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THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

MASONIC RECORD.

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

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.50 per annum
in advance.

VOL. XXI.

PORT HOPE, ONT., MARCH 15, 1887.

No. 3.

AN EVENING WITH MY MASONIC BROTHERN.

It would be difficult to find a Freemason who thinks that life is not worth living. Ordinary life sometimes may not be worth living, but Masonic life—that is a different matter. There is a new birth in Masonry, a new sphere is entered, darkness is vanished, and behold all is light! When once the threshold of the inner door of the lodge is passed, a new life is entered upon. The associations are different from those of the world, the greetings are different, the conduct is different. Selfishness is the law of the world, while generosity is the law of the lodge. When the character of the membership of Masonry is considered, together with the lessons of religion and morality taught within the lodge, the spirit of charity which ever prevails, the duty strict obedience to law and authority which is inculcated, and the delightful harmony which distinguishes the brethren, both in the lodge and when they surround the social board—when all these things are considered, is it a matter to occasion surprise that an evening with my Masonic brethren is an occasion of the highest enjoyment—intellectual, moral and social?

Let us endeavor to resolve this enjoyment into its constituent elements. The element that is perhaps most noticeable, is the absolute unity which prevails in the lodge—and not only in the lodge, but throughout the fraternity. We are at one with each other. In the world we differ con-

tinually one with another concerning religion, politics, and a thousand other subjects, while here upon the chequered floor, all appear to be of one religion, one politics, and one mode of thinking upon every controversial subject. The spirit of Masonry acts like oil upon the troubled waters. The Tyler's sword not merely keeps off cowans and eavesdroppers, but it seems to drive away the mephitic atmosphere of profane contention. The air of the lodge-room may be close, but so are the brethren—as close to each other in heart as they often are in body. The air of the lodge-room is morally healthy. No evil is tolerated there—unless there be, as in some jurisdictions, a public installation spectacle, and then the mixed company makes the conduct mixed, and the solemn and serious in Masonry are in peril of becoming a subject of burlesque and ridicule.

An immediate resultant of this spirit of unity, is the unaffected and sincere affection which prevails among brethren throughout the craft. This is displayed both in the lodge and in the world. In the lodge it leads to enjoyable confidences, to whole-hearted conduct in joy and sorrow. When the world is heaping honors upon a brother, when wealth comes at his call, when health mantles his countenance, and disease, misfortune and death are all far-away strangers, his companions in Masonry rejoice with him, and seem even to share in

his honors, health and wealth. But change the picture as you will, and there is little or no change in the conduct of brethren. The fickle world may hiss instead of applaud, but Masonry is ever the same. It regards not the outer man, but the inner man of the heart. The Mystic Tie binds like no other tie. "Once a Mason always a Mason." Yes, even though merit decrease under the blighting blows of adversity. Freemasonry still extends the hand of friendship and brotherly love. When wealth departs, Freemasonry acts not like the publican, who passes the suppliant by on the other side, but like the Good Samaritan, who pours oil into the wounds of the distressed one, cares for him until he is able to care for himself, and aids him to recover his old position, so that he in turn may aid others. When disease supplants health, or death snatches a brother from his family, and leaves them dependent and in distress, Masonry aids as it can the sufferer to battle with sorrow, sickness or death. An evening with my Masonic brethren proves all this.

We reserve the happiest thought for the close—not the best in every sense, but in a certain important sense. There is no social enjoyment equal to that which prevails when labor is over in the lodge, and the brethren are assembled around the social board. It is a dinner party, a social and convivial gathering, a joyous merrymaking, an intellectual feast and a Masonic lodge all in one. There is nothing like it. We all know each other, for we are all brethren. We all are ready to contribute, each as much as we can, to the common fund of enjoyment. Nowhere is brotherly love more fully displayed than at the Masonic banquet board. We eat, drink, and are merry. We forget dull care, and engage in innocent mirth. In turn we sing a good song, tell a good story and make a good speech. The hours pass quickly by, so that an evening with our Masonic brethren

is passed before we are aware of it. Let us value as we should the fraternity which affords us so much profit and pleasure. There is none other like it, no not one.—*Keystone.*

LATE HOURS AT MASONIC GATHERINGS.

Freemasonry calls the attention of every candidate to the importance of rightly dividing the passing hours, and appropriating them to proper uses. One portion of the day is allotted to work, another to the development of the moral nature and the services of benevolence, and still another part is devoted to refreshment and sleep. There should be a careful adjustment of these several sections that no one of them be infringed upon, and no demand of the moral, social, intellectual or physical being, be allowed to pass unheeded. Freemasonry is intended to build up the whole manhood. It recognizes the various elements of human nature, and would provide for all, so that the result may be a healthy, hearty life—a full-formed, symmetrical and vigorous manhood.

To this end all excesses need to be avoided. It is not wise to crowd too much work, or too much play, into one occasion. It is not well to practice a ceremony to unseasonable length, or continue festivities beyond well approved limits. Weariness of the flesh and weariness of the mind is sure to follow a tension long continued, even though the service to which attention is given may be every way pleasing and edifying. And then, possibly, there is a neglect somewhere; a want of sleep and rest, by which the body suffers and becomes enfeebled. All this ought to be guarded against so far as possible, that Freemasonry may express itself most truly and accomplish its highest usefulness.

We are moved to this word of reminder by our knowledge of the fact that earnest, zealous brethren, having

the direction of Masonic organizations, especially in cities, are quite likely to think it necessary to advance several candidates in one evening, besides providing for the transaction of business and giving an hour to the social features, which on no account ought to be neglected. The hours of the evening quickly pass away in carrying out this varied programme, and it is midnight or later before brethren separate and depart homeward. It is needful, we are told, that these late hours should be kept, for otherwise the fulness of Masonic work could not be done and the organization kept in an active, progressive condition. But is there this urgent need? Would it not be better to increase the number of meetings rather than crowd so much into one evening? In some cases might not the lodge be convened at an early hour, and the work of testing candidates, &c., gone through with in the presence of the officers and a few brethren able to attend at such an hour without inconvenience, so that considerable time might be saved afterwards in the progress of the ceremony? And then it would be a great gain if promptness could always have rule, preventing waiting at the beginning, or delays during the rendering of the work. Our thought is that it would be altogether better if the work and business of every Masonic organization could be so arranged as to close by ten o'clock. Then there would be time for a brief social occasion, and brethren would still reach their homes at a reasonable hour. Two hours are ample for a Masonic ceremony if its full impressiveness is to be brought out. There is apt to be dullness and exhaustion if this limit is much over passed in ordinary lodge work. Let the service be as elaborate as may be thought expedient, yet it can hardly be appreciated after more than two hours of earnest attention. The social occasions ought not to be abridged, but we hold it would be all the more

enjoyed, as well as more generally participated in, if entered upon somewhat earlier than is the practice in many localities.—*Freemasons' Repository*.

THE THIRD DEGREE.

The "natural work of Masonry is practical life," has been well said, and every degree in the Order illustrates this profound though not sufficiently appreciated truth. The ceremonies of the craft are not merely ceremonies; they are types of higher and grander mysteries, and teach with eloquence unsurpassed by any human code the duties that man owes to the Creator and his fellow-creatures. Our great moralist, Johnson, has left us an allegory, conceived in the true Masonic spirit, in his recital of the journey of Obidah, the son of Abensina—a comparison of human life to the journey of a day. He tells us that the traveller started "early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan with fresh hope," "incited by desire." Obidah "walked swiftly forward." "Thus he went on till the sun approaches its meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength," till tempted by the coolness of a shady grove, left the beaten track, and wasted in objectless wanderings the precious time at his disposal.

But darkness soon approached, and the foolish traveller was fain to retrace his steps, while the "winds roared, and the torrents tumbled down the hills." Finally, however, he finds a place of shelter and refuge in the cottage of a hermit by whom he is entertained, and to whom he relates the occurrences of his journey. The hermit bids him remember that life itself is but the journey of a day. "We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of

piety, towards the mansions of rest." The moralist then dwells upon the deviations of man from the paths of virtue, but extracts the pleasing consolation that "reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavor ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him."

In like manner, the three degrees of Craft Masonry are typical of human life; beginning as neophytes, we gradually unfold the greater mysteries, and the grade of Master Mason, as we have previously remarked, brings us face to face with the very shadows and darkness of the grave. In all the ancient mysteries, the candidates were plunged in profound gloom before their admission to the light, and beyond doubt, the doctrine of the resurrection is plainly symbolized in all these primitive rites. Thus the aspirant was placed within the Pastos, or bed of darkness, where he remained three days and nights. This, we are told, was the figurative death of the mysteries, or the descent in the Hades. When delivered from this confinement, the candidates were considered "regenerate," or restored to life. Nor could any man fill the office of priest until he had endured the seclusion and silence of the dark Pastos. After this probation, he was led into the chambers of divine light, and permitted to participate in the sacred labors of the initiated.

In this way, the doctrine that death leads to a higher life was forcibly inculcated. We can but glance at the solemn bearings of this subject upon the third degree. No Master Mason can, however, fail to recognize the sublime and inspiring lessons of the ordeal through which he has passed; nor hesitate to pronounce the finished scheme of Masonry, as revealed in the third degree, perfect in all its parts, and honorable to its founders or originators. The legend of Hiram

is but the framework of the picture, which embodies and preserves the central idea of man's resurrection from the tomb—although every incident of the tradition teaches important lessons, and is in keeping with the grandeur of the subject. In the words of the poet, it is "not to the grave" that we descend to contemplate, "the spirit is not there," but looking beyond the grave, as we adore the Lord of Life, who can trample the King of Terrors beneath His feet, and raise us to an immortality of peace and glory.—*Selected.*

THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

Freemasons love to style the Divine Creator of all things and the Father of our spirits, "The Grand Architect of the Universe." There can be no more appropriate designation for Him who has existed from eternity, has created this beautiful world of ours, and governs it by the creatures and the laws of His creation. Freemasons are subordinate architects, and they all bow in adoration to the Grand Architect. Our lodges are dedicated to Him, and our services are rendered to Him through our actions for the benefit of His creatures. Masonic charity has its origin in, and is the acknowledgment of, our allegiance to the Grand Architect of the Universe. Every subordinate architect is in duty bound to aid his brother in distress, because all are obligated children of the Grand Architect.

This designation is no novelty to the craft—there are few novelties in Masonry. It is as old as Masonry. It comes to us from Egypt, the land of the aforesaid and the forgotten, the cradle of civilization, and early home of Freemasonry. The oldest manuscript in the world is an Egyptian one. Hebrew literature begins with Moses, while there is in existence a manuscript from Thebes, in hieratic characters, written several centuries before the time of the Ho-

brew law-giver, and the author of which may have lived at a period considerably earlier; while certain portions of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" are thought to be older still. In a famous old Egyptian manuscript known as the "Turin Papyrus," the following striking language is attributed to the Almighty:—"I am the maker of heaven and earth. I am yesterday, I am to-day, I am to-morrow." And then occurs this ascription:—"O God, ARCHITECT OF THE WORLD, Thou art without a father, begotten by Thine own becoming; Thou art without a mother, being born by repetition of Thyself. Heaven and earth obey the commands which Thou hast given." Memorable language, this, to the Freemason. It carries him back to ancient days, in teaching him how to designate the Ancient of Days. To those old Egyptian mystagogues who worked the mysteries of their era, the Sun was even more a symbol of Light than he is to-day to us. Two of the favorite names given by them to the Sun were *Ptah*, signifying "the Artist," or "the Opener," and *Chnemu*, signifying "the Builder." It was because the Sun was the Opener of day that he was considered the Artist, especially in Memphis, the seat of the arts, of which he was the chief symbol of divinity.

The First Great Light in Masonry magnificently opens in these words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Bro. Charles W. Duncan, of Chester, England, in a lecture delivered before his Lodge some years ago, well said:—"There can be little doubt that the nearest approach which mortal man can make to his immortal Creator—speaking only in a material sense, and with deep humility—is to imitate Him to the best of his finite ability in the work of creation. And in this respect, and with this reservation, I confidently assert that the work of the mortal Architect and Builder is the closest copy which the material

world affords of the work of the Great Architect of the Universe." To this we may add that, since Freemasons have ceased to be operative Masons, practical architects, the nearest approach the modern Mason can make to the work of the Grand Architect, is in MAKING MASONS, shaping stones to be placed in "that spiritual Temple, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The Master of a Lodge exercises a responsible vocation. Just as no one can be, or ever could be, an architect, no matter how talented, without special training, so no brother can wisely and well make a Mason without natural ability matched with painstaking study. There is no magic power in the mere words used—they must be spoken with power to give them power. Words are empty, unless it is apparent to the hearer that thought and feeling are behind them. Words are mighty if they carry winged thought. There are architects of periods as well as architects of material edifices, and he who has learned the true value of words, and practices the art of writing or speaking them with power, is a master builder, a Master Mason, a Worshipful Master, of which any Lodge presided over by him may well be proud. The Grand Architect of the Universe said, "Let there be light," and the earth was flooded with glory. When the subordinate architect, presiding over a Lodge, addresses the candidate with sincerity, feeling and force, he makes an impression upon him which will never be eradicated, and justifies his claim to be regarded as an expert Mason, a true architect, and a liege follower of the Grand Architect of the Universe.—*Keystone*.

Masonry is in the heart rather than in ceremony and ritual.

Last year the eight Grand Lodges in Germany spent 59,000 marks for charity.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Peter Forrester, Grand Commander of New York, in addressing his Grand Commandery, at its last Conclave, said:—

"I am not prepared to say that all, or even the greater part, of those who wear the cross-hilt sword, exemplify in their outward conduct the divine principles which make up the rituals and enliven the vows of modern Templarism. Such an assertion were too easily refuted by the most casual observer. But, without fear of successful contradiction, I venture to affirm that (in the language of the old Masonic records), 'Templars are better men and Masons than they would be were they not Templars.' It is not possible, I think, for a person of sensibility to witness the drama of the Templar Orders, as wrought out in our asylums, without acquiring an increase of Christian faith. His respect for humility under insult, for patience under abuse, for submission under grossest wrong, is largely enhanced. His love for an affectionate nature that took in all the world is stimulated. The words of Christ are made practical to him,—'Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends.' In this respect the sentiment of the poet acquires a new meaning:—

"When Jesus doth marshal
His ranks in accord,
He blesses each sword
With Justice impartial,
With Valor undaunted,
With Mercy adorned!
What Templar can falter
When Christ is his Lord?"

"This, I conceive, is the only practical test of Templary. Does it Christianize the character of its votaries? Its faith is increased, then charity to our fellow-man should be increased in proportion. If a better insight into the life of our Divine Exemplar is had through Templar teachings, then we shall strive the more to assimilate our conduct to His.

"It may be submitted to every Templar to say whether such results have followed upon his creation as a Knight of his Order. If not—if there is not a nearer appreciation of human duty—a greater reverence for the Divine Name—a more ardent love for the Sacred Scripture—more liberality in relieving the poor and distressed—a greater power over the passions—if these are absent, then it disproves our boasts, or else it argues that initiation into Templary was not sought in the right spirit, and so the principles inculcated in the asylum fell on stony ground and produced no fruit."

MASONRY LIVES

Time glides away, leaving every heart dissatisfied by the remembrance of opportunities unimproved, or of possibilities unaccomplished. As we grow older we turn our faces backward; our hearts are stirred by the memories of the past. With what longing we turn toward that which can be recalled, never more! Since we last assembled how brief the days seem to have been! How swiftly have they flown! And each one has been but one more step trodden in that journey which ends at the grave.

But while we cannot create time, we can make it serve our best interests by exchanging it for something tangible, permanent, real; something we can appreciate—something that does not evade our grasp.

Freemasonry is an institution founded upon, and growing out of the necessities of men as social, as intellectual and as religious beings. It has demonstrated its capacity for adapting itself to these wants in all ages of human experience. Amid the rivalries and antagonisms of active life, there is a longing of the soul for union and brotherly love, and for such relations as will satisfy the necessities of our social nature.

It is upon this principle that our Order is founded. Hence it cannot

fail to exist. It must grow and prosper, necessarily, with the growth and development of man's better sentiments. It is not aggressive. It is not obtrusive. It makes no issues. It sets up no rivalries with other institutions of the day. But, gathering up the virtues of the ages, it recognizes the inner cravings of the soul, and the universal brotherhood of man, forgetting all else in its devotion to his higher and better needs.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

When we hear of a brother Mason who can find nothing higher to do than to ridicule the teachings of the Bible, we feel like burying our face in our hands in utter shame for him. No good man, much less a good Mason, can ignore the precepts found in that good book. There are many things of an historical nature told in the Bible which lay no claim to inspiration, and there are very many most excellent precepts and moral teachings which no man can resist. How a Mason can ridicule them we are at a loss to know; but we are pained to admit that there are members of our grand Brotherhood, here and there, who are depraved enough to attempt it. The Bible is the Book of the Law, and Masons must protect and preserve it as such. The Bible is worth more to the conscientious Masonic student than a world of trash issued by ingrates who attempt to ridicule it.—*Masonic Correspondence, Oregon.*

SHALL AULD FRIENDS BE FORGOT?

He who never forgets old friends, and ever cherishes his attachments for them, no matter how much time, space or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom God has endowed the earth, to bless mankind and to encourage true friendship, that society may not utterly wither, through the

influence of ingratitude, selfishness, and the constant changes of time.

As you advance in life, make new friends, but do not forget the old; keep your eye on the dear old friends you made in the long ago. How much better would you be had you followed their advice? And when you meet after years of parting, not with lessened interest in each other, but as brother meets brother, their affection more glowing than ever, let then your new friends see your love for the old, and they too will feel encouraged to cling to you as those beloved ones of old.

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

On the evening of the 10th January, at the regular convocation of Prince Edward Chapter, No. 81. Picton, Ont., as the chapter was about to close, E. Comp. Case addressed the companions present, and bore willing testimony to the valuable services rendered by M. E. Comp. Donald Ross, to the craft generally, and to the unflagging interest and the Masonic fidelity he had always evinced towards his mother-lodge and chapter. E. Comp. Reynolds cheerfully endorsed all that had been said, and announced that the chapter was about to acknowledge their appreciation of M. E. Comp. Ross by presenting him with a jewel, which had been purchased in England by Comp. Jas. Greenfield, Toronto, who was present on the occasion, and who also cheerfully added his testimony to all that had been said of Comp. Ross, he being known all over Canada as "the little Scotchman." The presentation was a great surprise to Comp. Ross, who felt himself at a loss to express his thanks; but at the same time acknowledged this substantial renewal of confidence as a fresh evidence that his humble efforts had been appreciated, for which he was indeed thankful. The gift was a P. G. Z. jewel, of fine gold, quite costly, and beautiful in design, and bears the following

inscription:—"M. E. Comp, Donald Ross, P. G. Z., presented by P. E. Chap. No. 81, January 10, '87." We also take pleasure in adding our testimony to the valuable services rendered by M. E. Comp. Ross, both in Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter. Comp. Ross is one of the busy members of the craft, who is always ready to advance its interests, and it is pleasing to learn that his brethren fully appreciate him and his services.

The annual concert and conversazione of Alpha Lodge, No. 384, G.R.C., was held on Thursday night, 10th inst., in the Masonic Temple, Parkdale (Toronto). Those who took part in the concert were Mrs. G. S. Booth, Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Mrs. R. Morris, Mrs. Frederick Goring, Miss J. E. Wetherold, Miss E. Gray, and Messrs. J. P. Mundy, W. E. Ramsay, Bro. F. Warrington, W. Bro. F. F. Manley, and the Masters Caldwell. Mrs. Caldwell delighted the audience by her exquisite singing, and a feature of the evening was an amusing duet,—"Johnny Schmoker," by the little Masters Caldwell. The entire entertainment was well carried out, and gave great satisfaction to the large audience that was present. After the concert, the hall, which was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, was cleared, and dancing to the strains of Marciano's orchestra was kept up far into the morning hours. During the evening, refreshments were served in the supper-room on the first floor, while the lodge-room on the upper flat was used by those guests who preferred conversation to the pleasures of dancing. A magnificent pyramid of flowers, which occupied the centre of the apartment, excited much admiration.

The Geoffrey de St. Aldemar Preceptory of Knights Templar, Toronto, gave their annual "At Home" in the Masonic Temple, on the evening of the 11th inst. There were between

sixty and seventy couples present; and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The Blue lodge-room was used for dancing, while the chapter and Royal Arch room was occupied by card tables. The guests were welcomed in a short speech by Eminent Commander Sir Knight J. Hetherington, after which dancing was commenced to the music of the Italian orchestra. The floor managers were Sir Knights H. A. Taylor, A. E. Riches, J. Glanville and E. Merritt. Refreshments were served in the supper-room, everything being of a choice description. Several visiting Eminent Sir Knights were present.

THE MASONIC fraternity has never faltered in its efforts to promote "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." Its vital principles teach this and nothing less. The time is coming when the whole world will be full of the knowledge of these teachings. They are quietly working their way. Every year adds to the momentum of the chariot of brotherly love. It will continue to move on until men will fully comprehend the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of men.

THE TYLER.—The first person the seeker after Masonic light encounters is the Tyler. To our mind he fills an office of the highest importance. First impressions are hard to eradicate; if this officer be a man slothful, ungentlemanly or of doubtful reputation, he will surely work ill to the craft. He should be the reverse of all this, and in addition should thoroughly understand the secrets of Freemasonry. Nothing can elevate our honorable fraternity more in the estimation of a profane in search of light, than to discover a clean ante-room, clean paraphernalia, and an intelligent Tyler, who is a gentleman.—*Masonic Journal*.

THERE are 69,299 Knights Templar in the United States.

Called To Account.

A cheering summer's sun shone brightly on me, and mirrored its reflection in my heart. I had arrived at that hopeful age when all things wear their fairest aspect, when life itself flows like a smooth unruffled stream. I had just attained my one-and-twentieth birthday.

I was engaged to be married to a man I loved. My chief friend and companion was the Belle of Rothsey, the envy and admiration of the whole village; her name was Grace Merton, and she was the loveliest woman in the world, in my eyes. I was an artist, and it was my delight to sketch the perfect face of my girlish friend and school companion. I was not jealous. How could I be jealous of a bosom friend?

Besides, I had secured the heart and hand of one of the most envied heirs in Rothsey, and standing next in succession to a baronetcy. What greater stroke of fortune could I secure had I possessed the most beautiful face in Christendom?

I was not a beauty, but my friends all saw a something in me; what that something was I never had been able to discover. I was about the average height, of somewhat stout frame, with dark hair and eyes, and rather sallow complexion—the very opposite to my fair delicate friend, with her golden hair, blue eyes, and exquisitely modeled features. I had no relative in the world, except a maiden aunt whom I lived with; but I had money, and, of course, could command a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. I was proud, and, with the exception of Grace Merton, I never admitted any woman into my confidence.

I was too proud to be jealous, I had too much self-respect; I knew that if I had not beauty, I had many other higher gifts to make up for its absence, and I had one of the prettiest homes in Rothsey. I was happy—ah! too happy to last.

I was, at the commencement of my tale, sitting on a bench beside the clear brook, which rippled at my feet, at the end of our garden, and on which the cheering sunrays reflected two shadows—my own and aunt Betsy's who sat beside me knitting, seeming more grave and solemn than usual. She was a prim spinster on the shady side of fifty, an excellent and well-disposed creature, although perhaps given to look on the shady side of things; she had corkscrew ringlets fastened back by side combs, a florid complexion, and wore green glasses. One of the most unpleasant features in my aunt's face was her mouth; it was always set and grim; it never relaxed on any occasion; no frivolous smile dared to lurk around its sacred precincts. She had long, long big her final adieu to this world's glare and tinsel.

"Gertrude," she said, after a long pause,

"I have been thinking over your wish, and I advise you not to invite Grace Merton to stay with you until after you are married."

I opened my eyes to their fullest extent.

"Why after?" I asked in astonishment.

"My dear Gertrude, you don't face the two sides of the question; she may be all very well as a companion; but have you considered that your intended husband will be visiting you at the same time?"

Still in perfect darkness as to the drift of her argument, I replied:

"Of course, I have considered it, aunt; surely the house is large enough to hold both."

There was another awkward pause, a shifting of the green glasses, and again a firm hand on my arm.

"My dear, you won't understand me; there are some women whom no houses are large enough to contain. Suppose she should become a—a—a rival?" finally burst out my aunt, turning round suddenly, and facing me.

The latter word, instead of having its usual effect, touched me quite in a contrary direction. I burst out with a hearty laugh, my aunt looking on with rigid seriousness all the while.

"Child!—why do you laugh?" she said, after regarding me for a long interval. "Is it so very impossible for one woman to rival another; and one who has such winning prettiness, and—and—?" She hesitated here, and breaking off into another strain, reminded me that none of our family had ever been beauties (which fact she herself certainly bore out); reminded me also that my dark heavy features would not retain youth in them long, and that men were always led away nowadays by prettiness.

Still bearing my aunt's unflattering comparison good-humoredly, I replied:

"Some men, but not such men as Bernard McGregor; besides, Grace Merton is my friend." I laid emphasis on the last word "friend," my ideas on the subject being rather elevated. To me the word "friend" comprised all a woman should be to another—genuine, true, steadfast, ready to sacrifice anything and everything. Alas, I placed too high a stake on frail woman's friendship. I judged others by myself.

My aunt saw that I entirely ridiculed her caution; she knew that my will was as firm and stubborn as my friendship.

"Have your own way, Gertrude," she said, rising and wending her footsteps towards the house; "you can never know anybody until you live with them! But, come." And my aunt was a sealed book to me for the rest of that day.

The following day Grace Merton arrived, and was warmly greeted by myself, although received somewhat coldly by my aunt. Old maids are often curious in their prejudices,

and I attributed my aunt's formality to her weakness in this respect.

Grace Merton, I have neglected to mention, was an orphan like myself. Perhaps this similarity in our positions made the bond of sympathy stronger between us, only in every other respect we were entirely of a piece.

She was fair and pretty, I was dark and ugly; she was penniless, and I was well off. I pitied from my very heart this young and lovely girl left to battle with the world, surrounded by all the allurements and temptations which such a beauty as hers would lay her open to.

Grace met me with a hearty embrace on her arrival.

"My dear old girl," she cried, holding me before her by my two hands; "I declare you are growing quite pretty."

I smiled and shook my head. No, I was not weak enough to take that in. I attributed this expression to the natural warmth of her disposition.

In her eyes probably I might have been so—in the blind eyes of a loving friend; but, alas, when I turned my head and marked the contrast in the opposite mirror, conviction told me that if I was not positively ugly—I certainly had no pretensions to good looks.

"My dear Grace," I replied, "you are seeing your own beauty reflected in me; but I fear I am a very unflattering mirror of yourself."

She laughed, and circling her arm in mine, led me out into the lawn.

"Now, Gertrude," she said, when we reached the summer-house, "let us sit down and talk. You can't think how curious I am to see this intended husband of yours. Oh, you lucky girl, don't you appreciate your good fortune?"

"Indeed I do, Grace—I love him with all my heart."

"Not all," echoed my companion, placing her arms around my neck. "Not all; reserve a little corner in your heart for poor, neglected, deserted me."

I glanced up at the lovely profile bending down upon me, with its angelic softness, a half-earnest, half-merry glitter in the azure eye. I gazed at the parted coral lips enclosing the white teeth, the thick eye-lashes which swept the cheek, tinted with a roseate blush, as the words "deserted me" left the lips.

Truly, some women would have exchanged a coronet for such a face as hers. Its soft modesty made it doubly lovely.

"Deserted!" Could any human being desert or forsake such a creature? Such a face, and yet it was only the face of a weak woman; only a face, with neither a heart, nor a soul, though I did not see it then. I thought her as pure as heaven, and have marvelled—

since time and suffering have matured my judgment—how God could place so bad a heart in so lovely a being.

Bernard came on the second day of her visit, and I introduced them. He admired her very much; but did not seem in any other way taken. How blind men are to other women's charms when they are in love!

On her side I perceived a far greater admiration; she was at her very liveliest, her manners more fascinating than I had ever seen them before—she played and sang with increased expression. She had evidently become greatly smitten with my handsome lover, and I felt proud to see it.

Alas! I did not read beyond. I, in my native simplicity, did not dream of the arts and deceits a cunning woman is capable of when she acts with an object. Days passed with very little incident; but the sixth day struck the key of my life's song.

I happened to be watering the plants in the conservatory; I had entered by the garden, and having my slippers on, my presence there was unperceived by the inmates of the drawing-room.

The glass reflected two forms to me—one Bernard, who was seated in the arm-chair reading, the other Grace Merton, who languidly reclined upon the sofa. She wore a dark blue dressing-gown, and her hair fell carelessly around her shoulders.

I stood for awhile admiring her, thinking what a striking attitude she formed for a fresh picture. She was neither reading, nor doing the flimsy fancy work she usually indulged in; but seemed to be in deep meditation, and was pulling to pieces the leaves of a rose, which lay beside her on the table.

"Bernard," she said, at last, half-pettishly, somewhat annoyed to think that my intended should so far ignore her presence, "do throw aside that horrid book!"

My lover closed the book, and looked at her half-astonished—whether at the mention of his Christian name, or whether at the tone of the speaker, I knew not; but he certainly looked very much surprised, as if he was not used to such familiarity from her.

"Do you dislike reading, Miss Merton?" he inquired.

"No; not exactly that," she replied, with perfect good taste; "but—but don't you like my company a little, Bernard?"

She uttered these words with a well-assumed simplicity, which would have deceived a cleverer person than I. She would be irresistible to stronger men than Bernard.

I looked on as one in a dream, fascinated by the lovely picture, though I can't say I felt gratified to hear that low-toned, winning voice directed towards the man I loved.

She blushed, and held down her head, as if she had too deep a friendship for Bernard McGregor, and it held its fatal influence over him. He rose to her side. What could he

do less? What could any man have done under such a trial? I was a fool to suppose that such a siren could pass his attention unobserved.

"My bonnie little girl," he said, encircling her waist; "is she so very sensitive?"

She did not wait for further encouragement; but threw her fair arms round his neck. Here was a situation for him! What human lover could resist such an enchantress?

"Bernard, darling!" she murmured, "say you love me. I feel so lonely—so forsaken!" My lover seemed too taken aback to find words.

He stammered out something about being engaged; but I could not catch his words. He made one effort—a feeble effort, I must confess—to extricate himself from this snare; but finding the arms too tightly together to sever without possible violence, he finally yielded to her charms, and began pouring into her ear all the soft, moaningless speeches a man is often guilty of when influenced by a passing passion, and which weak women so love to listen to, putting all down for gospel truth.

"My beautiful angel!" he cried, "be mine—mine!"

He spoke in the frenzied accents of a man who is hardly accountable for what he says; who is uttering random words, goaded on by an unconquerable passion. I had never seen my calm, dignified Bernard, speak so much like a madman, and I, though I felt a violent beating of the heart, still did not lose my self-possession.

I made every reasonable allowance for this outburst from him; he no more intended the words he had uttered than I did. He had been lured into a butterfly bower, and was not strong enough to resist its attractions. He was acting weakly, I thought; but not guiltily. On calm reflection, no doubt, he would curse himself for his folly.

"Bernard, hush!" she cried, suddenly unclasping her arms, "do you forget your idol Gertrude is in the house?—your beautiful ideal of perfection and loveliness?"

She uttered these words with a scornful curve of the lips, and the soft mouth became hard and cruel.

Bernard immediately became himself again. She had sought the wrong means of winning him, thank Heaven!

The words had a wonderful effect over him; they brought him to his senses.

"Miss Merton," he suddenly exclaimed, "is this the manner in which you speak of your friend? Gertrude is a true and good woman. In our folly let us not profane her pure name."

No longer feeling able to contain myself, I determined to enter the room; but to give them fair warning so as to allow them time to assume different attitudes; so I began

humming a soft tune, although my voice had a tremor in it which it was impossible to subdue.

I wondered whether shame would be written on that woman's face, how she would meet me face to face after her wickedness; but my wonder was soon set at rest. She rose as I entered—not a particle of shame or embarrassment depicted itself in her manner. She actually smiled at me, displaying her white pearly teeth. Ye gods! I never felt so inclined to hate her as when I saw that smile; it was to my then aching heart. A Judas kiss.

"Oh, Gertrude," she said, with sweet simplicity, "I have been talking of you, dear—longing for your return; your ungallant lover has not spoken a syllable to me all the morning."

I felt my face turn pale, my heart swell; but I endeavored to suppress the pain.

"Miss Merton," I said calmly, "if you will step this way, I will speak with you."

I opened the door, and led the way to the breakfast-room. I shall never forget Bernard's face, as I did so—he, at least, had not become so hardened, but that he knew how to blush; he held down his head consciously as I led Grace Merton into the adjoining room.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" she said, when we had entered and closed the door; "you look quite tragic. Have you been witnessing a melodrama?"

"No, Miss Merton," I replied icily, "I have been witnessing a scene from real life." She colored quickly at these words, the first harsh words I had ever uttered to her.

"And I have profited by the lesson," I added. "I have discovered that I have a false friend instead of a sincere one, in Grace Merton."

She hung her head; she knew by my manner that it was no use telling lies; that I must have seen and heard all.

"I am not jealous of you," I continued; "I never felt before that I was your superior."

She glanced up quickly, almost savagely. "Superior!" she echoed.

"Yes," I answered, "superior. I do not mean in position, nor do I consider myself nearly your equal in looks."

"I should think not!" she exclaimed, with that same cruel curve again round her lips which I had never seen toward me before.

She must have worn a mask to me during our friendship, and now it no longer suited her purpose to wear it, or rather, she was conscious that I saw the face through it.

"No," I added, "I am not the beautiful ideal of a bride you just now called me to my lover; but I am a woman, and I possess a woman's heart. My love and respect for Bernard McGregor are such that if I never saw him in this world again, I would step between him and the altar, were he mad enough to take you in my place."

I shall never forget the mendicant glances with which Grace Merton regarded me.

"Jealous, eh?" she sneered.

"Jealous! no, thank Heaven," I answered, "I am a little above being jealous of a girl like you; I have not fallen quite so low in my self-esteem. No! if I stood between you and him, it would not be out of anything so mean as jealousy; it would be from the mere Christian desire to save a man I loved and revered from a pitfall and degradation. If Bernard loved another woman, and I thought he would be happy with her, that she would make him a good wife, I would resign my position, even if it broke my heart, for his sake and for his happiness; but I would save him from the clutches of a treacherous creature, who lured him from the woman he was engaged to. I would save him from a life of misery and disgrace, such as an unprincipled woman like yourself could bring on an honest name."

"Your flowery sentiments are doubtless very romantic and fine," my companion said jeeringly; "but they won't hold water, for he loves me. Yes, me," she added, triumphantly, "and he despises you; it is only your money which has hitherto attracted him, but now he has seen me he will relinquish that; he loves me for myself, for I am penniless."

I staggered against the sideboard for support. Was I dreaming!—dreaming! Was this my bosom friend, whom I had almost pictured as a saint!—this the woman whose fair, placid brow I had never seen ruffled before.

Heavens! shall I ever believe in my own sex again! But this libel against Bernard. I would hasten to him at once; I would hear from his own lips the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Remain where you are, woman," I cried; "I will be with you again in a short space."

I entered the drawing-room. My manner was that of one who wanders in a dream—cold, icy, almost lifeless. Colonel McGregor evidently perceived a marked change in manner and appearance. He rose half-confusedly.

"Gertrude," he said, humbled and abashed, "how shall I ever dare hope to obtain your pardon?"

My proud spirit was fully roused. I did not relent.

"Sir," I cried, "I have come to release you from your engagement with me. You have this morning offered marriage to another woman."

"Oh, Gertrude!" he cried, looking white as death, "forgive me—I implore it of you; I was a mad fool, and hardly accountable for what I said; it was a trying hour for me, and all men are fallible."

I sneered contemptuously. "If a man is so weak that he cannot resist a pretty face, Heaven knows what will become of him! You asked Grace Merton to be yours, sir, and

she desires to hold you to your word."

"Oh, Gertrude! Gertrude!" he cried, wringing his hands despairingly, "I tell you, upon my honor, I was speaking under the influence of mere passion. Gertrude, must I appeal to you in vain?" he continued, falling on his knees at my feet. "Confound that woman! I despise her far more than you do! I should have awoke to a sense of shame at my folly before it ever went any further. If you leave me, Gertrude, you don't leave me to marry another. I never loved as I love you, Gertrude. For Heaven's sake hear me—forgive me—without you my life would indeed be a blank!"

His appeal was most earnest; doubtless he bitterly repented of his folly. We had been very happy together for years. Why should we allow a worthless woman to separate us!

"Are you willing to speak face to face with Grace?" I asked.

"Willing?—Yes!" he cried, impulsively, and throwing open the door, "Now, madam," he cried, addressing himself to the occupant of the next room, "kindly step this way."

I shall never forget the dejected appearance my friend presented as she came forward and faced us.

"Miss Merton," I said, looking at her with undisguised contempt, "you have been our enemy and mischief maker; hear what Colonel McGregor has to say to you."

"Miss Merton," he said, bowing, "I am sorry to have to speak such words to you. I speak them on my own account and in my own defense. I ask you to forget the words I uttered to you a short time back. They were not meant seriously. There is but one woman in the world whom I love and respect, and that one is your friend, Gertrude. I was weak enough, mad enough, to listen to your avowal, but I have since repented of my folly. Had you proved yourself a sincere friend of Gertrude's, I should have at least cherished a kind feeling towards you; as it is, I thoroughly despise you. You are a false friend, and a dangerous rival; but I tell you that, with all your beauty, I would rather remain a single man all my days than wed you."

She laughed a bitter laugh. "Grapes are sour!" she cried. "You are a coward and a sneak; you cling to your golden treasure because you can't live without it. I soar above you both. Gertrude is a blind fool, and you are a mercenary knave!—Adieu!"

She was about to flounce out of the room, when my aunt appeared at the doorway, a rigid smile upon her lips. She fixed upon Grace Merton a look I had never seen from under those green glasses before.

It was not a look exactly of anger, but a penetrating, scrutinising gaze full of contempt and disdain.

She had heard the latter portion of my

friend's—or rather my enemy's—speech.

"Stay, Miss Merton. I want a word with you before you leave this room and house." She held out an open letter towards Grace Merton as she said these words.

"This epistle belongs to you, I believe, since it is in your handwriting. I picked it up in the hall. As it began with my name I read the first two lines, but soon discovered from the tenor of it that it was not addressed to me, but, I conclude, to your sister. I immediately closed it then, for I am above reading that which is not mine. I hold the person who reads or opens letters addressed to another in the utmost contempt. Take your letter."

My curious eye could not resist seeing the first two lines as my aunt reached across to hand the letter to its owner.

"DEAR BETTS,—I am not sleeping at my post of duty. I am in possession of the heart of Bernard McGregor."

I closed my eyes with a sensation of faint sickness.

My aunt addressed herself to Miss Merton. "You foolish girl," she said in bitter accents, "you may be capable of winning hearts for an idle hour, but you could not retain them. No one could live in the house with you and not see through you. I read you from the first."

Grace Merton turned pale with that inner rage which is so dangerous and deadly.

"You prying old maid," she cried, with a fierce glance, "how dare you open my desk?"

"Miss Merton," I exclaimed, no longer able to keep my temper calmly under control, "my aunt is a woman of honor, who acts up to the advice she gives. I have lived with her from a child, and I never knew her guilty of a shabby or mean action. I beg you will at once quit this house, and never dare return to it."

She glided towards the door with a stealthy cat-like tread, she cast upon me one lingering gaze of concentrated anger, and, without uttering one word, closed the door.

In about half an hour's time I heard her leave the house. Thus I lost my friend, but still retained my lover, which her powers were not great enough to lure away from me.

As I heard the hall door close on her, I drew a breath of relief—I felt that the house was at last free of the viper.

My aunt sat herself down beside me and placed her hand on my arm, with the same peculiar firmness which was her habit whenever she had something serious to say to me.

"Child," she said, looking penetratingly into my face, "was my warning to you an idle fancy? Did I not strive to save you from this?"

"Yes, aunt," I replied, "you were correct in your judgment of Grace; but she has not proved my rival as you predicted, for—"

Bernard came to my rescue, seeing my confusion.

"No, aunt, Gertrude is not to be rivalled by such a person as that," he cried, taking my hand, "nor is our love lessened in the least."

My aunt shook her head prophetically.

"You are not out of the wood yet, my dears," she said, with a heavy sigh; "there is no end to the trail of the serpent."

"But, aunt, she has gone."

At that moment a ring was audible at the hall door.

"It is only the servants' bell," I cried, in answer to my aunt's "hush," and we resumed our conversation.

"That girl has the face of an angel and the heart of a demon," my aunt said after a pause, during which she had been looking intently at the clock over the mantelpiece.

"The face of an angel when the mask is drawn over it," replied my lover. "But did you ever see a face so altered as hers became a short time back. I cannot forget that awful glance she cast upon Gertrude as she closed the door. The look was a volume, yet her white lips did not open. She is a dangerous woman to trifle with, I am convinced of that."

"Oh, let us forget her. I want to bury her very memory," I replied, with a shudder. "Shall we have a little music?"

I rose to the instrument, and commenced one of Beethoven's sonatas. I only cared for classical music, and Bernard's taste was like my own.

Just in the midst of it I heard the hall-door close. I looked out of the window, and saw Grace Merton walking hurriedly away, a dark veil over her face.

"What on earth has that woman come back for!" I cried. "It must have been she who rang."

"I will ask the servant," my aunt replied, and she laid her hand upon the bell, which was almost immediately answered.

"Mary, who was that who rang just now?"

"Miss Merton, ma'am. She came back for her music, which she left upstairs."

"Her music," I echoed. "Why, she never brought any—I am positive of that."

"She came back to listen to what we had to say, no doubt," said Bernard.

Mary withdrew, and we resumed our music. Bernard had a lovely voice, and he sang better than ever on this especial evening.

Afterwards we played chess and cards, and indulged in a long and earnest discussion about the future building those charming, airy castles which all young engaged couples delight in.

Dream on, young people; what matter if they are but idle dreams after all, so long as they afford you present happiness, present bliss? Is not life itself a long continued dream? Time enough to awake when the spring has passed and the summer sun set.

Sweet dreams which only visit us once in a lifetime, unreal, foolish as they be, what a halo of glory they shed across our path, scenting the very air we breathe with perfumes like an earthly garden of Eden, and obscuring the shadows of future ills, which, without them, would force their grim outline before our vision even in the springtide of hopefulness.

Why not dream on—hazy, misty as your dreams may be? Time enough to awake to stern, cruel reality when the hoar frost of winter has checked your buoyant spirit and printed furrows on your brow. Few can indulge in blissful, joyous dreams when time has bleached their locks and enfeebled their steps.

But, even then, the sweet summer of their youth has its pleasing memories, although they may have traversed a dreary wilderness since and have felt the keenness of the reapers's scythe at every step they took.

Oh, if we could for one short hour dream the bright day dream of sweet girlhood; but, alas, the cruel frost of winter lies dead and cold at our door, and reminds us that although we may press the glowing bud to our lips in the early morn, at evening our feet may scatter the dried and withered leaves, leaving in our hearts an aching void, never in this world to be filled again.

"After passing some hours in fairy imaginings, my aunt, who with good taste had absented herself from us after the music terminated, returned.

"Gertrude, it is eleven o'clock!" she said. I glanced at the timepiece; it was eleven. I wished Bernard good night.

He said he should retire into his room, but not to bed, as he had some important writing to do.

Thus we parted for that night. As my hand met Bernard's a distinct knock was heard. It seemed to proceed from overhead, which was his room.

"What is that?" I exclaimed, pausing to listen.

"Oh! someone lighting the gas—no doubt," he replied.

"Good-night, Gertrude. Don't let your sleep be haunted by that woman's face," he cried, with something of a forced laugh.

It was haunted though; but by a face more grim, though free from evil. We ascended the stairs, and entered our different sleeping apartments. Somehow I could not close my eyes that night, and I sat myself down beside the table on which was the lamp, and tried to think.

Bernard occupied the next room to mine, and I heard him walking to and fro, to and fro. He was equally restless. After sitting about an hour gazing into the lamp, during which time the house was quiet and still, the servants having retired to bed, I heard a deep, heavy groan, in Bernard's room. I

trembled in every limb; the slightest sound startles one in the dead of night.

"Bernard must be ill," I cried aloud, and wrapping my dressing-gown hastily around me, I hastened to his door, and knocked.

"Bernard, what is the matter?" I cried, my voice shaking with terror.

No answer; but another groan. I rushed to my aunt's room, and hastily entered it.

"Aunt! aunt!" I cried, white with fear; "I'm sure Bernard is ill. He is groaning, and won't open the door."

My aunt had just fallen into her first sleep. My voice partly roused her; she was dreaming.

"A wrong verdict," she cried, excitedly; "an unfair one."

"Aunt—get up," I implored; "Bernard is ill."

"Ill!—what's that?" she cried, opening her eyes, and fully arousing herself to the present.

"Oh! aunt, for Heaven's sake don't lose time; follow me."

I hastened again to his door, and this time without ceremony, I pushed it open wide. Heaven! shall I ever forget the shock I sustained? Bernard's face was white as death, and he stood leaning against the mantel-piece, and gasping for breath. I shrieked aloud for assistance, and my aunt came running in.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, lifting her hands; "how the room smells of oil of almonds."

"Oil of almonds!" I repeated, huskily, and rushing to Bernard. "Bernard, dear, what is the matter?" I cried. "Speak to me!"

He clasped my hands, and turned his eyes, unearthly hollow, and wide open, upon me.

"He is suffering from madness," I cried, shuddering, to my aunt.

At that moment she rushed to his side, and his head fell back upon my shoulder.

"May the Lord help you to bear this—your cross, poor child," she said, assisting me to hold his head, and desperately endeavoring to speak calmly. "He is poisoned—see!" and she clutched a small phial from his hand.

"Send for the doctor," I cried.

"Too late, child," she answered, placing her hand to his heart; "he is dead."

He is dead! How many times did I find my lips uttering those words; how they rang in my ears for months after. There are realities in life which although we know to be facts, seem to rise before our vision like a dread nightmare. It seems impossible for us to believe them until the healing physician—time, gradually reconciles us to all things.

What a contrary effect trouble has on different persons! How it alters the disposition, alters the tenor of their whole lives! There are some whom it crushes to earth finally, who never lift their heads again; but

this is really in a measure "selfishness," for we have the living to think of, and this world requires action. There are others who become adamant—it kills them. I don't mean that it actually quenches the vital spark of life itself, but hardens the heart, deadens the brain, numbs the senses, and stagnates all the sensibilities. With regard to myself, I can't say that it actually had that effect, but it certainly changed me wonderfully.

It was some time before I awoke to the truth. Bernard had died from the effects of the poison; was it suicide, or murder?

If suicide, what reason was there for such an act—what drove him to it? If murder, who was the culprit? Who could have possibly put poison into that phial? What a week of horror it was to all of us.

There was an inquest held the following day.

Thank Heaven, no horrible slur rested on the venerable grey head of my aunt; nor any of the establishment.

Questions were asked, as to who were in the house on the previous day. We informed the coroner that Grace Merton was the only visitor.

I shuddered, as I uttered that woman's name, and though no lingering thought struck any of us before, yet, as I faced the coroner, and his penetrating eye rested upon me, I felt the live blood leave my frame.

Good Heavens! surely she was not his murderess!

The vision of the dark silent figure, thickly veiled, who entered the house on the pretext of looking for her music, flashed upon me with horrible distinctness.

My appearance must have told volumes—as these thoughts flitted in my brain, for the coroner said earnestly:

"If you know of any clue, you must speak up; in a case of this sort you must not shield anybody."

It seemed very dreadful that I should be the means of laying a stigma of murder against the very woman whom I had once—ah, only a few days back—loved as a dear friend. I stated facts, though, just as they really were, and the verdict at once went against Grace Merton.

She was searched for in all directions by detectives, and at last found. She was arrested, and taken to await her trial. My own heart told me she was guilty, and that I had not been the means of arresting an innocent woman. How often my aunt's saying rang in my ear: "There is no end to the trail of the serpent."

What a wicked, unscrupulous wretch this woman had proved! Truly I had taken a viper to my bosom when I took her under my protection.

Had she done this deed out of frantic, mad love, or was it merely a bitter revenge towards me—poor, wronged me—who had not

injured a hair of this creature's head; who had simply endeavored to prevent her from committing a vile sin?

I will not lead the reader through the labyrinth of a court of justice. Suffice it to say that the trial was held, and a verdict of "acquittal" on the ground of insanity returned. Grace Merton was ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure, and was sent to an asylum for criminal lunatics.

Thus the hope of my early youth was cruelly wrecked in the morning of life, and my existence for some years rendered a blank; but time, which heals all things, healed me, and ten years afterwards I married. Did I love my husband? Well, that question takes a little time to answer. Perhaps the love was not of the same kind.

Fifteen years change the disposition wonderfully, and the woman of thirty-five looks upon life in a different light to the girl of twenty-one. Yes; I think I loved my husband, although he was not exactly my ideal. In the first place, he was a widower with a family, and a very business-like man. I always had rather an aversion to a business-like man.

Poor Bernard had been so very opposite that it made my taste fastidious. It is almost as well that a woman should not meet her ideal too early in life: it often spoils her for the realities of after years.

I had no children; but my husband's family were quite enough to keep me well occupied, and I was always of a disposition to suit myself to circumstances.

I know now that I was simply a business man's wife, and not the bride of an officer of rank and position, as I might have been. My aunt lived with me, and took much of the responsibility of tutoring a large family off my hands; I had plenty of money, my husband being a wealthy merchant.

Some women would have envied my position; but my aunt thought I ought to have done better, having sprung from a family of genius, and been reared in a school where Maunton was not the only God. Yes; I was tolerably happy, and yet, notwithstanding my present comforts, I would sometimes find myself wandering about that little cemetery at Rothsey, where a green mound and white stone bore the remembrance of my early love, and yet I had not been true to his memory. It is not in human nature to be faithful to the dead for ever. Heaven, in its merciful judgment, ordains it otherwise; a veil of oblivion is thrown over the past.

One early evening in July, having finished the duties of the day, and administered to the comfort of my household, I was tempted to take a stroll in the cemetery, and to bend my steps towards the grave of Bernard McGregor. A woman stood beside me; she lifted her veil—I shrieked. It was Grace

Merton; I identified her, although she was terribly changed. Conscience had evidently stricken her; she had beauty, even yet. Hers was too lovely a youth to be withered by the roughest storms of life.

The freshness, the brightness, had all gone for ever; but the foundation of a once lovely form and face still remained. She approached me; all the cruelty had died away from that classic mouth, all the darts of triumph which illumined those steel grey eyes were spent. Her gaze was fixed upon me now with a long, mournful, sorrow-stricken sadness.

"Miss Lindon," she murmured.

I started back: the voice was hollow, and it sent a thrill through my frame.

"Miss Lindon that was," I replied, "but now Mrs. Courtney."

"Married!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, married," I replied.

At the same time I felt my cheek color consciously; I was kneeling beside another man's grave, but only a dead idol after all.

My husband, as a sensible business man, would not be jealous of a piece of green turf beneath which the dust and ashes of a lost lover slept.

"I don't know how to address you," the wretched woman said. "Perhaps you think me presumptuous for daring to even look at you after the wrong I did you in the past—a wrong which I have bitterly suffered and repented for. Do I not look as if I had had my deserts for my wickedness?"

I shudderingly lifted my eyes to the hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the ashen lips, and replied:

"Yes, woman, you undoubtedly have."

"Woman!" she echoed plaintively. "Oh, don't speak so cruelly; call me Grace once more—only once more! The sands of life have nearly run out. I shall soon be sleeping as he is sleeping."

She paused for breath, and a hollow cough checked her utterance for the time. She placed her hand to her head where her hair lay like bands of snow—all the color had long left it.

Heavens! I pitied her, wretch as she was. I had been the means of getting her punished; surely I ought to be satisfied. I had suffered also, but not as she had.

After all, what is the suffering of an injured one who can lay her head down at night on her pillow and feel under Heaven that she is sinned against rather than sinning, compared to the horrible tortures of the guilty one, whose conscience never rests, and whose brain is racked by the condemning fiend who huris torments upon his head, until he feels that the hangman's rope were an easy death?

"Grace Merton," I said, after a pause, "an-

swer me truthfully one question. Did you really love Bernard McCorgor?"

From beneath the sun-ice of that leaden cheek I saw the blood gradually dye it, just as I had seen her blush years ago when she had tempted him on that summer morn.

"From my soul I did," she replied. "Mad, guilty as that love was, that crazy love attacked me at first sight. It was the love of madness born, which stops at nothing to secure its treasure. Had I not loved him I should have been saved from the crime which has rendered my life a living torture and embittered yours. I was a vain, unprincipled girl, I know; but I was really fond of him, and the thought of your being his wife nearly killed me, and it drove me to sin and crime. Forgive me—forgive me!"

She fell on her knees, and our hands met once more. Hers was cold—cold as the turf on which she knelt.

"I forgive you," I replied. "Rise. Do not kneel to me, but ask pardon of Heaven."

At that moment a voice close by said:

"Her Maker has already pardoned and called her to Him."

I started and looked up. A clergyman stood beside me.

He bent his head down on a level with the woman who knelt motionless at my feet. A dim dawning of the truth flashed upon me.

The face was cold and white, the lips were parted; I placed my hand upon the brow, it was cold also.

"Heaven has called to account another wanderer," the minister said. "She is dead."

I started up, and my lips murmured:

"The Lord give rest to her soul!"

THE *Texas Masonic Journal* has entered upon the second year of its existence. It is a fine specimen of the Masonic journals of America, and one of our best exchanges. Bro. J. K. Ashby is an able and painstaking writer and editor, and well deserves the most liberal patronage that can be given to him.

THERE are 653 Lodges of Masons in eighteen principal cities of the world, in an aggregate population of over 13,000,000, an average of one Mason to every 276 persons. Sixteen cities of the United States, with a population of 7,000,000, have 527 Lodges, with a membership of about 61,000, an average of one Mason to every 114 of the population.

The Canadian Craftsman.*Port Hope, March 15, 1887.***GRAND LODGE OF MANITOBA.**

The Annual Meeting of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba was held in Winnipeg, on Wednesday, 9th Feb., the session being a very pleasant and profitable one. The Committee on Credentials reported 21 Lodges represented by their officers, 6 Lodges by Proxies, and 3 unrepresented. The following officers were elected and installed:—

Grand Master—M. W. Bro. Thos. Clark, Winnipeg.

Deputy Grand Master—R. W. Bro. J. A. Kerr, Regina.

Grand Senior Warden—R. W. Bro. J. A. Ovas, Souris.

Grand Junior Warden—R. W. Bro. W. G. Bell, Winnipeg.

Grand Chaplain—R. W. Bro. Rev. Canon O'Meara, Winnipeg.

Grand Registrar—R. W. Bro. J. S. Greig, Selkirk.

Grand Treasurer—R. W. Bro. J. McKechnie, Winnipeg.

Grand Secretary—R. W. Bro. W. G. Scott, Winnipeg.

Grand Tyler—V. W. Bro. J. McBride, Winnipeg.

The M. W. the Grand Master made the following appointments:—

Grand Senior Deacon—V. W. Bro. T. A. Cuddy, Minnedosa.

Grand Junior Deacon—V. W. Bro. D. H. McFadden, Emerson.

Grand Director of Ceremonies—V. W. Bro. W. J. McAdam.

Grand Pursuivant—V. W. Bro. W. H. Seach, Winnipeg.

Grand Sword-Bearer—V. W. Bro. A. W. R. Markley, Prince Albert.

Grand Organist—V. W. Bro. R. C. Brown, Portage la Prairie.

Grand Stewards—V. W. Bros. T. L. Morton, Gladstone; T. H. York, Morden; M. Montgomery, R. J. Bell,

Morris; J. Colwell, Brandon; W. J. Heemenway, Carman; R. C. Fraser, James Rogerson.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND OFFICERS.

District No. 1—R. W. Bro. D. J. Goggin, Winnipeg.

District No. 2—R. W. Bro. Ireland, Emerson.

District No. 3—R. W. Bro. P. St. C. McGregor, Gladstone.

District No. 4—R. W. Bro. James Leslie, Minnedosa.

District No. 5—R. W. Bro. F. W. Peters, Brandon.

District No. 6—R. W. Bro. Rev. Canon Flett, Prince Albert.

District No. 7—R. W. Bro. N. L. Lindsay, Calgary.

District No. 8—R. W. Bro. L. A. Cohn, Tangier, Morocco.

District No. 9—R. W. Bro. T. W. Robinson, Moosejaw.

NOTES.

M. W. Bro. Thomas Clark (Appraiser of Customs), the Grand Master elect, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1832, and came to Canada in 1833, moving to Winnipeg about four years since. He joined the Masonic Order thirteen years ago in Dundas, Ontario, being made a member of Valley Lodge, No. 100, under the Grand Register of Canada, and was regularly advanced in the craft, filling in rotation the offices of Worshipful Master, of the Lodge, and First Principal of Wentworth Royal Arch Chapter; elected Grand Superintendent of Works for Hamilton District in 1862, and District Deputy Grand Master of the Hamilton District in 1863, which office he held at the time of his removal to Winnipeg; became a charter member of Ionic Lodge, No. 25, in this city, and has been a member of the Board of General Purposes of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba since 1884, and elected Grand Master at its present communication. Bro. Clark was appointed Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, near this Grand

Lodge, in 1888, and reappointed for another triennial term in 1886. He is also a prominent member of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, having attained the thirty-second degree in that Order several years ago.

R. W. Bro. Rev. Canon O'Meara was elected Grand Chaplain for the ninth time.

The Lodge reporting the largest number of members on the 27th December last, was Ancient Landmark Lodge, of Winnipeg, with 159 members, an increase of 52 during the past year, and the smallest number 13, from King Solomon Lodge, Morris, a decrease of three from the number at Grand Lodge in 1886.

Bro. D. Little, of Ancient Landmark Lodge, was appointed Assistant Grand Tyler, and rendered material aid to "Uncle" John.

The number of Lodges now under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge is 39, which will be reduced one by the transferring of Pequonga Lodge to the allegiance of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

The following sister Grand Lodges are not yet represented near the Manitoba Grand Lodge:—Georgia, Indiana, Ireland, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Vermont and West Virginia.

MASONRY IN MOROCCO.

Appended to the Report of the Grand Secretary, was the following description of Tangier, in Morocco, and a sketch of the introduction of Masonry into that country by the Grand Lodge of Manitoba:—

To the M. W. Grand Lodge of Manitoba, A. F. & A. M.:

In the absence of a report from the District Deputy Grand Master of Morocco District, I beg to submit the following particulars, gleaned from letters received, and from other sources, regarding the condition of our African subordinate:—

Before referring to the progress of the Lodge, a brief description of the city, where it is located, may be of

interest to the brethren here assembled.

Tangier, as described by a correspondent of the London *Times*, lies in a S. W. line 35 miles distant from Gibraltar, and tourists from Europe flock to this pretty watering place to gain a glimpse of the wild Moorish life that exists so close to Europe. Crossing the straits, the traveller passes in three or four hours from the culture of English life in Gibraltar to the barbarism of the middle ages. Indeed he may be said to pass from modern to ancient history, for in dress, manners and occupation, the people are much the same as in the days of Abraham. Tangier is a beautiful city as seen from the sea, its walls and towers are white and shining in the sun, but it soon reminds one of the "white sepulchre" full of the dead bones of a decaying, though once chivalrous race. Its narrow, stoney streets, deeply coated with filth and mud, are crowded with a numerous population, picturesque to the eye, but squalid and poor to a painful degree. There are no wheels in Morocco. Not a carriage of any kind ever traverses the narrow streets of the city, or the highways of the country. This fact alone will show how deep is the barbarism that still exists in this great country, lying, nevertheless, nearer than any other to the very gates of Europe. The condition of the people is as bad as that of the roads, and may be expressed in the single word "oppression."

The introduction of Masonry into Morocco was owing to the exertions of R. W. Bro. R. Stewart Patterson, the first W. M. of Prince Rupert's Lodge, No. 1, Winnipeg, afterwards District Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, for the (then) Masonic District of Manitoba, and subsequently appointed Special Deputy Grand Master for the District of Morocco by the M. W. Grand Master of this Grand Lodge. "Al Mogreb Al Aksa" Lodge, No. 18, was organ-

ized at Gibraltar, that being the centre from which the various lines of steamers trading to the Barbary States radiate, it being for special reasons considered advisable to work there for a short time, to be afterwards transplanted to Tangier, when the interests of Masonry demanded. Owing to protests made by the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland and Ireland, against what they termed an invasion of their territory, the Lodge was at once transferred to Morocco. Shortly after its removal R. W. Bro. Rev. R. S. Patterson, who was then and is now Chaplain to Her Majesty's forces at Gibraltar, severed his connection with the Lodge, thus abandoning his cherished plans for the opening of other Lodges in the different cities and seaports of Morocco. The name of the Lodge, which literally means "The Far West," was happily chosen, its charter being obtained from the Grand Lodge of Manitoba in "The Far West" of America. It was also the name given to Mauritania by its Saracen conquerors.

The first officers were—as W. M., Bro. J. R. Ballard, a Canadian Captain in service; as S. W., Bro. Rev. H. Bullock, a Canadian Mason and Chaplain to forces; as J. W., Bro. A. Benrais, a Moorish resident. The change from Gibraltar to Tangier checked for a time the growth of the Lodge, but during the past two years it has been steadily progressing, its membership now numbering 38.

It can boast of more nationalities and creeds than many larger Lodges, comprising English, French, Austrian, Belgian, Spanish, Turkish, Portuguese and Brazilian; also Christian, Jewish and Mahomedan members. Its local charitable fund does much good. Besides relieving many distressed members and several travelling brethren, a small monthly allowance has been voted to the widow and orphans of a deceased brother.

The Lodge continues on the most cordial terms with the English, Scotch and Irish Lodges in Gibraltar, as well

as with the Spanish Lodge Saieda. The members decline to hold intercourse with the two Lodges working under charter from the Grand Lodge of Seville, although R. W. Bro. Levi A. Cohen, our District Deputy Grand Master, says, "It would, I believe, tend to strengthen the institution if we could see our way clear to hold intercourse with all Lodges in the locality. All I know regarding the Grand Lodge of Seville is that it is an independent Grand Lodge, and counts a very large number of Lodges in Spain."

Owing to the strict quarantine regulations consequent upon the prevalence of cholera in Southern Europe, communication with the outside world was for a time interrupted, but during the past year, letters have been regularly received, none of which indicate any desire on the part of the brethren in Morocco to transfer their allegiance to another Grand Body.

R. W. Bro. Cohen is a competent and faithful officer, and the management of the Lodge is evidently in good hands. While the propriety of our chartering a Lodge in that distant land may be open to question, yet while the brethren desire to give their allegiance to us, it is our duty to give them our aid and support, and further, they should rely on the sympathy of all true Masons.

Since the introduction of Masonry into the city of Tangier a better feeling has prevailed amongst the various elements composing its population, and Freemasonry may yet be an important factor in giving freedom to the oppressed and down-trodden millions of that vast country.

I am, yours fraternally,

Wm. G. SCOTT,

Proxy, Al Mogreb Al Akss, No. 18.
Winnipeg, Feb. 8th, 1887.

COMPLETE FILE OF CRAFTSMAN FOR SALE.—Uniformly Bound. Every Volume complete and in first-class order. Address, J. B. TRAYES, Port Hope, Ont.

**"WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL
AND WE PART UPON
THE SQUARE."**

Who will not unite with Bro. Rob. Morris when he adds, "What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!" The sentiments expressed in these lines are the life of Masonry, and constitute the corner-stone of our prosperity. Acting upon it in truth and sincerity, we can be reasonably assured of the perpetuity of our Institution.

Worth, and not rank, titles or wealth, is the *Summum Bonum*: the true and only qualification for admission. "The internal, and not the external," should be the passport. The poor man from his humble home is as much, and oftentimes more, entitled to our regard than he who dwells in a palace and surrounded with luxury. On the checkered pavement both stand upon a level, and there both should find the true respect which is their due. The reverse of this is too often seen in the world, and among the uninitiated, too often the one receives adulations of fawning sycophants, no matter what his moral worth may be, while the other, his peer, and more, in everything that goes to make up true manhood, is passed by unnoticed and unknown. In the Lodge and under the standard there required, it often happens that he who by the world at large has been considered as one of its lowly ones, overtops the others in the honors there bestowed; true merit being recognized and all are satisfied. The spirit of Masonry finds no place for envy and jealousy; each rejoices at the other's prosperity, and true friendship is cemented among those who, were it not for Masonry, might have remained at a distance. Prominent among the causes of this harmony and good fellowship, and which should be more cultivated, is that spirit of toleration which is brought out in all ceremonies and inculcated in its precepts. Differences of opinion must

and always will exist among the brethren. No two can think alike upon all subjects, and what right have I to claim that my brother, who differs from me on any of the thousand and one questions which are constantly arising, is in the wrong, and brand him as a heretic, or denounce him as dishonest? Both are striving for the right and are equally desirous of promoting the best interests of society and the welfare of all its members, while his opportunities may be better than mine and his understanding vastly superior. Believing him to be honest, I can respect his opinions, though differing from him, and by so doing, challenge respect for my own. By faithfully cultivating this spirit of toleration we can best preserve harmony in our ranks and be ready at all times to "part upon the square."
—*Masonic Tidings.*

**THE MYSTERIOUS MASON
IDENTIFIED.**

1000 SM.—In the December number, you published the item about the brother buried in California, winding up with the statement that the name of the brother was never known. I send you herewith a copy of the completion of the story, so that you may give your readers the benefit of the missing link. Both items I have had for over twenty years—cut from newspapers.

I shall be watching the action of the K. T. in Kingston anent the recent English difficulty with anxiety, as I fear as "Canada" (Ontario), as I am told, has the preponderating influence, she will give up her rights in the premises, as the G. L. of Canada did hers. Quebec, however, is not accustomed to back down, and if I mistake not, the Quebec boys are likely to make things hum before the recall of the warrant is decided on. It seems to me to be quite a compliment to the G. L. Q., that the Grand Priory of England is imitating her

actions, although I can't see in either case that England has a leg to stand upon. Still, this action on the part of England should strengthen (if that was necessary) the stand taken by the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

Yours fraternally,
K. T.

Montreal, Feb. 21, 1887.

THE MYSTERIOUS MASON IDENTIFIED.

—About two years ago we printed a curious story of the burial of an unknown Freemason, in California, by the brethren of his Order. He had met his death in a sudden and mysterious manner, and there was none who could tell his name or whence he came. His body bore tattooed emblems of the Order of the most remarkable character, and the brethren into whose hands he fell were satisfied that he was not only one of their number, but of a high order, and a devoted workman. The *New Haven Lever* says that a business man of that city, named E. M. Spencer is the brother of the man of whom this curious story is told, and the name of the man who ended his career in the manner described was Albert C. Spencer. He had been for a number of years Secretary to the Viceroy of Egypt, and it is supposed that the work on his body was performed by Masons in that singular country. Among other things he had on his breast the emblems of the square and pointers, with the letter "O" on either side; and he wore upon his breast a pin in oval form, bearing the same inscription, whose design was copied from one found in the ruins of Solomon's Temple. The brother claimed the body, and had it disinterred and by describing marks not before noticed convinced the members of the Order that he was indeed the brother of the stranger, and erected a marble monument over his final resting place.

DEDICATION OF A NEW LODGE ROOM AT ST. GEORGE.

St. George Lodge, No. 248, G.R.C., is one of the most active, solid and zealous Lodges in the Hamilton District. Although they have twice had their Lodge completely destroyed by fire, it does not seem to dampen their energy or retard their prosperity, but rather gives them new incentive to work, and a laudable ambition to excel. They were burned out by the fire which destroyed the Cummings House last year, but directed by the zeal and tact of the W. M., V. W. Bro. Dr. Kitchen, who has been, except for a very short interval, the presiding officer for the last eighteen years, they are again in possession of one of the prettiest and most comfortable Lodge-rooms in the Province. It was dedicated on the evening of the 3rd of February, and quite a number of prominent members of the craft were present on the occasion.

The new premises are in the third storey of Bro. Charles Haas' new block, on the second floor of which are the new rooms and lecture hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The building throughout is fitted up in a neat and tasteful manner, and heated most comfortably with hot air by one of Gurney's improved furnaces. The Lodge-room, dressing and ante-room are all carpeted throughout, the one in the Lodge being a very handsome emblem carpet specially imported by Beatty, of Toronto, who finished and laid them all. The furniture is of solid walnut, carved, with marble tops, the chairs, designs and emblems all being in the latest and most attractive styles. The chandeliers, lamps and globes are also of unique style and emblematic, with hand painted designs, which are also noticeable even down to the cuspidores. The home of the St. George Lodge is a credit, not only to the brethren, but to that stirring little burg.

In order to perform the ceremony

of dedication, Grand Lodge was duly constituted with the following officers: M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, as Grand Master; R. W. Bro. Col. Kerns, D. D. G. M., as Deputy Grand Master; R. W. Bro. Curtis, as Grand S. W.; R. W. Bro. W. D. Hepburn, as G. J. W.; W. Bro. Capt. Campbell, G. Treas.; V. W. Bro. Dr. Secord, G. Sec.; W. Bro. P. Buckley, G. S. D.; W. Bros. W. Fields, B. Bell, Wm. Watt, jr., and C. Haas, G. Stewards; Bro. W. B. Wood, Grand Chaplain, and M. W. Bro. Hugh Murray, P. G. M., as Director of Ceremonies.

After the Lodge had been dedicated in due and ancient form, the visiting brethren were entertained in the usual hospitable style of the St. George brethren at the Cummings House.

The chair was occupied by W. Bro. Dr. Kitchen, and the vice-chair by Bro. J. P. Lawrason, S. W.; and after full justice had been done to the ample repast provided, the usual toasts followed. Short and appropriate speeches were made by M. W. Bro. Murray, P. G. M.; M. W. Bro. Klotz, P. G. M.; R. W. Bro. Kerns, D. D. G. M.; R. W. Bros. Curtis, Hepburn, Buckley, Allan, Secord, Watt, Campbell, W. B. Wood, M. P. P., S. G. Lawrason, Poole and others; while the Glee Club furnished appropriate music. The proceedings of a very pleasant and enjoyable evening closed about midnight.

POPERY OR MASONRY?

There is nothing in the Catholic religion which is adverse to Masonry; for the truth is that Masonry embodies "that religion in which all men agree." This is as true as that all veritable religion, wherever found, is in substance the same. Neither is it "in the power of any man or body of men" to make it otherwise. Doctrines and forms of observances conformable to piety, imposed by spiritual overseers, may be as various as the courses of the winds; and like the latter may war with each other upon

the face of the whole earth; but they are not religion.

Bigotry and zeal—the assumptions of priestcraft, with all its countless inventions to magnify and impress the world with its own importance and the necessity of its rule over the minds of men, are ever the main-springs of strife, hatred and revenge, which defame and banish religion and its inseparable virtues; and work unspeakable mischief wherever mankind are found upon the earth.

Poperly and priestcraft are so allied that they may be called the same; the truth being that the former is nothing more nor less than a special case of the latter; being a particular form of evolution of the same vicious principle; which itself is but the offspring of the conceit of self-sufficiency and the lust of dominion. Nothing which can be named is more repugnant to the spirit of Masonry—nothing is to be more carefully guarded against; and this has always been well understood by all skilful Masters; and it must in truth be said that such is the wisdom of the lessons, and so admirable the order of the Ancient Craft Lodge, that these pernicious influences have hitherto been kept under better subjection throughout all bodies of the institution, than in any other equal to it in antiquity and the multitude of its votaries. Nevertheless, Masons must not flatter themselves with the self-delusive notion which has deceived the supporters of all orders and establishments of the world; that they can "take a bond" of human nature to hold them harmless against the delinquency and folly common to the race.

There always glides into every association or community of whatever kind, a lurking disposition to assume and extend more and more oversight and control over individuals and subordinate bodies if any, and to multiply provisions and prescriptions concerning conduct and belief, not called for or warranted by the principles of the fundamental law; or in-

volved in the prime object of the institution. This prompts repeated encroachments, and departures from the original design; always commencing with changed modes of procedure, dereliction in observing "the weightier matters of the law;" and make up for the shortcoming by contentious zeal in tithing "raint, anise and cummin." From this proceeds continual legislation and controversies over countless quibbles and prevarications; and these in turn generate new departures, with their trains of litigations, more perplexing and vexatious as they are more and more worthless, until division and dissolution set in. Those which have survived this stage of degeneracy have been hierarchies backed by dependent and servile civil governments, by which their integrity could be forcibly maintained.

All these troubles come in with the increase of members and influence; as can be seen in the history of institutions founded in aid of moral and religious improvement. The whole process is known by the common term "corruption," and the further it proceeds the more incurable are the evils engendered. All this is the beginning and progress of what is meant by Popery; which flourishes as vigorously under the zealous care of Brahmins, Grand Lamas and Bonzes, as in any of the Christian hierarchies or establishments of untutored barbarians.

It cannot be denied that indications of this universal tendency can be detected in some of the developments taking place in Masonry at this time. It can be seen manifesting itself gradually in various forms—in none perhaps more distinctly than in advanced (?) doctrines in jurisprudence, beginning to grow up, some of them threatening the craft with serious evil.

Passing over some which are more conspicuous, let us take notice of a group of propositions in Masonic law or ethics, as you may please to

term them, which appear to be finding favor in influential circles among the fraternity, and which are allied in their principles, and tend to enhance the mischief of each other in cutting under and subverting the benignant rule of friendship, benevolence and justice. It is true that not all of them have attained a magnitude sufficient to occasion immediate and irreparable injury on a large scale; but this is the very reason why now is the proper time to fix attention on their presence and the consequent danger; for if they pass their incipient stage, they cannot be remedied until they have run their course beyond the verge of disaster.

Among these is, first, the proposed doctrine that a newly-formed Grand Lodge may rightfully call upon the craft to coerce, by pains and penalties, the will of regular and older lodges found within the territory over which it claims jurisdiction—a subject of heated controversy at this time, and portentous of much evil throughout the Masonic world.

In the wake of this proposition (when established) necessarily follows that of the right of a particular lodge to force membership in its own body against all Masons, members of other lodges, who may be found within the metes and bounds of its territorial jurisdiction—this to be done by pains and penalties under Grand Lodge power.

Third, the unnecessary and unjust claim of what is called "perpetual jurisdiction," by which if any person has petitioned a lodge for the degrees, and some member or members have for any reason voted adversely, so that his petition has been rejected, and he afterwards has removed to another region, and lived there it may be twenty years, "under the tongue of good report," no lodge there can receive and act on his petition without a "waiver of jurisdiction" by the lodge which had acted on his former application.

It will be best to mention no other

instances here, as the above are fully enough for one short article. It is manifest, on close examination, that these all have a common tap root, and are but branches of the same stem. They all may be said to spring from that form of dominion which attaches itself to the particular society or body corporate, and not so much to mere self. Jesuitism is a familiar and proper example of this spirit in a high state of development. But in its beginning it is not imbued with intent of craft and fraud, as it afterwards comes to be—it is content with acquiring dominion by legal stratagems and adroit management; but the domination it must have in some way; and it finally becomes impatient of any restraints based on the proper rights of others; and ends in being not only despotic but demoralizing and base, and so dangerous and destructive. Those who are animated with zeal for the cause, whatever it may be, often slide into zeal for the corporate institution which sustains it, and finally labor for the extension and dominion of the latter, to the hindrance and disparagement of the former, until the cause is lost and the institution remains to work the very evils it was designed to overthrow.

Now, as to the above-mentioned propositions or doctrines in Masonic jurisprudence, it is proper to say that they are upheld by Masons who are just and magnanimous—who are devoted to the highest principles of morality, and who would scorn an act infringing on the rights of others, or tending in any way to bring reproach upon Masonry. Some, therefore, will say, What is the harm? Good men will not do wrong, and what better is wanted than to let good men have their way? But the answer is, that harm is one of the very things which good men have been doing all over the world at all times. It is undeniable truth that many of the most reprehensible encroachments on liberty

and human rights, and especially on the rights of conscience, have grown to the proportions which made them impregnable, by means of the countenance and support of excellent and respected men. For this has been the misfortune of this world in all ages, that rulers, both temporal and spiritual, of the highest moral sentiments, have used their consequent great influence in favor of policies, laws and observances, which seemed on too little reflection well-grounded; yet which in truth were fraught with the germs of insidious evils. In thousands of instances what were taken for newly perceived and desirable forms or aspects of truths, have turned out to be revivals of ancient fallacies but partly disclosed.

Doubtless there are among worthy and intelligent brethren conflicting opinions concerning each of the three propositions above mentioned; and some who favor one or two hold the other or others in aversion; so that only a limited number agree in support of all of them. What is intended here is not to discredit or attack the intentions or conduct of any, but to invite attention to the departure from the prime law and order of Masonry, which is doubtless involved in each and all of them; for they each contain a germ of false philosophy and of false law, considered in the light of Masonry.

The first is contrary to a vital principle of proper Masonic government, which is, that although every organized body claiming to be a lawful lodge must be able to show that it is authorized by regular Masonic documents, emanating from a recognized grand body, capable of conferring proper capacity and authority; yet while its existence as a working lodge must originate in that manner; when it is once so clothed with the attributes of a regular lodge, it is and must be of necessity independent of the power of any other body of Masons, grand or subordinate, except its own Grand Lodge; so long as the

latter may exist as a recognized body; and it remains in allegiance thereto. In short, a lodge of Masons holding a charter under a living Grand Lodge, cannot be compelled by any other Masonic authority whatever to change its allegiance; and any attempt to coerce it by such other grand body is an assault, not only on the Masonic liberty of its members, but on their Grand Lodge, which has no right to cast them off, they being an integral part of itself; and such an assault as would at once justify the latter in calling upon all the Grand Lodges of the world to resent it, as an attack upon the common liberty and rights of those bodies, by such measures as in the common judgment would seem meet. And why not? Seeing that a Grand Lodge with its subordinate or constituent lodges, as you please to consider them, is like a tree with its branches and roots, which are all one; so that you cannot injure either without injuring the tree; so whether a particular lodge is a branch (subordinate), or a root (constituent) is no matter; the Grand Lodge (like the tree) can neither lawfully abdicate government, nor abnegate the same over any constituent part without its consent; and certainly nobody else can interfere.

Any Grand Lodge instituted within the territory where any such chartered lodge may exist, must take its jurisdiction subject to the incumbrance occasioned by the prior rights of the lodge, which will hold its own jurisdiction half way to the next lodge, or as may be agreed on; and pursue its ordinary Masonic course as though nothing had happened; although it might be better if the latter would elect to accept the new jurisdiction.

All who claim that the lodges located in any state or other independent political division, in which no Grand Lodge may exist, can elect to unite and form a Grand Lodge of their own; admit also thereby their right to elect to stay as they are; any other supposition dissipates the right of

election. A proposition that a lodge may elect to leave its Grand Lodge and accept allegiance in another; but that at the same time it cannot elect to decline to do so, is not even good nonsense; and yet some lodges must elect to go out and form a Grand Lodge before there can be such a body for other lodges to elect to join. The whole process of forming a Grand Lodge is, therefore, a process of election; and that is all there is of it.

Take the second proposition, which includes forced affiliation of the members of one lodge by another lodge which is situated nearer. This being a similar State case, the right and the law must be the same; to wit, the law of Masonic liberty—of election—a law which presents itself as necessarily existing and paramount in every such case, and inseparable from it, in such an institution as Freemasonry.

The right of a Mason to continue his existing affiliation, or unite with a nearer lodge, is so obvious that it need not have been mentioned here, if the same right in a lodge of Masons to adhere to its own Grand Lodge had not been put in question, and an attempt actually made, backed up by one or more Grand Lodges, to coerce the "affiliation" of several lodges—that is, to force them to elect to leave their old Grand Lodge and accept allegiance in the new.

When this project shall be accomplished, the Grand Lodges which support the innovation will have already committed themselves, at the expense of unfraternal edicts and widespread animosities, to the mischievous doctrine of forced affiliation all round, as well in respect to individual Masons as to lodges of such—the two cases being in substance the same; for what is the difference to Freemasons between forcing twenty of them separately out of their own lodges, and forcing twenty of them in a body out of their own Grand Lodge? Hence the firebrand of forced affiliation must, doubtless, soon be added

to the one now lighting the fires of discord and division.

The third proposition, that of so-called "perpetual jurisdiction," although it will doubtless engender countless contentions between lodges, will not so much violate the rights of Masons as either of the others, and may be easier disposed of, because easier understood. It is, nevertheless, subject to two grave objections. First, it will work injustice to many worthy persons who may petition for the degrees and be rejected, perhaps by the vote of a single member, cast without any sufficient reason, as often happens. It is not enough when a man of fair character presents his petition to a lodge which contains some worse men, and one or two members, out of forty or more, vote against him that he be treated as rejected by the entire lodge, and let go, to fare better perhaps at some future time, if found worthy by the same or some other lodge? That he should be required to disclose the fact of his rejection to any lodge he may afterwards petition is a different matter; for that enables such lodge to enquire into his character.

Too much importance is allowed to the mere fact of rejection. If any one who has been a Mason thirty years will count up all the cases of rejection which he has known, he must not be greatly surprised to find that more good men have been rejected than bad ones, or that more bad ones have been admitted than rejected. And this is natural enough, for most men, in the absence of any special cause of mistrust, are reluctant in using a black-ball against anybody.

Secondly, the entire pretence of perpetual jurisdiction is manifestly absurd; and this alone ought to be cause enough for any Mason to reject it at once, even if he disregards its injustice. It is much more absurd than that other detestible claim of popery, that if a child has been baptized by a priest even by surrep-

titious procurement, as in the case of the Jewish child (Mortara's) the hierarchy have a divine right to seize it afterwards, even by kidnapping, and keep it secreted from its parents for ever, by virtue of "perpetual jurisdiction." This Masonic claim is more absurd in this, that the popish hierarchy had in the first place done something towards accepting the child; but in this case the only thing done by the lodge was to refuse to have anything to do with the petitioner.

When all three of the propositions herein mentioned shall have been placed among the phylacteries of Masonic law, who can deny that Masonic Popery has come to stay?—*E.v.*

EXPLORE THE RUINS.

The Mexican frontier newspapers announce the discovery of some very interesting remains among the mountainous regions, near the boundary line between the two republics, giving evidence of their habitation by a prehistoric race, dwelling in houses cleft out of the solid rock, the walls being covered with symbols and hieroglyphics. An Arizonian Mason, Bro. Alfred A. Green, informs us that he has visited these remarkable vestiges of an undefined antiquity, and was particularly struck with the wonderful similarity the emblems, cut in the rocks, bore to those of Masonry, while the figures of the human beings, there represented in well executed bas-reliefs, betoken a resemblance to people of an Oriental origin.

Here we have undoubted relics of American antiquity, which will pass away before lapse of many years as the stream of emigration overflows the silver regions of Mexico, and still our national government, aware of their existence, and that of other valuable archaeological remains, does not deem it incumbent upon us to have these traces of our national past explored by a competent com-

mission, and a perfect reproduction of their salient features conserved, before these antiquities, which can never be replaced, are entirely obliterated and lost to an investigating scrutiny. Years ago, two American travellers, Stephens and Norman, partially explored the mysterious ruins of Yucatan, and it is stated that a wealthy New Yorker is at present contributing large sums towards a further exhumation of these remains by a French *savant*, but then the results of his laborious toil are being transferred to the Louvre in Paris, in place of to the Smithsonian at Washington.—*Masonic Chronicle*.

GREAT PRIORY AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

Some stress is laid on the fact that the Grand Encampment recognized the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, notwithstanding it was formed out of the National Great Priory, which dissolved, and whose members at once resolved themselves into the "Sovereign" body, without the intervention of a convention, to which the New Brunswick encampments might and ought to have been invited.

The first step in the formation of any grand body should be a convention or general assembly of the craft, by representatives, and after due notice is given to every "subordinate." Then, if properly formed, the recognition follows of course.

In the case of the Sovereign Great Priory it was an accomplished fact, taking the place of the "National" Priory, which yielded up the ghost, and there was no rival in the old jurisdiction of the latter to say nay. The Grand Encampment ought to have recognized it, and it did so. At the same time it in effect said, your manner of formation was not such as to justify us in recognizing your assumed authority over the New Brunswick encampments of Scottish obedience, which we as fully recognize. If England and Canada were

at war, the retaining and formally announcing friendly relations with England, even under a change of its political form of government, would not necessarily carry with it a refusal to recognize struggling Canada, which might be as heartily endorsed, and with a great deal more sympathy.

If the Sovereign Priory was a fixed fact, so was Scottish authority in New Brunswick, and men are not generally ready to abolish the forms or throw off allegiance to which they have been accustomed without much hesitation and reluctance.

The Sovereign Priory has an excellent opportunity to show its magnanimity by the course heretofore suggested in the *Journal*, which will also have the effect to carry opposition over to the side of the Canadian body, and will force the Encampments of St. John and St. Stephen to yield, and say,—

"We take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given."

—*Masonic Home Journal*.

COPIES OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" WANTED.

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THE CRAFTSMAN,
Port Hope, Ont.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts recently decided that the apron of a Master Mason shall be a plain white lambskin, 14 inches wide by 12 inches deep. The apron may be adorned with sky-blue lining and edging, and three rosettes of the same color.

FRITZ KOBUS' DINNER.

"Come here. Listen. Two groschens for you."

Ludwig took the groschens, thrust them deep into his pocket, and passed his hand under his nose, as much as to say—good?

"Go to Frederick Schultz, in the Rue Plat d'Etain, and to Professor Haan, at the Cigogne hotel; do you understand?"

Ludwig bent down his head suddenly.

"Tell them Mr. Fritz Kobus invites them to dinner at 5 precisely."

"Yes, Mr. Kobus."

"Stop; go to the Rabbi David also, and say that I expect him at 6 o'clock for coffee. Now, off!"

Ludwig descended the stairs like a shot.

Kobus saw him, an instant after, flying over the road; he was gone. The butler, Katel, was still standing there.

"Listen, Katel. I want you to go to the market at once. Select the best fish and game. Anything especially choice you will buy, without regard to price; it is essential only that it must be the best. I will set the table and select the wine; you take the kitchen entirely. But hurry, for I am certain Professor Speck and all the other town gourmets are already there, snapping up the choice bits."

After the departure of Katel, Fritz entered the kitchen and lighted the candle; he wanted to inspect his vault and choose some old bottles of wine for the fete. He descended with the candle in his hand, the bunch of keys in his pocket and the basket on his arm. Low under a stairway he opened the door of a cave. It was a very dry old cave, and the walls, covered with saltpeter, shone like crystal—the cave of the Kobuses 150 years before where the grandfather, Nicholas, had come for the first time with the Markobrunner 1715.

At the first turn, and as he was about to enter the second cave—the cave of the bottles—he stopped to snuff the candle, which he did in his fingers, having forgotten the snuff s—and after having put his foot on the snuffing he advanced with a bent back under a little vaulted cave cut in the rock. At the end of the entrance he opened a second door, shut by an enormous padlock all covered with dust, straightened his back again and joyously cried: "Ah! ah! Here we are!" and his voice resounded through all the high gray vault. At the same time a black cat clutching the wall sprang to the window, its green eyes gleaming, and saved itself by springing across the Rue Coin Brue. This cave, the best of Hunebourg, was partly cut in the rock and for the rest was constructed of enormous pieces of stone. It was not very large, having only twenty feet of depth to fifteen in

width, but it was high, separated in two by a lattice and shut by a door, also of lattice; the whole length was shelved, and on the shelves were the bottles, arranged in admirable order.

They had been there all these years from 1730 to 1840. The light of three windows in the lattice sparkled against the bottles in an agreeable and picturesque fashion. Kobus entered; he carried a basket made of water willow with compartments intended to hold a bottle each. He set the basket on the ground and held the candle high. The sight of all these good wines, some in blue seals, the others in cases of lead, softened him and he said to himself:

"If the poor old people who, fifty years ago, with all their wisdom and perception put aside these good wines—if they could come back, I am sure they would be contented to see me following their example, and would find me worthy to succeed them in the world. Yes! they would be satisfied! Those three rows there I have filled, and, I say it myself, with discernment. I have always taken the pains to go to the vineyard myself and treat with the vinedressers in the face of the tubs themselves. And for the care of the vault I am not any more saving of myself than I should be; and these wines here, although they are younger than the others, are not of any inferior quality; they will age and replace their predecessors. It is thus that the good old traditions are maintained and develop not only as good but better things in families. Yes, if the old Nicholas Kobus, the grandfather of Franz Sepel, and my own father, could come back and taste these wines they would be satisfied with their son. They would say he has the same wisdom and the same virtues as ourselves. Unhappily they cannot return; it is done! done! I must replace them all in all. It is said all the same; they were so prudent and such good livers! To think they can't even taste a glass of their own wine and yet rejoice in seeing the Lord and His angels! Well! well! we are all the same; we all come to the same end, sooner or later, and while we are here we are wise if we profit by the good things set before us."

After these melancholy reflections Kobus busied himself in choosing the wines which they would drink. On the old labels he read "Markobrunner of 1708, Affenthal of 1804;" "Johannisberg of the Capuchins," said he, then straightening up, and, clacking his tongue, he lifted a bottle covered with dust and put it in the basket.

"I know that wine," said he, and he took one moment to reflect on the Capuchins of Hunebourg, who, in 1792, arrived at Custine, abandoning their caves to escape the French pillage. His grandfather, Franz, had received 200 or 300 bottles from them. Then to complete his basket, he said: "There is enough, but yet another bottle of Capuchin,

and we will roll under the table! We must use, as my venerated father used to observe, but not abuse." Then, placing with care the basket outside, he closed carefully and locked the gate, put the keys in his pocket, and took the way to the first cave. As he went along he completed the basket with a bottle of old rum which he found apart from the others intrrenched between two pillars of the vault, then he went up the stairs waiting for a minute to lock the doors. On coming near the vestibule he heard the bustle of making cakes and fixing the fire; he stopped in the entry on the sill of the kitchen and cried:

"Here are the bottles! On this occasion, Katel, I expect you to surpass yourself, that you shall make a dinner. But, a dinner!"

"Rest contented, sir," answered the old cuisinier, "you will not be any less satisfied with me on this occasion than you have been on any other for the last twenty years."

"I believe, it—but, then, one can do well, very well, and incomparably well."

"I will do all in my power," said the old man, "and you can ask no more."

Fritz, then, seeing on the table wood hens, a superior pike rounded in the tub, dainty trout, for frying, and a superb pate de fois gras thought all would pass off well.

"Very well," he said, "very well, indeed; that will do, ha! ha! ha! we shall laugh interiorly!"

Instead of going to his ordinary dining room he turned to the right and set down his basket before a high door, put a key in the lock and opened it. It was "The Gala Hall of the Kobuses." No one dined there but in great state. The curtains of the three high windows of the room were closed; you could see in the half shadow ancient furniture—yellow lounges, a great chimney of white marble—long walls with great frames covered with white muslin.

Fritz first opened the windows and drew aside the curtains. The hall, in its old, oak carving, was dignified and almost solemn.

You could see at a glance that good eating had descended there from father to son.

He then took off the covers of the portraits; one was the portrait of Nicholas Kobus, counselor of Frederick William in the year of our Lord 1715.

Monsieur the counselor wore an immense Louis XIV peruke and a chestnut coat with large sleeves turned over to the elbows; the bosom, fine lace; his figure was large, erect and dignified. Another portrait represented Franz Sepel Kobus—ensign in the regiment of dragons of Leiningen—with sky blue uniform, a surtout of silver, a white scarf on the left shoulder, powdered hair and chapeau set on the ear. He appeared to be about 20 years of age, and as fresh as a bouquet of eglantine. The third portrait represented Zachariah Kobus—a justice of the peace—in a black robe. He held in his hand a snuff box and wore a peruke with a rat cue.

These three portraits, of the same size, were large and solid paintings. One could see that the Kobuses had always had sufficient money to pay artists properly to send their physiognomics down to posterity.

Fritz had features in common with them all—that is to say, blue eyes, a broad flat nose, a round chin, broken with a dimple, a wide mouth, and a satisfied expression. On the right side against the wall was the portrait of a woman, Kobus' grandmother—fresh, laughing, her half opened mouth showing as beautiful white teeth as one could imagine; her hair raised on a cushion, and her form enveloped in a velvet robe of sky blue, bordered with rose. In this picture Kobus' grandfather took the greatest pride, and, after seeing it, it was unaccountable that the grandson had such little inclination to marry. All these portraits, framed in heavy gold moldings, produced a great effect in the lofty hall.

On the door there was a relief representing love carried away in a car by three doves. In a word, all the furniture—the doors of the armories, the old linen closets in rosewood, the buffet with large sculptured panels, the oval table with twisted legs, and even the oak floor, alternately inlaid with yellow and black—all announced the good style in which the Kobuses had lived for 150 years.

Fritz now pushed the table on its rollers to the centre of the hall, then opened the double doors of the high armories. In one was the table linen, beautiful as it was possible to desire, with an infinity of glister. In the other the dishes and plates of magnificent Saxony, flowered, molded and gilded; piles of plates, services of all sorts, sugar bowls, and above all, the silver. Kobus chose a beautiful damask cloth and extended it carefully on the table, passing his hand over it to efface the creases and making at the corners great knots to prevent it sweeping the floor. He did this slowly and with love. After that he took a pile of plates and placed them on a chimney piece; then more deep plates and other plates. He made a plateau of crystal glasses, edged with great diamond cuts. In these glasses the red wine reflected, turning the color to ruby and the yellow wine to topaz. Then he disposed the knives and forks with plates regularly around the table, one opposite the other; he put the napkins beside them in boats and bishop's bonnets; he placed them sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, to judge of the symmetry. In this occupation his great good form had an air of receiving inexpressible satisfaction; his lips were tightly closed, and his eyebrows knit together. "It is right at last," he said, in a deep voice; "the grand Frederick Schultz at the side of the windows, his back to the light; the Professor Christian Haan facing him; Joseph on this side and myself on that side; that will do! that will do! When the

door opens I will advance; I will know where each one shall sit; I will make a sign to Katel to approach and attend; it is very good! Then the glasses to the right, they are for the Bordeaux, to commence with; at the middle there is the Rudesheim, and after that the Johannisberg de Capuchins. All these come in their order and have their own time; the oil caster on the chimney, the salt and pepper on the table—nothing shall be forgotten, I flatter myself. Ah, the wine! It must be getting too warm. We will refresh it with a bath under the pump, except the Bordeaux, which should not be drunk cold. And now for my part, I must wash and shave and put on my maroon redingote. So it goes, Kobus! Ah! ah! ah! what a feast it will be! And outdoors there is a superb sun. Not a minute to lose."

Fritz went out; in passing the kitchen he saw Katel warming the Bordeaux and refreshing the other wines. He was ready and entered the room singing very low. "Tra ri ro, the autumn gads the ground, you, you, you."

The good odor of the soup filled all the crevices of the mansion, and the grand frenzel of the Beuf Rouge entered to uncover the service; for the old cook, Katel, could not be in the kitchen and dining room at the same time.

The half hour sounded from the clock of St. Landolphe and the guests arrived together.

There is nothing more agreeable in this world below than to sit down with three or four friends before a well served table, spread in the antique dining room of one's ancestors, there to gravely attach your napkin beneath your chin, plunge your spoon into a good crayfish soup, and pass your guests their plates. It makes one happy to commence such a dinner, with the windows open and looking out where nature is smiling under the blue sky of autumn.

And when you take the great knife with its horn handle and cut through the foundation slices of mutton, or with the silver trowel delicately divide the whole length of a superb jellied pike—its mouth filled with parsley—with what an air of satisfaction the others regard you! Then, when you reach behind your chair into the bowl for another bottle and place it between your knees to draw out the cork without disturbing the wine, they laugh, thinking, "What good thing is coming now?" Ah! let me tell you, it is a great pleasure to treat one's old friends and to think that in this way will recommence, year after year, these good dinners till the final summons comes that calls us from all mundane things. And when at the fifth or sixth bottle one's face animates with grateful acknowledgment—the All Provider, who heaps over us his benediction—while another celebrates the glory of old Germany, of its ham, of its pates, of its noble wine—when Kaspar, softened,

craves pardon of Michel for having had a grudge against him, which Michel never suspected; and when Christian, his head resting on his shoulders, laughs very low, dreaming of Father Bischoff—now more than ten years dead, and whom he had forgotten—while some talked of the chase, others of music—and all together—stopping every now and then to break into great bursts of laughter—it is then that every little thing becomes a source of happiness, and paradise, the true paradise, returns again to earth.

Very well! That was precisely the state of things in the house of Fritz Kobus about twilight.

At this moment the old David Sichel entered, and one might easily imagine the cries of enthusiasm he received.

"Ah, David! There is David—he has come! Good! good!"

The old rabbi cast sardonic glances on the tarts cut in different shapes, on the broken pates, on the emptied bottles, and, comprehending the stage of revelry the fete had reached, he laughed under his beard.

"Ha, David!" cried Kobus, "there is yet time; ten minutes more and I would have sent the guard after you. You have already lost half an hour. There's your chair, old fellow; sit down. What a shame that you can't taste this pate; it is delicious!"

"Yes," said the grand Frederick, "but it is ham; he dare not taste it. Heaven made all these good things—these hams, this venison, these sauces—for us."

"And indigestion, also," said David, laughing a little maliciously. "How many times did your father, Johann Schultz, repeat to me that same thing! It is a pleasantry of the family which passes from father to son, like the pointed peruke and the velvet breeches with two buckles. All that does not prevent me from saying that if your father had less love for these same sauces, this ham, and this venison, he would be as well and strong as I. But, as for you other 'Schande,' you won't listen to anything, and sometimes the one and sometimes the other of you are taken like rats in a trap because they loved lard."

"Ah! Do you see?" cried Kobus. "The old 'poche Israel' pretends to be afraid of indigestion, whereas it is really the law of Moses which prevents him from eating with us."

"Hold your tongue," interrupted David, speaking through his nose. "I give that reason for those who cannot understand better reasons. Let that suffice for you. It is a good enough reason for a sergeant of the Landwehr who is brave enough to let a peasant run away with his boots. There is as much danger in indigestion as there is in an Ales-tian pitchfork."

Then a great burst of laughter arose on all sides, and the grand Frederick, lifting his

finger, said:

"David, I'll pay you back again!" and made no other answer.

Then the old rabbi laughed, and with good heart, with all the others.

The grand fenzel of the Bœuf Rouge now entered to clear the table, coming from the kitchen with a waiterful of glasses, Katel following with another waiterful of coffee and wineglasses.

The old rabbi sat himself down between Joseph and Kobus; Frederick Schultz took from his pocket a great pipe of Ulm, and Fritz went to hunt in the armory for a box of cigars.

When Katel went out the door remained open for a minute, and a little, fresh, young voice came through it from the kitchen:

"Ha, Kattel, good morning. Mon Dieu! but you are having a splendid dinner; all the village is talking about it."

"Chit!" said the old servant.

And the door shut.

All eyes listened at the table. The great preceptor, Haan, said: "My! what a pretty voice. Did you hear it? Ha! ha! One of Kobus' dependents, do you see?"

"Kattel! Kattel!" called the astonished Fritz.

The kitchen door opened, and Katel answered:

"Have you forgotten anything sir?"

"No," said Fritz, "but who is there?"

"The little Suzel, sir, the daughter of your farmer, you know, at Meisenthal; she has brought some eggs and fresh butter."

"Ah! so it is the little Suzel?" said Fritz.

"Well, well, tell her to come in; it has been months since I have seen her."

Katel returned to the kitchen.

"Suzel, monsieur wants you to go in."

"Ah, mon Dieu! Katel, I am not dressed."

"Suzel! Suzel!" cried Kobus, "come in."

Then a little girl, perhaps of 16 or 17 years, fresh as a bunch of daisies, with blue eyes, and a little nose with delicate nostrils, lips graciously rounded, and dressed in a skirt of white and sack of blue, stood upon the door sill, with her head bent bashfully down.

All looked at her with admiration, and Kobus seemed astonished.

"You have grown very much, Suzel," he said at last. "Come in, and don't be afraid! we are not going to eat you."

"Ah, I well know that," she said, "but—but—I am not dressed."

"Not dressed!" cried Haan, "are not pretty girls always dressed and prettily dressed?"

Then Fritz, turning round and shrugging his shoulder, said:

"An infant, Haan! a veritable infant!" Then to the bunch of daisies: "Suzel, you must take coffee with us. Katel, bring a cup for the little one."

"Oh, M. Kobus, I dare not; never!"

"Bah! bah! hurry, Katel," and the old servant returned with a cup.

Suzel, red to her ears, sat down between Kobus and the old rabbi, at the right of the board.

Fritz spoke:

"Well, Suzel, what are you doing at the farm? Is Father Christel well?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. Dieu merci, he is always well," said the little one. "He told me to give you his respects, and my mother did, also."

"Ah, that is good; it gives me pleasure. You had a deal of snow last winter?"

"Yes, monsieur; two feet-around the farm for three montas."

"Then the sowing was well covered."

"Yes, M. Kobus, all covered."

"That's well. But drink, Suzel; perhaps you don't like the coffee?"

The old rabbi regarded her for a moment with an air tender and fraternal, then sugared her coffee himself, saying as he did so: "There! you are a good little girl; yes, a good little girl, Suzel. Taste a drop of the wine; it will give you courage."

"Oh, thank you, M. David," said the little low voice; and the old rabbi was content.

Kobus watched the little one—so sweet, so gentle, so timid, and, as he looked, seemed carried away to the open country—to the old farm. She was the perfume from the woods—the breath of springtime; and in her low voice he heard the notes of the lark trilling over the harvest fields.

Then he spoke:

"I suppose the harvesting is all done, Suzel?"

"Yes, M. Kobus, all done. And father wished to see you; we have waited for you a long time; he has so many things to ask you about what to do before the winter comes again."

Then came a little silence. Kobus, seeing that the young girl had drunk her coffee and that she was still embarrassed, said to her:

"Well, you may go now, my dear child; I am happy to have seen you. Go to Katel, who waits for you; he will put a pate in your basket and a bottle of good wine for Father Christel."

"Thank you," said the little one, jumping up quickly and making a pretty reverence to excuse herself.

"And don't forget," said Kobus, "to tell your father I will be at his house in a few days."

"Oh, no, monsieur; I will forget nothing!" and she escaped like a bird from its cage.

* * * * *

It was long after midnight when Fritz Kobus' guests arose and took their departure. The great preceptor, Haan, and the grand Frederick Schultz marched before, Joseph following after them, and after him David Sichel—all jolly fellows together.

And so ended Fritz Kobus' last bachelor dinner.

In the morning about 9 o'clock he was sitting on the side of the bed with a melancholy air, pulling on his boots and moralizing:

"We drank too much last night," he said, rubbing his neck methodically just behind his ear. Then raising his voice he cried:

"Katel! Katel!"

The old servant appeared at the door and seeing that his young master's eyes looked very red and his hair resembled a mouse's nest, said:

"Ha! ha! ha! You have a headache, M. Kobus; will you have tea?"

"No, I will have breakfast; bring it."

Katel quietly returned to the kitchen, laughing a little to himself.

It took Kobus about half an hour to finish his toilet. He could scarcely raise his hands or move his legs; however, he descended to the breakfast room and ate well, finishing with a glass of Forstheimer, which gave him strength.

Getting up from the table he crossed over to the window and looked out into the sunshine.

As he looked he raised his hand to his head. "It must be the smoking that makes things spin around in this way. I shall have to give up that pipe. Katel!"

"Sir."

"I am going out to get a little fresh air."

"When will you return, monsieur?"

"About midday, as usual, I think; but if I am not back at 1 o'clock set the table away," and, making no other answer, he went out.

Katel watched him as he left; then, taking up a napkin, folded it thoughtfully, with the remark: "Something wrong with the social order!"

Once outside the house Kobus took the Rue Hildebrand. The fresh morning air revived him, he had forgotten his head and was veritably happy.

Looking down the street to the valley he said to himself: "If I were down there I would only be three miles from my farm at Meisenthal. I will go. I will talk with the old Charles of my business; and I can then see how the harvest looks and Suzel!"

He paused and looked down in the valley. As he looked a flock of white pigeons flew high over the hill, directing their way to the forest of elms. Fritz followed their flight even until they disappeared in the depths of the forest, then turned his steps resolutely and longingly toward Meisenthal. There was little Suzel.—The Caterer.

It is a great mistake, a most reprehensible error among Masons, in using and passing their Masonic word on business transactions. It should never be done.

GLEANINGS.

As Masons we seek not that which is new or sensational; we seek to know the truth and follow after it.

Dr. Mackey defines Masonry to be a science engaged in the search after Divine Truth, and which employs a symbolism as its method of instruction.

The Supreme Council (Scottish Rite) for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, has a permanent fund of more than \$50,000.

The Grand Lodge of Maryland will celebrate its centennial in May next. Among the other ceremonies, there will be a procession of the craft.

The candidate for Freemasonry must come of his own free will and accord. It is very wrong to persuade or induce any one to come, and yet we fear it is done every day. Masonry only wants volunteers in the strictest sense of the word.

The slanderer has no true place in Freemasonry. He is as much out of his element when among brothers who wait for proof of wrong-doing before believing a member of the Order guilty, as an infidel would be in a church.

A BRIGHT MASON.—Dr. Reeves, of East Tawas, is one of the best posted and well-read Masons in this State, having been a Grand Lecturer and a Past Grand officer in every Masonic body. He has in his possession over 7,000 volumes of Masonic works.—*Detroit Freeman*.

The requisites for membership in the Masonic Veterans' Association, of Pennsylvania, are:—(1) Twenty-one years' service as a Master Mason; (2) A petition, recommended by one Veteran brother, setting forth the Masonic history of the applicant, with a fee of six dollars, covering expense of medal worn by each Veteran.