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# THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## MASONIC RECORD.

J. B. TRAYB, P.D.D.G.M.,  
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### "THE NUMBER THREE AS CONNECTED WITH FREEMASONRY."

A PAPER READ BEFORE TEMPLE LODGE, NO. 324, HAMILTON, 13TH OCT., 1885, BY  
BRO. H. A. MACKELCAN.

The number three was considered among all the Pagan nations as the chief of the mystical numbers, because, as Aristotle remarks, it contains within itself a beginning, a middle and an end.

Hence we find it designating some of the attributes of almost all the gods. The thunder bolt of Jove was three-forked; the sceptre of Neptune was a trident; Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, was three-headed; there were three Fates and three Furies; the sun had three names, and the moon also three. In all incantations three was the favorite number. A triple card was used, each division being of three colors, white, red and black, and a small image of the subject of the charm was carried thrice round the altar.

In the mysteries of India, the doctrine of the Trinity was clearly expressed in the triad—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; and the number three has been held by the inhabitants of India in the most sacred veneration through every period of their existence as a nation.

Among the Chinese the number three appears to have a mystical importance and to be used frequently in their ceremonies

The Druids paid no less respect to this sacred number. Throughout their whole system, references are constantly made to its influence and so far did their veneration for it extend that even their sacred poetry was composed in triads.

The Celts and Goths had each their triads of Deity, and, in fact, in all the "mysteries" from Egypt to Scandinavia is found a sacred regard for the number three. It was, I find, a general character of these "mysteries" to have three principal officers, and three grades of initiation.

In Freemasonry the number three is the most important and universal in its application of all the mystic numbers and it will be found to pervade the whole ritual.

If we take a deliberate view of the Lodge, and consider, with a careful and scientific eye, its fundamental construction, we shall find that almost all its principal details are ternary.

There are three degrees; three qualifications of a candidate, birth, age and morals; and his assent is required to three judicious requests. There are three traditional points, and three perfect points of entrance. The signs are commonly threefold,

squares, angles and perpendiculars. There are three steps; three principal and three inferior officers, the Master and Wardens, the Deacons and Inner Guard; three moral duties, to God, our neighbor, and ourselves; three theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and three divine qualities inculcated in the points.

The pillars that support the Lodge, Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, equally with the chief officers, are three in number and placed triangularly.

We have three greater and three lesser lights; three working tools in each degree; three qualifications for the service of an apprentice, symbolized by chalk, charcoal, and clay; a ladder with three principal steps; three ornaments, the Mosaic pavement, the blazing star, and the tessellated border; three articles of furniture, and three movable and three unmovable jewels.

The reports are three fold, as are also the principal orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

There are three grand offerings commemorated in the system of Freemasonry—the offering of Isaac on Mount Moriah—the sacrifice of David, and the offerings of Solomon on the same mountain. The entered apprentice's acquirements are threefold—secrecy, morality and good fellowship—there were three places where the materials for the Temple were prepared—the quarry, the forest and the plain—and three sources whence the knowledge of operative Masonry is derived. We find three Grand Masters; three officiating fellow crafts, three decorations to the pillars at the porch of the Temple emblematical of peace, unity and plenty; three different ways of opening a Lodge; three ways of preparing a brother; three obligations; three signs; three words; three tokens, and three ways to advance.

We have also three important human senses—hearing, seeing, and

feeling; three principal tenets—brotherly love, relief and truth; three lectures, three knocks, referring to youth, manhood and old age; three ways of wearing an apron, and three should compose each committee and board of trial.

The length of Solomon's Temple was three times its breadth; it contained three Courts, and the body of the Temple consisted of three parts—the portico, the sanctuary, and the most holy place. There were three curtains, each of three colours; three orders of priests, and three keepers of the door. The golden candlestick had three branches on each side, and there were three stones in each row of the high priest's breast plate. The oxen, which supported the molten sea, were arranged in threes, and the vessel was made of sufficient capacity to contain three thousand baths. To this holy place the Jews were commanded to assemble three times a year at the three grand festivals.

Again we find threefold *expressions* pervading the Masonic ritual, as for instance: Freedom, Fervency and Zeal—Secresy, Fidelity and Obedience—Truth, Honor and Virtue—Duty Honor and Gratitude—Friendship, Peace and Concord—To, at and from—Off, at and on—and so on.

In the emblem of the equilateral triangle we find also a representation of the Trinity, which is as old as the Pyramids, and I notice in the Register of the Grand Lodge of Ireland that Lodge No. 833 is called "Triune Lodge" with the motto, "Tria juncta in uno."

Pursuing the matter further we find that, as the number three is sacred among Masons, the number nine or three times three is scarcely less so.

The Pythagoreans, remarking that this number had the power of always reproducing itself by multiplication, considered it an emblem of matter, which, though continually changing its form, is never annihilated.

In Freemasonry nine derives its value from its being the product of three multiplied by itself, and consequently the number nine is always denoted by the expression "three times three" as in the Grand Honors. Some interesting experiments were recently shown to me wherein, though the figures were variously multiplied by others added together and subtracted from, the quotient invariably reproduced the number nine. From what I have read it appears that the number three was venerated by all nations, and used in all systems both of Religion and Freemasonry whether true or spurious.

It emanated most probably from the Trinity of the former, and the Holy Triad of the latter, and was accompanied by such striking marks of uniformity amongst tribes separated from each other by impassible barriers, as to render it clear that the idea must have been derived from some remote tradition of a similar doctrine which was prevalent and well understood when mankind dwelt together as one family.

The doctrine of the Trinity bears such striking internal marks of a divine original, and is so very unlikely to have been the invention of mere human reason, that there is no way of accounting for the general adoption of so singular a belief, but by supposing that it was revealed by God to the early patriarchs, and that it was transmitted by them to their posterity.

In its progress, indeed, to remote countries, and to distant generations, this belief became depraved and corrupted in the highest degree, and He alone, who brought life and immortality to light, could restore it to its original simplicity and purity.

H. A. MACKELCAN.

Hamilton, Aug. 31, 1885.

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### THE "TOUT ENSEMBLE" OF MASONRY.

Every initiate into the mysteries of Freemasonry is entitled to know, and to legitimately profit by, all that there is in it; and how much there is in it every Brother who has diligently sought the Light knows. Naturally, the newly-made Brother sees only the "tout ensemble" of Masonry—the whole taken together. This composite unit is very striking, very suggestive, very instructive. It presents the appearance of a beautiful moral edifice, a Temple not made with hands, a rare and noble product of the finest human minds. No one man devised Freemasonry. Our traditions teach us that never less than three Brethren have perfected anything for the institution. What perfect thing could wisdom create, without the aid of Strength and Beauty? Freemasonry has ever employed all three, actually and typically, and the result is a "tout ensemble" that has challenged the admiration of Masons, and even of the profane world, through all the past existence of the Craft. But this one, rounded, superficial view of Freemasonry, while the only one that the newly-made Brother can take, is far from the only one that the zealous initiate takes, who all through his career diligently seeks "more Light." Such a Brother is not satisfied with the whole of Masonry taken together, but he scrutinizes its component parts, its various characteristics. The *tout ensemble* of some structures, material and moral, is beautiful to the eye, but when their parts are critically examined, they fail to justify the preliminary view, and instead of yielding pleasure, they disappoint and annoy. Not so Freemasonry. The facade of its moral Temple is stately, noble and beautiful. And its interior is no less, but rather more so, and all that is enacted within tends to improve the mind, purify the heart and ennoble the life. Taken together, or taken separately in its

parts, Freemasonry is a science worthy of its originators, worthy of its initiates in all ages of the world, worthy of the devotion of a Washington, a Franklin, a LaFayette, a Marshall, and a Dallas, and worthy of its unexampled career, surviving as it has the downfall of dynasties and nations.

Even after a brother ceases to regard merely the *tout ensemble* of Masonry and comes to look closer at the peculiar features which distinguish it, he may be enchanted with some one feature, and practically disregard the rest. Some of these do not require that emphasis be laid upon them in order to win for them admiration. Who need call attention to the banquet? It is superficial, it speaks for itself. So of kindred features. Nearly all young brethren are diligent attendants at their Lodge, but unless they are students of Freemasonry, delvers in the quarries, seekers after Light, in the course of a few years they lose their primary enthusiasm, become irregular in their attendance, and possibly drift into the throng of the indifferent, the suspended-for-non-payment-of dues, and the non-affiliates. Unless a Brother sees more than the *tout ensemble*, five years in the Craft may measure the length of his active Masonic life.

What an example did Brother Benjamin Franklin, and the freemasons of Philadelphia in the year 1732 who were members of the St. John's Lodge of that day, set us in this regard! In the report of the Committee, dated June 5, 1732, which we printed for the first time in the *Keystone* of last week, these Brethren manifested a laudable desire to become acquainted, not merely with Freemasonry as a whole, but also with it in some of its most important parts. Those Masons of one hundred and fifty-three years ago, in the "city of Brotherly Love," in this, as in other respects, were models for us, and for Freemasons through all time. They wished not only to admire the shell, but to profit by the kernel of Masonry.

In substance they said this:—Freemasonry is founded upon Geometry and Architecture, and therefore ignorance of these is "very unbecoming a man who bears the worthy name and character of Mason." How exceedingly true! But these ancient brethren did not stop with the enunciation of this truth. Ben. Franklin was nothing if not practical. This Committee recommended that the whole cash then in the treasury of the Lodge "be laid out in the best books of Architecture, suitable Mathematical instruments, etc." They wished the members of St. John's Lodge to be, not merely superficial Masons, but that everyone should enjoy and profit by all that was in Masonry. What was true then in this regard is true now, and will continue true to the end of time. We shall mention but two parts of Masonry which will abundantly repay the study of any Brother, and these are, this very science of Architecture, upon which Bro. Ben. Franklin and his associate brethren laid so much stress; and the eternal moral truths of Masonry, which are so forcibly and continuously taught in the course of its work, and in which every initiate should feel the deepest interest. The physical man dies and is buried, but the spiritual man shall live forever. Immortality is ours. Momentous truth! The Freemason who is not conscious of this, who is unimpressed by it, who does not act as though he were the custodian of a Divine spark which may hereafter glow with the splendour of a sun, fails to apprehend one of the greatest and most glorious truths of Masonry.—*Keystone*.

#### VISITING BRETHREN.

The proper treatment of visiting brethren should be insisted on by the Master of every Lodge. How frequently do we find that a visitor has been detained in the committee room, the victim of a "sharp" committee, until the session of the Lodge is concluded, the lights extinguished, and

all but the Tyler retired. Still more frequently the visitor is admitted and formally introduced, when no further attention is given him. This treatment of a visiting brother does not agree with one of the prominent tenets of our profession as Masons—that Brotherly Love, by the exercise of which “we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family, the high, and low, the rich and poor, who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support and protect each other;” it is diametrically opposed to that spirit of Fraternity which on all occasions should actuate those who are bound by a common tie, and are professedly laboring for a common purpose. When a visitor is announced the committee of examination should consist of brethren who are familiar with the ritual and methods of the jurisdiction from whence he comes, those who are not sticklers for the exact letter of the ritual and lectures which are practiced at home, but who will exercise reasonable discretion in the performance of the present duty assigned them, ever remembering that although as a whole the work of different jurisdictions is identical, yet the minor details of the work are adverse to a degree which would appear alarming to one not well versed in the ritualistic practices of other jurisdictions, and through ignorance debar a worthy craftsman from the exercise of the right of visitation.

A writer in the *Odd Fellows Review* makes the following remarks, which are also applicable to Masonic practice:—

“On entering the lodge room and finding a strange brother present, it is your duty to go at once and take him by the hand and in a fraternal manner make his acquaintance. How often brethren neglect this duty. Some come into the hall and seeing a stranger present, pass over to the other side, often without even giving the visitor a cold nod. Such treatment and manners are decidedly boorish, and only becoming the backwoods greenhorn. This class of brethren are not only found in the country

Lodges in particular, but many are guilty of this unbecoming habit in the cities. Our Lodge is cur home, and to treat a stranger at our home as they are often treated at Lodges would be an insult never to be forgiven or forgotten.”—*Light*.

### ACT UPON THE SQUARE.

How simple the sentence, how hard its practical application. One of the greatest minds that ever paid homage to Masonry has said:

“I'll no say men are villan a';  
The real hardened wicked,  
Who hae no cheek but human law,  
Are to a few restricted.  
But, ooh, mankind are unco weak  
And little to be trusted;  
If self the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted!”

The whole story is told. We are so bound up in self, that we neglect this pointed mandate. If the Masonic fraternity obeyed it, how the world would gaze upon us in admiration. Vain the attack of the fanatic and zealot. The Pope may fulminate his bulls; the Blanchards, and other pretenders to sanctity may assail us, but with this duty done we can defy them all. Our danger is from within. Our neglect of this duty in the past has made many non-affiliates. The time is coming when a crusade against so-called secret societies will be popular. They are swarming like the frogs in ancient times upon the banks of the Nile. Many of them have made promises that will be settled in insolvency. This will bring on the conflict. The innocent will suffer with the guilty. Our suspended members will be loud in their denunciation and we shall be thoroughly sifted. It will be well with us if we, as an Order, have obeyed the command stated. Vain are our pretensions if this has been neglected. A man may take all the degrees in Masonry and have all titles bestowed upon him and be as destitute of Masonic life as the tinsel that bespangles him when arrayed at their gathering.

Some times we think a renewal of the dark days of 1827 would be a live

coal from off the altar to our ancient fraternity. We should at once be deserted by all who have joined it for gain or political preferment or the speech of men, or to gratify a pompous vanity, or who have schemed to make a noise in the market place to have the praise of men. These are they who know not their worth and never could be made to obey if left in freedom. Remember

"A king can make a belted knight  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the goud for a' that."

—*Masonic Journal.*

### HOW DEGREES WERE PLANTED AND TOOK ROOT IN AMERICA.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

In my communication to this journal, printed 8th November, 1884, about "Masonic Degree Pedlers," I called attention to a group of degrees, variously called "Cryptic Masonry," or "Royal and Select Masters," which Jeremy L. Cross peddled in Baltimore in 1822. This I gave from hearsay, and it was not quite correct. Bro. Ed. T. Schultz, who is now issuing a History of Freemasonry in Maryland (from which work I copied Bro. Thompson's letter of 1808, which I communicated to this paper 11th July,—I must add that the said work is highly interesting). The said author cites various authorities about the origin of our "Cryptic Degrees." Thus, according to Bro. Dove, of Virginia, the "Select Degree," in conjunction with the Royal Masters' degree, was in the possession of a distinguished chief in the State of Maryland, and by him conferred without fee; he delegated his authority to others to do the like, until the year 1824, when the Grand Chapter of Maryland, with his consent, took charge of the [two] degrees, and ordered them to be given before the "Most Excellent Master" degree. Mackay says:—

"The Masons of Maryland and

Virginia contend that the Royal and Select degrees were introduced by Philip P. Eckel, of Baltimore, one of the most distinguished and enlightened Masons of his day, who in 1817 communicated them to Jeremy L. Cross, and gave him authority to confer them in every Royal Arch Chapter which he might visit in his official character."

Bro. Folger says, that there was a very warm discussion at the General Meeting of the Grand Chapter in 1816, caused by Bro. Eckel's request for the Grand Chapter to incorporate the Royal and Select Degrees, which the Grand Chapter refused to do. Bro. Folger then continues thus:—

"Mr. Eckel, the Baltimore delegate, went home, and when Cross, who at that session of the General Grand Chapter had been appointed and confirmed as General Grand Lecturer, started on his lecturing tour. He stopped at Baltimore, and purchased and received the privilege from Eckel and Niles to erect and establish Councils of Royal and Select Masters. This privilege he carried out pretty effectually; beginning with New Jersey, and all the Councils in existence in those States mentioned in his narrative were established by himself, also the Eastern States, except Rhode Island."

"From the above quotations (says Bro Schultz) it will be perceived that it was the general belief that the control of the Royal and Select Degrees was vested in Eckles and Niles; but we think Bros. Dove, Mackey, Folger, and others, make a great mistake in coupling the Royal Master's degree with the Select degree . . . for there is no evidence whatever to show that the brethren ever exercised or claimed control of the Royal Master's degree, or that they were even in possession of that degree at the periods named by them."

After the usual preface, the Warrant Cross received from Messrs. Eckel and Niles is given in the said history, and is as follows:—

"Whereas the said degree of Select is not so extensively known . . . Therefore . . . Reposing especial confidence in my beloved and trusty Companion Jeremy L. Cross, I do hereby, by the high powers in me vested, authorize and empower him to confer the said degree as follows, viz., in any place where a regular Chapter of Royal Arch Masons is established, the officers or members approving, he may confer the said degree according to its rules and regulations, but only on Royal Arch Masons who have taken all the preceding degrees, as is required by the General Grand Chapter. When a competent number of Select Masons are thus made, he may grant them a Warrant to open a Council of Select and confer the degree, and do all other business appertaining thereto.

"Given under my hand and seal at Baltimore, the 27th day of May, A.D. 1817, &c.

PHILIP P. ECKEL,

"Thrice Illustrious and Grand Puissant in the Grand Council of Select at Baltimore and approved as G. G. Scribe.

"Approved and attested as Ill. in the G. Council.

H. NILES."

In the first Warrant issued by Cross under this commission (says Brother Schultz) the Companions were empowered to form 'themselves into a regular Council of *Select Masters*,' but in the Warrants issued by him in 1819, and thereafter, the 'High Powers in him vested by the Grand Council of Baltimore' were enlarged to include the Royal Master's Degree. In view of the action taken subsequently by the brethren of Baltimore, there is every reason to believe that the 'enlarged powers' under which Cross claimed to act were not granted by Eckel and Niles."

"At a session of the Grand Chapter held in Baltimore, in 1827, Jas. K. Stapleton, Grand High Priest, meaning the Z., documents upon the sub-

ject of the institution of the Select degree independent of the G. R. A. Chapter, which were referred to a committee, who recommended that a circular be sent to the several Grand Chapters regarding the matter, and which was adopted."

The circular is too long for insertion. I shall therefore give the gist of it.

Bro. Stapleton complained about the unsettled state of the degree of Select Masons. This degree (he says) existed under the authority of a distinguished chief in the State of Maryland. In 1824, the Maryland Grand Chapter ordered its subordinates to confer the Select degree in its proper order, immediately preceding the R. A., and were hence desirous to deprive the independent Councils of the right of conferring the said Select degree, and he goes on to say:—

"But as we are satisfied, through a great mistake or actual abuse of any authority delegated, or meant to be delegated, in relation to the Select degree. We would therefore beg leave to recommend to your G.C. the consideration of this degree. . . . With the hope that you will see it to be for the general interest of the Craft to take the said degree under your recognition and control, to whom it of right belongs, and thereby do away with what is felt to be a grievance by those distinguished chiefs, whose authority, delegated to a limited extent and for special reasons, has been perverted for sordid purposes, by the creation of an independent order, never contemplated by them," &c.

Whereupon Bro. Schultz remarks, that "It will be seen that Bro. Cross is charged with having abused the authority 'delegated or meant to be delegated' to him."

Now it seems to me that Brother Schultz misunderstood the meaning of Bro. Stapleton's circular, for there is no doubt that Eckel and Niles gave a warrant to Cross to establish Councils for the "Select." And as Eckel was alive in 1827, when the Maryland

Chapter issued the circular, it seems to me that the Maryland Chapter took umbrage at Eckel's pretended right to establish independent Councils for the said degree. Stapleton's statement that "This degree existed under the authority of a distinguished chief in the State of Maryland" could not have referred to Eckel, but to another party. Who that distinguished chief was I shall show hereafter; and hence his subsequent reference to "distinguished chiefs, whose authority delegated to a limited extent for special reasons has been perverted for sordid purposes," was directed against the assumption of Messrs. Eckel and Niles for selling to Cross the right of establishing independent Councils. True, Cross pretended, in 1819, to have received enlarged powers from Eckel and Niles to add the Royal Masters' degree to the Select. But Bro. Stapleton seems to have been ignorant of Cross's imposture, or of even the existence of the Royal Master's degree; his aim was simply to deprive the independent Councils of the power of conferring the Select degree and that degree only. Hence, I came to the conclusion that Stapleton directed his censure more against Eckel and Niles than Cross.

But where did Eckel get the Select degree from? Who conferred upon him the power to grant warrants, and who was the distinguished chief referred to by Stapleton? Well, the following document, discovered by Bro. Schultz, will explain the subject. It is as follows:—

"Whereas, in the year of the Temple 2792, our thrice illustrious brother Henry Wilmans, Grand Elect, Select, Perfect Sublime Mason, Grand Inspector General, and Grand Master of Chapter of Royal Arch, Grand Elect and Perfect Masters' Lodges and Councils, Knight of the East, Prince of Jerusalem, Patriarch Noachite, Knight of the Sun, and Prince of the Royal Secret, did, by and in virtue of the powers in him legally vested, establish, ordain, erect and support a

Grand Council of Select Masons in the city of Baltimore, and wrought therein to the great benefit of the Craft and to the profitable extension and elucidation of the mysteries of Masonry. And, whereas we, the subscribers to these presents, are by regular succession possessors of all the rights, privileges and immunities and powers vested in any way whatsoever in the said Grand Council of Select Masons, considering the great advantages that would accrue to the Craft in an extension of the knowledge of the Royal Secret, as introductory to, and necessary for, the better understanding of the Superior Degrees."

This is followed by a form of a warrant "to open and to hold a Chapter of Select Masons in the city of Baltimore." Blank spaces are left to be filled in with the names of the Officers, and next, there are five bye-laws, with blank spaces before "Dollars," and it winds up thus:—

SEAL. "In testimony whereof we have signed our names and affixed the Seal of the Grand Council, this—[I suppose "THIS" was to be followed with a date]."

PHIL. P. ECKEL.

H. NILES.

We see now, that Messrs. Eckel and Niles did not receive a warrant from Wilmans to establish Councils, but merely claimed a right to do so by virtue of succession, or, in other words, by inheritance; they claimed that Wilmans established a Council, and they succeeded to all his powers at his death or retirement, and his claim seems to have been doubted by Bro. Stapleton. According to information I received from Bro. Schultz it is evident that the above document was written some years before Eckel and Niles signed it. Bro. Schultz says, "It was written in good clear handwriting, although the ink is somewhat faded; but, 'in testimony whereof' as well as the two signatures, the ink is blacker." He has, however, no doubt that the signatures are genuine. But

when it was written and by whom, and when Messrs. Eckel and Niles signed it, and why they signed it, I was unable to learn. Bro. Schultz further says:

"By virtue of the powers claimed to have been received from Eckel and Niles, Cross established some thirty-three Councils in various parts of the United States, he also delegated his powers to others, who in a like manner issued Warrants for Councils of Royal and Select Masters. It is said that as high a sum as one hundred dollars was demanded for a Warrant."

The fact is with Cross, Masonry was a money making business, and he accumulated enough money to live upon his income some time before he died. But what of that? Dr. Wilson, Judge Burt, Rob Morris, and even Albert Pyke, are now doing precisely what Cross did then. And as long as Masonic noodles hunger for more degrees, there will always be in our midst degree manufacturers and warrant sellers.

But where did "the distinguished chief of Maryland" obtain his supposed high powers? This question Bro Schultz cannot answer, and he says:—

"The name of Wilmans does not appear upon any register or document in the archives of the Supreme Council of the Southern jurisdiction, or upon any other known document or record containing the names of the early Inspectors. From the fact that in both the documents he is styled 'Grand Inspector General,' while those deriving their powers from Morin are styled 'Deputy Inspectors,' led to the supposition that he might have derived his powers from Europe. . . Letters were addressed to the Grand Lodges of Berlin and Bremen . . . but nothing in regard to his Masonic character could be learned."

This much, however, has been learned about Wilmans, viz., he was a native of Bremen, and settled in Baltimore as early at least as 1790. In 1798 he was master of a new

Lodge, the same year he was elected D.G.M., the next year G.M., and he died in 1795. I will add, that Eckel was a member in 1798 of the new Lodge of which Wilmans was the first Master.

Bro. Holbrook, of South Carolina, claims the honor of motherhood of the Royal and Select degrees for Charleston, in his State. Thus, in a MS. book written by Holbrook in 1829, he stated that Joseph Myers, Deputy Inspector General, deposited in 1788 in the archives of the Grand Council of the Princes of Jerusalem at Charleston, a certified copy of the Royal and Select degrees received from Berlin. Now, Holbrook was probably an infatuated high degreeer, and his statements may not be reliable; hence, I do not believe that Myers received the said degree from Berlin. We know, however, that in those days Charleston was famous for manufacturing all kinds of Masonic degrees; the Charleston luminaries even manufactured a warrant for 88 degrees, eight of which were bran new ones, which they pretended to have received from Frederick the Great, of Berlin; and there are foolish Masons living to-day, both here and in England, who would swear to the genuineness of the Frederic the Great Charter. It is no wonder, therefore, that in 1829 Holbrook believed that the Royal and Select degrees also came from Berlin. But a letter of Balcho, written in 1802, shows that the Select degree at least was a Charleston invention, and may be the Royal was also. Dalcho says:

"Besides those degrees, which are in regular succession, most of the Inspectors are in possession of a number of detached degrees given in different parts of the world, and which they generally communicate, free of expense, to those brethren who are high enough to understand them, such as Select Masons of 27, and the Royal Arch, as given under the Constitution of Dublin. Six degrees of Maçonnerie d'Adoption, Compagnon

Ecossois, De Maitre Ecossois, and Grand Le Maitre Ecossois, &c., &c., making in the aggregate 52 degrees."

We see now that whil. 1762 the Charlestonians had but twenty-five degrees, in 1802 they had fifty-two, among which was the "Select" degree. It is possible that the Royal degree may also have originated in Charleston; but during the first two decades of this century, New York swarmed with degree manufacturers, and as the Royal degree made its first public appearance in New York before 1810, it is not impossible that the Royal degrees' origin was in New York.

We have seen that up to 1819, Cross gave warrants for the Select degree only. After 1819, he gave warrants for the Royal and Select degrees. Since then, however, a degree called "Super-Excellent Master" was tacked on to the "Royal and Select." For some years, the following order was observed in conferring the said degrees:—Select, 1st; Royal, 2nd; and Super-Excellent, 3rd. But about six years ago, it was discovered that the Royal should be conferred before the Select, and the routine has been changed accordingly. I must further add, that between the Master Mason and Royal Arch, three degrees are here given, one of which is called "Most Excellent Master." I always supposed that "Most Excellent" and "Super-Excellent" were "much of a muchness." I have, however, been assured the Super-Excellent degree is "a horse of another color."

Boston, U.S., 31st July, 1885.

P.S.—I have just received a letter from Bro. Schultz, in which he says:—"It is impossible to know definitely at this day, who is meant by the 'distinguished chief,' in the address of Stapleton. I have often puzzled over the matter, and my conclusions are about the same as yours, that Wilmans is the person referred to. And yet Dove uses the same term, 'distinguished chief,' and evidently, I think, he there refers to Eckel."

Undoubtedly, Dove referred to Eckel, otherwise he would not have said that, in 1824, "when the Grand Chapter of Maryland, with his consent, took charge of the degrees." Now, Wilmans died in 1805, but Eckel lived until 1831. If, therefore, it referred to either, it must have been Eckel. Mackey, also, supposed the "distinguished chief" referred to Eckel. It is evident, however, that neither Dove nor Mackey knew about Eckel's claim to have received the degree from Wilmans, but Stapleton did know it, and did not believe it. Hence, his saying, "by the creation of an independent order never contemplated by them," could not have referred to Eckel and Niles, because the warrant to Cross proves that they did contemplate the creation of an independent order. Hence, the word, "them," must have meant some other party, from whom Eckel and Niles received the Select degree. J. N.

#### IMAGES AND INSCRIPTIONS OF CHRIST UPON ANCIENT COINS.

BY ROB MORRIS, LL.D.

There are few coins which excite so much interest in my Numismatic Lectures as those that present the portraits and titles of Jesus Christ. Such coins, while common enough in eastern lands, where they were minted and distributed by hundreds of millions from the fourth century onward, are rarely found in American collections, or, if found, are little understood. It occurs to me, therefore, that the readers of the *Masonic Review* may like a chapter upon the subject from a numismatist, who has made a particular study of this class of coins. To make the information practical, I will suppose the reader turning over a mass of worn, battered, rusty and half-legible specimens, such as he is likely to purchase from the coin dealers of Smyrna, Beyrout, or Alexandria,—such as I have purchased by the gallon from the petty chiefs of the

villages all through the Orient, at prices ranging from a dollar apiece to a dollar per hundred.

Here is one with *IHS CHRIST. REX REGNANTIVM*. Sometimes the second word is *CHRISTVS*. Sometimes the letter *v* is in the Greek form, resembling the lower-case *h* of our alphabet. These coins are of the Emperor Justinian II., of Constantinople, (nicknamed *Rhinotemete*,) who resigned A. D. 685 to 711. During his twenty-six years' rule his mints were prolific, and the number of specimens of his coinage now in existence is very great. There is a likeness of Christ upon many of them, always full-face front; upon the breast is a breast plate, and in his left hand a roll representing the Scriptures. These coins are usually copper, but sometimes in gold. Upon some, the letters *D. N.* for *Dominus Noster* ("Our Lord") are found. The various words above written are often abbreviated, as *XC* for *Christus*. In some the sentence is *IHS XS REX*, etc., or *IHC XPS*, etc.

Various Emperors besides Justinian II., stamped the Christian ascriptions upon their coins. In some, the Christ is seated, his right hand held forward, in his left the Sacred Roll. In others the head is pressed back upon a cross, where we see the upper part rising above the head, and the arms of the cross extending right and left. In these the head is always crowned with a halo, representing divinity.

A few centuries later, and we find upon the coins of the Greek Emperor John Zimisces I., (A. D. 969 to 976,) a treasury of Christian Symbols. Around the portrait is *EMMANVEL*, "Emmanuel." Over the shoulders, *IC XC*, the abbreviations of "Jesus Christ." A large cross standing on three steps, bears the legend, *IHSVS XPISTOS NIKA*, "Jesus Christ overcomes." Sometimes a globe is seen, sometimes a star. In many coins of this age, the legend appears *IHSVS XPISTVS BASILEV BASILE*, "Jesus Christ the King of Kings."

This latter Emperor (Zimisces I.)

was the first I think, who omitted the use of his own portrait and name upon his coins, preferring, in his piety, to employ those of the Saviour. It is unfortunate, however, for the preservation of these, that the portrait is always full-face to the front, following the inartistic method of the dark ages. For this exposed the coin to speedy defacement by handling especially as the copper used in the mints of that period is unalloyed, and of course soft and easily worn smooth. I have handled very many of these Zimisces coppers and rarely find one that preserves the lineaments and legends of the Saviour perfectly. The nose is the first to be worn off, and the want of that alone makes the portrait very imperfect. But so far as I can read them, the purpose of the artist is to express the Saviour's face as that of "a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief." The countenance is both sad and severe. It is long and thin, and made to look longer by the pointed beard, so common in Cromwell's time. It recalls these lines:—

*Rejected, though He came to save,  
Despised, though Lord of all,  
Embittered in His very grave  
With wormwood and with gall;  
A man of sorrows and acquainted  
With grief's most agonizing plaint.*

Numerous volumes have been published by European numismatists upon these coins, bearing such sacred inscriptions. Among these are Roskins, Kruniz, and J. F. Vaillant. The latter, in a romantic vein, published at Rome, in 1737, a work in Latin, styled "A Copper Coin of the Ancient Christians, in which is given on one side the bust of Jesus, on the other His Baptism!" But I think no one save himself, ever saw that particular coin.

#### THE RIGHT OF BURIAL.

The most sacred right that belongs to a Mason, is the right to a Masonic burial when he dies in good standing in the fraternity, and it belongs to every such Master Mason, and should

never be graduated by any considerations of either the Masonic or social standing of the deceased brother. The living,—the family of the deceased,—have a right to expect that we should give at least this manifestation of sympathy in their sorrow and bereavement. "The time will come, and the wisest of us know not how soon," when the loved ones we shall leave behind, will need all the sympathy and consolation that loving hearts can bestow. I have expressed the hope, that when I die, it will be where and under such circumstances that my body will be followed to its last resting-place by my Masonic brethren. I have fancied that the earth would lie lighter above my breast, if their hands consigned my mortal remains to the embrace of "mother earth," and heaped the mound above them. I have drawn comfort from the thought, that the light of their tender sympathy would break through the deep gloom of sorrow and almost despair, which would then enfold my loved ones, like a gleam of sunshine through storm-clouds. But if when I die, this duty is to be done grudgingly, coldly, and indifferently, then I want none of its hollow mockery. Let others perform that which I have a right to demand, that every Master Mason should regard and discharge as a pious and sacred duty.—*Freemason, Detroit.*

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#### FROM REFRESHMENT TO LABOR.

The time has come when the faithful Tiler brushes up the furniture. "Great lights" are again displayed. There is a hearty shaking of hands, and extending of congratulations, as the brethren file in, and the lodge is again "called on." It is right that there should be a vacation, that all who can should go into the country and get what recreation they can, and that Masonry should be for the time forgotten. All this is consistent; but there is also a time for returning, when the brethren should come back

with renewed ardor and zeal, and determined to do more for Masonry than ever before, and this is what we desire now. In the resumption, let it be one of spirit and animation. Never was Masonry in a better condition than at this time. There is entire peace and harmony, prosperity and activity throughout its domain, which we should all give thanks. But perfection has not been reached, and in our rest and revigoration, let us make their effects prominent in the work upon which we are about to enter.

Do not for a moment suppose that the Master and Wardens can conduct the lodge successfully alone. Let every member attend regularly, so that every chair may be filled. Go there in the best of nature and spirit. If you hear that a brother is sick, visit him immediately. Do not wait for the regular committee to perform this duty. You will make the family feel that the bonds of Masonry are very strong. If you hear that a brother is unfortunate in life's journey, do what you can quietly to assist him. We are never so happy as when we are making others happy, and this is one of the objects of Masonry.

Let this calling on be one of great earnestness, implying that the cause of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, shall be realized in its full meaning.

With this spirit, the *Freemasons' Journal* extends its congratulations to all the lodges, with the wish that prosperity may attend them in all their efforts and deliberations.—*Freemasons' Journal.*

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#### "AS ITHERS SEE US."

A friend has done us the unkindness to send two broadsheets filled with the ravings of a man more fit for Babel than to be at large. We advise Mr. R. H. Cotter, the person alluded to, to remain in Ireland, for a law was passed on the 6th inst. which gives power to overseers, relieving overseers and policemen to

arrest any person who may appear to them to be under the influence of some mania. It would not be difficult to arrive at a conclusion with regard to Mr. Cotter. Only let England be named, or Freemasonry be hinted at even, and the vials of his wrath would be poured out in such a torrent as to convince those who heard him that he must be laboring under extraordinary delusions, and that in his ravings he forgets the decencies of life, the slightest regard for facts. It is not pleasant work to gibbet an enemy, but there is no objection to his doing the thing himself. We are not sure that we are wise in letting our readers see how wild some men become when filled with hate and all uncharitableness. Freemasons have always had bitter opponents, and none more unscrupulous than the Romish Church, but never have we read anything so violent and outrageous as the slanders penned by Mr. R. H. Cotter. We shall not attempt to reason with a man who is incapable of believing any good of Freemasons; he shall speak for himself, and our readers can judge how far we are justified in classing him with persons scarcely to be held responsible for their actions. If he had only Freemasonry on the brain we should not be so much surprised, but he seems to be the incarnation of all that is violent in his feelings with regard to England. He is no respecter of persons, and we are afraid we must add, has not the least respect for truth.

It would be labor in vain to argue with such a man. We give some specimens of his language that our readers may know how low it is possible for an enemy to descend. Besides Mr. Cotter is a curiosity in his way, and let us hope is even unique in Ireland. The object of the broadsheets before us is "to unmask the plot of God-defying political domination in blaspheming Freemasonry, which it appears is now the State religion of England," to show that "Masonry was heathenish, as its

humbugging libations of wine and oil and corn might suggest." We owe our religion to a "Jew, who rejected Christianity *in toto*, for their motto is only compsed of Babylonian Hebrew cabalistic words, but actually refers to the heathen doctrine of transmigration of souls—a 'doctrine of devils.'" As their origin is, so are their works, and we need not be surprised that our brethren in Ireland—"traitors to God, are drawing down Heaven's wrath" upon that country. Mr. Cotter has got hold of some books; he has learned of some renegades, who, like perverts and false friends, become the bitterest of enemies as well as the falsest of guides. From these he draws pretty largely, and takes all they relate as pure gospel. A Dr. Carwithen is a great authority in the eyes of Mr. Cotter, and so is a Mr. Trevillan, who thus described a system that had once tolerated him as a disciple, as "scandalously and detestably anti-Christian." He relies very much upon the fact that "one hundred and three" American Masons seceded from the Order on the ground that it was "a bloody relic of barbarism." He mouths this over frequently as if alarmed at the poverty of his own conversion. Mr. Cotter need not fear; his vocabulary is stored with epithets that an Irish fishwife would envy, some of which we shall presently reproduce.

We are told that Freemasonry is "a school for grabbing as well as for murder," for it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Chater believes in the Morgan story. Bishop Plunket, of Meath, according to this voracious witness, was made an Archbishop by "his clique of cowardly, darkness-loving blaspheming Freemasons-God-blaspheming ring." Daniel O'Connell, who was at one time a member of the Fraternity, but retired from it at the bidding of the Romish Priests, once described Mr. Disraeli as "the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief upon the cross." Mr. Cotter has studied the Repealer as a model of vituperation. He calls Archbishop-

Plunket "an impenitent Freemason;" calls Lodges "cowardly murderers' dens;" says that their frequenters have "blasphemous lying mouths," and that they are "liars, assassins and blasphemers." He rails at times against their secret arts, at another he says, "The more secrecy 'the devil' and these 'his angels' keep, the better I'm pleased, till they're pinned down into the bottomless pit." We have said that this coarse traducer was no respecter of persons, and the proof is forthcoming. Writing of a relative he described him as "a most gloriously charitable, most pious skull-drinking, most blaspheming Freemason of immortal memory." His own brother, a member of the Craft, rebuked him for his vile language, and he is immediately lashed and accused of being "without natural affection." Another brother, also a Freemason, who renounced the Order before he died, is extolled almost as an angel. Mr. R. H. Cotter believes any story that can be made to tell against the Fraternity. He has got it into his head that the brethren make a practice of drinking out of human skulls. This is a great fact with him, and he calls "one hundred and three" seceders and the *Standard* newspaper as witnesses. But then he has another witness, "a butler, who lived in the house of the notorious Freemason named Furnell, and that butler saw a coffin full of skulls and bones lying for months in Furnell's parlor, in George Street, Limerick." After that who can deny that skulls are converted into drinking cups by the abominable Freemasons, who might with equal truth be dubbed body-snatchers and cannibals.

There is scarcely a crime under the sun of which it is not possible for a Freemason to be guilty, but it may be a consolation to know that they are condemned in the company of others. England is denounced with the same unsparing hand, and Orangemen belong to the same tribe of fiends. England is "the great Red Dragon,"

and Mr. Cotter calls in a witness who believed the day would come when she would lose all her commerce, and that Tyre and Sidon's end would be hers. She is also a 'scarlet-colored beast'—the leopard, spotted with all the lies from Puseyism to Bradlaughism." After all, Freemasonry is the ground-work of all our wickedness. The brethren are the evil geni of the world; they are the serpent that beguiled Eve; they cannot be saved; they are the elect of the damned, and Mr. Cotter is the destroying angel who means to execute vengeance. We can imagine how the brethren will open their eyes with wonder at being so foully stigmatised, how they will tremble when they enter the Lodge, lest the "red dragon," the "leopard, spotted with all the lies," should fall upon them and devour them. Let them not fear. Mr. Cotter is living in a world created by his own mad fancies; his very violence defeats the end he has in view. His slanders may be regarded as the frenzy of impotence. Nevertheless, it would be well were his friends to look after him,—out of sheer pity.

#### PROGRESS OR STAGNATION.

The summer vacation is nearing its close. The lodges will resume work again, and soon we shall settle down to the fall and winter season of 1885-'6.

Well, what shall the record be? Shall we settle down into the same old hum-drum ways that characterized the past; or shall our motto be—EXCELSIOR?

A new administration has come into power, whose advent was hailed as the infusion of fresh, young and vigorous blood into the body of Masonry.

Shall its history justify the predictions of its advocates, and leave its mark in the annals of this jurisdiction? Shall the reform in lodge music, so persistently and faithfully urged in these columns, be commenced and carried on in good faith; or

shall the same slipshod, slovenly policy prevail in the present as in the past?

It is our firm conviction, that the administration of Grand Master Brodie missed a golden opportunity when it neglected this subject. It is equally our conviction, that the administration of Grand Master Lawrence is bound to take warning by the example.

There is no necessity for the Most Worshipful brother to wait until the next session of the Grand Lodge.

'Twas his active mind, progressive with far-seeing ideas, which has made the Masonic Hall reading-room one of the beautiful facts.

Let the Grand Master, then, add further to his excellent record, by appointment of a commission of competent brethren now, to enquire into this whole subject, and prepare a well-digested plan for submission to the Grand Lodge, at its next annual communication, to the end that the present unworthy musical (?) service may be done away with, and a new state of things inaugurated that shall redound to the credit and not the discredit of the fraternity.

We confess to a feeling of shame and indignation, when, in our frequent visitations to the various lodges in and about the city of New York, we are compelled to listen to discordant sounds that pass under the name of music—Heaven save the mark!—and observe the strange apathy with which the brethren tolerate the outrage.

In other relations of life, would they display such indifference? As members of churches, clubs, societies, or other social gatherings, where music is required; or, as patrons of the theatre, the opera or the concert, they would very quickly bring about a reformation, either by unmistakable tokens of disapproval, or else by absenting themselves from the infiction.

But in Masonry, it seems they are content to put up with a performance, that an "organ-grinder" would reject

as beneath the dignity of his instrument.

Is not our ritual entitled to respectful treatment at our hands? Must we give attention to every other detail of its proper and decorous observance, and neglect the one that vitalizes and beautifies all the rest?

Through the *Corner-Stone*, we have urged that the Grand Lodge should attend to this matter, because individual lodges cannot be expected to possess the requisite material for a chorus, or even a quartette. But in the meantime, any lodge so fortunate as to number among its members, trained musicians, sufficient in numbers and variety of voices to render the music in full harmony, can do much to initiate this grand and beneficent reform, and set a glorious example to all the rest. Such a lodge we believe St. Cecile to be. It includes on its roll the names of the most eminent professionals in New York, every one of them fully competent to take hold of and carry through this worthy enterprise. May we not appeal to that lodge to lend the weight of their example and authority, and above all, of their well-trained musical ability, to the glorious achievement of this long-needed reformation, that it may be started, sustained, and crowned with success.—*Corner-Stone*.

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#### FROM REFRESHMENT TO LABOR.

The sultry dog-days of August have once more been weathered, and those who hid themselves to cool retreats to enjoy refreshing lake breezes, or the invigorating mountain air, during the heated term, are returning refreshed and strengthened to their homes, to take up the toil and cares of business for another season. Those less favored, who could not afford the luxury of a vacation, but are compelled to perform their daily task the year round, can rejoice that the enervating season is passed, and they can work with some degree of com-

fort, and acquire a healthful recuperation that will make the burden of labor less severe. All are in better condition, or soon will be, to perform what is required of them in the journey of life, and to enjoy such pleasures as may fall by the way-side.

The hot weather of summer is not favorable for Masonic work. Lodge-rooms are necessarily generally constructed so as to afford but little ventilation. If lodge meetings are held, it is often difficult to secure a quorum of members, and hence the practice has become more or less general to suspend meetings for a time, they being neither pleasant nor profitable. This vacation season for 1885 is now ended. Lodges, like individuals, are supposed to be benefited by a season of rest, and in resuming labor, will show greater energy and zeal in the work before them.

The gavel will sound the call to labor for all the stated meetings in September. The brethren should all respond to the call so far as possible. The faithful few will be there; they are always on hand; but there should be a more general attendance of members than is found in most lodges. No one should feel that his presence is not required, even though he may have been assigned no special part of the work. Others who have work to do, may be unavoidably absent and you needed to fill their places. Even if you have nothing special to do, your presence will be beneficial as an encouragement to others, and will animate them to do better work.

In resuming labor, officers should come prepared for the duties of their respective stations. Nothing attracts the members to the lodge-room more than a polished set of officers. We heard a distinguished visitor once say at a lodge meeting, "I am here to-night because I was told that this is the best working lodge in the city, and I am happy to say that I have not been disappointed in your work." Every officer felt a thrill of pleasure

as he heard the compliment, and every member present felt proud of his membership, and that he was paid by coming to the lodge. An officer should always feel that he owes a faithful and efficient discharge of the duties of the position to which he is elected, in return for the honor conferred upon him by such election, and he ought to realize, too, that this cannot be given without a full knowledge of those duties, and the correct way of performing them. If he fails thus to qualify himself in a reasonable time, his election was a mistake, for which the lodge must suffer.—*Mas. Advocate.*

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### MASONIC ITEMS.

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The members of Lebanon Forest Lodge, No. 193, Exeter, Ont., lately presented Rev. Bro. E. J. Robinson with a handsome Masonic jewel accompanied with an address, on the occasion of his leaving for England. The address set forth the valuable services rendered by Bro. Robinson as a lecturer on Masonic subjects and as Chaplain of the lodge. In reply Bro. Robinson thanked the brethren for their handsome gift and fraternal address, and assured them that they would go down as honored heirlooms to his house and name.

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AN ORATORICAL FACT.—A gentleman out in Ohio, in the course of an oration delivered at a public ceremonial, said this:—"The bare railing, made of metal faced with gems, in front of the Oriental chair in which the Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany sits as chief officer of the Scottish Rite, cost \$80,000." When we reflect that the Scottish Rite does not exist in Germany, and consequently that the Kaiser does not sit in its Oriental chair, the value of the above quoted information may be guessed at, but never known.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

## The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, November 15, 1886.

### ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The Grand Lodge of Masons of North Carolina, has generously provided a noble charity in their Orphan Asylum, at Oxford, Granville County, N. C. The Grand Lodge furnishes the grounds and the buildings, and appropriates two thousand dollars a year for its support; to this munificent charity the State has added five thousand dollars a year.

The Orphan Asylum belongs to (and, of course, is conducted according to the regulations adopted by) the Grand Lodge of Masons.

Its benefits are extended to the most needy orphans, without asking whether their fathers were Masons or not. Children are received between the ages of eight and twelve, and discharged between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

The design of the Orphan Asylum shall be to protect, train and educate indigent and promising orphan children, to be received between the ages of eight and twelve years, who have no parents nor property, nor near relations able to assist them.

The larger girls shall assist in the ordinary house work, and in making and mending the bed clothes, their own clothes, and the clothes of the boys. The larger boys shall assist in the preparation of fuel, the care of the stock, and the cultivation of the soil.

At least four religious denominations shall be represented among the officers of the Asylum, and the representatives of all religious creeds and of all political parties shall be treated alike.

The Institution shall be conducted on the cash system, and its operations enlarged or curtailed according to the funds received.

Orphan children in the said Asylum shall be fed and clothed, and shall receive such preparatory training and

education as will prepare them for useful occupations and for the usual business transactions of life.

The sincere thanks of the Grand Lodge are tendered to many benevolent ladies and gentlemen, to the ministers of the Gospel, to churches of various denominations, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Good Templars, Friends of Temperance, and other benevolent societies, whose hearty co-operation and liberal contributions have rendered timely and valuable assistance in the great work of ameliorating the condition of the orphan children of the State.

Grand Master F. H. Busbee, in his appeal, which gives a very fair idea of the scope of this eminently worthy charity, says:

"It is desired in some instances to receive children of less than the usual age of six years, because of the frequent demand for very young children for adoption. We want to have the girls taught cooking and the domestic arts in the best and most approved methods. The boys we expect to train to labor and the manual arts as well as to give them the best primary school education.

"A rigid economy in expenditure will be observed, but to maintain an institution with two hundred inmates, as we hope to be able to have by the close of the year, will require generous aid from the charitable. In the future, as heretofore, our main reliance will be upon the liberality of the people of North Carolina, and it is best that it should be.

"As the plan of the Asylum was inaugurated by the Grand Lodge, and the buildings and grounds belong to it, and its management is controlled by officers selected by the Grand Lodge, upon the Masons in the State will rest the responsibility for its defects.

"To the subordinate Lodges, then, we make an earnest appeal for organized work in behalf of the Asylum. And not in the way of contributions alone do we ask your help. We want destitute orphans sought out and re-

ported to the Superintendent, who will, whenever possible, receive them into the Institution.

"This appeal is to you as Masons. But your work should not be confined to the Craftsmen. Our largest contributions have been received from persons who were not members of the Order, and we look to the people of the world without reference to orders, fraternities or creeds. Every contribution increases to some extent our power for good."

For the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

### COLONEL MOORE AND KNIGHT TEMPLARY.

It is always a most pleasing task to examine the "Allocutions" of Col. McLeod Moore, Grand Master of the Canadian Knights Templar. At least I am always delighted to peruse them, for I consider him to be one of the chief Templars in the world, as respects his knowledge of the Order, its ceremonies and history. The address now before me, was read by his respected D. G. M., Dr. J. A. Henderson, Q. C., in the regretted absence of Brother Moore, at Hamilton, on 7th July, 1885. It deals with many controversial subjects in a very able manner, and fairness is as much a characteristic of the Allocution, as research and thoroughness. Colonel Moore alludes to his criticism of the writings of the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M. A., editor of *The Freemason*, and says he was in error in supposing that well known brother was the "Masonic Student," who has so many years favored the Craft with the result of his Masonic researches. There was no error, for Bro. Woodford is widely recognized as the only prominent writer using that *nom de plume*. I am glad to find Bro. Moore accepts the view I advocate, that "the Building Guilds of Masons were a Christian Society, until the revival and revision of 1717," and also that "the desire for the return to the exclusive Christian basis of the Fraternity, was one chief cause which led to the fa-

brication of additional degrees."\* He also states his adherence to the belief that "the rituals of the Masonry we now have," were made "out of the one degree received from the Guild of Stone Masons," (as respects the first and second degrees) adding the third "in 1725, since considerably enlarged." I am inclined, however, to date the Master Masons degree rather nearer to 1717, as I furnish evidence of its being worked in a Lodge, A. D. 1724, in my last work. It will be seen that Colonel Moore and myself favor Bro. Carson's view, that the elimination of the Christian references and conditions in modern Freemasonry, led to the foundation of additional Masonic degrees, for Christian Masons only, and that this gives a clue to the origin of the K. T. degree. I thoroughly believe in the cosmopolitan tendencies of the Grand Lodge of England, from its origin in 1716-7, but at the same time, recognize the value and importance of several of the late degrees, based directly on Christianity, so long as they are kept in their proper place, and do not disturb the harmony that should reign. Col. Moore well observes that "the Templar system, with us, is, therefore, nothing more than a Christian Association of Freemasons, who represent and follow the traditions of the Ancient Religious and Military Orders of the Crusaders, imitating as nearly as possible, their usages and customs, and strictly adhering to their teachings and doctrines." This is what modern Masonic Templary is, and nothing more. Not actual descendants of the ancient order, but imitators, followers and improvers.

I quite agree with the Grand Master of Canadian Templary, in deciding that the appropriate prefix for a member is Frater, not "Sir Knight." The latter is an absurd designation, for if used at all, the "Sir" should be the prefix, and "Knight" the suffix.

\* Hughan's "Origin of the English Rite of Freemasonry," 1884.

I see the Colonel still leans to the title of "Great Prior," but it virtually means the same as the term "Grand Master," and prevents any misunderstanding by using the higher title. Anyway Col. Moore is as much Grand Master of the Templars as H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. I trust my dear old friend will be spared to write many more Allocutions, for they are much valued everywhere.

Torquay, England. W. J. HUGHAN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Irish lodges in New South Wales, have returned their warrants to Ireland, and joined the Grand Lodge of New South Wales.

R. W. Bro. W. J. HUGHAN's recent work is already out of print. We hope the gifted Brother may find the demand so great that he will find it pay him to issue a second addition.

TENNESSEE has furnished three Presidents to the United States, all of whom were Free Masons. Brother General Andrew Jackson was Grand Master in 1822-23. Brother James K. Polk, was made a Mason in Columbia Lodge No. 31, September 4, 1820; he died June 15, 1849. Brother Andrew Johnson was also made a Mason in Tennessee, and received the Orders of Knighthood in Washington while he was Vice-President.

PILLARS OF THE PORCH.—The two famous pillars within the porch are so well known to every Freemason that it seems unnecessary to dilate upon them here. Suffice it to say that they were about, as near as we can understand now, twenty-seven feet in height made of brass, and cast hollow. There was a chapter or globe of brass on each pillar, with ornament of lily or lilies work,—so that the whole height including chapter, would be about thirty-four feet. There can be no doubt that they had a symbolical

meaning, and probably referred alike to the priestly and kingly power, and were meant as a memorial of the building of the Temple. They probably also symbolized God's protection and God's Providence, as well as it is possible though we fancy such is late symbolism, in the pillars of fire and the cloud. The pillars were early used by the German stonemasons; and their symbolism, be it what it may in Christian times, is to be seen in several churches still.—*Ex.*

ABOVE all things else Masons ought to be fair-minded and just men. They have been instructed in a system which is saturated by broad and manly sentiments, and they have been taught to be fair and generous towards others in all their dealings with them. All the more painful is it to see a member of the Fraternity narrow and prejudiced in his thought—harsh, suspicious and vindictive in the expression he makes of his thought and feeling. Brethren who are hasty and inconsiderate in their judgments, who are quick to surmise evil in another and allow base suspicions to work an injury to him, and whose unjustable resentments are often so hard to bear, are by no means the best types of Masonic character. The true Mason who has imbibed the real spirit of the system in which he has been instructed, is generous, magnanimous and just. His is the heart which thinketh no evil. His is the love which abideth.

THE Masonic Fraternity will live because it is a grand reconciler of hostile opinions in the common creeds of a virtuous life and good works. It establishes no test of political or religious opinions,—of nativity or complexion. It seeks the establishment of universal Fraternity. Without undervaluing the virtue of patriotism it enlarges the boundaries of national feeling into the circumference of a world-wide philanthropy. Without

denying the importance of religious truth, it seeks to convert the welfare of sects into a glorious co-operation of practical benevolence. In the Masonic Lodge men of every nation and persuasion meet in a nearer relation, as brothers of the same family, to study what addition their union can secure to the general good. They forget all hostilities in the common desire to promote their mutual welfare and to benefit their Brethren. Everywhere the world is walking with this dream. The leaven is stirring the whole mass.—*Bro. Hon. Stanley Matthews, Justice of Supreme Court of U. S.*

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE RED CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

Election of Officers for the Year 1885-86.

After the regular meeting of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Canada, held in the Masonic Hall, in the City of Hamilton, on the 10th d. of July, a meeting of the Imperial Grand Council of the Red Cross of Constantine, for the Dominion of Canada, was held. A large number of Companions were present. The principal conclaves in the Dominion were represented—No. 1, McLeod Moore Conclave, St. John, N. B., was represented by Daniel Spry, proxy; No. 2, St. Helena Conclave, Montreal, P. Q., by A. S. Irving, proxy; No. 3, Harington Conclave, Hamilton, by David McLellan; No. 4, Huron Conclave, London, Ont., by Dr. Oronhyatekha; No. 5, Moore Conclave, Peterboro', by J. B. Traves; No. 6, Holy Land Conclave, Toronto, by J. Ross Robertson; No. 7, Lactanham Conclave, Kingston, by C. T. Fairtelough; No. 8, Mount Calvary Conclave, Orillia, by F. Wilmot; No. 9, Harington Conclave, Trenton, by L. H. Henderson, proxy; No. 10, Ontario Conclave, Belleville, by L. H. Henderson; No. 11, St. James Conclave, Maitland, by J. G. Burns, proxy; No. 12, Macdonald Conclave,

Millbrook, by Wm. Gibson, proxy; No. 13, Oriental Conclave, Port Hope, by F. J. Menet, and No. 14, Heraclus Conclave, Barrie, by Robt. Ramsay. The Past Grand Sovereign, Daniel Spry, occupied the east, and the meeting being called to order, he announced that as the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Canada, had determined to abandon the charge of the appendant degrees by those of the Royal Arch Masons and the Red Cross of Constantine, it would be necessary to again re-organize as a Grand Body and resume the same position as in former years, when the degrees were taken in charge by the Cryptic Rite. The chairman alluded to the fact that on the 10th of August, 1875, a meeting of delegates was held in Toronto, at which resolutions were passed approving of the formation of a Grand Council of Rites for the Dominion. No action was, however, taken in the matter, until 1880, when at the annual meeting of the Grand Imperial Council of the Red Cross of Constantine and the Most Worshipful the Grand Lodge of Royal Ark Maimers, held on the 15th of July, at the Masonic Hall, Guelph, these bodies had unanimously concluded on the formation of the Grand Council of Rites for the Dominion of Canada. The system had, however, not been attended with good results, and the officers of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters found that the attached degrees, to a certain extent, hampered the Cryptic Rite, and for that reason had by resolution passed to-day resolved to abandon the charge. It would now be for the companions of the Order to re-organize and elect officers for the current year. After routine business, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

M. Ill. Grand Sovereign—Sir Kt. Thos. Sargant, Toronto.

R. Ill. Deputy Grand Sovereign—Sir Kt. C. T. Fairtelough, Kingston.

R. Ill. Sovereign Grand Viceroy—Sir Kt. W. D. Gordon, Fredericton.

R. Ill. Grand Senior General—Sir Kt. Dr. Oronhyatekha, London.  
 R. Ill. Grand Junior General—Sir Kt. F. J. Menet, Toronto.  
 R. Ill. Grand Treasurer—Sir Kt. David McLellan, Hamilton.  
 R. Ill. Grand Recorder—Sir Kt. J. Ross Robertson, Toronto.  
 R. Ill. Grand Perfect—Sir Kt. F. Wilmot, Hamilton.  
 V. Ill. Grand Standard Bearer—Sir Kt. J. Scone, Guelph.  
 V. Ill. Grand M. of C.—Sir. Kt. F. Howse, Whitby.  
 V. Ill. Grand Herald—Sir Kt. A. S. Ives, Toronto.  
 V. Ill. Grand Organist—Sir Kt. J. B. Traves, Port Hope.  
 V. Ill. Grand Steward—Sir Kt. Wm. Kerr, Ottawa.  
 V. Ill. Grand Sentinel—Sir Kt. J. L. Dixon, Toronto.

## CHIEF INTENDANT GENERAL.

Int. Gen. Province of Ontario—Sir Kt. H. A. Mackay.  
 Int. Gen. Province of Quebec—Sir Kt. I. H. Stearns.  
 Int. Gen. Province of Nova Scotia—Sir Kt. R. Marshall.

## INTENDANT GENERAL OF DIVISIONS.

Toronto Division—Sir Kt. J. G. Burns.  
 Hamilton Division—Sir Kt. Wm. Gibson.  
 Ottawa Division—Sir Kt. L. H. Henderson.

London Division—Sir Kt. J. O'Connor.

It was resolved that the Proceedings of the Imperial Council, since its inauguration, be reprinted and that the next annual meeting be held in the Town of Windsor, on a day to be named by the Grand Sovereign.

As the printing of the Proceedings has been delayed, the publication of the above is given for the information of companions in distant parts of the jurisdiction.

### VISIT OF THE GRAND MASTER TO BELLEVILLE.

The following address was presented to M. W. Bro. Hugh Murray, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, at Belleville, on Thanksgiving day:

**MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BROTHER:**  
 —We, the members of Moira, Belleville, and Eureka lodges, of A. F. and A. M. of the city of Belleville, heartily unite in tendering you a true, cordial and loving welcome to our city,

to our homes, to our hearts. We appreciate and esteem it a high honor to receive this visit. Re-elected as you were to your present high position, by the unanimous suffrages of the representatives of every lodge in Ontario, we recall to note with pleasure, your conduct and character prior to your election as Grand Master, ever walking along the ancient landmarks, ever showing by example, the practice and principles of our beloved order in acknowledgment of God, the Supreme Being, in the fulfilment of duty, in love and charity. We thank you for your address as Grand Master in Grand Lodge, for your announcement of the principles of our order, your clear expression of alliance to the Great Architect of the Universe, and your vindication of our truths from scoffs of the infidel and the agnostic. In these expressions you gave no uncertain sound, and the applause which followed on the close of your address proved how deeply the brethren present sympathised with you. We also desire to express our loyal acquiescence in the sentiments you there expressed.

As Masons in an open lodge with the divine record open before us, we feverently pray that in your future walk you may ever see the True-Light, a beacon to direct your steps, and when the gavel is laid aside, and the dear old lambskin alone remains, you may hear the Great Architect of the Universe say, in loving words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into thy rest." Signed on behalf of the craft, J. P. THOMPSON, W. M., Belleville lodge; J. PALMER, W. M., Moira lodge; W. WEBSTER, W. M., Eureka lodge.

In our next issue will appear an interesting article, written specially for THE CRAFTSMAN, by M. W. Bro. Rob. Morris, on "Masonic Canadian Strife of 1854 to 1857," a subject full of interest, and we are sure it will be read with pleasure by all Canadian Masons.

### Correspondence.

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

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

GLENCOE, Nov. 24th., 1885.

DEAR SIR.—At last regular meeting of Lorne Lodge, No. 282, Glencoe, the W. M. with the unanimous consent and wishes of the brethren assembled, declared that W. Bro. Geo. J. Tryer, be peremptorily suspended for gross un-Masonic conduct, and that in consequence of the said Bro. Tryer having been guilty of theft, embezzlement, and forgery in connection with the Post Office management, he be recommended for expulsion from the Order at the next regular meeting of Grand Lodge. Yours fraternally,

J. ED. PLATT, Sec'y.

To the Editor of THE CRAFTSMAN.

HARRISTON, Nov. 19, 1885.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Allow me to offer one or two suggestions to the Committee having in charge the revision of the Constitution.

1st. As to the non-payment of dues:—I would suggest, that any member more than (say six or nine) months in arrears for dues, be thereby ineligible for any office in the lodge; and also, be debarred from voting at the election of officers.

This, I think, would correspond with the custom of Grand Lodge, in excluding representatives of private lodges, that fail to make returns, and pay dues. And as the penalty would be light and easily inflicted, it would be more likely to be carried into effect than as now. W. M.'s and lodges are very reluctant to suspend a brother, hoping he will pay by and bye; thus it runs on, and on, until the amount is so large, that many brethren prefer suspension to paying. And, as Grand Lodge protects itself against an accumulation of dues, there seems no good reason why private lodges

should not be protected, by some light and easily-inflicted penalty, from an accumulation of unpaid dues, and thus prevent the necessity of the graver penalty. I would not, of course, do away with the right of suspension, in cases of persistent non-payment, but just leave that as it is now.

2nd. As to the secrecy of the ballot:—I think the secrecy of the ballot ought to be maintained absolutely inviolate, just as now, so far as any knowledge of the party who puts in a black-ball goes. But in order to prevent any possible collusion between W. M.'s and Wardens, to make a false declaration of the state of the ballot, I would suggest that it be made obligatory on W. M.'s to have the ballot-box placed on the altar, for the inspection by any member who might choose to see the number of black-balls cast. That could in no degree affect the secrecy, as to which member or members cast the black-balls; while I think it would be a perfect protection against any false declarations.

Yours fraternally,  
S. COWAN, W. M.

### TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

Ere long the Grand Lodge of Quebec will be again in session, and it may be profitable, if not pleasant, for a few minutes to examine the situation, to see where in the past we have erred, and consider our future prospects. One thing appears pretty certain, that as far as the English lodges are concerned, we are no nearer the solution of our problem of supremacy, than we were when our chicken-hearted edict was authorized to be issued. What effect has this edict had on those against whom it was issued? Why just this, that they went on making, passing and raising, just as though nothing of the kind had ever been done; treating the proceeding as a good joke, and laughing at the simpletons who perpetrated

it. It may, perhaps, be claimed by those who believe in peace at any price, that if we have erred, it has been on the side of mercy; like the old man, who threw grass at the boys in his apple tree. But experience taught him that something more decided must be attempted, before the boys would be dislodged. And it should be patent to us, that so long as we permit the Grand Lodge of England to uphold this action on the part of her subordinates, without in any way making her feel the effect of her evil doing, just so long will it be continued. Not only argument, but eloquence has been exhausted, in pointing out to her the evil of her ways, to which she still adheres with John Bull tenacity, the depth of which will not be appreciated, just so long as English Masons generally suffer no inconvenience from this backwoods squabble. We want something to touch the Masons of England, and when their comfort has been assailed, on account of the support they give the English Masons of Canada, then, and then only, will they commence to realize that they are personally interested in seeing that Masonic law and usage are complied with by their subordinates, and that in supporting rebellion against the Masonically lawful authority in this country, they themselves are liable for the penalties consequent on the breach of law they are perpetrating. We could scarcely expect Grand Lodges which had recognized our right to absolute supremacy, to support us in piece-meal edicts, for it argues treachery to them when we descend from the position in which they have placed us by their recognition, and if we are not prepared to use the means at our disposal to carry out the principal plank in our platform at the time of our formation, we are unworthy of the name of Masons, and are degraded below the dignity of free men. Brethren, let us ask each other, were we sincere when we began this movement, or were we only playing Grand Lodge? If we were

really in earnest, why should we now hesitate to carry to its consummation, the Masonic work we then began? Let us complete our temple, by perfecting the work we commenced with so much enthusiasm. The Grand Lodges of the world have recognized our power to punish wrong doers in our territory. They cannot go back of their own record, without destroying their own foundations, which are also ours. Why should we hesitate? Let us place our Grand Lodge in its proper position; the one it should occupy by the consent of the Masonic world. If we take the proper steps to enforce our position, it will not be our fault if we do not succeed; for this, we must rely on the good faith of the Grand Lodges of the world; but if we fail in our duty to ourselves, we will have nothing but our own folly to look back upon for the non accomplishment of our ends, and will only have to thank ourselves for becoming a by-word among Masons.

P. M.

*To the Editor of the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN:—*

DEAR SIR AND BRO.,—In the August No. of THE CRAFTSMAN appears an article headed, "Whither are We Drifting," which has reference to the late trouble between King Solomon's Lodge and myself, for which the writer, evidently one who has freed his soul from every baneful and malignant passion, and is therefore in a position to view questions of Masonic import from a standpoint far above the petty bickerings of prejudice and creed, has brought upon himself the contumely and abuse of a periodical published in Toronto, and professed to be an organ of the Craft.

As long as the publishers of this scurrilous sheet confined themselves to the abuse, directly or indirectly, of myself, and of principles of the meaning of which they are entirely ignorant, I did not think it worth while to reply to their contemptible slander, but when they attack the character of men, who like your August corres-

pondent and the members of the Board of G. P. of G. L., who have had the moral courage and liberality to look beyond the narrow limits of peculiar institutions, whether civil or religious, and to view the trouble between the Lodge and myself, from a broad and truly Masonic standpoint, I think then, Worshipful Sir, in justice to these gentlemen, it is my duty to speak out.

In the October No. of the paper referred to, appears an article, or rather a criticism, upon the one above referred to, as published in the August CRAFTSMAN, which they have divided into six so-called "lies."

With your permission, Worshipful Sir, I will endeavor to show that the author of "Whither are We Drifting," has nowhere gone beyond the truth.

In regard to so-called lie No. 1:—"The brother is neither an infidel or agnostic." I may say that the word infidel does not occur in the charge brought against me, nor have I been tried for infidelity. Neither am I an agnostic in the sense in which the word was used on the floor of G. L.

Theologians have made the word synonymous with atheism, but I made it perfectly clear to the Board of General Purposes, that I was not an agnostic in that sense.

I subscribe to the term agnostic, only in the sense in which scientific men use it, and that is to honestly admit that they do not know that which in the present stage of human knowledge is impossible to be known.

For instance, ask any mathematical scientist what is the parallax or approximate distance of Arcturus? he could probably tell you, but if you ask him—are there human beings in Arcturus? he would be bound to say, as an honest man, "I don't know," as in the one case there is a means of knowing, while in the other there is none.

Or, to give a more simple illustration, were anyone to ask me, "Has the individual who edits the Toronto sheet any brains?" I would be obliged to an-

swer, "I don't know," for the simple reason that he has never given any indication of being possessed of that useful commodity.

In reference to what is called lie No. 2:—"A most unjust and partisan decision." I may say, as I stated in my appeal to G. L., that during my trial before my Lodge, I received not even the semblance of justice.

The whole prosecution, and the arranging of evidence in the case, to be submitted to G. L., was entirely in the hands of men who were determined upon my expulsion from the Craft, and anything that might have shown in my favor was very carefully left out of their report; and on the floor of the Lodge, every member who had anything to say in favor of my expulsion, was allowed all the time and latitude they wished, while if I arose only to ask a question, I was very promptly called to order by the W. M.

I wish to say right here, that I have no desire to go back among the men who conducted that trial, I have no wish to mingle again with the men, who by a two-thirds majority, voted that I was not wanted, and who had nothing against me except that I was an agnostic, and in their ignorance had been led to believe that an agnostic was something dreadful.

I am not homesick for their company, and should the Most Worshipful the Grand Master see fit to reinstate me, I would go back only to claim my dimit.

The justice meted out to me in King Solomon's Lodge, was something akin to the justice of the Spanish Inquisition, where under a Torquemada, men were tried with their tongues torn out. But their fair-dealing did not stop here, they followed me to the G. L., and in the ante-rooms, and in the corridors of the hotels, they poured their poison into the ears of the country members, with such good (or bad) effect, that when M. W. Bro. Kerr made his eloquent address, he spoke to an audience who were ready to be-

lieve anything that might be said against me, and this brings me to what is called "lie No. 3," and the last with which I will deal at present. "The speeches of P. G. M., Kerr and Grand Secretary Mason were, not Masonic." I am quite willing to grant these gentlemen all credit for sincerity, and if Masonry were of purely Christian origin, and prevailed only in Christian countries, their remarks might be considered above criticism. But history proves that in all ages the men who have been most noted for sincerity and religious zeal, have been at once the most mistaken and most persecuting toward those with whom they have differed. Freemasonry teaches that its system is universal, while I need scarcely add, religions and creeds are local. Freemasonry teaches the universal brotherhood of man, while nearly all forms of religion teach that every other form is either heathen or infidel, and judged from this point of view, the remarks of Bros. Kerr and Mason, must appear sectarian, rather than Masonic.

And furthermore, let me say that I am not by any means alone in the opinion, that neither of these gentlemen were in a position to speak fairly on the subject. Bro. Mason had not been present at any of the meetings of the Board, before which I was examined; and Bro. Kerr only for half an hour before the report of the Board was sent into Grand Lodge. On the other hand, the gentlemen comprising the Board of Grievances and Appeals, and also of the Board of General Purposes, who had every opportunity to enquire into the case in all its aspects, who had examined me, in the presence of my accusers, for three days previous to the final meeting on Thursday. These gentlemen, whom I look upon as the jury in the case, after mature deliberation, brought in a report, unanimous in favor of my re-instatement, and in all fairness that verdict should have been received. But you know

the result. What the M. W. the Grand Master will do, remains to be seen; but, however it may go, I have nothing to regret. I have contested the matter so far upon principle, and upon constitutional grounds. I have answered, and can answer again conscientiously, all the questions necessary to the admission of a candidate, and there is neither legal or moral ground for my suspension.

In conclusion, I would ask, as others have done: What is it all about? Have I committed any Masonic offence? No. Have I been charged with anything of an immoral nature? Not at all. It is simply this: I hold opinions different to those held by the majority of the members, upon questions of a purely speculative nature, and concerning which no man living has absolute knowledge, and this I think I have a right to do, if I wish.

I am strongly enjoined in Masonry to "make a daily advance in useful and scientific knowledge, and to seek into the mysteries of nature and science," and for having tried to carry out these injunctions, I am denounced by men who have never seriously considered the lessons taught in the lodge-room; who received their beliefs and opinions out and dried in the nursery; who never had an original idea, and who know about as much of the true significance of Masonry, as they do of the laws of the physical universe.

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

There is an impression gone abroad with regard to this affair, which I wish to correct. A great many of the members of Grand Lodge, were told during the session at Hamilton, that I had caused trouble in the lodge by forcing my opinions upon the members, and holding indiscriminate religious discussions during lodge hours. In refutation of this falsehood, which probably did me more injury than all the other lies circulated at that time, I would say, that I have never tried

to force my opinions upon the members, either in or out of the lodge, and have never held anything like a religious discussion in the lodge since I became a member. In fact, it was only by several of the members following me outside, in the character of spies, with the object of raking up something by which to defeat me in an election, that the fact of my holding opinions became known. Had I been content to remain on the side benches, I might have been a highwayman, and still remained in the lodge.

Before closing, W. Sir, I wish to express my gratitude to the gentlemen of the Board of General Purposes of Grand Lodge, for the kindness and fair-play which I received at their hands. My brief acquaintance with them, and the many tokens of sympathy which I have since received from some of the most prominent members of the craft, have taught me that the bigotry and intolerance existing in King Solomon Lodge, is by no means general, and that there are many in the Order, with whom it is an honor to be connected in fraternal bonds.

I wish to remain in the craft; but not at the sacrifice of one particle of principle. My religious opinions, be they right or wrong, can injure none but myself. As a "Deist," I claim the right which I willingly grant to others: to serve T. G. A. O. T. U. in my own way.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

I have no quarrel with any form of religion, and I take the liberty on the eclectic principles, of selecting and conserving that which is good and useful from all religions and from all schools of philosophy, from Buddha to Jesus; from Thales to Darwin; and on this principle, were I asked for a rule or guide of life, I could quote the golden rule of Jesus, or the reply of Zoroaster to his disciple:—

"You came into the world weeping  
While all around you smiled;  
So live, that you may leave it smiling,  
While all around you weep."

Yours fraternally,

J. HARRISON,

Toronto, Ont.

#### The Train Boy on a Long Run.

Several years ago it was discovered that a slight error had been made in the calculation of the sun's distance from the earth, and owing to a misplaced logarithm, or something of that kind, a mistake of 3,000,000 miles was made in the result. People cannot be too careful in such matters. Supposing that on the strength of the information contained in the old-time table a man should start out with only provisions sufficient to take him 89,000,000 miles, and should then find that 3,000,000 miles still stretched out ahead of him. He would then have to buy fresh figs of the train boy in order to sustain life. Think of buying nice fresh figs on a train that had been en route 250 years! Imagine a train boy starting out at 10 years of age, and perishing at the age of 60 years with only one-fifth of his journey accomplished. Think of five train boys, one after another, dying of old age on the way, and the train at last pulling slowly into the depot with not a living thing on board except the worms in the "nice eating apples!"—*Bill Nye*, 

#### Home-Made Gifts.

Home-made gifts are of all articles the most to be appreciated. They are inwrought with love, enthusiasm and patience, and their value is above any money consideration. The husband, father, brother or son who settles himself in his easy chair before a glowing grate, enveloped in the folds of an elegant dressing gown wrought by affectionate hands, and between the paragraphs of his book glances at the beautiful slippers that represent hours of loving labor and feels his heart warm and his eyes grow dim as he thinks of the fingers that set all those dainty stitches, is indeed to be congratulated, both for the love that prompted the labor and that he has the true appreciation in return.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## BY THE BALTIC.

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Lieschen, child, I must say adieu. I know not when I shall see thee again."

"Adieu, then, Gustav. A pleasant journey to you! If you didn't come back for fifty years you would find me still here, milking the cows and attending to the household. Life here is much the same year by year."

"And thou wouldst not fret, Lieschen, if I did not come for fifty years?"

He spoke as though he scarcely knew whether to jest or be in earnest, and stood watching her with a wistful, doubtful smile. She was making buttermilk cheeses at the dresser by the scullery window, and he was leaning in over the window-sill, with a pipe smoldering in one hand, while the other kept breaking off little twigs and leaves of the roses that clambered all round the window, and made a pretty frame to his sunburned face and broad shoulders.

Lieschen laughed at his question, as she shaped the little white cheeses all speckled over with caraway-seeds, and did not look up.

"You would be about a hundred years old then, Gustav, I think," was the only remark she made.

"No, come, Lieschen, that is cruel of you. I am only thirty-eight—more than twice your age, it is true, but not nearly fifty. And it is something to have a fine farm and a good new house, and the only carriage in Rugen, even if your husband is old enough to know white from black."

"Yes, I know," said Lieschen, indifferently; "but there is plenty of time yet."

Gustav Baier bit his lip and frowned uneasily as he looked at her.

"Thou dost not care, Lieschen, 'tis plain to see," he said, bitterly. "I think thou hast no heart at all, for all thine eyes are so sweet and thy ways so gentle. Thou'rt some mermaid from the sea here, and one day wilt vanish like the foam. Is it not so?"

"I didn't make myself," retorted the girl petulantly, "and I never asked you to come and fall in love with me. If you're not satisfied"—she drew the gold betrothal ring from her finger—"here's your ring. Give it to somebody that has a heart for you."

He left the window abruptly, and she glanced up, flushed and frightened, not knowing what he meant to do. The next minute he came in at the door from the yard, and went up to the table where she stood with the ring in her open hand.

"Come, come, we musn't quarrel," he said peaceably, replacing the ring, and drawing her on his knee as he sat on

the dresser. "I snail not be satisfied till that ring is on the other hand, and you have come away home with me. Give me a kiss now, and say you love me."

Lieschen hung her head, and her big brown eyes filled with tears.

"What, crying!" he remonstrated, taking her chin in his great rough hand, and turning her unwilling face round toward him. "Thunder and lightning, why, so she is! You spoil those eyes, my pretty one. What's it all about? Art not happy, Lieschen?"

"Yes, quite," she said, with a gulp, "if you would let me alone, Gustav. I am yours now—what more do you want? You say I have no heart—can't give you what I haven't got."

"Why, that's true. Give me kisses instead, then," said he, magnanimously—"enough for fifty years, in case I do not see thee again."

"Stupid old Gustav!" cried the girl, laughing and struggling. "There, that will do! Put me down, Gustav."

"Ach! See, now, these lovers, these lovers!" cried an old shrill voice in the doorway. "Tears and smiles and kisses, kisses and smiles and tears! So runs the world away, and the old folk are forgotten."

"Lieschen counts me one of the old folk, nurse," remarked Gustav, pausing to speak, but holding his prisoner helpless the while in his great strong arms.

"Tut, tut, child! Not many maidens of 16 can boast such a fine, brave lover as thine, with his broad farm and his grand new house and steading, and everything heart can desire. Not but what thou canst bring him linen enough to stock the house, were it twice the size it is; but he had no need to seek out a simple child like thee to be his bride."

"So I tell him, nurse. I didn't want him—O Gustav!" Her speech was smothered in his great red beard.

"Good-by, dearest," he said at last, putting her down. "Take care of her for me, nurse. I don't think it will be fifty years before I come again," he added, turning to Lieschen as he went out, "though to me, at least, it will seem twice as long."

Perhaps the wistful look in his eyes, or the sadness that crept into his voice as he said these last words, touched the girl; perhaps she loved him after all; anyhow, before he had crossed the threshold she ran after him and slipped her hand into his.

"I'll go as far as the gate with you, Gustav," she said; and they walked away down the yard together.

"Look at my young ducks, Gustav; aren't they growing fast? And the chickens, too! And look at those lazy

geese; they do nothing but feed and sleep. Do you know, I brought them all up, every one of them?"

"Ay, thou'rt a brave housewife, Lieschen; and if thou lovest thy father now, and servest him so well, I doubt not thou'lt love me when the time comes. Adieu, *herzliebchen!* Be good and happy, and don't forget me eh?"

"No, you dear, good Gustav! Adieu! Come soon again!" And so they parted.

"Nurse," said Lieschen, re-entering the scullery, "how do people come to have hearts?"

"*Du lieber himmel!* What does the child mean? Hearts? Why, they are born so!" exclaimed the old woman, taking off her spectacles, the better to see her young questioner. "What art thou chattering about?"

"Gustav says I have no heart, nurse," she replied, sitting on the old woman's knee stroking her white hair, "and I think he is right. How do we get a heart?"

"Herr Gustav should rejoice that thou hast none," said the old nurse, looking thoughtfully into the bright young face with her dim eyes; "it comes by suffering—suffering and sorrow and trial and weeping and loving—loving brings it all. They say a heart is like the steel in iron; 'tis there, but you can not have it till it has gone through the terrible fires and been beaten on the anvil. The good God save thee from finding thine; for truly I think it would be thy death, my little flower."

"Gustav is very good to me," murmured Lieschen, slowly turning the ring on her finger. "I think I do love him; he is so tall and broad and strong—he could kill me with one hand, nurse, I do think."

"Beñate! What nonsense the child does talk!" exclaimed the nurse. "But see," she said, pointing to the window, "is not that thy Gustav come back again? Run, child, and see what brings him."

Lieschen ran out into the yard, but stopped suddenly short, petrified with fear at the sight that met her eyes.

"Bring him in—so—gently," Gustav was saying; and two farm servants followed him, bearing between them the apparently lifeless body of a young man—the head fallen back, the eyes closed, the lips parted, the hands hanging limply down, the clothes stained here and there with blood.

"Run away, child, run away! 'Tis no sight for thee," Gustav called out, when he saw her standing there white and frightened. "We want the nurse."

Then he turned to the old woman, who had come out, and explained rapidly; Lieschen, instead of running away, listening eagerly to every word:

"There has been a duel—unless it was darker work. We found him in the wood up yonder, bleeding to death. Where can we lay him down? The nearer the better—here, on this sofa?"

"Oh, anywhere—yes!" cried Lieschen, brimming over with pity.

And so they laid him down on the sofa in the little sitting-room, and then Gustav, not unkindly, but quite irresistibly, put Lieschen outside the door.

She stood there with her hands pressed together, every nerve strained to interpret the sounds that came from within, half muffled by the loud beating of her own heart.

"Ach, Gott! If only he be not dead!" she murmured, as the stillness seemed to grow intolerable. Then there came a low, gasping moan of pain, and she heard Gustav say:

"He is coming to; water now, and linen."

Then the old nurse came out hurriedly. Her eye fell upon the girl's white face, and she sent her to fetch a bundle of old linen from the press in the garret as quick as might be, while she herself went for water.

When Lieschen came flying back the nurse had returned to the side of the wounded man, and she stole in after her with the linen. She could hardly repress the cry of pain and pity that rose to her lips when she saw the deathlike pallor of the face lying back on Gustav's supporting shoulder; but she felt that she must be very quiet if she would not draw attention to the fact that she had come in unbidden.

The nurse took the linen from her hands without noticing her at all, and then Gustav, helping with his disengaged hand, gently unfastened and laid open the young man's coat, disclosing a white shirt all soaked with blood.

"Cut it—cut it!" said Gustav impatiently; "there's no time to lose."

"What a pity! and the linen so fair and fine," lamented the nurse, in an undertone. "The lad is noble, no doubt."

"No doubt," echoed Gustav; "but, noble or not, he must die if we can't stanch this bleeding at once. If only I had both hands free!" he muttered, exasperated at the tremulous slowness of the old woman. "This won't do, and not a soul in the house to help! Here, Lieschen, you must be useful. Come and hold up his head—so, so—upon your shoulder. Lucky I've seen so much of this in the war, and know what to be at," he remarked to himself. And Lieschen knelt and took the heavy, fainting head upon her bosom, and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of blood that almost overcame her.

Now and then, when one of those gasping moans broke from him, she

opened them quickly, and gazed in tearful distress at the white face so near her own, and yet seeming, too, so far away—half-way into those cold realms of death that are so very far off to those who are strong and young.

"Yes, he is noble," she thought to herself, trying to keep still and patient under the weight that began to make her limbs ache and tremble. "His hair is like the sunshine, and all waving—like that picture of an angel in my bible," she thought, noting him curiously; "and his forehead is so white that the veins show through. No doubt he is an officer,—this she merely inferred from "the knightly growth that fringed his upper lip,"—and how beautiful he is! Gustav is handsome, but not like him;" and she could almost have laughed at the idea of a comparison between great, broad Gustav, with his sun-browned face, fine, rough-hewn features, and big red beard, and the delicate refinement and almost womanly fairness of the other race.

At length Gustav released her, and laid the lad, as he called him—he looked about five-and-twenty—gently down on the pillows.

"He may do now," he said, after watching him a little while. "I must leave him to your care, nurse, and that of Herr Uterhart. You will explain it—what little we know—when he returns to-night. Good-by, heart's darling! Thou'lt be a first-rate nurse ere I come again," and he kissed his betrothed on either cheek, and went away.

It was drawing toward evening. A familiar clatter of wooden shoes on the outside told Lieschen it was time to go amilking. She stole out, tied on her great sun-bonnet, took up her stool and pail, and followed the women away to the meadows, as she did morning and evening all the summer through.

The shadows were growing very long and the colors fading in the western sky when they came back; and Lieschen still had her young ducks and fowls to shut up for the night. As she crossed and recrossed the yard—now with a can of water, now with the pail and stool ready for the morning—she sang in a shrill, sweet voice some of those lovely, plaintive volkslieder—those "songs of love and longing," of endless wandering, seeking, and yearning, that have sprung from the heart of the German people.

Before going into the house, all her work done, she wandered through the garden, under the heavy-laden syringa and bowery wildernesses of roses, down on to the sea-shore, and stood there, dreamily looking over the smooth water into the fading sky, and listening to the splash of the little waves falling on

the sand. She thought of what Gústav had said about the mermaid, and thought it would be sweet to float away on the quiet tide, under the glimmering sky, and see the little stars light up one after another in the golden green up there, and watch the flights of birds winging over, and sing beside the boats of fishermen at their nightly toil, and dip down at sunrise—down, down among the seaweed forests, where strange wild creatures swim in and out, and the sea-flowers bloom, and the mermaids sit combing their long, golden hair under the tideless Baltic sea.

She was a strange, romantic child, this Lieschen, full of dreams and longing fancies; and this seemed better to her than to be a creature of flesh and blood, with a human heart and human hope and blessed with the love of man.

"And they live three hundred years," she murmured half aloud, as the light died off the sea, "unless they strive to win an immortal soul by the love of a living man; if they fail they vanish into the sea-foam on the day when he weds another. But there is never, never found a man. He gives his love to a creature of his own sphere, and the foam ever gathers on the sea. If I were a mermaid, though,"—a shy, proud smile gleamed across her face,—"I would not fail."

Lieschen was sitting in the sick-room one hot summer afternoon, her patient asleep on the couch, and the warm, fragrant air floating in with the murmuring of bees at the open window. Her work lay in her lap, but her hands were idle, and her eyes gazing dreamily out at the sky, while very, very low and softly she sang: "War' ich ein Vogelein."

"Brava! brava!" murmured a voice from the couch behind her. "A sweet voice and a sweet song!"

Lieschen colored at his praise and went and knelt by his side.

"I thought you were asleep. You are stronger—you feel better, life is coming back!" she said, in a voice quite tremulous with joy. "Ach, Gott! you have been so ill; do you not know it?"

He smiled faintly.

"How long have I been here?" he asked.

"Nearly three weeks," she answered. "See, how thin!" and she lifted up the hand that lay on the coverlet and showed him how wasted it had grown.

He looked at it with a languid sort of curiosity, and then let it fall heavily by his side, and turned his head on the pillow to look at her.

She was a good sight for sick eyes to rest upon, with her pretty brown hair, and great, gentle brown eyes so full of womanly pity, tenderness, and submis-

sion, and, withal, dreamy and wistful as a child's eyes.

"And who art thou, dear child?" he asked presently.

"I am Elise Uterhart—Lieschen they call me. This is my home: I live here with my father and nurse, and keep the house."

"And hast thou nursed me all these weeks?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I have prayed for you when I thought you were dying, and see, the dear God has heard. You live, and you will grow strong again."

"Dear child! I owe thee my life. What can I give thee or do for thee?"

Lieschen blushed, her eyes faltered from his face, and she looked down in silence.

"Nay, ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine, if I have it to give.

"Indeed, I know not; 'tis nothing I have done, only watching," stammered Lieschen. "Tell me your name," and she once more raised her eyes to his.

He tried to hold out his hand, and she put hers into it. "Let it be, then," he said, slowly; "there is time enough. My name? My name is Otto von der Lancken; I—"

"Ach! You are tired," interrupted the girl, seeing a helpless look come into his eyes as he broke off. "Drink this, and do not speak any more."

She raised his head with one arm, and he drank the milk she held to his lips. Then she laid him down upon the pillows, and went back to her seat by the window, he watching her with the idle look of a man still too weak to speculate about things, or think any thoughts, but one or two that seemed of themselves to pass in and out of his brain.

Lieschen smiled and shook her head at him. "Shut your eyes and sleep," said she with a pretty little authoritative air.

"Sing, then," he murmured, inclined to dictate his own terms, and watching her every gesture with passive enjoyment; "sing to me."

Lieschen could think of no song but the one she had been singing when he woke, which was still running in her head, and she sang it.

"Ach! wie ist's möglich dann  
Dass ich dich lassen kann?"

"Ah! can it ever be

That I should ever part from thee?"

When she had finished she turned and looked at him, and saw tears standing in his eyes.

"'Tis very sweet," he murmured, "and plain to see that thou knowest what love is. Sing again—the last verse again."

"Were I a birdie wee,  
And by thy side would be,  
Fearing not hawk nor kite,  
To thee swift I'd fly.  
Pierced by the hunter's dart,  
I'd nestle next thy heart;  
If one tear dimmed thy eye,  
Glad then I'd die."

And he closed his eyes and slept.

So the slow summer days went by. Every day he grew a little stronger, and by degrees she gathered from him the story of the duel which had so nearly been fatal to him; how he and his friend had quarreled about a lady and had fought.

"I suppose they thought me dead and left me," said Otto. "One has not much time to waste on these occasions. Poor Rudolf! He will have fled; but he can come back now, since no harm is done."

"And the lady?" asked Lieschen, breathlessly.

"She will marry Rudolf, no doubt," replied Otto, with a hard laugh; "and I shall dance at the wedding."

Lieschen said nothing; but the great, dark eyes that rested on his face were lighted with a new fire, a burning worship, an unspeakable devotion; her heart beat and her pulses thrilled with a new, sweet, mysterious pain. The die was cast.

At last there came a day—oh, those days, those few days that make up the earthly history of a life! Some all in white and garlanded with fresh flowers of spring; some flaming in gold and crowned with sunshine; some—some there must be—draped deep in black. There they are, within the veiled future, coming slowly, surely on, each in its appointed time, neither sooner for our longing nor later for our agony of fear; and we can not choose but take them all and bear them till the last sands have run, and there are no more. There came a day when Otto von der Lancken bade farewell. He went through the garden looking for his little nurse to say good-by to her, but could not find her; then he saw little foot-marks in the sandy path under the roses and syringas that led down on to the shore. He followed them, and found Lieschen standing by the tide looking out to sea.

"Lieschen," he said, coming up to her, "I am come to say good-by!"

"Oh, not to-day!" cried Lieschen, clasping her hands and looking up at him with her great, piteous eyes; "not so soon!"

"Doch ja, liebes kind," he answered, kindly; "I am well again and strong, thanks to my good little Lieschen, and it is time to be up and doing. And now," he added, seeing the tears rush to her eyes, "now what can I do for

"nee, sweet child? Ask what thou wilt."

She looked up at him a moment, standing there so tall and straight and fair, with the sun on his bright hair and the blue sky shining in his eyes, and then she put her hands over her face and sobbed aloud like a little child."

"Donner!" ejaculated the young count softly to himself, in great perplexity. Then he drew a step nearer. "Dear little Lieschen, don't cry, for pity's sake! What can I do for thee? Tell me."

"Oh, give me your love—your love!" she cried out passionately. "Love me, if only a little!" and then she broke down utterly and leaned her little brown head against his arm, crying bitterly.

"Why, that thou hast, dear one—not a little, but a great deal. Who could help loving thee?" he answered soothingly. "Ask something harder, for my love thou hast."

After a long pause she looked up through her tears. "And thou wilt—thou wilt come back one day?"

"Why, surely," said he. "I am not worth all these tears, pretty one! Be happy, right happy, till I come again. Adieu now, sweet child! Auf Wiedersehen! auf baldig Wiedersehen!" He stooped and kissed her on the forehead, and went away up the sand, turning under the syringas to wave another farewell, and then she heard his horse's hoofs clattering up the yard, and he was gone.

Gone! How it haunted her day after day as she passed in and out of the house, empty of his presence; down the garden and the meadows, which knew his step and voice no more; and upon the shore, where he had bidden her farewell! Weeks passed before she at all turned from that feeling of missing him so sorely to the hope of his return. He had said "Auf Wiedersehen!" Perhaps in a week, a month—perhaps at harvest-time—perhaps at Christmas—he would come, she thought, as the time went by.

But he did not come—not even when it was spring, and the early leaves came out, and the clouds lifted and shone white in the young sunshine, and the birds sang merrily.

Gustav came and went, and began to urge the marriage. Perhaps he saw that his betrothed was losing the pretty roses in her cheeks, and that the light in her eyes was growing sad and strange; and he—knowing as none but he knew how much he loved her—longed to take her himself in his own home and make her happy.

So they fixed a day at last, and Lieschen, like one in a dream, helped the old nurse to make all the preparations, and plied her needle busily.

All was ready at length, and two days

before the wedding Lieschen stood on the shore, her work done, and no more to do but to wait now for dawning of the day that was to bring Gustav and make her his wife.

As she stood there she seemed to hear a voice answering her own thoughts:

"Thou wilt lose all, bethink thee well—all if thou fail. Thy father's love, thy peaceful home, thy fair name, thy good, honest husband—all will be lost!"

"Alas, alas, I know it!" she answered, weeping; "but I can not, will not, fail!"

She went into the house and looked into the sitting-room. There sat her father in his chair asleep, the pipe still between his fingers, and the room dim with smoke. Her lips seemed to frame some word they vainly sought to utter, and then with a choking, stifled sob, she turned and stole away—away out of the house, across the meadows, and on toward the shore of the other side of the promontory, on which lay her father's farm. She was not strong, but something within her gave her power to walk all night in the chill spring weather. Long before noon the next day she had caught the Stralsund steamer on its backward way, and was being carried across the water to Stralsund.

She felt no weariness, no hunger, thirst, or cold and only longed to be on foot once more. She was quite familiar with the quaint old quiet town, and hurried up the quay, across the Water street, and up under the dark, shadowy Zemlower gateway, along the quiet streets where grass grows between the stones of the pavement, and the old gabled houses have looked down for hundreds of years upon the simple burgher life below. She went through the town and out into the country beyond, past many a pleasant little farm, where the storks were patching up their great nests on the thatched barns and cow-houses, and making their curious rattling cry as they flew to and fro. She remembered that the storks used to bring the summer in old days and all good gifts when they came back, and that this spring they had not yet come to her home on Rugen. In one little village she asked for a drink of milk, and they made her eat and rest a little while; but she was restless and anxious to be gone, so they let her go, though the wind was rising and blowing sharp and keen, and little flakes of snow were flying through the air.

By nightfall a fierce storm was blowing, and the air was thick with driving snow. Lieschen asked shelter at a farm lying a little back from the high road.

"How far is it to Friedenhagen?" she asked.

"What, hast thou friends at Frieder-

hagen? In the service of the Count von der Lanken, then?"

"Yes, I have a friend there," answered the girl, with a faint smile. "Is it far now?"

"Why, thou wilt not walk it, surely? 'Tis a good four hours from here."

"Oh, I am very strong," answered Lieschen bravely. "Only let me sleep here, and then I shall be able to do it."

So she slept there; but very early in the morning she rose and stole away out on the snowy road in the cutting, pitiless wind, leaving behind her, as a token of her gratitude, the only thing she had to give—her betrothal ring.

"She has a sad story, doubtless, poor thing!" said the good people, shaking their heads over it; and they put it away, and forgot all about it and her.

Meanwhile she passed on till it was drawing toward noon, and then the walls and turrets of the great Schloss Friedenhausen rose dimly through the falling snow. At every step her tired feet grew heavier, the snow glared upon her aching eyes, and the cold wind seemed to pierce her through and through; but still she struggled on, and stood at length under the great portecochere, and rang the bell. She had no thought of her soiled and dragged clothes, or of the impression she might make upon the servants; no thought at all of them, but only of him, of Otto von der Lanken, and that another moment must bring them face to face.

She heard bells ringing merrily—was it only phantom music in her tired brain? And then the door opened, and a rough voice demanded her business and her name.

"Who are you, and what are you t on such a day as this?"

Lieschen vaguely fancied he was referring to the snow, and timidly asked to see the young Herr Graf.

The man laughed aloud.

"A pretty request, truly! Come another day, mein frau! Know you not the young Herr Graf has just brought home his bride, and is to-day receiving the congratulations of all his noble friends? The gracious lord would be somewhat astonished, I take it, to see a beggar-maiden like you among the train. Make way, make way;" and he pushed her hastily aside as a gay carriage came rolling up the drive.

Lieschen turned away faint, stunned, exhausted, broken-hearted, and the guests went laughing and chatting up the steps and into the great hall, and the door was shut.

Two days later a big, broad-shouldered man, with a sun-browned face and a red beard, came riding along the snowy road toward Friedenhausen. The storm was over, but the great drifts still lay

piled by the roadside—deep, broad, and white. The green buds of spring were withered on the boughs; sullen clouds moved slow against the leaden sky, and huddled in great banks about the south and west; it was freezing, but the bitter wind was still. The horseman's face was sad and stern, and he looked absently at the snow as he rode along, when suddenly a great cry broke from his lips. He flung down the reins and sprang to the ground.

"Ach, nimmermehr! Ach, du mein Gott! Lieschen, Lieschen! my little Lieschen!"

For there, covered but not hidden by the snow, he discovered something—something that told him all, almost before his eyes had fully seen it—a few shadows, a few curved lines, a sweeping tress of dark-brown hair. He fell down beside the still, unheeding form, and put back the matted hair that was blown across the face, and kissed the frozen eyes, the frozen parted lips, the little frozen hands in vain; dead, stark dead, his little Lieschen—frozen in the drifted snow.

That was the end of it all. He saw his ring was gone from her hand, but how or why he could not guess. He only knew she had fled from her wedding-day and from him, and dimly felt that Otto von der Lanken might be the cause—whether innocent or guilty he could not tell, and little cared to know, since all was lost.

And Otto von der Lanken never knew.

"That pretty child will have forgotten me," he said once to himself that spring, when something reminded him of his promise at parting from her, "and will have married the good Baier by this time, or I might send for her to wait upon my wife."

"What shall it profit a young man," muses a social philosopher, "if he squander his own and his own father's substance at a university, and comes away with no increase of knowledge save that of the newest wrinkles in curve-pitching?" Oh, foolish one, know you not that had the young man remained on the farm his development of muscle and cord would only have entitled him to a position where life is a dreamy round of nineteen hours work for 365 days in the year and \$15 a month and found; whereas this same excess of muscle and agility, with the stamp of a learned university upon it, will bring him \$2,000 a year from any base-ball club in the land, and no questions asked as to how he occupies himself for seven months in the year.—*Buffalo Express*.