian brethren—his own converts—he says, "ye are God's building." In planting the church at Corinth, he was laying the foundation of a Holy Temple to God, and in building up his converts in the "most holy faith," he was raising higher and higher the temple walls. This building was not to be composed of materials like those in King Solomon's temple—stones, mortar and cedars—but of human bodies and human souls, each one a living stone in the sacred structure. The Temple of Solomon was one of the grandest and most mighty buildings the world ever witnessed—"exceedingly magnificent of fame and glory throughout all countries." But this building of which the Apostle speaks is far grander and more majestic, and dearer to God—one let down upon earth from above, pure and holy, "without spot or wrinkle or blemish"—"the clothing of wrought gold," and all "beautiful and glorious within." It is composed of saints from above and from below, and all bound together by the love of God and of each other. It is an em-

blem of the Temple above, and reflects the glory of the Incarnate God, and is adorned with His righteousness and the righteousness of His saints. The workmen on King Solomon's temple came from the various tribes of the Jewish nation, and the materials for its erection were gathered from different parts of the land of Judea. The stones were taken from the mountain quarries, the cedars from Mount Lebanon, the gold was from Ophir, and the curtains were from Babylon. All were gathered from widely distant parts, and each contributed its share. So also with the laborers on and the materials for that Holy Temple of which the Apostle speaks—the Christian Church. They are gathered from every clime under heaven's sun; they are immortal souls from all nations, kindred, and people on all the earth; they come from lands bound by eternal frosts, and from those parched by a burning sun; they come from Alpine mountains and from sea-girt islands; from the huge cities and the dark mines of Europe. From every corner of the globe comes fitting materials—apostles and saints and holy souls—all to rear higher and higher this great building to God, and to adorn it with every Christian grace. Of this great temple the Apostle says, that as a wise master-builder, he had laid a foundation at Corinth, and of his converts there, he said, "Ye are God's building"—and to each one on his entering the sacred portals we would say—upon this foundation now laid, you are to raise a superstructure, perfect in its parts and honorable to its builder. The Jews estimated the value and greatness of Solomon's Temple, by the size of its stones and the length of time it took to build it; with a national pride they pointed to the mighty stones in its walls, and with a sacred feeling they referred to the seven long years of its erection. But, brethren, we can point to the Christian Church as containing in its walls mighty living stones—saintly and heroic souls—apostles and con-

fessors and a noble army of martyrs; and we can look back through 1800 years, and see this great building of God's all the while in the progress of erection—we can see how age after age holy souls have labored and toiled on its sacred walls, and how, on to our own day, those walls have been reared higher and higher, and yet the last stone has not been laid—the sacred building has not been finished—the holy temple has not been completed. But for so blessed an end we are now toiling, and we are also praying, that God may "hasten His kingdom and complete the number of His elect." For the erection of so mighty a structure as Solomon's Temple, it was found necessary to form all who were to take part in the work into one organized body; and also to divide the whole into several classes, and to appoint overseers over each. In this we find three chief or grand officers, whose duty it was to draw out the plans for the intended building, to designate the kind of wood, and to preside or rule over all. Then, under the chief officers there were three hundred expert men, master-workmen, whose duty was to inspect and report upon the progress of the work. Then again, under these there were 3,300 overseers, and 30,000 men in the cedar forests of Lebanon, and 80,000 in the mountain quarries of Judea—and yet, amid this mighty mass of workmen, so perfectly was everything arranged and ordered, that there was no confusion or delay—all things were done decently and in order—there was no "strikes" or "panics," but with wonderful harmony and with great skill, with promptitude and to perfection, the stately and majestic temple rose rapidly and was completed; and with uplifted hands, they "glorified God." In the erection of the Christian Church, no doubt the Divine Will was that a similar order be observed; and for this the Great Head of the Church has appointed "divers orders"—chief officers or overseers, subordinate

officers and mission-workers, for the rearing of His great temple. He has given, as the Apostle says, "some apostles, and some prophets and evangelists—some pastors and teachers—for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ." After the completion of Solomon's Temple, and before the workmen separated, no doubt they met together and cemented the bond of friendship that had existed among them during their seven long years of toil; and in order that they might in future years recognize each other wherever they might meet, they adopted certain signs, tokens and words—it may have been those used among themselves while working together; those familiar to them all; and yet unknown to the rest of the world. Hence, as we may reasonably conclude, arose the Order of Masonry, and as those men travelled throughout the world, they carried with them the truths and principles of their Order, and by their secret signs and tokens they were known to each other, and distinguished from the rest of the world. Hence the dissemination of Masonry, and its similarity and identity the wide world over. And in view of its sacred rise, its connection with the building of God's ancient temple and its usefulness to men in all ages, we would say:—"Let the grand old Order continue," "let the ancient customs prevail," and "let the ancient landmarks be preserved." Let me add; that Freemasonry is the most ancient of all human societies—the most ancient, having existence from time immemorial. It has come down to us through the ruin of states and kingdoms and empires, and has survived the wreck of nations. When wars have waged fiercely, and lands have been deluged with blood, her merciful and brotherly hand has rescued thousands from death, and has saved women and children from distress and despair. In short, our beloved Order has

taught her members to practice some of the highest principles of our holy religion—"to recognize in every son of Adam a brother of the dust," and "to relieve his wants, and to soothe his sorrows as far as their means permit." And again, Freemasonry claims to be the most honorable of all human societies, because she teaches the most honorable principles; because, in all ages, the honorable of the earth have patronized her mysteries and joined in her assemblies; because kings and monarchs have been promoters of her art and have not thought it beneath their dignity to exchange the sceptre for the gavel. Though Freemasonry has been before the world for almost unnumbered ages, and her history is one of which no Mason need be ashamed, full of glory and renown, and hence needs no word in vindication or of praise from me, yet, in view of recent slanders and bitter curses from high places,* allow me to add that our ancient and honorable Order is founded upon the truths of our holy religion; that on her doors of admission are inscribed "Faith in God," "Hope in immortality," and "Charity among men;" that on her banners are written Temperance and Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, and the first lesson she teaches man on entering her doors is to go down on his knees before his God and to vow his vows to God to be good and true. If she reminds man of his fallen and sinful state, she also points him to a living and forgiving God. If she impresses upon him his inevitable destiny, pointing him to a figurative death, and to other emblems of mortality, she also points him to a living and an eternal God, who can raise him from the tomb of transgression, and who will bring to every faithful and obedient soul peace and salvation. If Freemasonry tells men

*At this point all the brethren stood up, at the sound of the gavel, in token of a readiness to defend Masonic silence before the world, yet devotion to their Order.

—that "it is appointed unto all men once to die," and if she holds up before him the terrors of death—it is to inspire him to walk honestly and uprightly before God and among men. She warns him that death has no sting equal to the stain of falsehood and dishonor. Finally, brethren, with the closing year, let me remind you of the close of life, that we are another year nearer the end of our days, another year nearer to death, another year nearer to the grave and to the last great trial. Yes, brethren, these busy hands of ours, now so ready and prompt to execute the designs before us, will soon be cold and powerless by our sides; these warm and pulsing hearts of ours, now full of conceiving plans for adorning our temples of clay, will soon cease to beat with vital motion, and these anxious and fevered heads of ours, now intent upon devising work for the craft, will soon be bowed down in death. Yes, brethren, our working tools must soon be laid aside and our labors must soon end. We have been brothers in life, may we be brothers in death; we have met upon the level, may we part upon the square; we have journeyed together hand in hand, and we would lie side by side in the last low bed and be brothers in the grave. And, dear brethren, when we have all been laid in our graves, and are waiting for the last sound of the gavel from the Great and Supreme Master, may we hear it calling us from the labors of earth to the refreshments above—from the sleep of the grave, to the rest of heaven.

At the close of the sermon a collection was taken up in aid of the Masonic burial plot fund, and a handsome amount was received. After the singing of the hymn "A'ide with me," the service was closed with prayer and benediction.

The procession then re-formed on Gloucester street, and returned to the hall by way of Gloucester, O'Connor, Sparks and Rideau streets, halt-

ing with open ranks at the corner of Rideau and Sussex, while the principal officers, who had brought up the rear, passed through and received the respects of their brethren.

The fine turnout made by the Masonic body was the subject of much favorable comment. It was the largest seen in Ottawa for some years.

MIXED FUNERALS.

From the following from the *Kingston News*, it will be seen that the members of the craft everywhere do not carry out the ruling that a Masonic lodge shall not take part in a funeral where any other society is a participant:—

"The members of Kingston Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., and the brethren of Ancient St. John's Lodge, No. 3, A. F. & A. M., did not work together harmoniously yesterday afternoon, previous to the funeral of Sergeant Hammond, who was a member of both organizations, and the result was, that it did not take place until an hour and a half after the advertised time. The question was:—"Which society was entitled to bury the deceased?" The Masons contended that it was their duty, and the Oddfellows opposed their contention, and argued that they should bury him. It appears that on the evening of the day on which deceased died, the Oddfellows assembled; the death was announced to the lodge, and a committee appointed to wait upon Mrs. Hammond to ascertain whether it was his wish that the Oddfellows should take charge of the funeral, or whether he preferred that the Masons should bury him. The Oddfellows on this committee state that Mrs. Hammond said it had been deceased's and her wish that he should be buried by the Oddfellows. The Oddfellows then again called an emergent meeting. Before the interview with Mrs. Hammond by the Oddfellows, the Masons had been in-

formed by some of their members that it was deceased's request that they should manage his funeral, and on this information they acted, and advertised an emergent meeting. Yesterday, both societies met and discussed the matter. Major Fairclough was appointed by the Masons to wait upon the Oddfellows. He stated to them that there was a misunderstanding between the societies as to which should bury the deceased, but they were willing, as the most expedient way of surmounting the difficulty, to allow the Oddfellows who were Masons to act as pall-bearers, provided they wore Masons' uniforms, and also to permit the Oddfellows to march ahead of the hearse in the procession, the Masons retaining the right, however, to head the procession, and to bury the dead with the ceremony laid down in their ritual. The Oddfellows agreed to the proposition, and here the difficulty ended. They marched in a body to the residence of deceased, and a few minutes later the Masons arrived. The coffin was carried to the hearse by the pall-bearers, who were Messrs. B. H. Carnovsky, G W Robinson, and Dunn, representing the Oddfellows; Messrs. Coyne, Hume, and Emery, representing the Masons. The procession was then formed by Undertaker Reid, and deceased being an old soldier, a firing party, selected from a company of the 14th Batt., stationed at the fort, and the band of the battalion took part in it. The order of the march was:—Masons in full uniforms; Oddfellows, wearing dark badges, fringed with gold; band, firing party, hearse, carriages, and citizens. When the bridge on Princess street was reached, the cortege stopped, and the firing party, which was in command of Corporal Pound, lined up on each side of the hearse, and fired the parting salute over the dead soldier. The Oddfellows, Masons, and citizens, got into cabs and carriages, and followed the remains to Cataragui cemetery, where the last rites were performed.

"It may be stated that yesterday's funeral was the first instance in which the Oddfellows and Masons walked together in uniform, when the object of the funeral was a member of both organizations."

MASONIC UNITY.

Two very opposite principles seem to have controlling force in the life of a man. One is the principle of individualism—the other that of fellowship. Wrought upon by the first named influence a man learns how to respect himself; to take his own place, go his appointed way, bear his special burden, do the work to which he is called, and thus maintain an intensely personal existence. So he is moved to stand by himself and gather to himself almost as though he stood alone upon the earth. Then comes the potent force of that other principle which affirms that "no man liveth to himself," and so the duties and privileges of related life are made evident. Man sees that he cannot maintain an independent and solitary state. He must unite his thoughts, affections, endeavors, with those of other people if he would reach large and blessed accomplishments. Individualism and fellowship, therefore, though seemingly such opposite principles, apparently mutually destructive, yet go together in the formation of a noble character and the expression of a true life. They may be compared to the two great forces in nature, one of which attracts while the other repels from a common centre. The Universe would become chaos if either the centripetal or centrifugal influence should cease to act. The material order and equipoise depend upon the constant operation of these two dissimilar forces.

Freemasonry commends both individualism and companionship. The unity which it seeks to secure among brethren is not based upon any ignoring of personal responsibility. Its fellowship is not to be signified by

striking down the peculiarities of individual thought and distinctive character, or by any vain attempt to fashion those who come under its impress after precisely the same standard. Freemasonry respects independent thought and all the varied expressions of a vigorous individuality. It appreciates genuine manhood in all the diversified forms of its presentation. And yet it calls for fellowship, deep, vital, and far reaching, and demands of its followers that they shall be heartily united to each other in thought and feeling, so as to live and act as brethren. How is this Masonic unity to be secured?

As already hinted, the desired result will not be gained by any attempts to mould our brethren after one ideal pattern. The differing characteristics and tendencies of men must be recognized. It is not to be expected that Freemasonry has any magic power by which to eliminate individual peculiarities and idiosyncracies. The men who kneel at Masonic altars and there take upon themselves common pledges will not be transformed by such a service so as to become precisely alike, like so many coins stamped at the mint. Nothing of this kind is to be expected, hence Masonic unity must depend upon a mutual allowance of individual characteristics. There must be no thought that every brother will present all the virtues, or answer in all respects to the model we most admire. To have true fellowship, the union that is most desirable among craftsmen and friends, we must learn to average our associates, giving them credit for what appears most worthy in their characters and lives, and holding their defects in the background so far as is possible.

Then, too, we are to remember our own blemishes and shortcomings. We are not perfect scholars, by any means. It becomes us therefore to be lenient judges and generous critics of those who walk by our side, with whom we associate and co-operate.

We partake of an essential human nature. We look up to one God and Father of all, on whose mercy we are alike dependent. Surely we may well come into close alliances and be faithful in all fraternal relations as we remember how we are all children of the same Divine Parent, inheriting one common nature, and fellow travellers along the pilgrim way to death and the grave—thank God, to a glorious immortality beyond! Masonic communion ought to be of the noblest character; Masonic fellowship should be hearty and sincere, rising above all temporary oppositions and differences of individual temperament, and taking on a warmth of feeling that will give an augmented zest to the life; and Masonic unity, regulated by reason as well as by sentiment, may well be sought after and encouraged as a condition in which moral as well as social benefits will become most evident. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." *Freemasons' Repository.*

A MASON? I AM ONE MYSELF.

The Rt. Rev. Alex. V. Griswold, the first Bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church, of the Eastern Diocese, in 1811, afterwards the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, and for ten years Chancellor of Brown University, was a thorough Freemason. During the anti-Masonic persecution of 1828-35, a wealthy layman accosted the Bishop, and made sundry insinuations to the discredit of a certain clergyman, winding up with the remark:—

"And now, Bishop, you will be shocked—much shocked, at hearing what I am quite prepared to prove: this man is—I have no doubt of it—a MASON!"

"A Mason, is he? I am one myself," replied Bishop Griswold. The villifier was completely dumb-founded. But the Bishop continued: "I

wish ALL my clergy were Masons; I wish they all belonged to the craft, providing they would not up to its obligations, and fulfill its engagements."

"And in what may these consist?" said the tale-bearer.

The Bishop replied:—

"I will show you practically. You have sought me with a long and labored statement; you have said much that has had a tendency to injure another. Now, I believe that you have been actuated by no other than perfectly pure and disinterested feelings; I will believe that no personal animosity in any degree moved you. This conclusion you owe to Masonry. That teaches me charity—that charity which bids us invariably put the best construction upon the acts and motives of others. This I learned from Masonry."

Brother Bishop Griswold was not only a learned theologian, but the greatest American mathematician after Dr. Bowditch. He was born at Simsbury, Conn., in 1766, and died at Boston, in 1843.—*Keystone.*

THE MASONIC GOAT.

I am not a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but I cannot refrain from speaking out as forcibly as my timid nature will allow, against the cruel wrongs practiced upon the Masonic goat. I desire an opportunity to shriek for more liberty for the Masonic goat.

Do you ever think, dear reader, of the lonely condition, the quiet, monotonous and yet patient and uncomplaining life of the Masonic goat between lodge-meetings? Did the cruel wrongs of the Masonic goat never appeal to the warmer sympathies of your bosom? Did the fact never come to your mind that while the free and frolicsome worldly goat is wandering according to his own sweet will up and down the back yards of the nation, chewing with a glad smile

the succulent tomato-can of long ago, surveying with a critic's eye the family wash on the clothes-line, chewing up the best gauze undershirt, and butting the thoughtless wayfarer into the adjoining school-district, the patient and grievously wronged Masonic goat is lying within the tiled recesses of the Lodge with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and naught to cheer him but the hope that he may soon be called from refreshment to labor and be given an opportunity to break the backbone of a too-confiding candidate?

I trust you have.

My dear friend, consider the ways of the free; untrammelled worldly goat; but don't stand too close to him when you consider his ways. Give the free, untrammelled worldly goat elbow-room. If you would not be sad in the end, give the free, untrammelled worldly goat an acre of elbow-room. Give him all the elbow-room his warm, ardent, impulsive nature would seem to require; for if you trust him, gentle stranger, when you least expect it he may hit you in a vulnerable spot and have exceeding great fun with you.

But it is only on stated occasions that the Masonic goat is called up, and his eye brightens with enthusiasm as he stretches his limbs and goes forth to indulge in his favorite brand of amusement. At other times there is no funny business for him. And yet how patient and uncomplaining in his daily walks is the sad-eyed, lodge-trammelled Masonic goat! If I had time I could weep for him.

Masonically speaking, the goat is an emblem of force, and serves to teach us that however safe we may feel from the wrath to come—however bright and glittering and joyous and gilt-papered the world may seem to us, when we look straight out in front, we do not know at what moment something powerful may strike us from behind, drive a foot or two of our delicate and sensitive spinal-

column through the top of our white plug-hat, and make us unhappy.

For myself, I have no objection to the lesson the goat teaches, so long as he does not come too close to me to teach it. It is not, however, to discuss the uses of the goat, Masonically or otherwise, that this article is written, but rather to move the kindly hearts of a most worthy fraternity; so that they may see the wrongs of the patient and long-suffering Masonic goat as I see them, and to persuade them to take the lodge-goat down into the backyard occasionally, and give him some old succulent tomato cans and fresh air.

To those who have not become warmly intimate with the Masonic goat, and are inclined to withhold their sympathy and influence in his behalf, from a wrong opinion of his character, and a misunderstanding of his ardent, impulsive nature, I desire to say that he is as harmless as a dove and as gentle as a prospective heir, after you have been around with him and know him, and can give him the correct grip and pass-word.—*Puck.*

THE LANDMARKS.

- I. The modes of recognition.
- II. The division of symbolic Masonry into degrees.
- III. The Legend of the Third degree.
- IV. The government of the Fraternity by a presiding officer, called a Grand Master, who is elected from the body of the Craft.
- V. The prerogative of the Grand Master to preside over every assembly of the Craft, wheresoever and whensoever held,
- VI. The prerogative of the Grand Master to grant dispensations for conferring degrees at irregular times.
- VII. The prerogative of the Grand Master to grant dispensations for opening and holding lodges.
- VIII. The prerogative of the Grand Master to make Masons at sight.

IX. The necessity for Masons to congregate in Lodges.

X. The government of every lodge by a Master and two Wardens.

XI. The necessity that every lodge, when congregated, should be duly tiled.

XII. The right of every Mason to be represented in all general meetings of the Craft, and to instruct his representatives.

XIII. The right of every Mason to appeal from the decision of his brethren in lodge convened, to the Grand Lodge or general assembly of Masons.

XIV. The right of every Mason to visit and sit in every regular lodge.

XV. That no visitor, not known to some brother present as a Mason, can enter a lodge without undergoing an examination.

XVI. That no lodge can interfere in the business or labor of another lodge.

XVII. That every Freemason is amenable to the laws and regulations of the Masonic jurisdiction in which he resides.

XVIII. That every candidate for initiation must be a man, *free born*, and of lawful age.

XIX. That every Mason must believe in the existence of God as the Grand Architect of the Universe.

XX. That every Mason must believe in a resurrection to a future life.

XXI. That a book of the law of God must constitute an indispensable part of the furniture of every lodge.

XXII. That all men in the sight of God are equal, and meet in the lodge on one common level.

XXIII. That Masonry is a secret society, in possession of secrets that cannot be divulged.

XXIV. That Freemasonry consists of a speculative science founded on an operative art.

XXV. That the Landmarks of Masonry can NEVER be changed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HISTORY OF LODGE, No. 48, Lancaster, Penn., by George B. Welchans, M. D. This is a neat duodecimo of 295 pp., from the press of the *Enquirer* Printing Co., at Lancaster, bound in blue cloth, with a handsomely illuminated cover in black and gold. The lodge is a century old, and this book admirably tells its story. The lodge is the eighth oldest now working in Pennsylvania. Like all lodges of that day, its early meetings were held at taverns, as the banquet was not the least important part of the work. Like our old lodges, too, they had a proxy in the city to represent them at Grand Lodge, to save travel and expense. During the Morgan times the lodge suspended meetings from January, 1832, until November, 1833. The period of depression was shorter than at the East, extending from 1830 to 1837. The lodge had its years of poverty and of success, and the flush times of the war finally floated it on the broad tide of prosperity. In its earlier days it protested against taxing country lodges for building a Grand Lodge hall in the city, a protest which always seems to have a certain amount of right on its side. The history closes with its centennial celebration, April 21, 1885, which was a jubilee. A large number of biographical sketches followed, which are interesting and valuable. Among them is that of President James Buchanan, who was Master of the lodge in 1823. The work is a very valuable contribution to Masonic history, and Bro. Welchans is to be congratulated in having placed his lodge in a light where it can be appreciated.

A CIRCULAR has been issued warning the craft against an imposter named H. Clay Sale, of Louisville, Kentucky, and formerly a member of Excelsior Lodge, No. 258, of that city. Look out for him.

AN EDITOR'S VISION.—While sitting in our sanotum we fell into a slumber. We thought we were journeying along a great plain, of the most elegant scenery imaginable. We came to a large temple, into which we entered. Upon a magnificent throne sat a goddess, who held in her hand a pair of scales. A decree had gone forth, that all societies of the land should send representatives to her, that the merit of the society might be weighed. Accordingly great throngs came from all directions. Each one was allowed an audience, and at last the attendant was asked if there were any more to be admitted. "Yes, there is without a man who says he represents the Craft of Freemasonry." "Let him be admitted," said the goddess. Among other questions, she asked: "How much do you pledge in charity?" "We make no pledges," was the ready answer. "How much do you give a worthy applicant?" "All that we can spare," responded the brother. "Do you ever refuse to help a worthy distressed brother?" "We do not." The merits of this society were weighed, and the balance decided in its favor, when a decree issued that Freemasonry deserves the commendation of all.—*Freemasons' Journal*.

PAST GRAND MASTER SPRY decided when the W. M. ordered the pass-word to be taken in a lodge that it should be collected from every craftsman present. Grand Master Murray, on the other hand, rules that it need not be collected from the Worshipful Master sitting in the East. Who is correct? Would not the better plan be to allow the Deacons to collect the pass-word only from those they were not sure were Masons?—*Toronto Mail*, Jan. 9. No. The pass-word should be collected from all the brethren present. There is only a technical difference in the opinions of M. W. Bros. Spry and Murray, which is not worth discussing. We think the practice of the Deacons giving the W. M. the pass-word the better one in every case.

CALLED FROM LABOR.—The *Keystone* reports as follows:—"Bro. Lieut.-Commander Henry H. Gorringer, of Anglo-Saxon Lodge, No. 137, New York city, late of the U. S. Navy, President of the American Ship Building Company, and known all over the world as the 'hero of the Obelisk,' died in New York, on July 6th, 1885, at the early age of 45 years. His death was the result of an accident last December, when in boarding a moving train at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, he injured his spine, and has been seriously ill ever since. The death of Bro. Gorringer will be widely deplored. He was born in the island of Tobago, West Indies, and thought of entering the British Navy, but at the breaking out of our civil war in 1861, he enlisted before the mast, and rapidly rose to the rank of Lieut.-Commander. During the war he often greatly distinguished himself. His great feat of the removal of 'Cleopatra's Needle' from Alexandria to Central Park, New York city, is familiar to all of our readers."

Time, thought, and diligent attention, should be given to the securing of a uniformity of work in all departments of Masonic expression. Masters and officers of lodges ought not to think that they may go their own way respectively in the rendition of the work; but their aim should be to follow the accepted standards, so that the ceremony enacted and the words spoken in the conferring of degrees may be the same in one lodge as another.

PRESCOTT.—Central Lodge, 110, installed by W Bro J Carruthers, assisted by W Bro C Macpherson: W Bro C Macpherson, I P M; W Bro E C Feilde, W M; Bros R W Ross, S W; Harry H Wells, J W; M Dowsley, re-elected, Treas; C C Brouse, Sec; Alfred Press, Chap; W S R Murch, S D; Jas Smith, J D; Wm Wallace, S S; Geo Wilkinson, J S; Jas Rosebrook, I G; John Robinson, Tyler; Wm Gerald, D of C.

RECENT INSTALLATIONS.

PORT HOPE.—Hope Lodge, 114: W Bro Wm Gothwaite, I P M; W Bro Fd Budge, W M; Bros G B Salter, S W; Geo Wilson, J W; W Bro A Purslow, Treas; Bros John Harmer, Sec; R G Blackham, S D; James Yeo, J D; A W Pringle, S S; Geo A Mitchell, J S; J Liggett, I G; Geo Reading, Tyler; V W Bro Robt Nicholls, D of C; Charitable Committee, Bros. G. B. Salter, A. W. Pringle, and Geo. Reading.

PORT HOPE.—Ontario Lodge, 26, installed by V W Bro Chas Doebler: W Bro W B Wallace, I P M; W Bro Thos A Thompson, W M; Bros W Andrews, S W; W Noble, J W; James Evans, P M, Treas; W B Wallace, P M, Sec; W J Robertson, Organist; Israel Goheen, S D; T T Baines, J D; J J Turner, S S; Geo Patterson, J S; J F Honor, I G; Geo Reading, Tyler; R W Bro E Peplow, D of C; Charitable Committee, V W Bro Chas Doebler, R W Bro J B Traves, W Bro James Evans.

MILLBROOK.—J B Hall Lodge, 145, installed by W Bro Henry Turner: W Bro Jno Hunter, I P M; W Bro Henry Turner, M D., D D G M, W M; Bros J C Kells, S W; Jno Beatty, J W; James Fitzgerald, Treas; H McCartney, Sec; Moses Sutton, Chap; A J Armstrong, Organist; W Thexton, S D; W Wilcox, J D; W Bateson, S S; David Sutton, J S; R J Doak, I G; Geo F Welburn, Tyler; Alfred Leach, D of C.

LONDON.—Corinthian Lodge, 380, installed by W Bro C Norman Spencer: W Bro Alex Irvine, I P M; W Bro Otto E Brenner, W M; Bros E R Keyes, S W; Frank W Lilley, J W; W Bro C Norman Spencer, Treas; Bro C L Driefer, Sec; W Bro H C Simpson, Chap; Bros M McGregor, Organist; George Taylor, S D; Peter Toll, J D; John Page, S S; Frank Pontey, J S; T B Lewis, I G; W Bro Robt Bonney, Tyler; Bro Samuel Alexander, D of C.