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THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND
MASONIC RECORD.

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

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QUEBEC vs. ENGLAND.

BY FRANK W. BAXTER.

Is the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, etc., justified in the course that she has pursued towards the Grand Chapter of Quebec?

The above question is one that is deeply agitating the Masonic world at the present time, and "on this side of the water," the answer, by a great majority, is that she is not. In other words, that a very large majority of the R. A. M. in the United States claim that the conduct of the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, etc., in this affair, is unjustifiable, illegal, and uncalled for.

In attempting to substantiate that statement, I propose to deal with the facts as I find them to be; but, in so doing, I am well aware that I shall incur the wrath of our English brothers, both in England, Canada, and Quebec, besides a very few of my brothers in the United States. Not standing in fear of their wrath, being a plain, unsophisticated Yankee, "home-spun" at that, I will endeavor to state wherein the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England has violated both Masonic law, justice and honor; plain words, yet true ones.

If I make a contract with another person, and that contract is not procured by fraud or misrepresentation, I am both legally and morally bound to fulfil my part of the contract, as

far as it lies in my power. If I fail, the party with whom I made my contract has his redress, and can by law compel me to fulfil it.

Such is acknowledged law; without such a law, contracts of any kind would be mere words, not amounting to as much as the paper that they were written on.

A contract can only be broken by the mutual consent of all the parties connected with it. If a contract, a solemn compact, can be broken at will, then I ask, of what utility is a contract, a written bond, or a pledged word? None whatever.

Now, was there a contract, a written agreement, or a pledged word, existing between the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, and the Grand Chapter of Quebec? I claim that there was, and in due time will state wherein. Our English brothers claim that there was none, and many go as far as to state that even if there was they had the right to break it at will, and did break it, by forming Mark Lodges, establishing a Prov. Grand Lodge, and appointing a Prov. G. M. to preside over the same, within the recognized jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Quebec.

They present but one reason for their conduct, which is that there were three Master Mason Lodges in

Montreal, English registry, which the Grand Lodge of Quebec has (wrongfully, we think,) suffered to exist. I also claim that there was a contract with the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England and the General Grand Chapter of the United States.

It seems passing strange to me, that men of the known intellectual ability of the leaders of the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, can, without an immense stretch of conscience, present the claim that there was no contract, directly in the face of two distinct ones that have been made since 1877,—1st, with the General Grand Chapter of the United States; 2nd, with the Grand Chapter of Quebec in 1878.

Their contract with the General Grand Chapter of the United States is as follows:—

“Resolved,—That the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons for the United States of America, hereby recognizes the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales, and the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown, as the rightful and supreme authority over the degree of M. M. M. in England and Wales, and those Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown in which no existing Grand Body claims jurisdiction over that Degree.”

The recognition granted that Grand Body by the General Grand Chapter of the United States, distinctly specifies *what it shall not do.*

Their contract with the Grand Chapter of Quebec is as follows:—

“Resolved,—That the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Quebec, hereby recognize the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales, and the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown, as the rightful and supreme authority over the degree of Mark Master Masons in England and Wales, and those colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown wherein no Grand Body exists, or of right may be formed, claiming jurisdiction over that degree.”

There are the contracts, in plain English. No chance of equivocation in either one, and no terms for either party to misconstrue. When either party violates its compact, it violates its pledged word.

Has the General Grand Chapter of the United States, or the Grand Chapter of Quebec violated its part of the compact? No. Then who has? The Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, etc., which was recognized by the General Grand Chapter of the United States, August 24, 1877, and by the Grand Chapter of Quebec, Sept. 25, 1878.

It will be noticed that the recognition by the Grand Chapter of Quebec exacted more strict terms than that of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, by the insertion of the clause, “or of right may be formed.”

This same Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, etc., after having been granted recognition, knowingly, wittingly, maliciously, and without cause, violates the express stipulations of both recognitions; it invades the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Quebec, establishes new Mark Lodges, forms a Prov. Grand Lodge, and appoints a Prov. Grand Master to preside over the same in 1883.

It would seem that the idea prevails amongst our English brethren that those terms of recognition are meaningless words, simply inserted to fill up space. Not so: they were inserted for a specific purpose, which was, that Capitular Masonry, as practiced in America, should not be infringed upon by the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, which Grand Body is not recognized by either the Grand Lodge or Grand Chapter of England; and judging from their conduct of the past year, it would have been much better for us had we never recognized them.

The Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England well knows that previous to its recognition by the Grand Bodies of America, it held a precarious ex-

istence, without standing or recognition, and with but scant influence. It also well knows that since that recognition it has rapidly grown into public favor. Its growth has been so rapid that it forgets its solemn promises and would dictate to the 199,000 R. A. M. of America, through its mouthpiece, the London *Freemason*, what shall and what shall not comprise Capitular Masonry; who has gone to that extent of egotism as to assert that Capitular Masonry, as practiced in England, is right and the rest of the world wrong. Such a statement, coming from the source that it does, sounds like the quintessence of egotism, and in this instance spread on "decidedly thick."

It is not Quebec alone that the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England is waging war against, but the whole system of American Capitular Masonry. Quebec being a small Grand Body receives the first attack.

When they attack the Grand Chapter of Quebec, on that issue, they likewise attack every Grand Chapter in America. If they can establish Mark Lodges within the jurisdiction of one, they can in another. Therefore, no jurisdiction is safe from the greed of that Grand Body of Mark Masons, and the only point of safety lies in insisting that they shall live up to the compacts that they have made, and in giving them to fully understand that compacts once made cannot be broken with impunity.

It has been stated by one high in authority in the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, that had they (England) supposed that the Grand Chapter of Quebec claimed exclusive control over the Mark Degree in the Province of Quebec, that they would not have granted them recognition. I have heard many nonsensical statements in my short life, but I must admit that this one "caps the climax."

There is but one of two things, either the leaders of the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England wilfully misrepresent, or they are culpably igno-

rant. If it is ignorance, my advice would be, to at once commence the study of Masonic law, courtesy, and logic, especially that portion that pertains to contracts. If it is a misrepresentation of the facts in the case in order to gain time, then they alone must take the consequences.

There are the terms of recognition of both the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and the Grand Chapter of Quebec, in terms so plain that any school boy can understand them; there is no opportunity for any misconstruction of the words that they contain.

Can it be that "the powers that are" of the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England care so little for that recognition by American Grand Bodies, that they failed to read the conditions attached? If such is the case, it would be better that they commence investigations at once, and "see themselves as others see them." If ignorance is a fact, we pity them; but, to use a street expression, that plea "is too thin." We do not yet believe that the leaders of that Grand Body are so negligent of their duties as not to know the express conditions attached to so important a matter as their recognition by other Grand Bodies. If it is not ignorance, then what is it? Let echo answer, I cannot. If the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England would be at peace with the whole Masonic world, it must forthwith divest itself of the idea that it can over-ride the established laws of other jurisdictions. It must fulfill its contracts. It must further divest itself of the erroneous idea that colonial Masons have no rights which they, in any way, are bound to respect; and still further, that the Royal Arch Masons of the United States are not only thoroughly aroused in this matter, but that they keenly feel the insult offered the General Grand Chapter of the United States, for as such it is considered, and will be until the *amends honorable* is made.

If the Grand Chapter of Quebec was the aggressor, the case would be presented in a different light; but she is not; she has faithfully fulfilled her part of the compact; she has not yet so far forgotten herself as to threaten to bring the case before the world by a resort to the civil courts; she has not yet attempted the game of "bluff" by like threats against a presiding officer for protecting the Grand Body which he presides over; she has not yet treated with lofty (?) disdain fraternal communications addressed to her by her peers; her Grand Officers are true, courteous gentlemen, although not blessed (?) with lordly titles.

Quebec has, however, firmly taken the stand that her laws shall not be trampled upon with impunity by any Grand Body within her own jurisdiction. She, as well as the Grand Bodies of the United States, stand firmly committed to the dogma of exclusive Grand Lodge Sovereignty, and I can assure our English brothers that that dogma will be sustained, not only in the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Quebec, but in every jurisdiction in the United States.

The time for an idle badinage of words has passed. Iowa, Massachusetts, and New York—three of the largest of our jurisdictions—have spoken, and that, too, to the point. In order that our English brothers may not entertain the idea that the numerical strength of those jurisdictions is a bagatelle, I will simply state that the returns for 1883 show that they have three hundred and sixty-five subordinate chapters, with a membership of thirty thousand, two hundred and thirty-five.

Do not understand me to say that I object to a fraternal intercourse between our Grand Chapters and the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England, provided they abide by the terms of recognition granted them; but, when they disregard those terms, as they have, with both the General Grand

Chapter of the United States and the Grand Chapter of Quebec, I am strongly in favor of withdrawing that recognition until such time as they can fulfill their agreements.

The individual members of the Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England and Wales, etc., must divest themselves of the idea that it is condescension, on their part, to be recognized by us; on the contrary, you knocked at the doors of the General Grand Chapter in 1874; it was denied you; you knocked again in 1877, and it was granted you by a bare majority of thirteen, and I can safely say, that with your record of the past year before us, that were the question to come up to-day, you would be denied admission by an overwhelming majority.

Now, my brother M. M. M., wherever situated, I have presented a few plain, uncolored facts, for your consideration; there are more in reserve.

The Grand Lodge of M. M. M. of England is clearly in the wrong; we know that they are, and they know it themselves; therefore, recall the charters issued by you in the Province of Quebec, fulfill your part of the contracts you knowingly and understandingly entered into, re-establish the fraternal intercourse that was broken by your own acts and be at peace with the whole Masonic world.

Fifty years ago in the early days of the Surrey (Lodge), 416, the conditions of Masonry were very different to what they are now, as brethren living at any distance from the place of meeting had to carry arms to defend themselves from the attacks of highwaymen."

The appeal of the Grand Orient of France for the re-establishment of fraternal relations with other Grand bodies, is based solely on the plea of universal brotherhood. It contains no reference to the recognition of a Supreme Being and is likely to prove unsuccessful.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR RE-UNION.

The annual banquet of Richard Cœur de Lion Preceptory, No. 4, Knights Templar, of London, was held at Sir Knight J. W. Martin's Hotel, on the evening of the 18th ult., and proved an exceedingly pleasant entertainment. There were in attendance many old members of the Order, and not a few visiting Fraters. The Eminent Preceptor, Sir Knight John Ferguson, presided; V. E. Sir Kt. J. B. Smyth occupying the vice chair. On the right of the Chairman were seated R. E. Sir Kt. Dr. Jas. Sutton, Provincial Prior; Past Commander Sir Kt. McCarthy, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; R. E. Sir Kt. A. G. Smyth; Sir Kt. Robert Stark, Woodstock, and others. On the Chariman's left were seated R. E. Sir Kt. Col. Moffat, K. C. T.; V. E. Sir Kt. W. Hawthorne; Sir Kt. Leahy, of Monroe Commandery, Rochester; Sir Kts. J. S. Dewar, W. R. Vining, C. F. Knapp, J. Garrett, and around the tables were observable Sir Knights Alex. McDonald, A. E. Cooper, W. T. Stenberg, W. F. Sanagan, L. Kelly, J. Oliver, J. A. Ross, Joseph Hook, F. J. Hood, H. C. Simpson, A. Irvine, R. F. Kingsmill, Wm. Thornton and others.

The tables were set in the form of a Templar's Cross, and were neatly and artistically arranged. The walls were festooned with flags and emblems of the Order, the decorations being unique and original. The spread was in keeping with the reputation of the host, who on this occasion may be said to have excelled all his previous efforts.

After the removal of the cloth, Sir Kt. J. S. Dewar read apologies from R. E. Sir Kt. D. Spry, Grand Chancellor, Barrie; E. Sir Kt. J. Beck, Goderich; E. Sir Kt. H. Lockwood, Guelph; E. Sir Kt. A. N. Pettit, St. Thomas; E. Sir Kt. J. W. Barringer, Windsor; V. E. Sir Kt. J. B. Bishop, Hamilton, and others, all of whom expressed deep regret at being depriv-

ed, owing to previous engagements, from participating in the festivities.

The following programme was then proceeded with, and carried out in true Knightly style:—

"The Queen and the Craft"—God Save the Queen.

"The Great Priory of Knights Templar of Canada." Responses by R. E. Sir Knights Dr. Sutton, Provincial Prior of London District; R. E. Sir Kt. A. G. Smyth, Past Grand Registrar; V. E. Sir Kt. J. B. Smyth, Grand Standard Bearer.

Song by Frater Simpson—"Then, You'll Remember Me."

"The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Canada." Response by Sir Knight Robert Stark, of Woodstock.

"The Grand Lodge of Canada." Responses by M. W. Bro. Col. Moffat, P. G. M., and R. W. Bro. J. S. Dewar, Grand Junior Warden.

Song by Sir Kt. Stenberg—"The Warrior Bold."

"The Visiting Fraters." Responses by R. E. Sir Knight McCarthy, of Fond du Lac; Sir Kt. Thos. Leahy, of Monroe Commandery, Rochester; C. L. Sanagan, of Godfrey de Bouillon Preceptory, No. 3, Hamilton.

Song by Sir Kt. Joseph Hook—"The Brave Knight."

"The Past Preceptors of Richard Cœur de Lion, No. 4." Responses by R. E. Sir Kts. Moffat, Smyth and Sutton.

"The Eminent Preceptor and Officers of Richard Cœur de Lion." Responses by E. Sir Kts. Ferguson and Dewar, Vining and Ross.

Songs by Sir Kt. A. Irvine—"Tim Flaherty;" E. Sir Kt. McCarthy—"Old Grimes' Cellar Door;" Sir Kt. Thornton—"Gaily goes the Ship when the Wind goes Free."

"The Press," responded to by Sir Knight Dewar, of the *Free Press*.

"The Host and Hostess" elicited a neat response from Sir Kt. Martin.

The Junior Warden's toast closed an exceedingly pleasant re-union, which was characterized by the best of good feeling from opening till close.

THE ALBERT EDWARD LIFE-BOAT.

Generosity is never utterly thrown away. Like bread cast upon the waters, it returns after many days. In some cases results follow with pleasing rapidity, and sometimes in a form that is peculiarly gratifying. Bordered all around as this country is with rugged and dangerous coasts, upon which the ever restless and oft-times stormy waves dash with relentless force, the necessity of precaution against shipwrecks is particularly urgent. For many years the National Lifeboat Institution has performed most valuable duty in this respect, and now our coasts are dotted over with buildings containing boats and life saving gear, under the charge of brave and gallant seamen. Many of the boats and gear are the gifts of persons or institutions, and one of these Lifeboats owes its existence and usefulness to the members of the craft. The boat is very properly named after our Royal Grand Master, and is called the "Albert Edward." It is stationed at Clacton-on-sea, where it has done good service. On several occasions during the past year it was instrumental in rescuing many persons from peril and even from death. A misfortune, however, befell this noble little vessel on the 23rd ult., which unfortunately resulted in the loss of two of the brave crew. The following account of the event, the accuracy of which we can vouch for, will tell its own tale of manly daring and endurance:—

At about 10 p. m. on the 23rd January, the Albert Edward Lifeboat was promptly launched in reply to signals of distress, during a gale from the W. N. W. The boat proceeded under close reefed canvas across the Swin, and when about mid-channel, the coxswain ordered the second coxswain to burn a blue light, so that a reply might be obtained from the vessel in distress, no signals having been seen from her for some time. While the blue light in question was being held, two or three very heavy seas, in quick succession, struck the boat, one of them breaking into the sails. The coxswain immediately put the

helm down, but the boat, instead of answering it, heeled over, and then turned over to port, the coxswain calling on the crew to "hold on." The boat came up on her starboard broadside and there remained. The coxswain managed to pull himself up to the port side from under the ropes and there found one of the crew. He at once endeavored to free the sheets, which were foul, but being unable to do so, he, with great presence of mind, pulled out his knife and cut them. The boat's head, which had been checked by the anchor falling overboard, now came round, head to sea, and she immediately righted. This was at about 11:30 p. m. The coxswain having called over the crew, found two missing, viz., Cross, the second coxswain, and T. Cattermole. He can only account for their loss by their being down on the lee side and being hampered by the ropes and oars. The boat then laid-to at anchor until daylight, but nothing could be seen of the missing men or the wreck. Sail was then set, and Clacton was reached at 11:30 the following day. All the men were thoroughly exhausted with the immersion and the cold wind. Cross, the second coxswain, leaves a wife and six children under fourteen years of age, and Cattermole, a wife and three children under four years of age. Captain Carter, R. N., the District Inspector of Lifeboats, at once proceeded to Clacton, and made inquiries into the circumstances of the case. After full consideration, he is of opinion that the accident was occasioned, in great measure, if not entirely, by the foresheet getting foul. Great praise is due to the coxswain, who, when the boat was capsizing, urgently impressed on his men the importance of holding on.

A local subscription is being made for the relief of the widows and children of the two men, towards which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has contributed £5. The National Lifeboat Institution has subscribed the sum of £450 towards the fund—£250 for the widow with six children, and £200 for the widow with three children. The noblest fact of all in connection with this melancholy disaster remains to be recorded. The men who endured so much on the occasion referred to, received from the Institution a money payment for their services, but, like generous-hearted fellows as they are, they handed over the whole of the amount to the widows of their unfortunate colleagues. One who knows

these men, and who speaks with authority, writes:—"The Lifeboat men there (Clacton-on-Sea) are splendid fellows, and are daunted by nothing." That they are as generous as they are brave we have proved. Freemasons ought to feel proud that the boat was provided by the craft, and is manned by such a crew, and now is the time and the opportunity for showing that bravery and generosity are the attributes of the English character as highly prized as ever they were. The Pythagorean Lodge, No. 79, has set a good example. They have subscribed £5 towards the local fund, and we believe nothing would gratify the crew of the Albert Edward more than by knowing that many other lodges and chapters had done the same. We hope the act of the Pythagorean Lodge will be felt as a challenge to a noble contest in the cause of charity, the guerdon being a satisfied conscience.

BRIGHAM YOUNG DIDN'T LIKE MASONRY.

Bro. Christopher Diehl, in his report on correspondence to the Grand Lodge of Utah, tells the following anecdote of the experience of a Masonic lodge in trying to purchase a lot of Brigham Young, upon which to erect a Masonic hall:—

"At the first Annual Communication of our Grand Lodge in the month of January, 1872, a charter was granted to Story Lodge, No. 4. The lodge was and is yet located at Provo, a red-hot Mormon town, where the United States Judge of the First Judicial District has to reside and hold court. At that time not a dozen Gentiles resided in Provo. But the clerk of the court, brother Ira M. Swartz, being a bright and enthusiastic Mason, and at the same time a man full of courage and enterprise, searched around and soon found Masons enough in the neighborhood to organize a lodge. Bro. Swartz was the first Master, and under his

guidance, care and skill, the lodge prospered. Tintic, a rich mining region, thirty miles from Provo, furnished the rough ashlar, and after a year's labor the lodge had done some good and square work, and had nearly \$1,000 in its treasury. With this amount the energetic Master intended to buy a lot in Provo and raise among the brothers in Salt Lake City sufficient money to build a Masonic Hall on it. So far, so good. A lot in the heart of the town just answered the purpose and it was selected. But 'there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' The records were examined, and lo, the lot was owned by Brigham Young, and he, for reasons best known to himself, and every Mason in Utah as well, was not very favorably inclined to our Grand Lodge in particular and Masonry in general. This put a sort of a damper on Bro. Swartz, and he had to gather up all his courage to make the final move. He came to Salt Lake City, and accompanied by Bro. Andreas Mason (died in the Black Hills in 1877), Past Grand Master of Colorado, who, as a genuine frontiersman and mining prospector knew no fear, repaired to the office of Brigham Young, stated the object of their calling and bought the lot for \$1,000, cash. The brothers considered the bargain closed and started to retire, but before they could do so, Brigham said: 'Hold on, gentlemen; what do you want with that lot?' 'Build a Masonic Hall on,' said Bro. Swartz. 'What, a Masonic Hall on my lot,' said Brigham Young, jumping on his feet. 'Never can you have that lot for such a purpose, never; and if you cover it with twenty dollar gold pieces. You want to be Freemasons, and what do you know about Masonry? Nothing, nothing. What does your Grand Master (Robertson) know about Masonry? What does that Dutchman down the street, your Grand Secretary, know about Masonry? Why, these fellows even don't know that King Solomon was the first Grand Master, and he had a

thousand wives and I have but nineteen, and you won't let me even visit and sit in your lodges.' Bro. Mason kept as cool as a cucumber, and said: 'Mr. Young, we came here to transact a legitimate business, not to talk Masonry, and you are well aware that we, as Masons in good standing, cannot hold a Masonic conversation with an expelled Mason (Brigham Young, with about 1,500 other Mormon Masons, was expelled by the Grand Lodge of Illinois, in 1844). Now will you keep the bargain or not?' This made the old man more hot, and at the top of his voice he shouted: 'No, never; leave my office.' And they left. Our Story Lodge has no hall of its own yet, nevertheless, it is one of the best lodges in our jurisdiction."—*Mas. Advocate*.

GRAND LODGE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

It is with pleasure that we observe that the movement having for its object the establishment of the Grand Lodge of South Australia has been eminently successful. Up to the present time the result of the endeavors of the committee has been such, that by an appeal to the members residing in South Australia almost perfect unanimity may be said to exist, that is, nearly the whole fraternity in South Australia desire that a Grand Lodge should be established. We sincerely trust that this masonic feeling will continue, and be carried out in its entirety, so that we can point to the fact that at least one portion of Australia can boast that the true spirit of Freemasonry exists among its members. But delays are dangerous. It is just possible that if the matter is allowed to hang fire, certain questions will arise which may defer this important matter being settled, for it is just possible that some utopian mind will arise and warn our brethren that by forming a Grand Lodge of South Australia they will be committing an act whereby

the fraternal bond of subordination to the Grand Lodge of England will be forever cast to the four winds, and that they will for all time to come, have to depend on themselves—that they will have to choose their own officers, and retain their own funds to donate among their poor and distressed, and widows and orphans. This, no doubt, will be a terrible state of affairs to one who delights to be in a subordinate position forever, and thereby be the means of compelling some one in South Australia to devote his time to such offices of F. L. and T. But this is not all. As soon as the Grand Lodge of South Australia is formed the appointment of three District Grand Masters of the three different Constitutions existing in South Australia will cease forever. Such officers will never again be required, and their power to appoint their subordinates will be gone. The expense of supporting three District Grand Secretaries, together with the incidental expenses thereto, will be abolished. In addition to all this (which to some people is their very existence) there will be no one person who will be the Masonic Representative of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in South Australia. This, in some Mason's minds, particularly those immediately interested, will be disastrous, and all that will be in place thereof will be simply the Grand Lodge of South Australia. Are the brethren prepared for such a sweeping change? Will they consent to make such enormous sacrifices by giving up once and forever the honor of being subordinate to the Grand Lodges of Great Britain, and paying certain fees thereto for such subordination, for the purpose of governing themselves? If so, instead of remitting their funds for charitable purposes in Great Britain, they will have to dispense the same in South Australia. Is such a change necessary? It is as well to take warning by the action of New South Wales and Victoria. In these colonies the

experiment of a Grand Lodge has been tried, and in each colony a Grand Lodge has been formed. The former Masonic connection between these colonies and the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland, has been partially disturbed. The believers in a Grand Lodge have thrown off the privilege of subordination to Great Britain's Grand Lodges, while others have retained them. South Australian Masons cannot plead ignorance in the matter. They are plunging into the position with their eyes wide open. The consequences are staring them in the face. If they are unanimous in the matter, what a glorious victory it will be for the brethren hailing under the Grand Lodges of New South Wales and Victoria? What a declaration of condemnation from South Australia it will be against those who still remain subordinate to the Grand Lodges of Britain? There is no evading the question. The mere fact that South Australian Masons have individually and collectively declared themselves in favor of establishing a Grand Lodge in South Australia, must be a source of pleasure to the founders of the Grand Lodges of New South Wales and Victoria. But there is another phase in the question: Will it not be the means of opening the eyes of the leaders of the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland? Will they not have sufficient evidence before them to convince the most obstinate and selfish that the Masonic mind of Australia is that they should govern themselves Masonically? Will the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland, still persist in spreading discord and dissension among Masons in Australia, or adopt the Masonic course open to them, viz.: "Act as becometh Grand Lodges of Masons, by investigating the cause of the present difference among Masons in New South Wales and Victoria, and do what is their duty by putting an end to such differences?" We state without fear of

contradiction that the true facts of the case have not been made known to the Grand Lodges referred to, or they would long since have put an end to the matter. A certain few have sent home garbled statements, and it suits the governing powers to continue to wink while certain fees are annually floating into their treasury.—*Sydney Freemason.*

A MASONIC ROMANCE.

Or the Masonic Talisman.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. A.

During the late Mexican war a lad of sixteen, a daring young Virginian, leaped a fence and climbed a parapet some hundred yards ahead of his company, and was taken prisoner; but not before he had killed three Mexicans, and mortally wounded a Colonel. His mother, a poor widow, but though poor, a lady, (and why not?) heard of his fate, and, as he was an only son, her heart yearned for his release. She wept at the thought, but while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, suddenly she recollected that she was a Mason's widow. Hope lighted up her bosom at the thought—she dried her tears and exclaimed:—

"I will go and test the talismanic power of the order my husband loved and revered so much."

She sold some articles of furniture, and with the money reached the city of Washington on foot.

In her dusty attire she entered the Department of the Secretary of War, and with some difficulty obtained an interview. As she entered the apartment in which he was seated, and he saw how dusty she appeared, "Well, ma'am," was the salutation he gave her, but when she removed her veil, and he saw the visage of the lady in her face, he half raised himself in his chair and pointed her to a seat. She told him of her son's capture, and wished to go to him.

"I can't help you, ma'am," he replied; "a very expensive journey to the City of Mexico. Your son will be released by and by on exchange of prisoners."

"Sir," said the widow, as the tears of woe rolled down her cheek, "can you not help me to get a passport?"

"Of course," he replied, "that will be granted to you at the Secretary of State's office; but you are poor—how do you expect to pay the expenses of such a journey? It is a visionary scheme. Good morning, ma'am."

"Sir," said the lady, "will you be so kind as to recommend me to the officer in command of the regiment that will sail from Baltimore in a few days?"

"Impossible, ma'am, impossible," he replied. Then turning to the page, he said, "who did you say was waiting for an audience? Tell them, I am at leisure, now."

"Sir," said the lady, "I have one more question to ask you before I leave your office, and I pray you answer it—are you a Mason?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"Then, sir," she said, "permit me to say I am a Mason's widow—with this declaration I leave your office."

That moment the Secretary's manner was changed to that of the most courteous interest.

He entreated her to be seated until he could write a few lines to the Secretary of State. In a few moments he presented her with a note to the Secretary, recommending her to his sympathy and friendship. The Secretary of State received her most kindly, and gave her a letter to the commandant at New Orleans directing him to procure her a free pass to Vera Cruz by the first steamer. Through the agency of the two Secretaries the lodges placed in her hands three hundred dollars, with a talismanic card from the Grand Master at Washington, and the widow left the city.

When she reached Pittsburg the State agent, seeing the letter she

bore from the Grand Master, would receive nothing for her passage—the Captain of the steamer on which she embarked for New Orleans no sooner deciphered it than he gave her the best state-room he had, and when she reached the Crescent City, she had two hundred and ninety dollars left of her three hundred. She there waited on the General in command of the station, with the letter of Secretary of State, who immediately instructed the Colonel in command of the forwarding troops to see that she had a free passage to Vera Cruz by the first steamer. By all the officers she was treated with the greatest politeness and delicacy, for they were all Masons and felt bound to her by ties as strong and delicate as those which bind a brother to a sister, and rejoiced in the opportunity offered them of evincing the benign and noble principles of the craft.

After a passage of five days she reached Vera Cruz, and, having a letter from the commandant at New Orleans to the American Governor, she sent it to him, enclosing the talismanic card she received from the Grand Master at Washington. The Governor immediately waited on her at the hotel and offered her transportation to the City of Mexico by a train that would start the next morning. The Colonel who commanded the train kindly took her in charge, and offered her every facility and comfort on her journey, provided her with a carriage where the country was level, and with mules and planquins over the mountains.

Within ninety miles of the city, they were overtaken by a detachment of dragoons escorting a government official to the General in command. Anxious to get on faster, she asked permission of the Colonel to join the detachment, and, though informed of the *langor and fatigue of riding* all day on horseback, she was willing to brave all, that she might sooner see her son. The Colonel then provided her with a fleet and gentle Mexican

pony and she assumed her place with the troops, escorted by the officers, and never fatigued till the towers of Mexico were in sight.

She reached the city on the second day's battle, and in the heat of the battle attempted to enter the gates. An officer instantly seized the bride and told her she must wait until the city was taken.

"Oh! sir," she exclaimed, "I cannot wait one hour in sight of the city that holds my son a prisoner—I must see him, sir."

"The city must first be taken, madam," he again replied, with much emphasis, becoming excited.

"I cannot wait, sir," she replied; "my son may be ill—dying in chains—in a dungeon—one hour's delay may remove him from me. Oh! I must go to him—I will enter the city."

"Madam," said the officer, "you cannot reach it but by crossing the battlefield—you will surely be killed."

"Sir," said the lady, "I have not travelled from Virginia to the gates of the city to fear to enter them—thanks for your kindness—a thousand heartfelt thanks for you and the officers who have been so kind to me. I shall always remember these officers with the most grateful feelings of my heart—but don't detain me longer. Yonder is a gate that leads to the city. I will enter it in search of my dear boy."

And on she sped; but ere she reached the gate another officer rode up by her side and admonished her of the danger and imprudence.

"Sir," she replied, "this is no time to talk of imprudence and fear—my son, my only son, is a prisoner in chains. I am told that Santa Anna is in the midst of a glimmering group. I will seek him and in his hand place the talismanic card which I bear—he is a Mason, and will certainly heed me."

"War destroys all brotherhood," said the officer, who was not a Mason. She made him no reply, but

watching her moment, struck her pony and darted across the field of death. At that moment the masked battery that mowed down one-half of the Palmetto regiment opened—yet right across the gory field she was seen galloping on her white pony, avoiding the retreating platoons by a semi-circle around their flank—the next moment she was seen coursing over the ground in the rear, the battery in full play. Hundreds seeing her, stopped, forgetful of the storm of iron balls that howled around them, an apparition. All expected her to fall every moment, but on she went with fearless air.

"That woman's love for her son has made her wild," said the officer who attempted to arrest her flight.

"She will surely be killed," exclaimed another.

"A mother's love is stronger than the pains of death," exclaimed a soldier.

"The God of Battles will protect her," said a Tennessean. "She will reach Santa Anna safe and sound as a roach."

The soldier was right—she went over the field of death and reached Santa Anna unhurt. He received her politely, and when she told him her errand and presented her talismanic card,

"Madam," said he, "I am a Mason, and I know the obligations of the order in peace and in war. When your son was taken prisoner he mortally wounded my nephew who is now dead, but he shall be restored, for I will not refuse your request in the face of the letters you bear."

He immediately gave her an escort to the city, with an order to restore her son to her arms. The order was promptly obeyed, and that very day, as he promised, she embraced her long-lost son.

So much for a mother's love; and so much for the protecting arm and noble, sympathetic heart which Masons ever extend to lovely helpless

women. Oh! if widowhood be the doom of women, who would not be a Mason's widow? Who would not be a Mason's wife, mother, daughter or sister in the hour of peril and need?

THE FACE OF THE MOON.

We had all observed for some time that Tom Eaton had been unlike himself. Originally a good-natured sort of chap, without much facility in painting, to be sure, but with any amount of ambition, he had pleased us all. The one or two sharp criticisms on his pictures that had been accepted by the hargiving committees and the innumerable refections he had sustained at their hands, seemed at last to have really turned his temper. He grew blue, somber, now and again gruff, and singularly loquacious on the subject of his art. He would orate by the hour on theories of painting, and was sometimes ingenious if obscure. I was talking to Gleason Tower about him one day, and Gleason, who deals in caustic speeches, said: "Sum up Tom Eaton, and he is a good example of a limited man with an unlimited ambition. He was supposed to have great talent, and started out in life under the impression that he was a genius. He lived in this dream for a while; now he is waking to find he is only an ordinary sort of man like the rest of us. It makes him mad, or if he is 'not mad he soon will be,' if he goes about with his notions and talk."

A week or so later, Eaton monopolized an evening at the Kit-Kat club by giving us his new views on art. Art meant only portraiture. Everything else, from still life up to landscape, was a mere accessory. He really dawdled on with his thought, though his words flew fast enough, and I felt as if he were killing his friendships as I glanced about the room and saw numerous indications of suppressed yawns.

It was so. Gleason Townner said: "Eaton has rung his own death-knell. He belongs in an insane asylum, not in an art club."

"I really think his brain is cracked," suggested Bob Langley. "They say he has an uncle who—"

But some one broke in with tidings of a new model, and we dropped Tom Eaton.

* * * * *

I do not believe I gave the fellow a thought again until he chanced upon me the next summer while I was staying in an out-of-the-way village in Maine, on a sketching excursion. One day, in July, I stumbled upon Eaton sitting out under his umbrella, painting.

"Hello, old man! given up portraits!" I called, remembering by the association of ideas his talk the last time I saw him.

"No, this is a portrait," and he turned his

easel toward me to display a most indifferent figure of an Irish woman with a basket in her hand.

He held his brush idly for a moment, and then looked up at me quickly.

"I have come here to see you," he said abruptly. "I heard you were here. Will you go rowing with me to-night? I have something to say to you—a secret. I have come all this distance to find you, for say it I must."

I will confess to a vague remembrance of Eaton's queer ways, but I am not half a bad fellow, and was, moreover, a trifle flattered at this proof of confidence and friendship, so I consented.

"At 8?" he asked.

"At 8," I answered.

"Meet me here at this point if you will. I shall be busy until then, and do not care to see you and idly chat over nothing while my secret chokes in my throat."

He laughed uneasily.

"In love," thought I; "and I shall lie in a boat and listen to descriptions of her beauties and her charms all night. Hello-ho!"

At 8 o'clock precisely I had reached the point, but Eaton was there before me sitting in the boat, oars in hand, paddling about uneasily. He had pulled off his coat, and as he was a fine, brawny fellow, I looked at him with some admiration.

"What a Hercules you are!" I cried.

"And what a crab, a turtle, are you! Get in."

As I jumped into the boat, annoyed by his tone, which was almost savage, I stumbled against his paint-box and a big bit of canvas.

"What are these things doing here?" I queried, as I sat down in the stern of the boat.

"They go where I go," he replied. "They are my tools."

We did not speak for some time. Eaton pulled hard and fast, and I lay back with my hands under my head and looked up at the sky. It was just before moonrise, and the heavens were in their golden glorious expectancy. I did not care to break the silence. The secret of the night was grander and more interesting than any pretty human confidence could be. Eaton spoke first.

"You are not curious?"

"I beg your pardon; I am ready."

He was silent again for a few moments.

"I am going to be a great painter," he said abruptly.

Al! It was not a love secret then!

"But to accomplish my end I must take terrible means. I must condemn myself to years of agony. I must condemn also another being to a briefer but very horrible torture."

Then it must be a love story, after all!

"Yes?" I replied, as he paused, putting as much expression as I could into the words.

My mind, curiously enough, rambled back to another moonlit night when I was quite a lad, and when I sat in the stern of the boat with such a beautiful little girl, Anita Grayson by name, a child of 12, perhaps. Some one sitting by had said, "Anita looks like the moon," and I had watched her during the rest of the evening and wondered why, and gone home to dream that I saw the moon in the water, and that it had Anita's face in it. While I was dimly recalling this, and half listening to my friend, I became suddenly quite roused from my dream. Eaton had been saying something about his incapacity to catch a likeness.

"I cannot make the people I paint impress me. One race follows another swiftly, and my model flits away with these specters. Now, only one thing can impress a face upon my mind, I feel sure—impress it so that it will stay by me and haunt me by day and print itself on my soul at night. I have thought it all over. There is but one way.

God help me! I must commit a crime. I must kill some one! That face—his face—will haunt me. I shall see only that, and I can paint it. You see, I am quite calm in this matter. I have reasoned the thing out. I am a good man; my bitterness of spirit will harass me into work. I shall hold my brush with remorse. I shall paint a great, a terrible picture!"

Great heavens! Gleason was right. This is a madman, I thought, and glanced about with my mental eye to take in the situation. It must be strategy versus strength. I saw that at a glance. I must not betray the slightest fear. His plan was settled. I must plot to defeat it. In the first place I must gain time. This might be only wild talk.

"Whom do you propose to kill?" I inquired nonchalantly, although my heart seemed to stand still as I waited for his answer. He lifted his oars, and I could hear them drip, drip in the moment's silence.

"I propose to drown a man," he said. "Then I will tie him to my boat—this, my boat, that you and I are in—and let him float. I shall drink in the sight of that floating face in the dark water, with the moonlight about it, and the world that has scorned me will hold its breath."

"An original plan, indeed," I replied. "Have you chosen your man?"

"I have chosen you."

"You should have selected a handsomer face, or at least have made him shave before starting. A bearded face in the water is—pshaw! very bad. Don't you see?"

My voice sounded steady, and I was lost in admiration of myself as a man of nerve. "Don't you see?" I repeated.

"I shall see, for I shall paint it! You take it coolly," he continued, eyeing me warily. My thoughts were flying about in confusion. I could not swim. Eaton knew it. I

am a slight man, a mere nothing to this Hercules. No help, indeed, but by my wits. If I was cool so was he. I must try a new tack, unsettle the fixed idea that anchored his wild fancy and gave him this terrible strength of purpose.

"A woman's face would have been better," I suggested. "Something really poetic about that, now! Ah, look there!" I cried, an idea striking me, and pointing as I cried out to the moon mirrored in the water. She had risen, but had been cut off from us in the heavens by a ledge of rock at our left, just beyond this her counterfeit presentment shone round and full in the water. "Look there!"

"What do you see?" cried Eaton, his voice trembling with excitement, his whole body eagerly bent forward.

"A woman's face in the moon in the waves!" I called, gazing fixedly as if at a vision. "What a brooding face! What shadowy hair! What a slow smile! And her eyes! Ah! do you see her eyes? She has opened them! Have you killed her?"

"I swear to you, no!" cried Eaton; "I swear to you, no! I know no such woman! I have never killed her! I have not even broken her heart! Tell me more about her!"

"She is young, very mystical, yet very real, with a smile at one side of her mouth, while the other looks quite grave."

This was a characteristic of Anita's mouth, and it was she I was describing—Anita as I fancied her grown older, for I had not seen her, scarcely indeed thought of her, since that day when we were children.

"It's a pity you can't paint her for me," said Eaton impetuously, as he gazed at the moon. "I don't quite see her, but she sounds great."

"I might try to paint her to-morrow," I suggested, taking a cigarette from my pocket, and relapsing into my calm manner again.

"You forget—to-morrow will be too late. But you shall paint her to-night—now, before I kill you."

He put up his oars as he spoke and came toward me, drawing a rope through his heavy hands. He was in a state of wild excitement, and I felt my light, airy manner slipping away as he approached. I was chilly as—as my watery grave was like to be. Yet I let him bind me hand and foot, and instinctively counted his deep breaths the while by way of something to do. A lurch, a struggle, and I should have been overboard and lost. Now that there seemed a chance for life, I was in terror, and I was more than half out of my senses as I watched my Charon lay me on the hither side of his stream. He took me from the boat as if I had been a child. Then he built a fire.

"I can mix colors by firelight," he cried, and unfastening my hands set his canvas and easel before me, gave me a brush and had me begin.

For the life of me, and in spite of the threatened death so near at hand, I could but feel an interest in the freak.

"I must do it in grays or browns. It must be a monochrome, or we shall ruin it." I spoke impatiently. So I did it in grays. The jut of black rock, the waves, the moon resting on the waves, and little Anita's face, with the half-solemn, half-smiling look upon it.

The strange scene, the maniac beside me, my own former fear and present excitement and the stirring of my fancy gave me a certain fictitious strength. In less than an hour, as I should think, I had finished my sketch. It was certainly weird and, as it seemed to me, strong. In the distance I half suggested the boat, and two men in it, one gazing eagerly toward the moon and the face, and the other lying in the stern, his arms over his head, his eyes toward the heavens. The boat and the men were small and well in the shadow.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Eaton. "Don't touch it again! Give me the brush! Here," and snatching it from my fingers he wrote his name, "Thomas Eaton," in bold black letters under the boat. "This is my work, remember—mine, not yours. It will be a great success, and you"—he paused and looked at me—"you have saved your life." Saying which he jumped into his boat with my sketch, laughed a harsh, bleak sort of laugh, and rowed away around the ledge of rock.

For a few moments I sat still thinking it over—the strange, ridiculous, yet almost tragic scenes. "I am not sure that little Anita didn't save my life after all," I thought to myself.

It did not take me long to get out of my close quarters, but the walk home over the dreary, rough coast was long, and it was late before I reached the village. What a strange, eerie walk it was, with the sea charging the moist air, and the moon contracting and expanding before my eyes through the mist that had risen. Anita shared the walk with me.

I found a telegram telling me of my father's very serious illness at Baden Baden, and I was busy packing and driving through the chill, early morning toward the nearest railway station, so that I had no chance to look up Eaton. I remember that I told my driver something about an artist, a friend of mine who had turned up, who seemed wrong in his mind, and ought to be looked after. I believe I wrote a line to the same effect to Gleason. I know I meant to do so. But the anxious voyage and more anxious weeks in Europe put all other thoughts from my mind.

* * * * *

It was after my father's death late in the fall that I sailed for home. Taking up a paper that came out on the pilot-boat I saw

the notice of the Salmagundi exhibition. Coupled with it was an announcement of the death of poor Tom Eaton, who had died in a mad-house the week before. "An unsuccessful but painstaking artist," the review went on to say, "it is somewhat surprising that the only work he has left of any strength should now be hung at the black and white exhibition. This sketch was made after his madness was fairly upon him. This picture is in grays, oddly colored, but in composition and drawing quite full of a certain weird power. Not to be too funny at a dead man's expense, this gives the poor fellow a good send-off at any rate, as a friend of his remarked the other day. The picture, taken in connection with the tragic death of the artist, has created some little stir, more particularly as the face in the sketch is strikingly like that of a young Boston beauty who is making her debut in New York."

So poor Eaton was dead, and his picture—my picture—was a success, and—Anita had lived in Boston when she was 12!

I hurried to the black and white that very afternoon, and found quite a group collected about my picture—Eaton's picture. I laughed somewhat nervously as I stood before it. Some one behind me spoke. It was Gleason. "You needn't laugh, man, I am glad to see you back, by the way. There is some force in that, and I am glad for poor Tom's sake that he has left this sketch behind him. I give you my word I had no idea he could do as well. He couldn't have while he was sane. Every one is surprised. How are you? You look pale. Have you come back to stay?" etc., etc. I lingered around for awhile and found myself back again, and again before my picture (Eaton's picture), the picture never to be claimed as mine now. It chanced I had told the story to no one. There had been no opportunity. Now, of course, I never must. As I stood looking at it, and somewhat moved, perhaps, more by the remembrance of that night than by anything actually before my eyes, two girls and an elderly woman approached and stopped.

"It certainly is like her, mamma; I wonder if she will see it herself. It is quite time she were here, by-the-by. She promised to meet us at 3, you know."

"I don't think it does her justice," replied the elder lady, looking through her glasses critically. "She is a very beautiful creature, and this face is less so," she added rather indefinitely, and with some hesitation in her voice, so that I fancied the picture grew on as she looked, and that she might yet reverse her decision.

The other girl spoke now. She had a discerning face, as I could see, and that long upper lip that goes with speech-faculty. "It is like," she said, "more like her soul than her body. It is like the way she will look to her guardian angel—or her lover." She turned

abruptly to greet some people who were walking toward us.

I was singularly excited. The maniac in the boat had no such paralyzing power over me as this potentiality in a soft gray gown, with a long gray glove outstretched. My heart beat and the picture swam before my eyes, for this might be, might it not, Anita herself? I heard a voice exclaim. "This is the picture!" A lady in black with the gray girl began an apology: "We are late. As usual, Signor Boldini and some new music. Ah!" interrupting herself, "it is like—why, yes, very. Don't you think so yourself?"—the name at last, surely—but no—"don't you think so yourself, dear?"

"Yes, do tell us what you think. Isn't she weird? and can you look like that?" cried the girls.

"Ah, the other me!" said a new voice softly a voice with a low thrill in it. "It is like what I might have been, I'm sure. Some one told me once when I was a child, I remember, that I was like the moon, but having lived eight years since then in a flood of sunshine"—and the gray hand touched the black glove near hers, a grateful touch, I felt sure—"why, I am not so much like it now as I was."

"In spite of the smile that you always will and always won't smile outright. That is in the face in the moon, too, you see. Did you ever meet Mr. Eaton?"

"And do you think the girl very beautiful, and very like a maniac's dream?" broke in the shorter girl. "Do tell us, Anita."

So then it was Anita. I turned, and as I walked away faced the blue-gray eyes, like violets, and the hair like shaded moonbeams, and the smile. Not the little 12-year-old Anita this, but a beautiful, sunny creature, with the other Anita somehow suggested, and yet not there. This one more of the world, with a *savoir faire* lying over the moonshine. I had meant, if it were she, to speak to her at once and boldly. As it was, I simply gazed, and when her eyes met mine I fear it was I, not she, who blushed. But she recognized me. My identity was all in my face, I am sure. I saw a puzzled look in her eyes, and I seized my chance. I bowed; I spoke:

"Years ago you knew me, Miss Grayson, when I was a boy in Boston, and when you were like the moon."

I was introduced to the aunt in black. My father had been one of the old family friends. So in a few moments I was talking like an old friend myself. Mrs. Grayson touched on my recent loss, and then, as I turned to leave, said:

"I should be glad to know your father's son. Can you dine with us on Sunday next?"

So the golden gates were opened for me, and Sundays came and Sundays went and I was fathoms deep in love. I could not paint, I could not talk. I heard a good deal of

music, and I suppose—alack and alas—read poetry. Fatal habit of lovers. And so at last it came to the point when I must tell her. Armed with a shield of violets I met her in her aunt's drawing-room one Sunday again toward twilight. A day in April it was, and spring was in the air.

The aunt was out on an errand or enarcy; would soon be at home, Anita hoped. I said nothing. Talk flagged in consequence.

"If those violets are for this house, why do you hold them?" asked Anita; "why do you not give them to me?"

"I hold them because you will soon touch them yourself"—which was an asinine speech. Wasn't it?

"That is stupid," she laughed frankly, "and like other men, and not like you."

"But I am like other men," I answered, abruptly, "for I—" Then I paused, gave her the violets, and conversation flagged again. We tried various subjects—Russian dynamite, Scatchi; all failed.

"How good Aunt Emily is!" cried Anita at last in enthusiasm—"so full of thought for the poor and needy. I wish I had ever done any one any good."

"You saved my life once," I said. I must have said it very earnestly, for Anita flushed and then paled.

"Why must you jest with me in this way to-day? You are breaking our friendship."

"I want no friendship from you. I am glad to break it. I will tell you how you saved my life if you will say Yes to a question I am going to ask. But you must look at me and not at the violets."

* * * * *

And so all the debut went for nothing, and the swells and the lordlings that had hung about got their *conge*, and I got my moonlight; for the girl with the long upper lip—who, by the way, is now my cousin—was right, and Anita was the moon Anita to her lover.

In the course of time we married. Such a bald statement of an idyllic fact! But that is all that words can do—only half tell any tale. Our secret and our love and how she looks to me still are all told to us silently by a picture that hangs over the fireplace in our nursery, for there is a nursery as well as a studio, and the picture is the picture of a moon with a face in it, and in bold black letters the name of the artist—Thomas Eaton.

A certain brown-haired baby boy, on being held up to warm his wee toes by the open fire, always stretches his hands toward the face in the moon and calls: "My mamma! my mamma!"—*Our Continent*.

The Masons of North Carolina support an Orphan Asylum with 145 inmates. God bless and prosper them.

HUMORISMS.

Croquet is a for lawn game.

In everybody's mouth—Gums.

A soft spring—The jump of a cat.

A missed ache—An extracted tooth.

Gunners should wear neckties of shot silk.

How to acquire short-hand—Tickle a shark's palate.

A bachelor's bawl—"Where, oh, where, is my shirt-button gone?"

What is laughter? asks a scientist. It is the sound that you hear when your hat blows off.

In groping around a room after dark it is always the longest nose that catches the open door.

We heard of a man the other day who was said to be mean enough to steal a coat of paint. But he can't equal the party who tried to steal a dog's pants.

There are numerous new styles of parasols displayed this spring, but all will be worn just high enough to take out the eyes of reckless pedestrians.

Little Flaxen Hair:—"Papa, it's raining." Papa, somewhat annoyed by work on hand:—"Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair:—"I was going to."

"I don't object to house cleaning," said a married man, "but I must draw the line at sitting on a wash-tub in the kitchen and eating my meals from the top of a soap-box."

Professor (looking at his watch):—"As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student: "What time is it, please?"

A Texas farmer weaned a calf too young, and the poor, innocent brute, in attempting to suck its tail, turned itself wrong side out, and made the butcher swear when he attempted to skin it.

We wrote that "all the windows in a certain dusty village looked as if they needed washing." The printer set it up "all the widows." A score of letters came "in haste," "stop my paper."

The barber's children are little shavers; the upholsterer's are little tackers; the butcher's are young lambs; the carpenter's are chips from the old block; and the angry man's are little pets.

Professor, to class in surgery:—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student:—"Limp, too."

This is the season of the year when the average girl comes down town wearing a veil so thick that you couldn't shoot a bullet through it, and then gets mad because every gentleman friend she meets does not recognize her.

A lady and gentleman were at the glass-blowing counter. They were apparently newly married. "Oh, look here!" cried the lady. "Here is a ship with sails and spars all of glass. It is labelled a brig. Did you ever see a glass brig before?" "No, my dear," said the gentleman, "but I have used a good many glass schooners."

A Sabbath-school teacher, says an exchange, had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said his teacher. "Dead ones!" shouted the little fellow at the extent of his lungs.

At a fashionable reception at Washington, the hostess, noticing a suspicious-looking stranger among her guests, directed her son's attention to him, saying, "I thought I had taken care to invite no Western Congressmen." "He isn't a Western Congressman, mother," explained the young man: "I saw him have his boots blacked just before he came in."

Mabel:—"That Mrs. Blank is a fool!" Mamma:—"Mercy, child, you should not speak in that way." Mabel:—"She has no more brains than a post!" Mamma:—"That expression is not much better." Mabel:—"Well, what shall I say when a woman acts as Mrs. Blank does?" Mamma:—"How does she act?" Mabel:—"She acts like a born idiot!" Mamma:—"Say she 'lacks tact.'"

TOMMY TRIPP'S COMPOSITION:—"Wun time a frog and a hop-tode they met, and the frog sassed the hop-tode 'cos it was clumsy, but the tode it said:—"If you will come here on this flat stone, where we can start even, I'll beat you jumpin' hi' best two out of three." So they done it, and the first time the tode it only jest cleared the stone, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt itself comin' down, and cudn't jump no more at all, and the hop-tode it beat the other two times."

"I am astonished, my little boy, that you should ask to be helped twice to pie," remarked a father at the dinner-table. "You never knew me to ask for a second piece of pie." "I know I didn't," answered the little boy, "but I have seen you eat two dishes of oatmeal mush." "Certainly; but pie is a very different thing from oatmeal mush." "I should hope it was," responded the young hopeful; "if pie was anything like oatmeal mush, I wouldn't ask for one piece, let alone two."

The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, May 15, 1884.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE GREAT PRIORY OF CANADA.

As we go to press, we learn by private note from the M. E. † Col. W. J. B. MacLeod Moore, G. C. T., Great Prior of the Great Priory of Canada, that he has received a most courteous and knightly letter from England, written by order of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Grand Master of the Templar Order in England and Ireland, acknowledging the independence and sovereignty of the Great Priory of Canada, and expressing the kindest wishes for its future welfare. This places beyond question our independent sovereignty, and the Great Priory of Canada is now the peer of any Supreme Templar organization in the world.

Following is the letter:—

“30 UPPER FITZ WILLIAM STREET,
DUBLIN, 17th April, 1884.

Very High and Eminent Great Prior:—

I have received, and duly laid before the Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of the United and Religious Military Orders of the Temple and Malta, for England, Ireland, and Canada, your letter of 21st December last, in which you report, for the information of His Royal Highness that the Great Priory of Canada has, for certain good and sufficient reasons, resolved to sever their connection with Convent General, and to constitute themselves henceforward as an independent body, they, therefore, praying that the Grand Master may be pleased to absolve them from their obligations of fealty to himself as their supreme head.

In reply, I am commanded by the Prince of Wales, our Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master to say that as the members of your Great Priory have no doubt arrived at this decision after due and ample consideration of all the circumstances of the case, His Royal Highness readily and willingly grants their request, and hereby absolves them from their allegiance to him-

self as members of Convent General; and he will only add that in their new position he trusts that they may have a prosperous future.

The Grand Master further commands me to say that he has much pleasure in acceding to your personal request to retain possession of your patent of Great Prior of Canada, as an heirloom, which he does in slight recognition of the great zeal and ability with which you have performed the important duties of your high office for many years.

I have the honor to remain, V. H. and Em't Great Prior, yours in the bonds of the order,

(Signed) Fr. † J. F. TOWNSHEND,
Arch. Chancellor, Temp.”

The Very High and Em't Great Prior of
Canada,
COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE,
Prioral House, St. John's, P. Q., Can.

Following is a copy of the letter from the Great Prior of Canada to the Ill. Judge J. F. Townshend, Arch Chancellor Convent General:—

ST. JOHN'S P. Q., 14th Sept., 1883.

V. H. and Em't Arch. Chancellor:—

I beg to inform you that the Great Priory of Canada, having amended its Statutes at the annual assembly on the 10th July last, declaring itself in all respects a Sovereign Independent body of the order, having precedence over and throughout the whole Dominion of Canada, I have now the honor to enclose a petition from the members of Great Priory, praying to be released from the bonds of fealty to Convent General, and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales as Supreme Grand Master thereof, which be pleased to have laid before H. R. H. for his gracious consideration. This step has been taken by Great Priory, realizing the necessity of having the governance of the order in accord with the other Grand bodies of Freemasonry in the Dominion, and also on account of the relations existing between the United States of America and Canada being of so close and intimate a nature, that to prevent the possibility of any feeling of superiority arising between the two jurisdictions, it became necessary, on questions of international Templar importance, that perfect equality should exist.

I have the honor to be, yours, &c.,

(Signed) W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE,
Great Prior of Canada,
G. C. T

The Arch. Chancellor Convent General,
THE ILL. JUDGE TOWNSHEND,
G. C. T.,
Dublin, Ireland.

The petition from the Great Priory of Canada on behalf of the members of Great Priory, was as follows:—

To His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cornwall, K. G., G. C. S. I., G. C. B., K. T., K. P., &c., &c., &c., Grand Master of the United Religious and Military Orders of The Templars and Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem:

May it please your Royal Highness,—

I have the honor, as Great Prior, on behalf of the National Great Priory of Canada of the United Orders of the Temple and Malta, to lay before Your Royal Highness this loyal and humble address setting forth the following matters in connection with the present status of the Order in this nationality.

The said National Great Priory, at the annual assembly held in 1892, appointed a special committee to take into consideration the question of the independence of the Order in the Dominion.

The revision of the Statutes of the Great Priory was at the same time resolved upon, and revised Statutes have since been prepared and adopted, with a declaration establishing, and with such changes as were necessary to establish, the authority of this Great Priory as supreme and independent over all Orders of the Temple and appendant degrees in Canada.

The special committee above named, in a report presented to the Great Priory at their annual assembly held in the present year, unanimously recommended that the present humble address be presented to Your Royal Highness, praying that inasmuch as the Great Priory has unanimously declared in the revision of its Statutes its authority in and throughout the Dominion of Canada over all bodies of the Order of the Temple and appendant degrees, Your Royal Highness will be graciously pleased to absolve this Great Priory, and all officers and members thereof, from their obligations of fealty to Your Royal Highness as Supreme Grand Master, so that the Great Priory may be enabled fully and without doubt to affirm and maintain the position that it has taken upon itself as an independent Great Priory of the Order of Knights Templar and appendant degrees. At the same time gratefully expressing their knightly obligations to Your Royal Highness and to Convent General for all the courtesies and favors, that the officers and members of the Temple in the Dominion of Canada have heretofore received from Your Royal Highness and from all the officers of the Order of the United Kingdom; and further, communicating their desire that the interjurisdictional relations of this

new Sovereign Great Priory towards the sister Great Priorities of England and Ireland, and the Chapter General of Scotland, and sister Grand Encampments of the United States of America, and the Grand Commanderies of the several States, and with all fratres throughout the world, may be more intimate and binding than heretofore.

The above statement, set forth with the authority of the Order in Canada, releases me of much difficulty in approaching Your Royal Highness, and I have only to pray on behalf of the great branch of the Order here established, that Your Royal Highness will graciously regard the grateful acknowledgments we have endeavored to convey of past favors at the hands of your Royal Highness as no vain words of formality, but as the fervent expressions of loyal Templars in approaching the august presence of one who has pleased to be for many years their Royal Grand Master, and who will, they feel assured, regard their present request as one only adopted after the greatest consideration and when found to be absolutely necessary to meet the exigencies of their local circumstances, in granting it, graciously continue to regard the Canadian Branch of the Order with Royal and princely favor.

For myself, as holding my appointment until now, (when the Great Priory has unanimously elected me Great Prior *ad vitam*,) under patent bearing the signature of Your Royal Highness—while the course now taken, may by your gracious permission absolve me from such immediate obligations of fealty as arise from its possession, I trust I may be permitted to retain the same as a priceless mark of Royal favor and to be ever preserved as such—the favor of that fealty and allegiance to my sovereign and Her Royal House which was the heritage of my birth as a British subject ever glowing the more ardently as years increase and only to cease when life itself ceases.

With profound respect, I have the honor to subscribe myself, Your Royal Highness' faithful and very humble servant,

(Signed)
W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, G.C.T.,
Great Prior of Canada.

Prioral House, St. Johns East,
P. Que., Canada, 21st
Dec., 1893.

{ SEAL }

There has not been a Masonic trial in Rhode Island for the past two years.

The indebtedness of the Hall and Asylum, New York, amounted on June 1st, 1888, to \$671,849.

THE GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

It is very gratifying to think that the Grand Lodge of Canada, although only eleventh on the roll of the Grand Lodges of this continent so far as the number on her roll-books of membership is concerned, stands head and shoulders above most of the Grand Lodges of America and Canada, in respect to her donations for charitable and benevolent objects. This is particularly gratifying when we remember that the G. L. of Canada had only 17,967 in 1833, whilst New York had over treble the number, viz.: 69,973; Illinois and Pennsylvania, over double, viz.: 35,521, and 35,073, respectively; and Ohio, 30,423; whilst Michigan, Massachusetts, Missouri, and Indiana, had from twenty-three to twenty-six thousand each, and Maine and Iowa exceed her by two thousand each.

The Masons of Ontario, therefore, have just reason to feel proud of their Grand Lodge,—and not only does she exceed her stronger and older sisters in her charities, yet she manages to keep in her treasury a neat little balance of between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. The Grand Lodge of Canada, as the Mother Colonial Grand Lodge of the world, is a bright and practical example of the benefits accruing to independent sovereignty, and other Colonial bodies will do well to follow the example she set twenty-seven years ago. Of course, we do not mean to say her system is perfect, but it is very superior to some others.

We do not like our system for non-payment of dues; by which a brother so suspended has to pay dues during the term of suspension, whilst the member who has violated his O.B. and

committed a flagrant masonic outrage, is suspended without the annual fine.

But we do not charge “fees of honor” as in some countries; we do not pay our members mileage and per diem expenses for their cigars and soda water; we do not legislate on high degrees, real, imagery, *psuedo*, *quasi*, or anything else but — craft masonry. We confine ourselves to symbolic masonry, and allow no clique or ring (or more properly speaking, schism) to rule in Grand Lodge.

THE WORK.

In the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada according to our ritualistic ceremony, about nine-tenths of the actual work falls upon the Worshipful Master, and although we maintain every W. M. should know every syllable of the work, we are equally opposed to the theory which is generally accepted in this country, that the Master has not the authority to depute to any brother the power of acting in his place in certain portions of the ceremonial. This is a mistake. There is not anything in the Constitution, or anywhere else, that we are aware of, that prevents a Master from requesting a brother that may be present to do this or that part of the work.

He himself, of course, presides in the East, and all is done under his immediate supervision. By adopting a system of this kind, the younger brethren can participate in the actual work of our ceremonies, and very soon become proficient therein. The result is more satisfactory; in the first place, it is not so monotonous, as when the whole ceremonial is per-

formed by one person, and in the second place it awakens an interest in the members, by arousing an emulation as to who shall win the laurels for the best elocution in delivery, and accuracy in work.

Again, in many of the Grand Lodge jurisdictions of the United States, the Wardens work the first and second degrees, thus preparing them for the more arduous duties of the East. We should like to see a similar course adopted in Ontario, and as there is not anything to prevent the labors of the work being shared by the members, we hope the day is not far distant when such a system will be more generally adopted.

INSTRUCTIVE.

We believe we state an undeniable fact, when we assert that sufficient attention is not given to the instruction of neophytes as they pass through the several degrees in Masonry. The mere teaching a postulant a few set phrases, and making him learn, parrot-like, certain questions and answers, is not at all what is required, and when we notice a candidate so examined, we feel confident that the Worshipful Master and officers of the lodge are careless.

No applicant for a higher degree should receive the same till he can repeat the O. B. of the former, and give a tolerably clear account—a general outline—of the principal features of the preceding degree. If he cannot do so, he is not properly prepared for the next, and it is the duty of the Master to peremptorily refuse to pass or raise him. Slovenly examinations makes slovenly Masons. Parrot-like

exactness is not so much required as general knowledge.

There is no particular object in "hustling" a candidate pell-mell through the degrees. Such work is a disgrace to the lodge, and such material seldom proves fit for the building. The more difficult we make the advancement, the more eager are the applicants to advance, and the deeper is the interest they manifest in Masonry.

AS WE PREDICTED.

The Grand Chapter of Texas has proved her loyalty to Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter Sovereignty. She has proved her faith to her principles and her readiness to uphold Colonial Masonic rights. The Grand Chapter of Texas has declared non-intercourse with the Grand Mark Lodge of England till its illegitimate offspring are withdrawn from the territorial jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Quebec. We can honor Masons that thus come to the front and are not afraid to back their principles by acts.

The Grand High Priest of New York was very plain, clear and concise in his remarks on this matter in his annual address, but his Grand body seems to have wanted back-bone, and quietly let the matter drop. However, it is a question that cannot long be avoided or postponed. If it is an inherent right, and the peculiar privilege of the English Mason to snub and kick his Canadian and American brethren, "all right;" only let us be prepared for it. We are pretty well accustomed to it now. Col. Clerke makes the Prince of Wales tell us "flat and plainly" that our leading Masons are liars, that the protests of

our Grand Master are not worth so much waste paper. This unrecognized English Masonic body coolly invades the jurisdiction of Quebec. But we deserve it. We submit, and cringe, and bow to these English nabobs, and then wonder they turn and very properly spurn us with their feet.

AT LAST.

At last a Toronto contemporary has come out in its true colors with regard to the permanent Grand Master. It is to be a local fight. This is the lowest line of argument that could be brought forward. It says, "Toronto must have the permanent Grand Master, and let Hamilton keep what she has," and then menacingly adds, "we warn the western brethren against too strongly urging the claims of Bro. Murray, for a sectional struggle may be the result." Are we to understand from this that our contemporary means to say that because the present able Chairman of the Board of General Purposes does not, forsooth reside in Toronto, his claims are to be ignored, and his long labors in the cause of Masonry thrown amongst the rubbish, for some of "the mock blue-blood aristocracy" of the Queen City of the West? When the present distinguished head of the craft retires from the Grand East, we know Bro. Murray will receive an overwhelming majority of votes for the position. In fact, there are very few who incline to the proposition of throwing aside a worthy officer, entitled to the position, because certain parties wish to be the "cabal" of Grand Lodge

for the next "period of three, five or ten years."

We have no prejudices with regard to locality. It is a perfect matter of indifference to us where the Grand Master resides, and it is most absurd to say that because Bro. Mason and Bro. Murray reside in Hamilton, that city is not (so long as these brethren hold office in Grand Lodge) to have the privilege of being represented by the head of the Craft. The journal referred to, however, has at last given expression to its *animus* when it proclaims, "We will strongly oppose a Hamilton trio running the Masonic affairs of this province, and our following will be one that we will not be ashamed of." All we can say is, that such a following would be one based on local prejudices, and imbued with those sycophantish, cringing tendencies that are so peculiarly characteristic of a certain class of office-seekers and tuft hunters. We are glad to note the brethren in the east are an unit with their fratres in the west on this question.

PHYSICAL QUALIFICATIONS.

We clip the following from the *Masonic Advocate*, and it is so thoroughly based on sound common sense that we hope every Mason in the Dominion will not only read it, but act up to it. We admit a man too often who has many acknowledged defects in his moral character, because we hope that Freemasonry will rectify these, but we shudder at the idea of a man being received within our sacred precincts who has a cataract in one eye, has lost a little finger, or is minus a toe. He may be thoroughly upright, strict-

ly honorable, a pure and holy man in the truest sense of the word, one full of love and kindness and charity, but in nursing by the bedside of a friend, when administering cooling draughts and bathing his fevered forehead as during the long watches of the night he raved in the wild delirium of small-pox, he unfortunately caught the disease, and God deprived him of his sight in one eye. He partially lost his sight in nursing and sitting by the bedside of a Mason when friends and brothers forsook him, but—how could we admit an *imperfect* Ashlar? Oh! oh! He is not fit to associate with us, the Sons of Light!!! Shame on such a system.

No wonder the Craft are beginning to rebel against such bigotry and narrow-mindedness. We exclude the brave soldier who lost an arm at his post in protecting our hearths and homes, and defending the honor of our wives and virtue of our daughters. We are proud to note that Indiana has no such law,—

“Some Grand Masters, and even such august bodies of Masons as Grand Lodges, are still laboring under the hallucination that the noblest specimen of manhood that God ever made can not lawfully become a Mason if he has been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, and one-half of the second middle finger. Such a decision was recently reported by the Grand Master and approved by the Grand Lodge of Texas. Every Mason in the world has been taught that it is the internal, and not the external, qualifications of a man that render him worthy to be made a Mason. In the face of such instruction, laid down as sound Masonic doctrine, is it not supremely ridiculous to bolt the door of Masonry against a man in every way worthy to become a Mason, be-

cause of a slight physical defect? We are proud to say that such is not Masonic law in Indiana, and in many other Grand Jurisdictions. Speculative Masonry requires nothing of the sort. The designs upon her trestle board are for the head and heart, and not for the hands and feet. If the first are all right, all that need be required of the latter is that they are sufficient to perform the little that will be required of them. If a man can comply literally with all the ceremonies of the Order, and is worthy of admission, he is a fit subject to be made a Mason. Such is the law in Indiana, and such it should be throughout the world.”

A FIRM STAND TAKEN.

We clip the following from the *Masonic Chronicle*, and feel particularly pleased to note that some members of the A. & A. S. Rite are imbued with the true spirit of Masonry, their Deputy, however, will strive desperately to whip them into line. Let them stand out like men and Masons, and prove to the craft that there are some members of the Scotch Rite who still cherish liberal ideas:—

“The ‘Memphian Resolutions’ issued by Ohio Consistory, A. A. S. R., prohibiting the members of the Scottish Rite in Ohio from recognizing, in any way, the members of the ‘Memphian Rite,’ have not been well received by the Columbus bodies of the Scottish Rite. It seems from general report that the Columbus bodies have had their say in the matter, and have point-blank refused to adopt the resolutions of Ohio Consistory, discriminating against the ‘Memphians,’ as unjust and uncalled for in any way. It seems the Cincinnati brethren have made a grievous mistake.”

There are 256 lodges in Germany with a membership of 41,200.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

Richard Cœur de Leon Preceptory in London is uniforming, and proposes to engage a drill instructor.

The Grand Lodge of California allows the W. M. to be elected from the floor of the lodge.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania proposes to make the election of a W. M. a second term a pre-requisite for membership in Grand Lodge. We dissent.

The *London Free Press* comments on the tendency of many brethren to rush through the Royal Arch simply to become Knights Templar, and very properly condemns the same.

The *Masonic Advocate* evidently approves of our remarks regarding the publication of the names of black-balled candidates in the report of the Grand Lodge Proceedings, as it copies the same in full, but unfortunately gives credit to the *Canadian Freemason*, no such paper being in existence.

It has been suggested in high quarters that it would be a good move to make the Cryptic Rite in this country more or less of a benefit society, based on principles somewhat similar to those of the A. O. U. W. We feel confident such a move would give the Order an impetus, and we see no reason why it should not be adopted.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Canada is publishing its back proceedings, and we are glad to learn a more general interest is being taken in the Cryptic Rite. We are glad to note this, as the degrees are not only beautiful, but in-

structive, and add greatly to the explanations requisite to thoroughly understand the Royal Arch.

We are glad to hear that through the efforts of the M. P. Grand Master of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Canada, M. Ill. Comp. J. Ross Robertson, there is evidently a revival of interest in the Cryptic Rite. The proceedings are already in the hands of the printer, and will be out this week. Several of the Councils are holding meetings regularly, and in a short time we hope to hear of others re-organizing.

A correspondent states that there are many rumors regarding "the irregularities" in the Toronto Benevolent Board of Relief, and until affairs are conducted on business-like principles, such as "vouchers" being taken in all cases, it cannot expect to have the confidence of the craft. We do not question that every "copper" is expended with due caution, but that is not sufficient. Those subscribing have a right to know who gets it.

The Cryptic Rite in some parts of Ohio at all events is in a healthy condition, as we learn from the report of the reception accorded to Ill. Comp. E. B. Juvelt, representative of the Grand Master, on his official visit to Bigelow Council, No. 7, of Newark, Ohio. At the depot the visiting brethren were met by Ill. Comps. Winnegarner, and our friend S. Stacker Williams. In the evening between eighty and ninety Companions assembled in the hall, and conferred the grade upon nine candidates. At the close of the labors, the workmen adjourned to an elegant re-past.

Ye Nobles of ye Mystic Shrine, on their pilgrimage to Chicago, had a most delightful journey, and the *Reporter* states "all hands were extremely happy. On the route, the party were honored at every station by vast throngs of people, who, having heard of the famous order of the 'Shrine,' as faithful devotees, assembled to attest their high appreciation of, and great esteem for the Pilgrims, while travelling over the *burning sands of the desert*. It was a perfect ovation from the start to the end of the route, and the attestation of devotion manifested was like unto the oasis in the desert, a green spot in the memory of each and every one. Especially were we honored on our arrival at Hamilton, Ont., by the presence of Ill. Bro. Hon. John J. Mason, 32°, the Mayor, who is Grand Sec. of the Grand Lodge; Ill. Bro. Hugh A. Mackay, 33°; Ill. Bro. David McLellan, 32°, Grand S. E. of the Grand Chapter R. A. M.; Ill. Bro. Murray, 33°, Deputy Grand Master of Grand Lodge, and others. Their greeting was most cordial, and our time being short, we were compelled to decline with great regret the proffered hospitalities. However, congratulations were profusely exchanged in the time allotted us. It is to be sincerely hoped that another meeting will soon be had under more favorable circumstances. About fifty Pilgrims were initiated into the ceremonies in Medinah Council, Chicago.

The *Hebrew Leader*, the organ of the *Shriners*, ye Mystic Nobles of the Koran, of the 25th ult., feebly defends the O. B. of Fealty of the A. & A. Rite, Graham, of Quebec, in regard to the independence of the Knights Templar

and attempts to prove that its oligarchical and tyrannical system of government is as liberal as that of Symbolic and Capitular Masonry. It also has an article by Jos. L. Grant, 32°, on the Rite of Mizraim, which speaks of the "illegitimate source" (without giving it) "of all those rites and high degrees." As the brother places (32°) after his name, we hardly grasp his line of argument. The article itself has not raised a point either for or against any rite. Assertions are not facts.

Amongst the floral tributes sent to Windsor on the occasion of the funeral of the late Duke of Albany, was one presented by the Masons of the Province of Oxford, through their Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Bro. Reginald Bird. It represented the jewel of the Provincial Grand Master, and measured four feet across outer ring; it was composed of choicest white flowers—lilac, lily of the valley, eucharis, gardenias, callas, polyanthus, acacia, &c., &c., and maiden hair foliage; the name "Oxon" was composed of forget-me-nots, the centre square and compass with triangle or five-pointed star; this latter in forget-me-nots, the compasses golden jonquils, and the square purple violets; the whole surmounted by a very graceful spray of acacia, fully carrying out the traditional history of a Masonic grave. The wreath was a perfect specimen of the florist's art, and to Masons was specially interesting. It was made by Messrs. Dick, Radclyffe & Co.

A Toronto journal says:—

"Dr. Ramsay, Col. McLeod Moore, Col. Moffat and a few others, have fallen out with Past Grand Master

of Canada. The kickers may as well chime in with the independence procession inaugurated by the members of Great Priory. The fact that they received distinctions from the Great Prior does not assist them in any argument against the complete independence of Great Priory, but on the contrary detracts from the opinions advanced by them in bolstering up an effete quasi-monarchy in Canada, which young Canadians will not under any circumstances submit to."

This is the most arrant humbug we ever heard. The Great Prior has written "home," and to the Great Chancellor of Canada, and the Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States, urging the claims of the sovereignty and independence of the Great Priory of Canada. Sir Knight Ramsay has, to our certain knowledge, written several editorials and communications on the same since the declaration of sovereignty in July last, and we have never heard anyone saying that Sir Knight Moffat had declined to bow to the decision of Great Priory in severing its connection with Great Britain. Our sovereignty and independence is a *settled fact*, and there can now be no back step taken.

Our thanks are due to R. W. Bro. H. D. Brown, Past Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Liberia, for an excellent photograph of himself in full Masonic regalia.

We are pleased to note that the *Masonic Review*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, thoroughly endorses our criticism regarding the Grand Commandery of Ohio legislating upon the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the various branches

of the Scottish Rite. THE CRAFTSMAN maintains that no Masonic governing body has the right or power to legislate with regard to the degrees of any other Masonic rite. Many a Knight Templar never was a member of the Scotch Rite, and *vice versa*. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, by interfering with the higher grades, stultified her former record and threw a firebrand that may yet cause a dangerous conflagration.

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

The *Hebrew Standard* is again received. We wish it would devote a little more space to its masonic items.

W. Bro. A. McMillan, of Catarqui Lodge, has been elected Secretary of the Kingston Masonic Benevolent Association.

FOR SALE.—A complete set of "THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,"—nicely bound. Price, \$65.00. Address "Craftsman" office, Port Hope, Ont.

The *Victorian Freemason* has our thanks for back numbers. We wish it every success in its battle for the rights of the Grand Lodge of Victoria.

Thorne Lodge, No. 281, since its removal to Orillia, has met with the most flattering and gratifying success, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of R.W. Bro. Dr. Ramsay.

King Hiram Lodge, Ingersoll, has presented W. Bro. Wm. Thompson with a handsome P. M.'s jewel, in recognition of his valuable services to the lodge.

Our thanks are due to R.W. Bro. J.S. Dewar, the editor of the Lodge column in the *London Free Press*, for copies of the same. Bro. Dewar edits the best masonic column of any secular paper in the Dominion. Long life to the Grand Junior Warden!

The Masonic editor of the London *Free Press*, the genial J. S. D., is opposed to the permanent Grand Mastership. Give us your *opinion*.

Doric Lodge, Toronto, has changed its night of meeting from the third Thursday in the month to the third Wednesday.

R. W. Bro. J. G. Burns, D.D.G.M. Toronto District, is faithfully and efficiently discharging his duties. His recent visit to Stevenson Lodge, Toronto, was greatly appreciated.

Several Canadian Masons attended as guests the re-union of the A. & A. S. rite bodies in Detroit. They were hospitably entertained, and the visit as greatly enjoyed.

W. Bro. George Willis, a short time ago, was made the recipient of a valuable past master's jewel at the hands of the members of Lebanon Forest Lodge, Exeter, to mark their appreciation of the efficient manner in which he had served the lodge in the past.

The division of the London District is under discussion. Other Districts are also anxious for a re-arrangement, but the difficulty is in getting at what would be a fair division, and would give satisfaction. Several of the Districts are altogether too large for one D.D.G.M. to look after efficiently.

On the 14th ult., the brethren of Conestoga Lodge, No. 295, Dayton, O., gave a complimentary supper and literary entertainment in their hall in honor of Bro. S. R. Dales, who is going to Dakota. About 130 members and visitors sat down to the sumptuous "spread" prepared for the occasion. The Rev. James McAlister presided. During the entertainment, W. Bro. Jamieson presented the guest of the evening with a very valuable and beautiful past master's jewel, accompanied by an appropriate address, which Bro. Dales suitably acknowledged.

New Haven Commandery contributed \$400 to the orphan asylum of that place.

Palestine Commandery, New York, has donated \$900 to the sufferers by the recent floods in Ohio.

The late Prince Leopold was a Past Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of England, and Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire.

St. John's Lodge, Ingersoll, recently presented W. Bro. James Bredden with a P. M.'s jewel, as a token of the high esteem entertained for him by his brethren.

The members of the craft in St. Thomas intend establishing a reading room. A very good idea, and one which Toronto, Hamilton, London and Montreal might profitably adopt.

The Toronto brethren are making great preparations for the reception and entertainment of the members of Grand Lodge, Grand Chapter, Great Priory, etc., at the meeting in July next.

Doric Lodge, Toronto, will celebrate the tenth anniversary of its establishment on the 15th inst., when M. W. Bro. D. Spry, and other distinguished brethren are expected to be present.

The officers of Karnak Rose Croix Chapter, Valley of Ottawa, were duly installed on the 11th inst. by M. Ill. Bros. R. Ramsay, and Oronhyatekha, assisted by R. Ill. Bros. Dr. Easton and Kearns.

The Toronto fratres are determined to create a sensation. Geoffrey de St. Aldemar Preceptory, K. T., are being instructed in the intricacies of drill by R. E. Sir Knights R. J. Hovenden and W. M. Cooper.

Exchange of visits by one lodge or chapter to another are always productive of good, in developing a healthy social feeling. Ontario Chapter visit-

ed St. Andrew's and St. John's Chapter, Toronto, recently, and their example should be followed by others.

We are glad to learn that Doric Lodge, Toronto, at a recent meeting decided to banish intoxicating liquors from its refreshment room, substituting therefor tea and coffee. This is commendable, and the other lodges in the city should take similar action.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Rose Croix Chapter, A. & A. S. F., Toronto, held on the 16th ult., the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—Ill. Bro. T. Sargent, 32°, M. W. Sovereign; Bro. James Adams, 18°, Prelate; Ill. Bro. E. T. Malone, 30°, 1st General; Bro. P. J. Slatter, 18°, 2nd General; Ill. Bro. F. J. Menet, 32°, (re-elected) Treasurer; Bro. W. Lowrey, 18°, Registrar; Bro. D. Tennant, 18°, Raphael; Ill. Bro. F. J. Menet, 32°, Grand Marshal.

The Substitute Grand Master General of the order instituted Adonai Rose Croix Chapter, No. 21, G. R. C., at Millbrook, on the 15th inst. The following officers were duly installed, and from the well known Masonic skill and experience of the brethren there is no doubt of its success:—Ill. Bro. Dr. Turner, W. M. of J. B. Hall Lodge, M. W.; Ill. Bros. Lough and Hunter, Past Masters of the same, S. and J. W's; and Ill. Bro. J. J. Preston, Orator; M. Sutton, Prelate; J. B. Smith, C. of G.; S. H. Barber, Gd. of T.; W. J. White, Organist, and Wm. Piercy, Guard.

The London *Free Press*, in its Masonic column, says "the independence of Great Priory is just as necessary to its progress as heat and moisture to the vegetable kingdom." In which we fully concur; but we do not agree that "if the Prince of Wales refuses the request, then so much the worse for the National Great Priory of Canada. That's the long and short of it." The fact is, if His Royal

Highness is advised to refuse his consent, we can't help it. We have declared ourselves "Sovereign and Independent," and if "the powers that be" across the Atlantic will not recognize our sovereignty, we shall exist without such recognition in the same way as the Grand Lodge of Canada did prior to the acknowledgment of her by the Grand Lodge of England, or to take a later example, as the Grand Lodge of Quebec did prior to her recognition by the mother Grand Lodge of Canada.

It is in contemplation to hold a Chapter of Instruction for the Royal Arch Masons of the London District by Grand Superintendent McKay, with the view of affording the officers and members of the Chapters in that District an opportunity of perfecting the work. The Companions will be glad to hear this, and we doubt not will turn out in large numbers on the 28th of May—the date suggested—to witness the esoteric work of the intermediate and Royal Arch degrees properly exemplified. There is no doubt but a great deal of the lethargy and laxity noticeable in Capitular Masonry in the west is due to the change in the ritual, and also to the undue speed in conferring these beautiful degrees. The objective point of the majority of Companions, now a-days, is to secure these honors as soon as possible, then to the Temple, leaving the Royal Arch behind as something necessary to acquire, but not to practice. A revolution in this matter will alone bring about an active interest in Capitular Masonry.

On the evening of the 27th ult., the brethren of the various Masonic bodies in London, appeared in blue regalia in the banqueting hall of the Masonic Temple. A very pleasing feature of the evening was the fact that a large proportion of the audience were ladies. This did not escape the watchful eye of M. W. Bro. Colonel Moffat, P. G. M., G. L. of Canada,

who, in his capacity of chairman, in his opening address, alluded to the great pleasure it afforded him in meeting within the walls of the Masonic Temple so many of the fair sex, and promised on the close of the entertainment to give them a glimpse, if nothing more, of what might be classed as mysterious. R.W. Bro. Lindsay, D. D. G. M. of the London District, occupied a seat on the platform. A very excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered in a most praise-worthy manner, after which the Chairman announced the promised mysterious part, and introduced Bro. Archie Bremner, who gave a few specimens of legerdemain, which were cleverly executed, and proved a pleasing feature of the performance. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening, and the audience separated delighted with the entertainment provided for them by the brethren of the ambitious city.

EGYPTIAN.—On the 10th ult. Delta Rose Croix Chapter, No. 20, G.R.C., was instituted at Montreal by M. Ill. Bro. Robt. Ramsay, Substitute Grand Master-General, and the officers duly installed by M. Ill. Bro. Oronhyatekha, P. G. M. Gen. and Lecturer, assisted by R. Ill. Bro. Dr. Easton, Prov. G. Master Ottawa District; R. Ill. Bro. Dr. Moore, G. Sen. Warden, and V. Ill. Bro. T. Kearns, M. W. S. of Thousand Island Rose Croix Chapter. V. Ill. Bro. J. N. Walter was appointed Dep. Prov. G. Master for the Montreal District. Twenty-five applications were received for membership, most of whom were duly obligated in Hochelaga Lodge. At the close of the ceremonies the distinguished guests were entertained at a *recherche* banquet, where song, toast, and sentiment were freely indulged. During the evening M. Ill. Bro. Oronhyatekha presented R. Ill. Dr. Moore with the Grand Order of Merit voted by the Sovereign Sanctuary at its last session. The jewel is a magnificent piece of workmanship, and is set with

brilliant. The R. Ill. Bro. was quite taken by surprise, but nevertheless made an eloquent speech in accepting the great honor. He said that he hoped the event would inspire the Ill. Sir Knights present who had been just admitted within the folds of Egyptian Masonry to diligence and zeal for the glorious Rite, so that this year the Order of Merit, if not won by a member of One Thousand Chapter, might come to Delta Rose Croix Chapter, No. 20. Among the members of Delta Chapter are three Grand Lodge officers and Past Grand Lodge officers, three Worshipful Masters, and five Past Masters of Lodges, besides Past Z.'s and Knights Templar.

THE ENGLISH-QUEBEC TROUBLE.

Regarding the British Lion.

In our numbers 12 and 13 we referred to the trouble between the Grand Chapter of Quebec and the Grand Lodge of Mark Masters of England, etc., in which this principle of vital interest to the Masonic world is presented:—

When a Masonic Grand Body is established and recognized as legitimate, by another having jurisdiction over the same degrees, can the latter institute subordinate bodies and establish another Grand Body within the territorial limits of the former?

If yea, then the boasted sovereignty of a Grand Body is a myth, discord will mar the intercourse between Grand Bodies, and the Temple of Masonry will soon crumble to dust.

It appears, as has already been shown, that the Grand Chapter of Quebec and the Grand Mark Lodge of England, exchanged fraternal recognition and each appointed a Grand Representative resident near the other. Several years elapsed, when the latter established subordinates and a Grand Lodge within the territorial jurisdiction of the former!

The Grand Z. of Quebec made demand that the territory of this Grand

Chapter should be vacated by the Lodge of Mark Masters receiving warrants from England, and announced that if a response was not received by a given day he would issue a proclamation of non-intercourse.

The "Grand Representative" resident in England, appears to have voiced the English reasons for invasion thus: "English warrants were intended solely for the convenience of Master Masons holding English certificates—who could not apply to your (the Canadian) chapters for the Mark Degree, because the chapters are not recognized by the Grand Chapter of England (!) to whom, and to the Grand Lodge of England, these brethren owe exclusive allegiance." (?) Orders were issued to the so called Mark Lodges in the Province of Quebec not to advance Master Masons who were not in possession of certificates from the Grand (Blue) Lodge of England.

"The tone and language" of the Quebec communication gave offence, and when the aforesaid proclamation was issued, the British lion was thoroughly roused. He could not roar terrible enough to frighten the brethren across the Atlantic, therefore Montreal lawyers were retained, who wrote demanding withdrawal of the proclamation and an apology! by January 26, or legal proceedings would be instituted!

There is no connection between the Grand (Blue) Lodge of England and the Mark Lodges or Chapters there, as is evidenced by the fact that the Prince of Wales, though Grand Master and a R. A. M., but recently received the Mark Degree.

Whether the English Grand Chapter recognizes that of Quebec or not, cuts no figure in the case. The Mark Grand Lodge did, and Quebec, through its recognition, must have been esteemed as holding legitimate jurisdiction over Mark Degrees in that province. Therefore, English warrants to form Mark Lodges is as poster-

ous as if a Grand Lodge or Chapter of Massachusetts should establish Grand Lodges or Chapters in London to accommodate its members resident in England. We see nothing in the communications at which the English have a right to take offence. They committed a wrong, and after notice by the Grand Representative failed to make it right. They had no sufficient reason to look for an humble prayer from Canada. If they, instead, received a manly demand to cease their unlawful acts, they got exactly what they might have expected, and in language scarcely as forcible as they would probably have employed had the shoe been on the other foot.

That's our view as a journalist.

As a Mason, we deplore the unfortunate status of affairs, and trust that the General Grand High Priest of the United States, representing one of the largest, if not the largest body of Mark Master and Royal Arch Masons in the world, will at once proffer his friendly offices to avert the threatened rupture and aid in restoring peace and harmony among brethren.—*Masonic Home Journal*.

THINGS IN EUROPE.

In France and Belgium things are as bad as bad can be. It is "a long lane which has no turning," and therefore, we can only desiderate for both these bodies a speedy return to old ways and a right mind. Both in France and Belgium Freemasonry is losing prestige and popularity, and in neither jurisdiction are the members what they ought to be. They have forgotten the good, sound advice of our Royal Grand Master, and meddle both with politics and religion in various ways and in different forms. On the continent otherwise, as in Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Hungary, Holland, Italy, Portugal, and Switzerland, Freemasonry is not "*en sommeil*," but in life, and despite many prejudices to com-

bat, and much opposition to be encountered, seems to be making way. In Spain Freemasonry is still among "*Cosas de Espana*;" in Russia and Austria proper Freemasonry is still prohibited. In South America, in Mexico, Peru, Brazils, Buenos Ayres, &c., Freemasonry seems to be holding its own, but we know little of it.

In North America, in the United States and Canada, Freemasonry is advancing rapidly, and laughs at the puny efforts of credulous sensationalists, as well as the childish utterances of unbridled bigotry. American Freemasonry would, indeed, require a leader to itself, as its expanse is so wide and its developments so magnificent. If we think we see weak points in its armor, and spots in its feasts of charity, we forbear expiating on them, as ours is imperfect realization of facts, and we must live in the United States to grasp properly the peculiar difficulties and dangers, the strong and the weak side of American Freemasonry. But across dividing waters we are proud and glad to hold out the kindly hand of affectionate sympathy to the many good men and true who constitute our American fraternity. — *London Freemason.*

MASONIC ITEMS.

There are 5413 Royal Arch Masons in Iowa. Pennsylvania has 10,000, and Ohio 10,085.

The grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race. — *Washington.*

Col. Nathan Huntton, of Unity, N. H., is the oldest Mason in the world. He was initiated in 1803.

Lodge of Israel, 1502, Liverpool, Eng., was specially chartered for the accommodation of the Jewish brethren of that city.

The Grand Master has no more right to pass the tyled door of a lodge

without permission than has a superior officer to pass guard without giving the password. — *Parvin.*

The reprint of the Kentucky Grand Lodge proceedings from 1800 to 1814 will be commenced when a sufficient number of subscribers at \$2 are raised to justify it. Twenty-five extra copies will also be printed and sold at \$4 per copy.

It is claimed that there are some Jews who are members of a Commandery. What a refreshing sight it would be to see Sir Solomon Isaacs the *pawnbroker*, marching down Broadway carrying the banner "*In hoc*" with a ham sandwich tucked under his belt!

Grand Master Bruce Carr, of Indiana, made an appeal on February 14 for a relief fund for the flood sufferers. Up to February 22, 144 lodges responded, contributing in the aggregate \$2,724.95. Individual contributions swelled the amount to \$2,792.45.

The *Texas Freeman* sends its paper out, and announces that those who do not decline by postal to take it will be treated as subscribers, and will be expected to pay. Served 'em right. A mason that can take a Masonic paper and will not, ought to be made to do so.

The Grand Orient of France recognizes a "Supreme Force" instead of a Supreme Being, and communication with its members is interdicted. In Germany they refuse to admit Jews in Masonic lodges, and we extend them the right hand of fellowship. And yet some growlers will say that we are inconsistent.

DISHEVELED HAIR. — In the affecting emblem of the broken column and its addenda, the word "disheveled" is used. But few of our lecturers seem to understand its application. The custom of loosening the hair of women

at funerals is very ancient. In 11th Book of *Æneid*, 35th line, we read: "*Et moestum Iliades erinam de more solutae*," that is, "And the Trojan ladies loosened their hair, mourning according to custom."—*Ex.*

The Grand Master of Mississippi thinks that "Masons are not required to believe all the statements of the Bible—indeed few intelligent men do," while the Committee on Law and Jurisprudence said "Masonry in this country holds the Bible to be the word of God," then "a disbelief in the Bible as the word of God necessarily leads to a denial of the existence of God." The American Jews may accept the Old Testament and discard the New; does it follow that they deny God?—*Ex.*

On the 4th inst., the Prince of Wales is to be re-elected Grand Master of the Freemasons. If His Royal Highness were to pay a visit to the Province of Quebec he would discover that he was a member of an illegal body, although it is hardly likely that there is anything disloyal in so distinguished a member of the royal family. The Dominion parliament should adopt Mr. Thomas White's suggestion, and set this matter right by legalizing the Freemasons and the Orangemen in the sister province. If these organizations are not loyal to the Crown then no organization is. It is absurd that a society which is perfectly legal and legitimate in one province of the Dominion is not recognized as legal in another. We may feel perfectly sure that an organization of which the Prince of Wales is so distinguished a member has nothing in its character either revolutionary or disloyal.—*London Free Press.*

ELECTIONEERING.—Ambition for Masonic offices, with some brethren, seems to be the ruling passion. They covet every position, and use every means to reach the desired end. With others the feeling is not so much a

wish for personal preferment as it is a determination to keep others from getting forward. They cherish resentments entirely foreign to the spirit of Masonry. A writer upon this subject, Brother S. F. Chadwick, of Oregon, says:—"The great objects in life are not to destroy men, but to sustain them. The effects of wrongs should follow those who commit them, as they do in all climes and ages; but wrongs should never be imposed on others to advance ourselves in schemes and machinations of the world, in order to gratify an ambition that must at last destroy us. Masons, above all other men, should heed this great truth. Where is the Mason among us who could receive every vote of his Grand Lodge for Grand Master? We hope to see the day when a Mason may feel that his duty to a brother Mason is based upon the highest sense of honor, and that it would be a crime to tarnish that honor. If our faith does not abide with us we cannot be Masons. To pretend to be what we are not towards one another is a fatal sin. The principles of Masonry will make any man what he should be, if he will but permit them to do so."

IN THE HEART.—We teach that a Mason's first preparation should be in the heart. In the heart! Ah! brethren, there is the keynote of all Speculative Masonry, as it is the very pith and marrow of all true manhood. With the heart right, how easy it is to practice that charity which "envieth not, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly;" and how naturally does the fulfilment of obligations become "at once our duty and our happiness." Such a heart sends its red current to the lips and we speak words of encouragement and good cheer; it courses along the arm, and we raise the fallen and succor the needy; it extends to the feet, and they are quick to run on errands of mercy. A heart thus attempered shrinks not from affliction.

tion with all races and conditions of men—the high and low, rich and poor. Under the glow of its inspiration, our jewels, our working tools, all our paraphernalia, take an ideal import, transcending the limits of mere physical measurement; and pregnant with infinite suggestion radiate a spiritual light even to the boundaries described in the answers to the questions in the Entered Apprentice degree—"How long?" "How broad?" "How high?" "How deep?"—lifting all those who have this "first preparation" into the full perception of the grandeur of our order, and the profound significance of its symbols. —*Samuel B. Spooner.*

ONE CAUSE OF NON AFFILIATION.—A very fruitful source of irritation on the part of members, and a strong inducement to non-affiliation, is the neglect of Secretaries to present bills for dues promptly. When a member receives a notice that if he does not pay his back dues, charges will be preferred against him, and it proves to be the first notice he has had of any being due, he is naturally indignant, even though he has neglected to inquire, and should naturally expect that some had accrued. Many a time he is so disgusted as to permit the lodge to suspend him, when he would have paid his dues with pleasure, if the Secretary had hunted him up and presented them. If a Master finds that he has a three handed Secretary, (that is, one with a little behind-hand,) let him see to it personally. It is better to keep an old member than to gain a new one, and zeal in the former direction is to be commended while it cannot be permitted in the latter.—*Masonic To'ten.*

There seems to be a happy combination of amusement with work at the Royal Masonic Institution for boys, Wood Green, as we are reminded by the recurrence of little entertainments and concerts that are given there now and again. One of

these pleasant gatherings took place on Wednesday evening, when the Carolina (Original) Minstrels,—very original, we should state—carried out a very interesting programme. There were sentimental and comic songs, instrumental music, two Ethiopian trifles entitled, "The Pilgrim Fathers" and "A Photographer's Difficulties." The fare was varied and sufficient to satisfy all reasonable demands. Bones and tambourines figured among the instruments called into use, but we missed the tinkle of the banjo, without which the negro element of the entertainment could hardly be said to be complete. The very nature of the performance and the performers themselves render criticism unnecessary, but we may say that all who took part in the amusements on Wednesday night acquitted themselves well. We are often told that the English are not a musical people; perhaps not, in some senses, but if our city establishments—from one of which the entertainers in question hail—can produce so efficient a set of performers, able to please and even satisfy a moderately critical standard, we think the slur is fast being wiped out, if it ever existed. The School Boys' Band played during the evening, under the baton of their Master, Mr. Whare. Several visitors were present, and the whole proceedings were pleasurable and satisfactory. —*Freemason's Chronicle.*

A NEW FEATURE.

We have been frequently asked to devote a little of the space of THE CRAFTSMAN to matters other than Masonic—a story, poetry, humorisms, etc.—so that the publication might have an interest for other members of the family besides the one who subscribes for it. We introduce this feature with this number, and hope the change will meet with approval.