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THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND
MASONIC RECORD.

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

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.50 per annum
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FOR THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.]

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

The Celebrated Poem by Robt. Burns, With Explanatory Notes by Dr. Rob Morris.

It is hard to read these lines, "Mary in Heaven," without tears. Even without the accompanying history, though the name of the departed and the name of the poet who wrote it may be unknown, few but must pause after perusal, and remove a certain mistiness from the vision.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening
green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care:
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

My space does not permit a detailed account of the connection between Burns and Mary Campbell, but the reader shall have facts to

elucidate the poem. In the spring of 1786, Burns was released from his marriage-covenant with Jean Armour, and formed another a few weeks later with Mary Campbell. In the song of Highland Mary, which I give further on, he speaks of "The Castle of Montgomery" where she lived. This was that of Coilsfield, near Tarbotton, the property of Hugh Montgomery, who became in 1796, twelfth Earl of Eglinton. (Hugh was a skilful musician and composed "Lady Montgomery's Reel," "The Ayrshire Lassies," and other popular pieces.) Among the dairy-women of the castle we find one Mary Campbell, a young woman, formerly from Campbell-town, a highland place in Argyleshire. She is said to have been handsome, rather than lovely; but she had the neat foot, and the low melodious voice which entered in Burns' ideals of female attractiveness. He was furthermore delighted with her good sense, and on Sundays loved to show her his favorite walks on the banks of the Ayr, in the woods of Coilsfield, and by the stream, where a thorn tree is still pointed

out as their trysting place. None of Burns' biographies, so far as I have seen, suggest any criminality in their intercourse. They were solemnly betrothed the second Sunday in May, 1786. The trysting place was on the banks of a little river near the castle. With the brook running between them they dipped water in their hands and holding it up, "covenanted to love each other so long as woods grow and water flows." They exchanged bibles; Mary's copy, a volume of the cheapest works; Robert's, two volumes elegantly bound. He had written in the first volume, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord."—Leviticus, chap. XIX, v. 12. In the second volume he wrote:—"Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath."—St. Matthew, chap. V, v. 33. On the blank leaf of each volume is written in the bold, manly hand of the bard,

ROBERT BURNS, Mossiel.

The two names originally inscribed in the books have been almost obliterated. Opposite that of Burns in the first volume is his Royal Arch Mason-Mark.

After this affective parting on the banks of the running stream, Mary gave up her engagement on Whit Sunday, 1786. Then she crossed the Firth of Clyde to visit some relations at Cowal preparatory to her marriage. On returning she remained several weeks at her father's house in Glenoch, during which she received weekly letters from Burns. The circumstance of a girl in her humble condition having so much correspondence set the tongues of gossips a-wagging, and one of them informed Mr. Camp-

bell, "that Burns was a strange character and a great scoffer at women," but Mary laughed and declared herself willing to trust his scoffing. Unfortunately the correspondence was destroyed by Mr. Campbell after his daughter's death, which occurred the following October as the result of a malignant fever. The news reached Burns probably the 20th. Upon the anniversary of the day, three years afterward, the affecting and sublime ode was composed. Burns was living at the time at Ellisland and had spent the day in the harvest field. As night came on, a great melancholy seized him and instead of returning to the house he threw himself upon the bundles of straw, with his eyes fixed upon a star that was gleaming in the west with uncommon brilliancy. Whether he had any particular association with that luminary is not known, but until its going down at midnight he lay in poetic frenzy; then entering the house wrote off the entire song as it stands. In sending it to Mr. Geo. Thomson, the music publisher, he requested that it be set to the plaintive air, "The Death of Captain Cook."

Three years later (November 14, 1792) Burns gave evidences of continued devotion to the memory of Mary Campbell by composing the following lines, only second in pathos and feeling to the other. In his letter enclosing it to his music publisher, George Thomson, he declares that "the subject is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days. Perhaps after all, 'tis the still-glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." In reply, Mr. Thomson says, "your verses upon Highland Mary are just come to hand. They breathe the genuine spirit of poetry and, like the music, (Kathrine Ogie) will last for ever. Such verses, united to such an air, with the delicate harmony of Ple'sl superadded, might form a treat worthy of being presented to Apollo himself. I have

heard the sad story of your Mary;
you always seem inspired when you
write of her."

HIGHLAND MARY.

Air:—Kathrine Ogle.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never dramma!
There, simmer first unfauld a her robes,
An' thro' the laigest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie:
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

W! many a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale, now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae-kissed sae fondly!
An' closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

The father of Mary Campbell was a sailor. The family consisted of four children, two sons, Archibald and Robert, and two daughters, Mary and Anne; the latter married a stone-mason named James Anderson. Mrs. Campbell, the mother, died in 1828, and by 1834 the whole family had disappeared, saye the Andersons. At the death of Mary, in 1786, the two volumes of Burns' bible came into her mother's possession. She gave them to Mrs. Anderson who, in turn, presented a volume each to her two daughters. They donated both to their brother William, a stone-mason at Renton, and he presented with them a lock of his aunt Mary's hair. In 1827, Mr. Joseph Archibald, a teacher at large and an admirer of Burns, offered to pay Mr. Campbell for the books. As he was a pauper on the church rolls at Greenock, this request was transferred to the officers who finally sold them to Archibald for fifty dollars; and they are now deposited in the Burns' Monument at the bridge of Doon.

ANCIENT CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters, which passed between the King of Israel, and the King of Tyre, are copied from Josephus' history of the antiquities of the Jews:

SOLOMON TO KING HIRAM.

"Knowst thou, that my father would have built a temple to God, but was hindered by wars, and continual expeditions, for he did not leave off to overthrow his enemies till he made them all subject to tribute; but I give thanks to God for the peace I at present enjoy, and on that account I am at leisure, and design to build an house to God; for God foretold to my father, that such an house should be built by me, wherefore I desire thee to send some of thy subjects, with mine, to Mount Lebanon, to cut down timber, for the Sidonians are more skilful than our people in cutting of wood; I will pay whatsoever price thou shalt determine."

HIRAM TO KING SOLOMON.

"It is fit to bless God, that he hath committed thy father's government to thee, who art a wise man, and endowed with all virtues. As for my self, I rejoice at the condition thou art in, and will be subservient to thee in all that thou sendest to me about; for when by my subjects, I have cut down many, and large trees of cedar, and cypress wood, I will send them to the sea, and will order my subjects to make floats of them, and to sail to what place soever of thy country thou shalt desire, and leave them there; after which thy subjects may carry them to Jerusalem; but do thou take care to procure us corn for this timber, which we stand in need of, because we inhabit an island."

FREEMASONRY is not a proselyting order, and all who enter therein must come of his own free will and accord.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Mr. G. Poole, a recognized authority, speaking of the great Pyramid, built at least 2,000 years before the beginning of our era, says: "Its height was originally 480 feet 9 inches, and the base 764 feet square." (It covers over twelve acres of ground.) "It is virtually a mass of solid masonry. *

* The finer stone used for casings and lining passages, was quarried on the other side of the river, ten miles away, and the red granite used for linings was quarried at Syene, nearly 550 miles away by the course of the river. The labor of quarrying these huge blocks of stone was enormous, especially when the hard red granite, which turns the edge of our modern steel tools, and yet was cut by bronze ones, had to be hewn out and cut into accurate blocks. The great Pyramid is not a mass of piled up stone. It is a model of constructive skill. A sheet of paper cannot be placed between the casing stones."

Now, think of it. A huge pile covering twelve acres of ground, five hundred feet high—a very mountain of masonry, in fact—cased with stone so hard that our best tools will scarcely make an impression on it; yet with these stones so accurately cut and fitted in place with this immense weight resting upon them for forty centuries, there is not variance enough from the original position to admit the insertion of a sheet of paper between any two of them.

Another writer tells us that this Pyramid was built with such exact reference to the zodiac, that at twelve o'clock precisely on the 21st day of June—the Summer solstice—the sun shines on every side of it, north, south, east and west, and that to a person standing exactly at the centre of the north side at that moment, the sun seems to hang like a star over the exact apex of the Pyramid. Herodotus, the Greek historian, tells

us that the work of building was carried on by relays of 100,000 workmen each. That each relay worked ten months and was then relieved, and that the total number engaged in the work rose far up into the millions.

Now, could this vast accurate work have been accomplished otherwise than by the most perfect system and thorough knowledge? Further, must not the superintendent, the foremen and overseers, have had some place of meeting, where they could have made their reports and received instructions from the master of the work as the work progressed? Must not this have been some quiet place, retired from the 100,000 laborers encamped around? And what else was this place of meeting for the Master Masons but a Masonic lodge? The necessities of the case required that just such a state of affairs should exist, and history strongly points to the fact of its existence. Thus our knowledge of the facts, backed by legitimate reasoning, warrants the conclusion—may I not say conclusively proves—that inside the priestly order four and five thousand years ago, were schools of architecture and building into which a course of initiation was necessary, and that admission was accorded not to all who might desire it, but only to such as were selected therefor.—Bro. Isaac Clements.

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An application for a warrant to open a Lodge in Manchester, England, has been received by Grand Secretary Isaacson, and the Grand Lodge of Quebec has now an opportunity to give England a practical illustration of concurrent jurisdiction. We trust our brethren in Quebec will not depart from the doctrine of exclusive jurisdiction. Masonic "home rule" must yet triumph in our sister Province, and granting a dispensation to work a lodge in England would weaken Quebec's position.—The Trestle Board.

THE ROYAL ORDER OF SCOTLAND.

The Provincial Grand Lodge for the Royal Order of Scotland, the subordinate of a Masonic body instituted nearly six hundred years ago by the King of Scotland to show his appreciation of the services of Knights Templars who in the wars against the enemies of his country had assisted him, has been holding its annual sessions in Providence the past few days. On Monday evening, Sept. 19, a business session was held, during which nine new members were admitted, and Tuesday forenoon another session was held at which seven were admitted. A special session is soon to be held in Washington for the accommodation of candidates residing South and to clear up any unfinished business. The membership of the Provincial Grand Lodge of the order in the United States is limited to 150, the present membership numbering 141. It was instituted in 1878, and holds its annual meetings every alternate year in Washington, D. C., and the other alternate year in the city where the Supreme Council, A. A. S. Rite, N. M. J., may meet. The Grand Master of the Royal Order is the King of Scotland. There being no King of Scotland, the honor of the position falls to the King of England if he be a Mason. The mantle of the Grand Master is now worn by the Earl of Rosslyn. All the diplomas are issued from the Grand Lodge at Edinburgh, Scotland. The head of the Provincial Grand Lodge of the United States is Sir Albert Pike, of Washington, D. C., but in his enforced absence through illness, Sir Josiah H. Drummond, of Portland, Me., Deputy Provincial Grand Master, presided over the deliberations of the session.

Wednesday evening, the annual banquet was held. At the head of the hall, in rear of the chair of the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Sir Josiah H. Drummond, was suspended the handsome banner of the Royal Order. It was nearly ten o'clock when the procession of members and their ladies and other guests, costumed in full evening dress, took their places at the tables and commenced to discuss the viands set forth on the tasty menu arranged in the shape of a scroll of two leaves, one exhibiting the roster of officers and the second the menu, and inclosed in a neat Japanese leather cover tied with a silken cord. The several courses having been deftly served, Deputy Grand Master Drummond opened the postprandial exercises with a pleasing speech, and proposed as the first toast "The Health and Happiness of Provincial Grand Master Sir Albert Pike," who, on account of sickness, was absent. The toast was drank standing. Sir and Rev. Frederick S. Fisher responded to "The Royal Order of Scotland," and Sir Hugh McCurdy to the sentiment "To the Ladies." Bro. Nicholas Van Slyck, a guest of the evening, responded for "The City of Providence," briefly, but eloquently.

The dinner itself and its service was proclaimed by all to surpass anything of the kind ever served to this Provincial Grand Lodge, and reflected great credit upon the Narragansett Hotel.—Boston Journal.

Cannot something be done to extend and upbuild the Royal Order in the Dominion? What says our M. W. Brother Murray, of Hamilton.

THE Hierogrammaton (sacred letters) is yet another similar term used by Dr. Kenealy, and applied to the sacred characters or symbols used in all ages to represent the Deity. It is especially applied to the circle as a symbol of The Eternal

Correspondence.

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

THE ENGLISH MUDDLE IN QUEBEC.

Editor of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

The subject that at present is attracting the attention of the active mind of the intelligent Quebec Masons in Montreal is the effective carrying out of the edict of non-intercourse with English Masons. The subject has been brought of late prominently before the notice of the Craft by the development of the fact that one lodge on the English register sent a delegate to the Montreal Masonic Board of Relief and was a contributor to its funds. In this connection it must not be forgotten there are three English Lodges of Masons (so-called) in Montreal, and that by means of this one representative to the Board, the English Masons have managed to draw from sixty to ninety per cent. annually of the funds distributed by the Board. Now the amount distributed to English Masons would call for no comment if there were none of their own lodges here and the edict forbidding all Masonic intercourse had no existence, but while the fact remains that this edict is in full force, these applicants have been receiving assistance when our own Grand Lodge has put them outside the pale of Masonry, for it would appear plain on the face of it that during its continuance, this edict of non-intercourse places those whom it affects in the position of men who have never been initiated into our mysteries. Constituted as our Board of Relief is, no man can become a member of it except by virtue of his Masonhood. Hence no English Mason can lawfully be a member of the Board, nor can the Board lawfully relieve a distressed English Mason, because the edict of

the Grand Lodge of Quebec declares he is not in good standing.

In view of the fact that these three lodges still exist here there is nothing to prevent their forming their own Board of Relief and assisting their own people. It does seem *infra dignitatem* for such high-toned people to be willing to accept relief at the hands of Quebec Masons, those colonial nobodies, whose blood is not sufficiently blue to enable them to associate with the more aristocratic Englishman on terms of equality. Nor is there any want of charity in this position, for the Englishman has it entirely in his own hands. It is entirely his own doing if the Quebec Mason refuses to assist him, for the English Mason can at any moment restore peace and harmony to this disturbed Province, by handing over the warrants of their Lodges to the Grand Lodge of Quebec for endorsement and they then would become legal Masons according to Masonic law, as well as the law of this country.

For a large part of our present unhappy condition we may thank the Masons of the Grand Lodge of Canada (Ontario) who inaugurated such a state of affairs in this Province, and we have also to thank warmly this same Grand Lodge of Canada for the kind sympathy and substantial support she has accorded Quebec Masons in getting rid of this her precious legacy.

However, when the English Mason applies to the Montreal Masonic Board of Relief and finds written on the lintel, the legend "No English need Apply" he will then realize and be able to explain to his friends "At home" the blessings they have by their stupid obstinacy been the means of producing in this Province.

The fact is Quebec Masons must wake up to the realities of their position and take the matter in hand in earnest, putting away all mawkish sentimentality, so that the English Mason may learn, as one by one the American Grand Lodges come prac-

tically to the assistance of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, that an isolation, that is an isolation in reality, is a thing not to be courted. It is possible English obstinacy may succeed in producing a discord in the Masonic world that if produced by any other power they would themselves be the first to resent and might perchance be the first to attempt to again reduce to harmony. In this struggle for our inherent rights Quebec Masons must not forget that the men who only express such wavering opinions as to practically mask their real convictions, by explaining away at the end of their remarks anything they may have said previously with any pith in it, will find themselves in the rear rank of obscurity, these time servers who express their views in such a gingerly manner for fear of annoying their opponents or hurting their feelings, while at the same time they are affording them a chance for success in depriving them of their rights, that they never would have had, had the proper amount of energy and plain speaking been exercised in the contest. What we require and must have in this matter is a strict adherence to principle and no wavering in the lines we have laid down as our platform. It must be carried out strictly to the letter and in this we feel we can rely on our present Grand Master whose judgment has never been warped by the phantasmagoria of diplomacy or the never so far realized events that are just about to restore peace and harmony to this

JURISDICTION.

Montreal, Oct. 5887.

At a meeting of St. John's Chapter, R. A. M., Hamilton, recently, R. E. Comp. Edward Mitchell, of the Grand Chapter of Canada, was presented with a magnificent regalia and address in token of the appreciation of his services in the office which he has held for ten years.

PAST MASTER.

A useful Past Master is one who is diligent in his attendance at the Lodge, one who did not go through the chairs merely *pro forma*, but was in truth as well as in name a Master. His growth as a Mason continues until the day of his death. He is a teacher who is always a learner. His education as a Mason he feels is never completed. He watches, with the closest interest, all the proceedings of the Lodge, speaks whenever he can impart wisdom, and is silent when he has nothing to say. He aids the Master in the skillful government of the Lodge. He temporarily takes the chair for him when requested, and is always able to perform the work. Such a Past Master is both useful and ornamental.

The purely ornamental Past Master is one who loses not his interest in the Lodge sufficiently to be induced to remain absent from it—but who, when present, is satisfied to sit in the army of his confreres of like grade, be perfectly quiet when business is under discussion, and exceedingly noisy while work is in progress. Such a one may be a "good fellow," but he is only an ornamental Past Master. He occupies his place, but does not fill it. He visits his Lodge for his own amusement, not for the welfare of the Fraternity. He wears his jewel and wears his title, but he never wears himself.

The Past Master that is neither useful nor ornamental is one whose name graces the Lodge rolls as one of the Past Masters, but who is never present at a Lodge meeting. He, likely, never should have been Master, and the result is that practically he is not a Past Master—he is never seen in the "noble army" to which he belongs. The fewer the Craft has of these the better for its welfare and reputation.—*Freemasons' Chronicle*, London.

ITALIAN MASONRY.

A new departure may be said to have been taken in Italy by an attempt which, if successful in its aim, cannot fail to be of the very highest importance. Several English residents in Naples, a short time ago, determined to start a new Lodge there, to work and in all respects to be conducted in the spirit and in the letter of English Masonry. With this object, they have obtained a warrant from the Supreme Council of Italy, containing the usual permission to consecrate, and naming Brothers Borsari and Panunzi, W. Masters of two Italian Lodges, and Brothers Hall and Elworthy, to carry out the duty.

The warrant contains a special and hitherto unprecedented authority, for not only is the Lodge permitted to work in the English language, but also in accordance with the Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England.

The ceremony of consecrating the new Lodge, appropriately called "Anglia," was performed by Brother F. T. Ellworthy, P. M. 261, W. M. 1866, in the presence of a large gathering of (upward of sixty) Past Masters and Brethren of Italian Lodges, who were attracted by the novelty of the event, and also by their desire to witness the English method of working.

In his opening address the Consecrating Officer dwelt upon the importance of the attempted reform as regards Masonry in Italy, and on the great responsibility thereby incurred by the founders of this new Lodge. Having reminded them of the high and noble principles of Masonry, he very pointedly referred to the devout and religious tone of the Order as practiced in England, both in its ritual and in its teaching, while at the same time very strictly prohibiting all controversy upon religion or politics. He went on to express his firm

opinion that the rigid enforcement of this law causes Masons to remain conscious of their obligations and in a great measure has led to the great power for good which is undoubtedly the attribute of English Masonry. He concluded by devoutly hoping the G. A. O. T. U. would so prosper this little beginning that it might quickly bring forth such fruit that Italians might quickly see all hostility to their Order cease, and before long reckon among their number, not only their King and his son, but, like their Brethren in England, the clergy of every degree.—London Freemason.

AN OLD MASONIC CHARGE.

PROPER TO BE DELIVERED BY THE JUNIOR WARDEN, AT MERIDIAN.

Brethren—The Lodge being about to suspend its labors for a short time, you may amuse yourselves with rational gaiety, but you must be peculiarly watchful not to run to excess. Masonry commands us to force no Brother to do any thing contrary to his inclination, to offend him neither by actions or by words; you will, therefore, permit him to act as is agreeable to himself, and make him as happy as you can. Indecent or immoral discourse is unbecoming a Mason, and you must always avoid it.

At home and abroad show that you have improved by the lessons you have here been taught; show yourselves fonder lovers of wisdom, and more strict observers of morality. It is needless to warn you to be so cautious in your words and actions as not to give the most acute and prying stranger the least opportunity of discovering what is not proper to be intimated; or, against disclosing the private transactions of our different assemblies; you are all Masons, and honor, and the reputation of the society at large, will guide your actions.

Irregularity and intemperance must be forever avoided; they will disgrace the society, destroy the peace of your families, impair your constitutions, and make you incapable of pursuing your necessary business.

Constantly observe, and enforce these rules, and always practice those duties, which, in the Lodge, have been so forcibly and pleasingly recommended to you. Industriously cultivate brotherly love, the foundation and cap-stone, the glory, and firm cement of our fraternity. Avoid disputes and quarrels; speak as well of a Brother in his absence as in his presence, and let slander be unknown to you. Suffer no one unreprieved to calumniate your honest Brethren, but zealously defend their characters, and do them every friendly office. Hence, the beneficial influence of your order will be diffused far around, and the admiring world will be witnesses of the happy effects it produces.

CHARITY PROLONGS LIFE.

The universe is the Mason's nativity; nothing that is man's is strange to him. All men then ought to be brethren. Like thee they have a soul—immortal organ, the same need of love, the same desire to be useful. Every suffering being has sacred claims on thee. Wait not until the piercing cry of distress solicits thee. Forewarn and reassure the timid unfortunate. Poison not by ostentations of thy affability the tides of life whence the unfortunate must quench his thirst. Search not for the price of goodness in vain applause, but in the calm suffering of thy conscience. Freemasonry ought to see in all men its brethren, no matter what the strangeness or the barbarity of their manners. They are men; thou must love them if they are savage, the civ-

ilized if they are ignorant, the learned if they are unscrupulous, the conquered by force and moderation, and by the example of thy virtues.

Forget not that nature is the nurse, and humanity the true mother; she is the mother of all mothers; she is the visible providence of all children, of all men: for the myriads that populate the universe are all members of one family, because there is only one vital essence, one nature of souls, and but one divine breath.

Be affable, obliging toward every one; love thy neighbor, share the felicity of others, and never allow envy to rise one instant in thy heart. Let morals, chaste and severe, be thy inseparable company. That thy soul be pure, right, and true, let modesty be thy law. Use the trowel to hide the faults of thy brethren. A wise man said, weigh not thy equals in a single basin; and if the one of evil outweighs the one of good, take off what human weakness put on, and complete the weight of good; thus thou wilt rejoice in the author of all goodness.

If the brother is in error, far from alienating thyself and damning him, come to him with the light of sentiment, of reason and of conviction. If he is exposed to the shaft of calumny, fear not, but avow thyself his friend; be his defender to the public, and thou wilt probably bring back the strayed in opinion. It is noble, it is holy to recall to virtue he who wavers, to raise him that falls; but it is almost godly to be the protector of innocence unknown.

O humanity! thy celestial voice cries from one end of the universe to the other: men, you have but one and the same Father, you are all brothers, and you have all a heart to love each other; love each other always, be united and happy; it is the cry of nature.—Bro. Pollak.

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MASONIC LITERATURE.

Of late years the literature of Masonry has assumed large proportions. The ablest men in the Order, men of genius and learning, have devoted themselves to its investigation. Its principles and its system have become matters of study and research. The results of this labor and inquiry have been given, and still continue to be promulgated to the world at large, in the form of treatises on masonic science, and which have at length introduced the question among some of the fraternity whether masonic books and papers tended to the advancement of the institution.

Many well-meaning members of the fraternity object to the freedom with which masonic topics are discussed in the publications of the Order. Some imagine that the veil which should conceal our mysteries from the unhallowed gaze of the world at large, is too much withdrawn by the modern race of masonic writers, and that the esoteric doctrine which should be entrusted only to the craft, and received through oral instruction within the tiled recesses of the lodge, are thus improperly exposed to the public. In their imaginations the masonic press assumes the form of a great mechanical cowan, which is constantly striving to betray secrets, and upon which they would consequently be willing to inflict the penalties of masonic law.

But the great majority of the craft, undoubtedly equally as conscientious, but bolder and more expansive in their ideas, find no possible danger or impropriety in the discussion of any portion of masonic science or history, provided that the peculiar methods of recognition, and the rituals of initiation into the various degrees, remain unpublished. Many of these brethren view the masonic press as valuable help to assist and explain the mysteries into which they have been initiated, and without whose indispensable aid they would be unable to

understand with completeness the designs upon that trestle board by which every Mason is expected to erect his spiritual temple.

Since the last century the publications of Masonic authors and editors of the English masonic press have been distinguished for the freedom, as well as ability with which the most abstruse questions and principles of the Order have been discussed, and have greatly added to the literature of the Order. The science, the philosophy, the history of Masonry—these are the topics which need all the research of the student; and the more it is written and published, and the more they are brought before the minds of the Craft, and rendered accessible to the masonic student, the more will their value be increased, and the more will the institution of which they constitute the very foundation, be elevated.—Sunday Times.

FREEMASONRY AND TEMPLARS.

It is evident that there was some connection before the revival (in 1717) between Freemasonry and Templary, as they had a common origin from the Benedictine Order, who, separating into two branches from the cloisters in the 11th and 12th centuries, went forth into the world—the lay brothers employed as architects to repair and erect new ecclesiastical edifices to the "glory of God"—the other branch guiding and organizing the multitudes proceeding to the Holy Land to recover and guard the sacred places of Our Lord's nativity from the infidels—which gave rise to the religious and military order of the Templars, both branches promulgating the same doctrines—"the sacred mysteries." In Dryburgh Abbey there is an old tomb of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth century with a memorial, cross-hilted Templars sword, surrounded by a wreath of ivy, having a square and compasses on each side of the sword under the hilt, evidently referring to the connection of the old Templars and the builders.—Keystone.

ENGLISH FAIR PLAY.

We give the following extract from Bro. Inglesby's review of the proceedings of Foreign Grand Lodges, presented to the last Communication of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina. It is under the head of England:—

"The Grand Registrar stated that the first appeal to the Grand Lodge is one from the Victoria Lodge, No. 1881, at Ashfield, in New South Wales, against the ruling of the District Grand Master, forbidding the discussion in open Lodge of the following resolution: 'That, in the opinion of this Lodge, it is desirable that an amalgamation of all the Masons in New South Wales should take place as soon as possible.' This resolution was followed by another: 'That its terms be communicated to the District Grand Master.' Upon its being so communicated, that officer directed the W. M. of the Lodge to remove it from the paper of Agenda of the Lodge, and prevent it from being discussed therein. It is from this decision that the appeal is taken. The Grand Registrar says that the motion was intended and designed to cover the discussion of the question whether or not the Victoria Lodge should renounce allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England and should enter into submission to a body which has applied for and has been unanimsously refused recognition—a body which has created itself in New South Wales entirely contrary to the desires and wishes of the great majority of the Brethren of the Craft in that Colony.' The Grand Lodge unanimously dismissed the appeal and therefore sustained the District Grand Master. If the Lodges in New South Wales are not even permitted to discuss the question we do not well see how they will ever, even if they so desire, be able to give in their allegiance to the New Grand Lodge. It is

even doubtful whether the Lodge could surrender its warrant and get a new one from the new Grand Lodge, inasmuch as it is the law of the Grand Lodge of England; that no matter what the majority, if any three Brethren of the Lodge continue, the majority cannot surrender it. It would be difficult to find any Lodge which would not have three members opposed to the change of allegiance."

Bro. Inglesby has hitherto been an opponent of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales, but this looks as if justice were making its way, and as if he were about to change his views. We shall be glad to receive recognition from South Carolina.—The Freemason, Sydney, Australia.

 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Grand Lodge of Prince Edward Island held its 13th Annual Communication at Charlottetown, June 24, 1887, M. W. Brother John Yeo, Grand Master. All the Lodges (11) in the jurisdiction were represented. The Grand Master in his address suitably noticed the fact of the 50th anniversary of the Queen's reign. Three members of the Grand Lodge had died during the past year. The returns from all the Lodges show the number of members to be 455, making a net gain of seven during the past year. The Treasurer's report shows a balance of \$188.72 in the treasury. A vote was passed recognizing the Grand Lodge of South Australia. Commissions were ordered for Representatives near the Grand Lodges of Ohio, Kansas, Iowa and Georgia. The Grand Lodge was called off until July 1st, on which day it again assembled and elected officers, and then proceeded under escort of the Royal Arch Chapter to Market Square and performed the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the New City Building in ample form. At the

evening session the officers for the ensuing year were installed, including M. W. Bro. John Yeo, who was re-elected Grand Master, and Bro. B. Wilson Higgs, Grand Secretary. Bro. Yeo has been elected for the 18th time, and Bro. Higgs for the 8th time. We doubt whether there is another case like that of Bro. Yeo's on this continent, and shows that as he was their first Grand Master, that they made no mistake in their selection and are content under his administration. In all that time (12 years) he has rendered but seven decisions. We note one in 1877 on physical qualification: "There is nothing in the constitution or landmarks for disqualifying a hunchback from being initiated into Masonry, provided he could comply with all the ceremonies of the initiated in the several degrees. The printed report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, making a neat little pamphlet of about 50 pages, has been sent us by the Grand Secretary.—The Trestle Board.

THE ROYAL ARCH.

Some of our fathers in Masonry have said that we have too many members and not enough Masons. Let us be warned, and heed those words of wisdom. The study of the art we impart is of such historical and symbolical import that makes it the acme of Craft Masonry, and in this position we alone can complete the structure and give the symbolism of the Master's degree that finish which is necessary to its completeness. With the keystone of the Royal Arch we alone can link in an iron bond the moral symbols to be found in either the forest, the quarry or the mountain, representing the great truths which lead us to higher thoughts and impress the mind with pure motives.

MASONIC NEWS.

"THE Golden Rule" so-called is usually credited to Confucius who was born, according to James Legge, an authority in Chinese classics, June 15, 551 B. C., at Shang-ping. His own name was Kong, but his disciples called him Kong-fu-tse (the Master or Teacher). Dr. Legge's work on "Chinese Classics" Book xv, Sec. 22, says:—"Tsze-kung asked Kong-fu-tse, saying, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?' The Master said, 'Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.'"

MARGENUS R. K. WRIGHT published in 1870, the "Life, Moral Aphorisms, and Terseological Teachings of Confucius." They are condensed in "One Hundred Confucian Precepts," the 100th and last being the summation of all the others which he italicizes as follows:—"Do unto another what you would he should do unto you; and do not unto another what you would not should be done unto you. Thou needest only this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest."—The Bizarre.

THE TETRAGRAMMATON.—The word Tetragrammaton is derived from the Greek *tetra*, four, and *gramma*, letter; and is the term applied to the four-lettered sacred name of Deity—*י. ה. ו. ה.* It is vocalized in English as Jehovah in the Old Testament. The Jews held it in great veneration, and wove it into many a verse in the Hebrew text. The initials of the four Hebrew words of Psalm xcvi, 11, are I H V H; while the finals of the four Hebrew words of Exodus iii, 13, are I H V H; others might be cited. The Pentagrammaton is a similar term applied by Dr. Ginsburg to the five-lettered name IESUE, in Hebrew; in Greek, IESOUS; in English, JESUS (Luke i, 51).

ROUGHING IT.

Bret Harte's "Cicely"? Yes. Well, "that reminds me of somethin' right in that suit."

We had it rough, Molly and I, for five years. We were New-Englanders, both of us; but I had come West years before, when I wasn't much more than a boy, to get rid of the lung-fevers I used to have every spring sure, and maybe the fall between thrown in. I had nothing but my two hands to start with; but as soon as I'd made a beginning—a small one, of course—I went back for Molly.

And then, as I said, for five years we had it rough.

In the first place, we were burned out in the town, and never saved a thing but the clothes we stood in and my team. Then we started again out on the edge of everything, where land was cheap, and it looked as if hard work might count for something. That time Indians ran us off. Never saw an Indian? Well, sir, you never want to. I don't want to be hard on anything the Lord saw fit to make. I suppose He knows what they are for—I know there's a good deal of talk lately about their wrongs. They've had 'em, sure enough; maybe I don't see things all 'round as I ought to. They say all general rules bear on particular cases. I'm one of the particular cases, perhaps. Anyhow, they killed one of the children there—the girl, five years old; shot her right in full sight of the cabin, and Molly hasn't got over it till this day.

I picked up a few head of cattle cheap that fall, and for a year we lived in a wagon, camping and driving our cattle across the ranges. You don't know what that life means for a woman, take it month in and month out. Cooking over a camp-fire, and not much of anything to cook, anyhow; clothes wet half the time; never warm in winter nor cold in summer, and never clean. That year the boy died—snake-bit. We were so far from a settlement that we couldn't get a doctor, and we buried him ourselves.

We got into a cabin in the fall. Four of us, each one poorer than the others, took a section of Government land. We had our teams and our health, and we were down to bedrock; not much of anything to lose and

everything to gain. A man will work under such circumstances you'll find. We built in the middle on the adjoining corners of our quarters, and so had a little settlement of our own. We did it for the sake of the women, for it made an almighty sight of travel for us to get over in the course of the day. They were all New England women, slender and spare, but solid grit clear through. Plymouth Rock is pretty good stock. Never a whimper nor a complaint out of one of them, though there wasn't a second frock in the crowd; and if there was always corn-bread and coffee enough for two in any of the shanties it wasn't in ours. After awhile, though, we had game enough—quail and prairie chickens. Prairie chickens! I wouldn't be hired to touch one now. I remember one day along toward spring when Molly struck. We had had quail and prairie chicken, prairie chicken and quail, three times a day ever since I could remember, it seemed to me. She put her fork down and pushed her plate away and just quoted out of the Bible: "Not one day, nor two days, nor five days, neither ten days, nor twenty days, but even until it come out at your nostrils and be loathesome unto you." Molly knew the Bible.

It really began to look as if we had touched bottom. That next spring we got our crops in—corn laid by, rain and sunshine and hot weather all just right; and now and then we would hear a laugh from the houses.

But the day the grasshoppers came there was mighty little laughing done. Clayton came in where I was taking my noon smoke and kind of dropped down in a chair by the door as if he couldn't get any farther.

"Mountaineers!" he said, with a kind of gasp.

"What?" I said, not knowing but it was another kind of an Indian.

"Grasshoppers!" It seems he had been there before.

I ran out, and sure enough there they were, coming up against the sun like a low kind of cloud. And in a minute or two it was like being out in a live hail-storm. We tried to fight them with fire and hot water, but we gave it up in an hour. All day we sat and listened to that horrible crackling and crunching, and when they got through it looked as if a fire had gone over us. Not a green thing left, and corn-stalks gnawed down to stumps.

We held a council of war. The end of it was that we drove our stock into the town next day, thirty miles, and sold it. It didn't make us rich, but at least we got the price of the hides. Then three of us went to work in the coal-shippings, and Jim Clayton went back to stay with the women. He had smashed his shoulder that summer and was of no mortal use with shovel and pick. We were to keep them in supplies, and it looked as if, after all, things might have been worse.

And they got worse before a great while. The coal company petered out just as the real cold weather set in. We took back a big load of coal; it was the only pay we ever got for our last fortnight's work, and we called another council.

Along in November late—about the time when they were keeping Thanksgiving on the side where they know what Thanksgiving means—we started out on a buffalo hunt. There was enough to eat, such as it was, for a month in the cabins, and fuel enough to keep them warm; and by that time we thought work might begin again. Anyway, we'd have our meat for the rest of the winter.

Well, it's no use to go over that. It wasn't a pleasure trip. We weren't out for the fun of killing. We camped out at night and rode and shot and dressed game by day, and did not starve nor quite freeze to death; and we got back again onto the plains along in December.

I wanted to push through and get home, but the horses were played out; and all the next day, after we struck the level we just crawled along. We had not heard a word since we started, and I was pretty anxious—Molly was not well when I left her; but there was no choice about it. I had to go; the women were with her, and there was a doctor in the town, and Clayton had a good horse, and we had to do about that as we had done about everything else—take our chances.

I shan't forget that day. Along in the middle of the morning a norther began to blow. It did not snow, although the sky thickened up with gray, woolly-looking clouds, low down and unthreatening. You never felt a norther? A wind that goes through your bones, that clutches your heart and stops your brain, that breaks you up, body and soul. You don't know anything about cold till you've felt

one. If there is such a thing as a frozen hell that's where these winds come from. It isn't pure cold, it's ghost cold, and all the infernal regions let loose, yelling and thundering up in the awful emptiness over your head and around you.

Love the prairies? Well, you can love them a good deal better on paper than anywhere else. But there's a fascination about them, somehow. It's like the sea. A man that's got his living on them for ten years is fit for nothing else in God's world. He can't get away. He's spoiled for everything else under heaven. He's got to have the sky and a chance to breathe. It's about all there is to get, better than he can have anywhere else; but it's a sure fact that so much he's got to have, whatever else gets left. It's like a poem, maybe—"I ain't much on rhyme" myself—driving across them in warm weather, horses fresh and well fed, with a big tent and spring cots for camping and a supply wagon with everything you can think of but ice, and maybe that, all the world a-ripple with summer green; the south wind surging like a warm ocean, and the sky blue and soft and arching away up to the great wide throne. That's one thing. To go trailing along, horses dead, beat and half-starved, pulling a big wagon through sloughs up to the axles or over frozen ruts that wring every bolt in the concern and every bone in your body; with mile after mile of dead grass stretching out to the edge of the world; with buzzards swinging up out of nowhere, more like something infernal than any decent live thing; with coyotes yelping and crying all night—that's another thing, and the kind that doesn't get talked about much. Perhaps you remember that item in last winter's newspapers, a half-dozen lines or so—two families frozen in a Texas norther, horse, dogs, and all, just as they stood.

That night we went into camp ten miles from home. There was a ravine and plenty of brush, and the horses were ready to drop in their tracks, and that last ten miles was one of the things that couldn't be done. So we got our fires made and our horses fed and sheltered as well as we could, and put some heart into ourselves with buffalo, steak and hot coffee; and the rest of them packed themselves into the wagon. Some one had to stand guard

and keep the fires going, and I took the contract.

It wasn't a dark night. There was a goodish bit of a moon behind the clouds, and it made a gray kind of light over everything. We were at the bottom of a dry canon that ran east and west, and the wind did not reach us. It screeched and screamed over our heads, and through it all there was a kind of moaning roar, as if we were at the bottom of a tide as deep as the stars are high. I got to thinking about old times away back, of one Sunday night just before we were married. I had gone East a little sooner than we expected and had to wait for her things to be finished. We went to church that night. A keen, crisp, still night it was, when the sleigh-runners squeaked on the snow and the moonlight traced the shadows of the elms on the white ground as if they had been put in black drawing. The church was warm and bright, and they hadn't taken down the Christmas greens yet, so the air was full of the smell of them—that spicy, haunting smell, that seems as if it came somehow from a world before this. It was years since I had smelled it, and I sat and listened to the music and looked at the people, with their comfortable clothing and faces that were cheerful, not worn and wrinkled with care and weather. Molly was an awfully pretty girl in those days; all pink and white like an apple blossom, somehow. And fighting to keep awake out there in the heart of a Kansas prairie I got to thinking about her as she was then and how she had changed. Skin the color of tanned leather now, and that wild, hungry look in her blue eyes, as if they were always staring into the dark for something that frightened her. And both her children dead, and not even a spray of the pine she loved so, nor a breath of music; nothing but a dirt floor and log walls that did all that was expected of them if they kept the weather out.

Somebody hailed over the top of the bluff.

“What camp's that?”

“Kenyon and mates.”

“I towed it was”—scrambling down the sides of the gulch on his sure-footed mule—“You Kenyon? News for you. A kid up to your ranch 10 days old. All hands doing well yesterday morning.”

The rest roused themselves, sleepily. He had got off the trail, and seeing our smoke had struck for it. We knew and he knew that the chances were that it saved his life; but he swallowed his coffee and smoked his pipe and turned in with the rest as if getting lost in a norther was one of the things that happened, of course, to every man.

Then I sat and thought a while, and finally I roused out Madison.

“You take my turn.” I said to him, “I'm going home.”

“Not a brute that will travel.”

“You'll pass in your check before morning.”

“No; the wind is at my back; no fords; I'll keep going,” and I went.

Went; half running, with the wind driving me on till I was ready to drop. Once I fell and lay there, with the wind dragging and tearing at me, until I began to grow sleepy, and then I had to get up and go ahead again.

Perhaps you never tried crossing a prairie at night without a trail to follow. It's a curious thing, one I can't account for; one that makes you feel as if your body and all your senses were of no more account than a spent cartridge. It happened to me that night, space and time seemed to get all mixed up together all at once racing along; it seemed to me that I had been up to that sort of thing for hours. I felt so adrift somehow—so horribly lost—as if I had slipped out of myself, and was out in space without landmark to measure anything by, I expect you'll have to try it yourself to know what I mean. I had no watch; there was no way of knowing how much time had gone. Of all the devils that can enter into a man uncertainty is the worst. Every sort of fancy came into my head. Perhaps I did not know the route as well as I thought. Perhaps I had even passed the cabins and was going away from them with every step. I ought to have reached them in three hours at the utmost. It seemed to me that I had been hurling along for twice three hours. Once I tried madly to fight into the wind. It was hopeless—worse than useless. I should drop with exhaustion in a few minutes, and I must keep going.

And then I found burned grass under my feet. There had been a fire over the prairie. The ground was not cold yet. A new dread got hold of me.

Who knew where it had gone or what had stood in its track? I ran along screaming something—praying or swearing—quite mad, I think, for a little, till I fell again and the jar brought me to my senses.

I had gone over the edge of an old buffalo run scooped dry by the rush of summer rains. I lay still for a little while. I must have gone to sleep or perhaps I fainted away. Anyway, when I came to myself again the world was as still as the grave.

The wind had gone down, as it will sometimes, suddenly and entirely. The silence was horrible. I got on my feet, stiff and numb. In all that gray, still, ghastly space there was nothing to tell east from west, or north from south. I was lost on the big range.

It was still enough, but the cold was dangerous. I could not stop. I must move somewhere. I must make myself a purpose—a purpose to keep myself alive at least—till daylight came.

I began walking; it did not matter in what direction. If only my strength held out till morning—strength to keep off that horrible drowsiness. I stumbled heavily along. I was thinking about Molly and her baby; it all seemed like a dull dream.

And then the bells began to ring, deep and soft and far off. I stopped in my tracks to listen. It was the sound of bells, certain, full and sweet; and I turned and went blindly on, following the sound as a hound might follow a scent.

All at once I saw a light. It wasn't a star; there were no stars. And nobody lived on the big range, unless some camper was traveling about, and campers don't travel in the teeth of a norther. And this light swung and wavered, went out entirely for a second or two, and then burned up again. And near or far I could not tell, only it was a light and it moved, and I followed it. And I could hear the bells all the time.

Then all at once another one of Molly's Bible verses flashed into my head; something about a "star in the East that went before them till it came and stood over the place where the young child lay."

Well, I wasn't a wise man or I shouldn't have got in such a fix. I don't think I'm an irreverent kind of a fellow, either; a man couldn't live with Molly many years and be that.

Only I was looking for a young child, too, and babies—little ones—always did seem to me near enough to heaven to make the story reasonable enough. Anyway, there it was, meant for me or not, and I followed it.

More than once I fell, but I always got up and went on. I was talking to myself part of the time, hearing my own voice and thinking it was someone else's. I lost my sense of time again, but I kept on doggedly; and then, suddenly, the light flashed brighter, whirled about in a wild sort of a way, and went out entirely.

I gave a shout and ran forward. I thought I should die if I lost it. And there I was standing on a wide trail, with a sort of square, dark shape standing up in front in the dimness before me, with light and voices coming out of the chinks, and somehow, there was the door, and my hand on the latch, and in another second—oh! it was Molly—Molly with a lamp in her hand, bending over a feeding-box made into a cradle, with a great armful of hay and a white sheepskin for a cover, and Madison's wife kneeling on one side, and Clayton's wife on the other, and beyond, with light flashing in their great, wondering, shining eyes, a pair of astonished horses. And then there came a piping cry from the feeding-box, and I knew I had found the baby.

Burned out? Yes sir. That was the last thing; but they had been warned before the fire came down on them. Jim Clayton had taken the women and struck for the big road, and they took the first shelter they came to—a stable that had been built in the days when all the California supplies went overland by mule-train. When the wind fell he took the lantern and tried to find a cabin that used to stand somewhere near, and I had been following him for half an hour.

O, yes, I'm well fixed now; 3,000 head of cattle out on the Gunnison. And Molly spends her summers back home, and she and the babies bring back enough croup and catarrh and bronchitis and sore throat to last them half the next winter.—Christine G. Brooks in *New York Independent*.

—♦♦♦—
No more expressive name was ever given to the Creator, than that of The Great Architect of the Universe.

The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, November 15, 1887.

"OF AGE."

In another month "THE CRAFTSMAN" will have reached the full age of twenty-one years!

It may now well be ranked among the "veterans" in Masonic journalism.

We may, without being rightfully accused of being over self-complaisant, say that we think our readers are of the opinion that "THE CRAFTSMAN" not only does not show any of the signs of the decrepitude of age, but that it has been, and is, giving unmistakable indications of "renewing its youth," if we may judge from the many flattering commendations received from leading brethren throughout the Dominion and in foreign countries.

"THE CRAFTSMAN" purposes suitably to celebrate its coming "of age," the attainment of its "majority"—and expects to begin "the new era" under still more favorable auspices, of which we will have more to say in due time.

Brethren in arrears,—all over-due accounts should be closed on or before, December 31, 1887. A "new set of books" will be opened January, 1888! Let all take due heed thereto and govern themselves accordingly!!

Our thanks are due to R. E. Sir Knight Chas. E. Pierce, of Boston, Mass., for a copy of a rather unique notice calling a meeting of Beasiant Commandery, K. T., of Malden, Mass. It is printed on a fine quality of Japanese paper, with an elegant border in variegated colors, and presents a very neat appearance.

LODGE LIBRARIES.

When I visited ——— Lodge, I asked the courteous W. M. to show me their Lodge Library. "Library!" said he, somewhat abashed at the question,—“Lodge Library!—why we haven't any!” “What,” I ventured to remark,—“a Lodge of Freemasons, in these days, without a library! I am more than surprised! Haven't you a book-case?” “No!” “Where do you keep what books belong to the Lodge, copies of Grand Lodge Proceedings, &c.?” “The fact is,” said he, “the Lodge owns but few books, and I think the papers, proceedings, &c., are kept in the Secretary's desk!” He went and looked in the desk and found some of the proceedings, but the sum was very small.

My good brother, the W. M., looked more confused than before, and it delighted me to observe that the lesson intended by me was being taken to heart, for he at once remarked,—“I have been thinking that we ought to have a Lodge Library! and I really must move in the matter.”

“Yes,” I said, “my dear W. Sir, do get a good book-case forthwith, and immediately thereafter, appoint or have elected, some good, suitable brother for Lodge Librarian, and if you and your officers and brethren thereafter do your duty, you will have sown seed which will produce an abundant harvest!”

I shall make a note of what has been done when I again visit your lodge, three months hence.

SPIRITUAL Temple-building is the burden of all enobling sacred symbolism.

SECRET MONITOR.

The Order of the Secret Monitor recently revived in England, under very favorable auspices, and to which in our last issue we specially called the attention of the Canadian craft,—is but a happy return to what at an earlier day, extensively existed in the United States as well as in Great Britain and elsewhere.

It has generally existed as a "side degree" intended to strengthen the bonds of fraternal affection which should ever exist among all Freemasons. The bodies now being resuscitated in Great Britain are called Conclaves, and are intended to be accompaniments of Craft Lodges.

The special feature of the Order consists in the appointment of a board of three officers called Visiting Deacons, whose special duty it shall be "to search out and call upon any Brother who may be in danger or distress, or who may have fallen into ill health, or may be in need of fraternal monition, sympathy, consolation or assistance."

We are of the opinion, that in general, these great beneficent and truly Masonic objects may be more effectively attained than they have hitherto been in most lodges, by the appointment of a Lodge Board of Visiting Deacons, who will be governed by a set of By-laws similar to those of the Conclave Boards of "The Secret Monitor," and who will make due report of their labors at every regular and special communication of the Lodge.

In one form or another, let every lodge in the Dominion forthwith take up this important matter for consideration and action. Let it never be justly said that practical personal beneficence is on the wane amongst Freemasons.

ENGLAND vs. QUEBEC.

"The English Grand Lodge is in honour bound to stand by faithful children of its own, who have committed no offence save that of loyal attachment and adherence to the Grand Lodge of England. Accordingly the formal answer of the Grand Lodge of England not proving satisfactory to the Grand Lodge of Quebec, it has proceeded, like the Archbishop of Rheims, in the old Ingoldsby Legends, magnificently "*ore rotundo*" to anathematise the Montreal Lodges and the Grand Lodge of England.

"Well may we say to-day, as the playwright said of old, '*Risum tenentis Amici!*'"

The (London) *Freemason* having made, *ad nauseam*, the oft repeated statement in the last part of the first sentence of the foregoing.—The (London) *Freemason's Chronicle* has now taken up the ignoble refrain, evidently on the principle that if an incorrect statement is repeated often enough, some will in time believe it to be true!

On the contrary, we unhesitatingly affirm without fear of successful contradiction, and with the assurance of our readiness to proceed with undeniable "proof" that the statement that the Montreal English adherents "have committed no offence save that of loyal attachment and adherence to the Grand Lodge of England," is a gross fabrication, and known, we believe to be such, to the writer in the *Chronicle*, and it is made, as we think, for no other purpose than to mislead ill-informed brethren in England and elsewhere in the Masonic world. We challenge any intelligent and honorable "English adherent" in Montreal, to make and substantiate said statement over his own signature. Let such throw down the gauntlet and we will immediately take it up.

"If we may judge of the mental calibre of those who have encouraged and taken this childish step (the late edict) if we may form an opinion of their Masonic feelings

by their utterances and their temper, we are compelled to say that they turn out very badly, and are decidedly 'below par.'

Here again, we have in the *Chronicle*, in another form, a "re-hash" of the un-Masonic statement of the *Freemason* that the "present rulers of the Craft in Quebec are 'comparative nobodies.'"

We believe that this is the first time in the history of respectable Masonic journalism, that so low a plane in controversy has been reached. This low depth has been reserved for the insular "snobbery" of the "English" metropolis.

We will not be so far forgetful of our Masonic obligations as to retaliate in kind, although the temptation to do so could not be greater.

We know that the past and present rulers of the Craft in Quebec, will compare favorably with those of any other Grand Lodge.

Past Grand Master Tait was an initiate of the famous old St. Francis Lodge, of Richmond, Quebec,—he was for some years, a principal member of one of the leading legal firms of Montreal;—he has for some time been a Queen's Counsel,—and is now an honored judge of Her Majesty's Superior Court.

Past Grand Master Dunbar, of the city of Quebec, has long been a leading Queen's Counsel in the Civil, Criminal and Admiralty Courts, and few are better fitted by talent and experience to be a wearer of the ermine of a judge, than Bro. Dunbar.

Past Grand Master Johnson and (Acting) Grand Master Walker are brethren of genuine Masonic spirit, of no ordinary talent and well worthy of their distinguished position. The

former is a lawyer of no mean ability, and the latter is an educated business man of much executive and other capacity. They are both deservedly held in high esteem by their brethren, and although comparatively young, they have shown themselves to be worthy Freemasons and men of unusual sagacity and of much promise.

Of Past Grand Master Graham, it is all but needless for us to speak. All the Masonic leaders of the present generation are well acquainted with what he has done for "Quebec" and for Freemasonry in general. A well informed Foreign Correspondent has not incorrectly stated that "his labors for the Craft will last while the Fraternity of Freemasons endures on this Continent,"—and even *The (London) Freemason* itself, but voiced the intelligent opinion of the Masonic world, when it stated that "no more able ruler of the Craft exists" than Bro. Graham, of Quebec.

It is unnecessary for us now to speak of the excellent brethren who are and have been rulers in Quebec Capitular Masonry. We are not yet done with the narrow-minded "scribbler" of *The Freemason's (?) Chronicle*.

THE London *Freemason* thinks the opinion expressed by Bro. Drummond, that rank in one Grand Chapter should follow a man into another, provided he affiliates, is a knotty question, and invites its readers to discuss it. We believe that Masonic rank acquired in one Grand jurisdiction is duly recognized by every other in Canada when a brother "settles" in the latter and becomes affiliated therein. If not, which do not?

"OUR BRETHREN IN MONTREAL."

The (London) *Freemason* having of late wisely abandoned somewhat its *ad nauseam* repetitions of "chestnutty" flavor *re* the vitally important Quebec England "international" question,—its aged contemporary evidently alarmed thereat, comes to the rescue in its issue of Oct. 1, under the above characteristic, narrow-minded heading as if there are no other "Brethren" in Montreal or elsewhere in "Quebec," except those so-called "English."

In its initial sentence the *Chronicle*, with charming *naivete*, says:—"We notice, with deep regret, the deliverances of certain American Grand Lodges and the allocutions of certain American Grand Masters, on the question of Masonic right and legality, and constitutional position, as between the Grand Lodge of Quebec on the one hand, and our Brethren of the three Montreal Lodges and the Grand Lodge of England on the other."

THE SECRET IS OUT.

In the foregoing extract, we have the "milk in the cocoanut" conundrum. The secret is out, at last. Our dear Brother "John Bull" cared very little as to whether the brethren in "Quebec" were constitutionally in the right; and irrefutably maintained their fraternal contentions from the Constitutions of the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland and Ireland, and unmistakably showed that the continued existence of English Lodges in Montreal, is wholly incompatible with peace, union and prosperity;—but when the Grand Lodges of the United States of America!—now "the great power" of the Masonic world—become arrayed on the side of Que-

bec,—the organ of "privilege" in England lugubriously exclaims:—"We notice, with deep regret, the deliverances of certain American Grand Lodges and the allocutions of certain American Grand Masters" *re* Quebec-England interjurisdictional affairs.

Certain brethren in England cared but little whether the Grand Lodges and the Grand Masters of the Dominion are a unit in support of the doctrine of exclusive territorial Grand Lodge sovereignty, for they are "colonials" only,—but when the Grand Masters of "the great Republic" of America unanimously declare in favor of the same great, and ought-to-be universal principle,—certain brethren in England begin to "sing another song!"

Well, let us thank God and take courage, since it now begins to appear that there are those in England who now give some indications of becoming amenable to the enlightened opinion of the Masonic world.

Let all good English brethren practically acknowledge that the Quebec and all other Canadian Grand Lodges are peers of American Grand Lodges and soon all will be well.

We reserve further comments upon other significant parts of the "forlorn hope" article of our contemporary in seeking to bolster up its "lost cause."

There is some talk of instituting a Lodge of the Royal Order of Scotland in London, Ont., and several members of the fraternity have signified their intention of becoming charter members. M. W. Bro. Moffat has the necessary authority to institute and it is expected that four or five prominent Masons of Detroit will join in the requisition to open a lodge in the "forest city."

DILIGENT.

We note with regret that in the vocabulary of some Freemasons the word diligent has become almost a synonym of industrious.

It is that, and much more. The appellation diligent, comes to us from the Latin verb *diligo*, I love, I love dearly. Hence, a really diligent Freemason, a diligent Masonic student, is one who is not only industrious, but he is one who dearly loves his work. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Having recently visited a certain Lodge in which I had not, for reasons, expected to witness first-class work,—imagine my agreeable surprise to find that all the work in the degree conferred, including the delivery of the lecture, was done in a highly creditable manner. It was obvious also, from the beaming countenances of the assembled brethren, that they too were equally delighted.

Immediately after the closing of the Lodge, I heartily congratulated the W. M., and I perceived that other brethren were in like manner complimenting all the other officers. I asked the W. M. how this commendable transformation from middling to all but perfect work had been brought about. The secret, said he, smilingly, is weekly meetings for rehearsal and practice by all the officers of the Lodge. Having been grieved that our work was not what it ought to be, I requested all my officers to remain after Lodge for a brief conference on

matters of importance, and I earnestly addressed them on the urgent necessity of greatly improving the work, and asked each one thoroughly to acquaint himself with his part of the labor, and all meet me weekly in the lodge-room at a given hour on a certain evening for instruction in, and practice of the work, and what you have seen to-night is the result of three such meetings! Next month we expect to do a like amount and in three months we anticipate that our Lodge will be one of the best working Lodges in the District. If we cannot do it in three months, I am confident that in less than six months we can put our Lodge near, or at the head; and he fraternally added, with a significant look,—I thought that that brief, pointed address in a recent number of THE CRAFTSMAN, to the W. M. and Officers of ——— Lodge,—meant us!

PRECIOUS MEMENTOS.

In visiting one of our Lodges, we were highly delighted to see suspended upon the walls a large number of neatly framed photographs of some of the founders, and many of the former Worshipful Masters and other prominent officers and members of the Lodge. There were also a few finely executed oil paintings of such. There were also a few containing photos in group of all the officers of the Lodge for a given year. Most of these, we were informed, were presented to the Lodge by the officers and brethren themselves. A few only were procured at the expense of the Lodge.

How delighted we were to gaze upon the "similitudes" and signatures.

of those especially of whom we had frequently heard, but so many of whom had long since passed away!

We asked ourselves, why do not all our Lodges "go and do likewise?" Officers and Brethren, look at the bare walls of your lodge room and at once set about adorning them as above. Have your own photo taken in regalia, say cabinet or larger size,—have it neatly framed,—present it to your Lodge,—and then ask others who have not already done so,—forthwith to do the same. With many, now is the only time,—with not a few, it will soon be too late. Worshipful Sir, "you begin" this good, pleasing and commendable work, now.

A. & A. S. RITE.

The recent annual session at Providence, R. I., of the Supreme Council of the A. & A. S. Rite for the northern jurisdiction of the U. S., afforded strong proof that it is one of the largest, ablest and most thoroughly representative bodies of the allied Masonic Rites existing anywhere throughout the world. In fact, it seems to be fast forging its way towards the premier position, and while it and other like bodies of the A. & A. S. Rite maintain their true position as faithful allies of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masonry, the great body of craftsmen, will heartily wish them God-speed.

Judging, however, from some of the pronouncements of the chief of the southern jurisdiction, U. S., and from the published proceedings of some of the bodies of the Rite both at home and abroad, we cannot do otherwise than utter one word of warning by

making the enquiry whether some of those of "Anglo Saxon" constitution are not bordering on dangerous ground, by their alliance with and encouragement of certain Supreme Councils, especially amongst the "Latin" nations, who claim jurisdiction over the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry.

This we deem to be a matter of vital importance, and we are of the opinion that the Supreme Councils of the United States, of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominion of Canada, ought forthwith officially to make known to all Craft Masons everywhere, whether they consider those Councils of the Rite, which claim and exercise jurisdiction over more degrees than from the fourth to the thirty-third inclusive, to be regular bodies of the A. & A. S. Rite, or not. Upon this point there should be no uncertain sound. The government of Craft and Capitular Masonry by exclusively supreme Grand Lodges and Grand Chapters must not be suffered to be infringed upon by one jot or tittle. We pause for a reply.

The citizens and brethren of Fredericksburg, Virginia, have recently published in a neat pamphlet the full history of the visit of Brother General LaFayette to that city during his visit to America, in 1824. During this visit to Fredericksburg, Brother LaFayette was elected an honorary member of Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, A. F. & A. M. This was the mother-Lodge of Bro. General George Washington. He was initiated there-in on the Fourth day of November, 1752.

CRYPTIC MASONRY, ETC.

We are delighted to learn that a small volume from the able pen of R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, of Toronto, on the history of Cryptic Masonry in Canada, is shortly to be published.

We trust that a new era is about to dawn on this beautiful and instructive Rite, in the Dominion.

Could not Bro. Robertson be prevailed upon to write the history of Craft Masonry in Ontario? and could not M. W. Bro. Graham be induced to do the same for Quebec, and have the great honor of chronicling in the last chapter the final adjustment of the present unhappy interjurisdictional differences between the Grand Lodges of Quebec and England?

Bro. Brennan of Ohio! has given a very complete history of the Craft in the Maritime Provinces in the last edition of his translation of Bro. Rebold's General History of Freemasonry.

The fact is, that steps should at once be taken, and the necessary efforts ought immediately to be put forth to have a complete history of every Masonic Rite in the Dominion from the earliest times. Cannot Grand Lodges and all other Grand Bodies aid by making reasonable appropriations therefor? Let such be done forthwith. We have the materials, the means, and the men.

The *Masonic Review*, Cincinnati, Ohio, (68th year) is not only the oldest but one of the best of our exchanges, for "Masonic students" and Craftsmen in general.

A DISTINGUISHED HONOR!

We learn from ocular proof that a Romanist Jesuit, passing under the assumed name of Jean D' Arbray, has been critically examining the published annual addresses of Past Grand Master Graham and others, and studying the reports of the Annual Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and has written and published a small volume on the subject in the French language, for the private use of Romanist ecclesiastical officials in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere!

We understand that the book was duly submitted to, and received the approval of the Propaganda at Rome, and has been placed in the hands of those for whom it was intended.

The perusal of a copy was obtained through the courtesy of a friend who somehow got possession of it. Can anyone get us a copy?

The author specially notes the formation of the Grand Lodge of Quebec,—comments on the growth and extension of Freemasonry amongst the English-speaking people of the Province,—gives special prominence to the vigorous efforts put forth and the advice given to the Craft to take Masonic possession of the whole of the unoccupied sections of Quebec,—notes by name, all the Lodges, some of whose members are supposed to be professed Catholics, &c., &c., and closes with one of the usual exposes of the "diabolical" system of Freemasonry!!!

Dr. Graham having examined the work,—remarked that he could not complain of the general correctness of the translation of the several para-

graphs, or parts of paragraphs selected from his addresses, nor of the personal civility of the author towards him,—and said that he would have been only too glad if the writer had seen fit to translate and publish for the enlightenment of Romanists and others like, the many portions of his annual addresses to the Grand Lodge of Quebec, which set forth the great principles of the Order and their beneficent effects in spreading light and knowledge, and in promoting the highest welfare of mankind everywhere. But this, he said, would be too much to expect from such enemies.

We congratulate M. W. Bro. Graham and the craft throughout Quebec, in having become the special objects of the solicitude of the Jesuits,—the Propaganda at Rome,—and of the Romanist Hierarchy in the benighted Province of Quebec!

The Romanizing “powers of darkness” evidently realize that their craft in Quebec is in danger from the increase of Masonic Light,—and we earnestly urge all our good brethren in Ontario,—in all other parts of the Dominion,—in the United States,—in Great Britain and elsewhere, to manifest in every way possible, their practical sympathy with the Craft in Quebec,—by counsel, encouragement, co-operation and fraternal aid in their great and unavoidable struggle. Our good brethren of the Grand Lodge of Quebec deserve the plaudits and assistance of the Craft universal.

There are 843 lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Ireland. The G. L. does not appear to be an energetic or progressive-ruling body.

ORDINE DISPONANT.

Wishing to aid in putting things in their proper order,—to assist in duly classifying Masonic Rites,—and to indicate their regular order of sequence and the qualifications requisite for judicious admission thereto,—we submit the following for thoughtful consideration:—

1. COSMOPOLITAN FREEMASONRY:—Craft,—Capitular, and Cryptic.
2. CHRISTIAN MASONRY:—Knights Templar and Allied Orders.
3. GENERAL MASONRY:—The A. & A. S. Rite and its Cognates.
4. “ANCIENT” MASONRY:—The eastern European,—African,—and western Asiatic “Mysteries;”—and the Occultism of the Orient.

Let those who best *know*,—freely express their opinions of the foregoing nomenclature and classification,—by way of approving, emending or rejecting.

NO STEP-BAIRNS.

We think that all observant readers of THE CRAFTSMAN, must have approvingly noted that while we ever consider and deal with Symbolic Masonry as the fundamentally and universally all-important,—we, at the same time, give a fair share of space and attention to all the regularly acknowledged and allied orders and rites. Therein and thereabout, we have no step-bairns,—no hobbies,—and no crotchets. We are thoroughly cosmopolitan, and if any constituent or Grand Body of any regular and allied Masonic Rite does not have its affairs duly placed before the Freemasons of the Dominion and of other lands,—it is generally because they do not forward the materials therefor and the reports of their assemblies, &c., to THE CRAFTSMAN.

THE WINTER FESTIVAL.

Tuesday, December 27, 1887, will soon come round, and at the forthcoming regular meetings, the lodges throughout the Dominion will generally consider and decide how they will celebrate the festival of St. John the Evangelist.

We trust the celebration will be general. Lodges cannot well afford to omit it. How best to celebrate this Winter Solstitial Festival, must of course, be left to each lodge to decide for itself,—but whatever the manner, let it largely be of a thoroughly Masonic character, and not, as is sometimes the case, wholly secular; and especially wherever it is practicable, let these festivities be graced by the presence of the ladies! and thus do much towards helping to eradicate from feminine minds, the tolerably well grounded idea that there exists too much of Masonic masculine selfishness somewhere.

May the forthcoming festival be general and joyous, with kindly remembrances of "auld lang syne," the bountiful blessings of the present, and with hopeful anticipations of future happiness and prosperity; and above all, may divine "Charity" visit the sick, the poor and the needy.

The progress of Cosmopolitan Freemasonry in the United States is without a parallel in the history of the Craft throughout the world. Genuine Freemasonry is the bulwark of human freedom everywhere and is a main-stay in the support of all enlightened states. May the time soon come when "man to man the world o'er, shall brothers be and a' that."

A. & A. S. RITE.

The Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, 99°, for the Dominion, assembled in annual session at Montreal, on the 19th inst,

Illustrious Brother J. V. Ellis, of St. Johns, N. B., Sovereign Grand Commander, presided. There were also present Ill. Bros. J. W. Murton, of Hamilton, Lt. Grand Commander; Hugh Murray, Secretary-General; Daniel Spry, Barrie, Grand Chancellor; Wm. Reid, Hamilton, Grand Master of Ceremonies; I. Henry Stearns, Montreal, Grand Marshal, and David McLellan, Grand Captain of the Guard. There were also present as visitors—Ill. Bros. Geo. O. Tyler, King, Bascom, Tracy, &c. There were several regretted absences of 92nds and 93rds from Quebec, Ontario and elsewhere.

S. G. C. Ellis delivered a very able and interesting address which we purpose laying before our readers in our next issue.

We wish the A. & A. S. Rite abundant success throughout the Dominion and we anticipate for it much prosperity under broad-minded, enlightened and efficient management. The Rite is capable of doing a great amount of good. We hope to see more of our ablest craftsmen among its active and honorary 93rds.

WE give an article this month, furnished us by Bro. Rob. Morris. He writes us that his health is very greatly mended, and that he has given the summer in his Kentucky home to throwing into shape the mass of materials long collecting, for an annotated edition of Burns' poems.

ELEVENTH MASONIC DISTRICT, ONTARIO.

In the Oct. 1st issue of *The (London) Freemason*, there is a deservedly laudatory editorial regarding R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson and his labors during the past year as D. D. G. M. of the Eleventh District. This is followed by a critique, comparing and contrasting the supervisory work of "Canadian" D. D. G. M's with those of the corresponding officers, the Provincial Grand Masters,—under the Grand Lodge of England, and drawing conclusions therefrom in favor of the latter. *

In these articles, the editor of *The Freemason* uses the word "Canada" eight times, and "Canadian" four times, and in almost every instance in a sense grossly misleading to the English and foreign reader. In neither article does he use the name "Ontario"! Toronto is "Toronto, Canada,"—not "Toronto, Ontario, Canada"! To complete the not infrequent English letter superscription "burlesque,"—the writer should have said,—"Toronto, Canada, United States, America"! The writer also, like many others in England, speaks correctly enough of "the Grand Lodges of the United States" but he does not appear to think there is any propriety or necessity to speak of "the Grand Lodges of Canada," which we courteously beg to inform him are:—"The Grand Lodge of Prince Edward Island,"—"the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia,"—"the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick,"—"the Grand Lodge of Quebec,"—"the Grand Lodge of 'Canada' in Ontario,"—"the Grand Lodge of Manitoba," and "the

Grand Lodge of 'British' Columbia"! These at present are the Grand Lodges of Canada. Others will be added thereto ere long. * * *

In another issue of *The Freemason* the same writer honestly confesses that,—

"We in England are so apt to be engrossed with our own business that but little time is allowed us for making ourselves acquainted with the doings of our Colonial lodges and brethren."

Truer words were never spoken, and yet who are often more dogmatic or indulge more in superior superiority utterances anent "Colonial" Masons and "Colonial" Masonic matters than—"We in England"? Let us, however, remember that even if we are "Canadians," we are in the estimation of our "English" brethren, but "Colonists"! and further, we must not be over fastidious as to their use, or rather misuse of words—because the words "Britain," "British," and "Great Britain" even, are fast becoming "obsolete" and "England" and "English" are the proper terms to be used by "us in England,"—"don't you know"?

But, let us be just to ourselves and generous to our good "English" brethren. Let us desist from the mis-use of the words,—“Canada” and “Canadians,” and then we may expect our “British” brethren to cease designating us as “Colonists” and “Colonial Masons,” which so far as we are concerned, are terms applicable to a condition of things, which we trust Masonically and otherwise, has happily and forever passed away.

—♦♦♦—
"We are wearing awa to the Land o' the Leal!" (Burns.)

A SPECIMEN DEAD-BEAT.

The writer of the following may be taken as a sample of the few contemptible "dead-beats," who by hypocrisy and cunning, creep into the craft:—

"London, Oct. 16th, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just got September number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. Years ago, I declined to continue taking it, and sent several back at that time. Occasionally one has reached me since. I don't see why you should continue to send it, but your September number convinced me you were intending to forward it, and were expecting to be paid pretty well, hence I send you this note saying I do not want it and cannot pay for it."

It is no wonder that this honest (?) Craftsman was ashamed to sign his name to the above, leaving us in the dark as to his identity. He doubtless felt sure that if he gave his name, we would, through the Post office authorities, prove him a liar! He says that "years ago" he "declined to continue taking" *THE CRAFTSMAN*. This, we are confident, is false, for if any such intimation had been received at this office, it would have received prompt attention, or else in writing he omitted to append his signature, as in the present instance, in which case it would be impossible for us to ascertain who among our large number of subscribers in London it was who wished to discontinue. The writer says, too, that only an "occasional" number has reached him, which must be another falsehood, for *THE CRAFTSMAN* is sent to London in parcels, and if one subscriber failed to receive it regularly, a number of others would also be minus their

copy, and numerous complaints would be the result. We have not received such, and our knowledge of the efficiency of the post office department leaves us little doubt as to the falsity of the complaint. This is only one of the contemptible dodges resorted to by miserable sneaks, who prefer lying to paying an honest debt. We are familiar with a great many of the tricks of this class, for during thirty years in the publishing business, I have, at times, had to deal with a good many of them. He says, too, that he sees we expect to get "pretty well paid!" We certainly expect to be paid at our regular subscription rate, \$1.50 per annum; and if our correspondent will only favor us with his name, we will take a great deal of pleasure in adding law costs to the amount due, to ensure its collection,—besides giving the name of our distinguished patron, so that members of the craft may avoid him as they would any other "beat."

In the meantime, he must not expect to escape by failing to communicate further with us, for we have sent the letter to London, so that the writing may be identified. We expect to be able to deal more definitely with our correspondent in our next issue.

The revival of the old notion of forming a General Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. M. for the whole of the United States, is not received with much favor throughout the Union. The veterans generally advise the "apprentices" to let "well enough" alone, and to cease tampering with the "ancient land-marks." Exclusive Sovereign Grand Lodges both in principle and practice are a fixed fact.

OBLONG SQUARE.

One writer affirms that the present use of the word "oblong," expresses all that is meant by the Masonic phrase "oblong-square."

In this, he is wholly mistaken. The mathematical meaning of an "oblong" is,—“a rectangle whose adjacent sides are unequal,”—but it does not follow that it is a four-sided figure all of whose angles are right angles, but two of whose sides are twice as long as the two other opposite sides. The terms,—“oblong of two squares,”—or “double square,” are clumsy, but passable;—but the easily comprehended and expressive Masonic archaism—“oblong square,”—cannot well be improved upon. Its well-known meaning is universally understood by Masons and its use has been hallowed by age. Moreover, the phrase “oblong square” has, to a certain extent, the sanction of the best mathematical usage,—as in the expression “oblong spheroid,” for “prolate spheroid.”

Brethren,—suffer a word of warning;—“hands off” the beautiful and instructive “archaisms”—the ancient idioms,—still remaining in the ritual and general literature of the Craft.

THE CHAPTER.

When I lately visited a certain Chapter of Masons of the Holy Royal Arch, I was much pleased to witness the beautiful and instructive degree of Mark Master Mason conferred in a most commendable and very impressive manner.

I then asked the Master if he would be so good as to let me examine their Book of Marks. He courteously did

so, but hesitatingly said that he was not sure whether all the brethren had as yet selected their marks and had them entered in the book.

To my astonishment, the latter was the case, and upon due enquiry, the majority present, indicated that they had omitted or neglected the selection and registration of their marks. Here was an anomaly indeed! A Lodge of Mark Master Masons nearly all of whom, were without marks! It did not seem possible, but such was the case. What a beautiful record of such the Grand Scribe E. must have!

The courteous Master then said,—I fraternally thank you, my good brother, for causing our attention to be thus emphatically directed to a very serious defect in our work, and I assure you that our important duty thereanent will at once be performed and that such omission will not again occur. What says the Grand Superintendents?

NEW YORK AND QUEBEC.

The Grand Lodge of New York upholds “the rights of the Grand Lodge of Quebec as a sovereign and independent Masonic government; refuses to accept the doctrine that lodges legally constituted by competent and acknowledge authority can be compelled by any known law to transfer their allegiance against their will.” If a Grand Lodge is a sovereign and independent government, how can it permit lodges within their borders which owe allegiance to a foreign government and independent Masonic government.—*Masonic Home Journal.*

ZEALOUS.

He has earned an honorable position amongst his brethren, who is deservedly called a zealous Freemason.

The words zeal and zealous have ever retained their best and truest meaning amongst craftsmen. True zeal is a passionate ardor in the pursuit of a good cause.

"I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality and promoting the happiness of mankind."

True Masonic zeal is not fitful or misdirected ardor or enthusiasm, but it is an abiding, intelligent and enlightened virtue. May the number of zealous Freemasons ever multiply and increase.

LODGE HISTORIES.

The *Masonic Token* has for sale the histories of 33 Lodges, 3 Chapters, and 1 Commandery in the State of Maine. How many such histories have been written and published in the several Provinces of the Dominion? Will correspondents please inform us?

If such-like histories of Lodges in Canada have not yet been written, why not?

There is at least one brother in every lodge, well fitted to write such a history, and its publication could very readily be ensured.

We expect Brother ——— to commence writing the history of his lodge forthwith.

Men may come, and men may go,
but man goes on forever.

THE TWO ASHLARS.

Are the Ashlars and their important lessons disappearing from the work of Canadian Freemasons? We trow not. And yet we are informed that there are lodges without "Ashlars!" This does not seem possible.

It is said moreover, that in not a few instances even where the lodge has Ashlars in their proper places, they are sometimes referred to, in but a casual way, and that very frequently the instructive and valuable lessons derivable therefrom, are communicated in a very imperfect and unimpressive manner. This should not be.

THE ROUGH ASHLAR

"Or stone in its rude and unpolished condition, is emblematic of man in his natural state—ignorant, uncultivated and vicious. But when education, especially Masonic education, has exerted its wholesome influence in expanding his intellect, restraining his passions and purifying his life, he is then represented by

THE PERFECT ASHLAR

which under the skillful hands of the workmen has been smoothed and squared and fitted for its place in the building."

Let no Worshipful Master ever fail to teach the neophyte the great lessons of the two Ashlars,—faithfully admonishing him to seek to become a true and perfect Ashlar, duly and truly fitted for his place in the Temple not made with hands. So mote it be.

The *Freemasons' Repository*, of Providence, R. I., is an admirably conducted monthly magazine for Masons and their families.

READING THE ROUGH MINUTES.

I have been amazed at the omission in some lodges of the reading by the Secretary, just before the closing of the lodge, of the rough minutes of the work of the lodge during the meeting.

This is a serious error and a dangerous omission for very many reasons which need not here be enumerated. It should never be allowed to occur.

Moreover, I have not infrequently observed that such minutes when read, do not contain a report of the fees and dues received by the Secretary, nor a statement to the effect that he has paid the same to the Treasurer and has taken his receipt therefor, and the lodge is often closed without any financial report or statement by the Treasurer.

No wonder therefore that errors and omissions are not infrequently found in the minutes when they are read for confirmation, and that serious financial difficulties sometimes arise for want of attention to the invariable performance of the important duties to which attention is hereinabove called.

The cities of Baltimore, in Maryland, and of Providence, Rhode Island, Masonically stand on "holy" ground. On the site of the former under the charter of Lord Baltimore, and on the site of the latter, under Roger Williams (1634-35), was the truly Masonic principle of religious toleration, historically first proclaimed as an inherent right of man and embodied in the laws of their respective colonies, and this too, only about two hundred and fifty years ago! So long an evolutionary period had it taken for man to learn the first letter in the alphabet of human freedom. In not a few countries to-day, Freemasonry alone, is teaching this great lesson! No wonder then that the Absolutist on the banks of the Tiber, trembles at the world-wide advancement of genuine Freemasonry.

THE TROWEL.

It is one of those things which "no fellow can understand," why the symbolic use of "the trowel" has almost disappeared from Canadian Masonry.

The idea that a Master Mason has not a trowel amongst his working tools passes comprehension and the fact that the initiate has not had communicated to him the all important lessons thereof, is a still greater mystery, so that unless he should happen to note its use by the Grand Master or his representative in laying a "corner stone," he would be very apt to forget that there is such an important and significant implement either in operative or speculative Masonry.

Officers and Brethren, such serious neglect should not longer continue. W. Sir,—at your next meeting call the attention of your lodge to the fact that there is not a "trowel" amongst the working tools. Obtain one and hereafter see to it that every novice is "presented" therewith and fully instructed in its vitally important and beautifully impressive symbolic uses. So mote it be.

MASONIC LODGE IN JERUSALEM.—

Among the more recent developments in Jerusalem is a Masonic Lodge, chartered by the Grand Lodge of Canada, the Royal Solomon, which had been dormant for some years, and has been lately revived. No place could be more appropriate for a lodge of a cosmopolitan character than Jerusalem, abounding with traces and traditions of Hiram and the Phœnician builders of the Temple. It will, no doubt, be a rallying-point for those enthusiastic Masons who may visit Jerusalem in order to explore the site of King Solomon's gorgeous edifice and the intricacies of the vast quarries beneath, where the stones were prepared by the skilful Craftsmen.

MUSIC IN LODGES.

As music is one of the liberal arts which Freemasons are under special obligations to study and practise, it is quite amazing and inexcusable, how so many Brethren and Lodges almost wholly neglect to cultivate it, and hence to a great extent, fail to secure and benefit by its refining, purifying, and ennobling influences.

The sacred songs of all peoples, are full of the symbolic teachings of the Craft. Almost unnumbered hymns in the English tongue are teeming with such like sentiments. The poetical portions of the Sacred Law abound in such. The literature of the Craft is laden with like poetical effusions of a high order of excellence. The hand-books suited for use in the Lodge and on special public occasions are numerous, and can be procured almost everywhere at a very moderate outlay;—and yet, alas! how many Brethren and Lodges sadly neglect their duty in this important matter!

We know full well from extensive observation and delightful experience that there are many Brethren,—Lodges,—Chapters,—Preceptories,—Councils, &c.,—who are not unmindful of their interest or duty in these things,—but what shall be said of the many others who are so? and for whom, or by whom, no satisfactory excuse can be offered therefor?

The service of song is an essential part of the work and worship of Freemasonry, and it should never be suffered to fall into neglect and decay.

How sad and dispiriting is the contrast between the Lodge in which the service of praise abounds and that in which the reverse is the case!

Officers and Brethren, this great neglect of important duty, should not longer continue. The good of the Craft imperatively demands a revival of the study and practice of music in the Lodge. The means are within the reach of all. No Lodge is with-

out one Brother at least, who can acceptably lead the rest, in simple and appropriate melodies, with or without an organ accompaniment; and not a few Lodges contain members who are specially gifted, well prepared and generally ready and willing to lead in the praise of Him from whom all blessings flow.

W. Sir, Officers and Brethren,—if any of you have hitherto been neglectful of the duty hereinabove considered,—let not another day pass ere you begin the necessary work of removing the reproach now resting upon you and your Lodge, and soon again may there be heard therein, the songs of joy, of praise and adoration. So mote it be.

Correspondence.

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

Editor of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The letter of V. W. Bro. Borngasser in the September number of THE CRAFTSMAN would be interesting, if entirely correct.

The writer does an injustice, no doubt unintentionally, to the D. D. G. M. when he makes him say that "the W. M. had not the co-operation of his members."

The report reads "cannot get co-operation on the part of his officers."

This makes so vast a difference that it only requires to be mentioned in order that the V. W. Bro. may be able to give "credit where credit is due." Fraternaly yours,

FRED. J. MANLEY,

late Dist. Sec'y,

11th Masonic District.

Toronto, Oct. 24th, 1887.

[We are quite sure there was no intention on the part of Bro. Borngasser to do an injustice to R. W. Bro. John Ross Robertson, whose admirable report has elicited so much favorable comment.—ED. CRAFTSMAN.]

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.—On Thursday, October 6th, the new, spacious and well equipped Freemasons' Hall, at Peterborough, was dedicated with the usual Masonic ceremonies, by D. G. M. Walkem, of Kingston, assisted by a large number of officers and brethren. The several halls are admirably adapted for the work of the Lodge, the Chapter, the Preceptory, &c., and the several rooms adjacent are most convenient. The work of dedicating this beautiful hall was admirably performed, and all the Masonic exercises passed off to the general satisfaction of the large number of brethren present, from home and abroad.

The conversazione in the evening was a brilliant affair, and over three hundred of the leading citizens—ladies and gentlemen,—of Peterborough and vicinity, graced the assembly. The brief addresses, the social intercourse, the music, the dance, the banquet, and in fact, the whole programme, was so carried out as to make the occasion most enjoyable and one to be pleasantly remembered for many a day.

We heartily congratulate the brethren of the "city" of Peterborough upon the completion of their magnificent Masonic headquarters. May they long enjoy therein, an era of great prosperity in every department of the good work.

PERSONAL.—We regret exceedingly to learn that R. W. Bro. I. H. Stearns, Montreal, Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, has been suffering severely for some time, from a bronchial affection. We sincerely hope that "Richard" will soon be himself again.

MR. JAMES HUTCHINSON, who died at the home of his daughter in Pawtucket, R. I., on the 8th ult., at the age of 88 years, was the oldest Past Most Eminent Grand Master of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was born in Scotland March 23, 1799, and came to this country when young. In January, 1821, he joined the Masonic Fraternity, becoming a member of Union Lodge of Pawtucket, advancing in quick succession through the Chapter, Council and Commandery, being created a Knight Templar in St. John's Encampment February 4, 1822. He was Master of Union Lodge in 1832-3, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island in 1842-53, Deputy Grand Master in 1855, and Grand Master in 1857-58. He was Grand H. P. of the Grand Chapter of Rhode Island in 1852-53, and M. Em. Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of Massachusetts and Rhode Island in 1851-53. In a notice issued to the subordinate commanderies of the Grand Commandery informing them of the death of "Father Hutchinson," as he was endearingly spoken of by his associates, referring to his character it says: "His opinions were honorable and honestly formed; his courage in maintaining them was conspicuous; his fidelity was proverbial; his manliness of character and goodness of heart were so nicely balanced that the example of his life has been and will remain a constant benediction to the fraternity he loved, served and honored.—*Boston Journal.*"

We are pleased to learn that M. W. Bro. Dr. Graham, of Richmond, Quebec, has recently been spending a well-earned brief "vacation" in several of the leading cities of New England, where he met many of the foremost of American Craftsmen.