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THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

Bro. J. J. MASON,
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No. 1.

SAVED BY A HAIR.

It was a dark stormy night without, and I drew my chair closer to the fire as I sipped my tea, and regaled myself with the news of the local column of the evening paper. As the storm and sleet rattled furiously against the window, and pedestrians hurried by, anxious to reach a place of shelter, I felt thankful that I was not obliged to leave my comfortable home for the night.

"What's this?" I said, as my eye alighted on a startling paragraph.

"MYSTERIOUS MURDER!—John Randolph^l, one of our old and wealthy citizens, was this morning found dead in his room, having been murdered during the night by some unknown person. Edgar Morton, a clerk in his employ, and who, reports say, was soon to be married to his daughter, has been arrested for the murder, and circumstances are said to be strongly against him."

Now, although I am usually among the first to hear of criminal news, from the nature of my business, this was the first intimation I had received that such a murder had been done. This seemed very strange, as I was on the best of terms with Mr. Randolph and his whole family.

"And so this is the way that Edgar Morton repays the benefactor of his youth and soon-to-be father! Yet no," I cried, "I will stake my life on that young man's innocence."

As I spoke, there came a gentle tap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of a lady, deeply veiled, who at once threw aside her veil, disclosing to me the features of my deceased friend's daughter, Cæile Randolph.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fergusson, for entering uninvited; but urgent business must be my only excuse."

"Be seated, Miss Randolph," I said, rising and handing her a chair.

"Oh, Mr. Fergusson!" she sobbed forth, burying her face in her hands: "that I should ever be obliged to come to you on such an errand as this!"

I endeavoured to quiet her, and partially succeeded, when I drew from her what few facts she knew regarding her father's death.

"He retired last night, at his usual hour, apparently in good spirits, and no sound was heard during the night to cause any alarm. In the

morning, as he failed to appear at breakfast, a servant was dispatched to summon him. Knocking at the door, and receiving no answer, he finally opened it, and advanced into the room. What a sight did he behold! My poor father lay upon his bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear! Death must have come to him suddenly—so suddenly as to prevent any outcry—and the unknown assassin had no trouble in making his escape.”

“But,” I said, “I can’t see why any one should suspect Edgar of the murder.”

“That is the most mysterious part of the sad affair. This morning, when Edgar was told of the murder, he turned very pale, reeled, and would have fallen to the ground had not support have been given him. Some of the ignorant beholders of this scene thought his actions denoted guilt, and an officer was summoned, who at once insisted on searching his room. A razor, on which were several spots of blood, was found concealed under the carpet, together with an old suit of clothes belonging to Edgar, which were bespattered with blood. This was considered sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest, and he now lies in jail, charged with the awful crime of murder. Oh, Mr. Fergusson! if you can do anything to save him, and, at the same time, bring the guilty perpetrator of this deed to justice, I will amply reward you.”

“Do you know of any enemies of your father, or of Edgar, who would be likely to commit such a crime, either for robbery or revenge?” I asked.

“Oh, sir,” she replied, “it was not done for robbery, as everything in the room was as father left it the night before. His watch and pocket-book, the latter containing quite a sum of money, were found under his pillow, where he always placed them; so that the crime must have been committed to gratify a fiendish thirst for revenge.”

“Now, then, who of all your acquaintances could do such a thing?”

“I cannot possibly say. Father had not an enemy in the world, to my knowledge, or Edgar either, unless, perhaps, it might be Conrad Smithers, my father’s book-keeper and trusty clerk; but it would be impossible for him to do such a deed.”

“What reason have you for suspecting that he is not Edgar’s friend?”

“Only this: some time ago, Conrad, whom we have always regarded as one of the family, proposed for my hand, and I told him it was not mine to give. ‘I suspected as much,’ he muttered. And then, whilst his face grew dark as night, and his features assumed an appearance perfectly fearful, he continued: ‘But you shall never become the wife of Edgar Morton whilst I have life to prevent it.’ He then wheeled about, and abruptly left my presence. I was considerably alarmed, and thought of speaking to father about it; but during the afternoon, he returned, and begged my forgiveness for the words he had used, and made such professions of sorrow in regard to them, that I freely forgave him, and have since thought no more of the matter.”

“The fact is quite clear to me,” I said. “I know this fellow well, and the sort of company he keeps, and I should not be surprised to find that he committed the murder. Now, then, I want to see the body of your father, and the room in which the deed was done.”

“Well, sir,” she said, rising, and preparing to accompany me, “you will find everything as it was when first discovered. The officer concluded not to disturb anything until after the inquest, which takes place to-morrow forenoon.”

Wrapping myself up in my great-coat, we set out, and, after a brisk walk of ten minutes, reached the palatial residence of my companion. I was at once shown to the room of the murdered man, and then began making such an examination as only a detective knows how to make. Circumstances of the most trivial character, which would be overlooked by an ignorant person, are often seized upon by a skillful detective, and sometimes constitute the most damning evidence of guilt. In this case, however, everything had been done in the most skillful manner, and I could not succeed in making any discoveries.

I was about to leave the room in despair, when glancing towards the bed, I noticed what appeared to be a slight scratch on the neck of the murdered man, just upon the gaping wound which had so cruelly let out his life's blood. On examination, I found it to be nothing more than a hair, which had, in some manner, probably become loosened from the head of the assassin, and had settled on the neck of the victim, where it now lay, a silent, yet truthful, witness, pointing out the guilty wretch to the eye of justice. The hair was of a deep red color, which was totally unlike that of any of the household. It was, indeed, the same color and shade as that of Conrad Smithers.

I placed it carefully in my pocket-book, and, saying nothing to any one of my discovery, started for the residence of Smithers, intent on doing a little acting. I found him, as his attendant said, ill in bed, and on no account must he be disturbed. "This sickness is but a ruse," I thought, "to divert suspicion." Telling the woman that I wanted to see him but for a moment on the most urgent business, she finally reluctantly consented to my entrance. I found him lying upon a bed, apparently in great pain. In my youth I had studied medicine, and was consequently well informed on such matters, and I saw at once, with a quick glance, that he was only feigning sickness. He started up somewhat angrily as I entered, but I silenced him with a motion of my hand.

"Conrad Smithers, this is a desperate game you are playing, but it will avail you nothing."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, his sickness all gone.

"I mean that the game is up, and the murderer of John Randolph is discovered."

Thrown completely off his guard, as I had anticipated, he sank into a chair, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed out:

"Lost! lost!"

"Do you confess the murder, then?"

"I do," he answered, "now that concealment is no longer of use."

I took him at once into custody, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him change places with Edgar Morton, who was overjoyed at his release.

Conrad Smithers was tried for the murder, and knowing that any defense would be useless after his confession to me, pleaded guilty, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court, which sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

About a year after, I received an envelope containing an invitation to the wedding of Cecilo Randolph and Edgar Morton, who lived long and happy together, and never ceased thanking me that Edgar was saved by a hair.—*Keystone*

SKETCHES IN THE ORIENT.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS.

PTOLEMY had served as a general under Alexander, upon whose death he was made governor of Egypt, and afterwards he made himself king. He was well fitted to deal with his people. During his rule the country reached the height of its prosperity. He extended great privileges to all who would settle in Alexandria, whether Jews or Greeks, which drew crowds to the place. Under his auspices arose the Tower of Pharos and the magnificent temple of Serapis. He founded an academy of learned men, who devoted themselves to the study of philosophy and their sciences. For their use, he made a collection of choice books, which grew under his successors to 700,000 volumes. All books that he could lay hands on were seized and copied, the transcript returned to the owner, and the original placed in the library. If these books had not been burned, the world would doubtless be wiser to day than it is.

This Ptolemy was the only good one of his race. He was simple in life and manner—borrowing his neighbor's plate when he gave a large entertainment; prudent, just, clement and easy of access. At the time of his death he held several countries under the dominion of Egypt—and now Egypt pays tribute to the Sultan. Ever since the death of this wise Ptolemy, Alexandria has been declining in population and importance. His successors generally, with perhaps the exception of his son and grandson, were given to dissipation, intrigue, quarrels and cruelty.

In quitting the city the traveler feels as if Alexandria were but a sham Egypt, and he sets his sails for the breeze that shall waft him to where Isis sits enthroned, even Cairo: that is, he buys a ticket and goes by rail, as prosaically as if we were on the Pennsylvania Central. The first glimpses of Kahira, "the city of victory," are seen through the sycamore and fig trees with which its environs are clothed; through them here and there one sees the promise of further beauty in graceful minarets, glancing domes, and tall palms, which is hardly realized on near approach. Cairo being no exception to the rule that all towns of the East look best at a distance. Still there is enough and to spare within its walls to make a sojourn here attractive.

The change from East to West is great, and here Oriental life finds its highest expression; in the flowing drapery and majestic movement of the inhabitants, in camels reposing in the shade of olive trees or drinking at marble fountains, in groups of swarthy Egyptians in rich apparel, sipping coffee and smoking nargilehs, in the atmospheric effects of this remarkable climate, and the odors of the pomegranate and the orange wafted on a breeze as gentle as a maiden's whisper. On coming here, one feels like old Hafiz when he says: "Let us be crowned with roses, let us drink wine, and break up the tiresome old roof of heaven into new forms."

The bed of the Nile, like that of the lower Mississippi, is higher than the valley through which it passes. Warburton said: "The Nile's bed is a sort of saving bank by means of which the deposits of four thousand years have enabled him to rise in the world and to run along a causeway of his own."

It is the only river in the world which runs upwards of two thousand miles, in undiminished volume, without a tributary stream. It moves on its long course without the help of even a creek, tapped by innumerable canals and thirsty gardens with which it is fringed, absorbed by hot sand banks and hotter sun, and empties greater bulk at its mouth than it has between the cataracts. The products of Egypt are the gifts of this stream. The land on which the towns and hamlets of Egypt repose is foreign soil brought from the far south by the public carrier. For more than four thousand years he has faithfully brought his burden and deposited it at the feet of Egypt. The Rameses and the Ptolemies come and go, but the Nile remains unchanged.

To the traveller who wishes to glide into the memories of the past, there are sad changes in the surroundings of the ancient stream. Borne on its bosom, he would fain see, if only in fancy, some of the old scenes of which he has read: the foundling of the waters, the infant Moses, in his rush cradle; the Pharaohs sailing by in their brilliant pageantry; the "conqueror of the conquerors," Cleopatra, fanned by cupids and rowed with silver oars. Such lotus meditation, alas! is interrupted by the sound of a steam-engine pumping water, or the shrill whistle of a steambot on its way to the first cataract; and one wonders that such desecration does not bring the yellow Neptune and his Naiads out of their watery depths in protestation.

Herodotus was saved the task of telling the story of the steam engine on the Nile, and Haroun al Raschid the pain of singing it. The Caliph poet, with all his sacred fire, would hardly have succeeded in clothing it in the graceful garlands of his Oriental imagination. In a word, the old glamour which hung over these waters for thousands of years, has been dimmed by Papin, Watt and Fulton.

The crocodile no longer takes his nap undisturbed on the shores; the sacred ibis no more can wander in security among the lotus flowers along the borders. A monster of fire and smoke breaks the silence with a shriek, carrying the irrepressible *Howadji* of the red book and grey garb, who comes from the land of tall hats, tall chairs, tall beds, of awkward knives and forks, of bare heads, of mighty eaters of flesh and bibbers of wine—comes to build railways, cut canals, and excavate ruins, inevitable as Fate. O Haroun al Raschid! what would you say to this could you see it?

About three fourths of the population in Egypt are Arabs, or of Arabic origin. The remaining fourth is composed of Copts, Turks, Jews, Armenians Abyssinians, Nubians, Mamelukes, and Franks or Europeans. The Copts are natives of longer residence than any other race. They are believed to be the descendants of those patient and clever toilers who reared the massive monuments of four thousand years ago which to this day are a puzzle to the archæologue and historian. They are usually darker in skin and dress than they who are called Egyptians, that is, those of Arabic origin. The Copt is more sombre in expression, heavier in speech, and rather coarser in feature, than the Egyptian. He has lost his language and speaks Arabic, which is the tongue of Egypt. One of the Coptic bishops at my request wrote a line or two of Coptic character. He was considered learned, as but few are capable of doing this. The Copt is a bigoted Christian, who, from intolerance of other Christians, leans to the doctrines of the Koran. He frequently carries an ink-horn and pen in his waist sash, as he is generally a scribe or some way connected with commerce.

Lord Chesterfield told his son if he liked fiddling to hire some one to play for him; if the Egyptian likes dancing, he employs professional dancers to dance for him. The man of the black coat and white cravat finds his pleasure in twirling round with a damsel in his arms, and he of Nile-land in sitting on a divan watching others do it, though in a different fashion. It is done by the woman alone, the feet almost stationary, and the dancing consists in writhing, willow like bendings and turnings, languid reclinings, and visible vibrations of the muscles. It is a series of passionate poses, is thousands of years old, and it is probable that Herod was thus charmed by the young woman who demanded a heavier tribute than Taglioni would have ever dreamed of. The Almas, or dancing and singing women, compose a class apart, but distributed in various bands over Egypt, and are usually employed for weddings, funerals, and entertainments. The Alma thus weeps over the dead, twirls her *cezar* over her head, and sings his virtues. "The light of the house has gone out!" "The camel is dead!" and the same day, in the evening, will jingle her tambourine and sway her supple body to and fro in terpsichorean delights.

In the streets of Cairo there is probably more noise, crowd, and confusion than in any other city in the world. Turbans, donkeys, camels, and carriages are mixed up in a way that seems inextricable, and lungs of man and brute make all the noise of which they are capable. The runners who precede the carriages, dressed in their long white flowing sleeves and red jackets, are among the most picturesque figures to be seen, as they run ahead shouting to people to make way for the coming vehicle. It is singular that the donkeys are not injured by the carriages, which are driven at a brisk trot, for the streets swarm with the little animals. The Egyptian donkey is the best of his race—strong, fleet, hardy, less lazy than the donkey of other lands; and suffering is the badge of his tribe here as elsewhere. His strength is remarkable. One now and then sees two stout natives astride of one not larger than a Newfoundland dog, and the animal bears them along at an amble. The Egyptian of stalwart make, when mounted on the under-sized donkey, looks as if he ought to change places, and carry the quadruped. The donkey is the Egyptian cab; all use him—rich and poor, stately Turk and dirty *fellah*, servile Jew and lordly Frank, women and children, all astraddle.

When I rode down the crowded thoroughfare on this mount, I was closely followed by the donkey-boy, who shouted as we went along, the old cry of "*Eh sheik, eh bint, reggalek syumalek,*" etc., etc. "O venerable man, O maiden, get out of the way on the right; O maiden, O venerable man, get out of the way on the left—this howadji comes, he comes!"

The vocation of the Egyptian *garroche* is the care and driving of the donkey. He is bare-legged, bare-footed, and wears, besides his head-covering, but one garment reaching to his knees. He carries a sharp pointed stick about a yard long, with which he pokes up the animal from behind, and there probably is some connection between this instrument and the quadruped's unusual spryness in this quarter of the world. The boy pushes him into a canter if desired—which always means through a judicious application of backshish—he swiftly pursuing. He runs his ten miles after his donkey to the Pyramids, and his ten miles back, as a matter of course. He is a sharp lad, quick of speech and action, and full of the humor of his race.

Sketches in the Orient.

When I appeared on the verandah of the hotel in the morning at Cairo, my ears were saluted with cries in pigeon-English, such as, "strong donkey, master," "good donkey, master," "she no kick," "Billy Barlow good because she have plenty oi feed," "Yankee Doodle first-best best," which meant that a visit to the Pyramids was one of the traveler's first duties. I held parley with the groom of Billy Barlow, who had the preternatural sharpness of a New York newsboy, and after the usual wrangle came to terms. From a wink which the guardian of Billy Barlow gave to one of his comrades, I discovered that he was well satisfied with his contract, and that he regarded me as one who had been somewhat "done."

I mounted the much extolled animal, and in company with several others started in a steeple-chase through the streets and out of the city, each pursued by a lad crying at intervals as he urged the fleeing donkey, "hooah, hooah," English fashion!

The genial sunny air, the Oriental surroundings, the novelty of the mount, quickness of movement, shouts of the gamins, and *elan* of the whole proceeding, produced what is often sought in vain—a new emotion. The ludicrous was dominant in the situation, and some of my companions laughed so heartily as to be able with difficulty to keep their saddles.

Some animals are always comic-looking, such as monkeys and donkeys; and when the latter is mounted he imparts to a certain extent, his character to his cavalier. There was a companion with us who was a central figure, and one of the moving causes of the merriment—a staid doctor of divinity with spectacles on nose and umbrella in hand. A gulf separated the solemn divine of the pulpit from him who fled as from the wrath to come, on a galloping ass, out of the ancient city of Cairo—which did not prevent him from sharing in the general mirth.

The donkey belongs to Egypt as much as the camel and the palm-tree, and donkey-riding enters as largely into the life as smoking and coffee drinking. He is a small bundle of dry, tough sinews, over a frame of hard bones, the tegument of a nut. He is little fed and much clubbed, since the kindness of the Arab toward animals exists only in tradition. One of the most common abuses to which the donkey is subjected, is throwing heavy burdens over him attached to sharp cords, which cut into the flesh until it is raw. In spite of ill-usage, he is patient, reasonably willing to work, and lives to great age—the dead donkey being almost apocryphal: and Mohammed is not entitled to the reputation for justice which his followers accord to him, if he has not provided this little animal with comfortable quarters in Paradise, where the thistle and keff abound for evermore, as some compensation for the ills of his present life.

In our donkey ride to the pyramids, we dismounted at Ghizen to cross the Nile. This was the first heat of the race. Here there was an excited discussion between our guides and the boatman as to the price for carrying us over.

An old Nile traveller suggested my sitting down under a tree for a while with him, when I replied that the boat was on the point of starting and we would not have the time. With a quiet smile he returned that we would not go for half an hour. His answer proved to be correct, and showed a knowledge of Egyptian nature. The wrangle as to terms continued for over half an hour, during which we chafed

with impatience—all except the old Nile traveler, who told us we would get used to it when we had seen as much of it as he had. Gesticulating, gabbling, denunciation and threats interminable. Englishmen or Americans would have knocked each other down like ten-pins, before going through half of it. The necessary stages of the Oriental bargain had to be gone through—the first, second, and third word. Finally the last word was reached, hands were struck, and the thing was done. Passengers, two and four legged, were huddled together in the same boat.

Another heat, and the great pile of stones was reached. Looking up at the monster pyramid, the silence was broken by an enthusiastic youth fresh from his "Life of Napoleon," with, "Here it was he told his soldiers that forty centuries"——"Hold," interrupted the old traveler solemnly. "It is customary to levy a fine covering expenses of the excursion all round, upon any one going over that bit of history in the vicinity." The young gentleman, abashed, remained under interdiction. The old traveler's presence was thus repressive, and kept back enthusiastic platitudes.

With a stalwart Egyptian on each side, we were rushed up the mighty steps of the great monument, and after two or three breathing spells reached the apex, whence men at the base looked like cradle infants.

From the singular clearness of the atmosphere in this climate, with this elevation as an out-look, the eye reaches over an immense sweep of land and sky. On one side is the land-sea, shining almost white under a conquering sun, specked black with here and there a "ship of the desert;" on the other, that mantle of green whose lining has never failed to furnish Egypt with her annual wealth.

Turning skyward, not a single cloud relieves the all pervading blue. Man gets away from earth for the time, and lives in the upper air; he sloughs off the real, drapes himself in the ethereal robes of the ideal, and floats about like a celestial being, until jerked backed to earth with a grappling iron in the shape of,

"O master, we go down eat sandwich. Backshish!"—*Galaxy*.

WHEN a visitor enters his lodge, the Worshipful Master should see that the Senior Deacon courteously provides him with a seat. That code of politeness or good manners was framed in no masonic school, which permits a visiting brother to look helplessly around in search of some vacant spot in which he may place himself. The visitor who is lawfully admitted to a masonic lodge bears with him his letters patent entitling him to fraternal welcome. An opportunity should be afforded him, privately if he will it, to state whence and why he came. If he needed it, assistance by counsel or otherwise must be given.—*Loomis Journ. il.*

A smile costs the giver nothing, yet it is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and the forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. A smile resembles an angle of paradise.

GRAND LODGE OF IOWA, 1872.

In our review of the proceedings of the recent session, in our last number, we spoke of Brother Guilbert's report on Widows' and Orphans' Home, of the application for charters direct without serving a time with patience under dispensation, of the delayed adoption of the Code of Trials, and of the greatly increasing subject of grievances appealed to the Grand Lodge.

In this number we propose to continue the review of such other of the proceedings as we may have time to touch upon.

Hasty Legislation has become so frequent and so alarming a feature in our proceedings, that the Grand Master felt called upon to refer to it in his address, which he did in the following words:

"At the risk of repeating what has been well and often said, I would urge you to make up your minds to avoid hasty legislation and to stay here until the business of the Grand Lodge is completed fully and carefully. Unfortunately, too much important business is originated at a late hour of the session, and much that is introduced and referred to committees is reported on after the installation of Grand officers, a ceremony, which unhappily seems to many brethren to be the only object of the meeting and a signal for departure, and important business is hurried through without proper consideration. I trust we will be able to change much of this, especially since railroads make it possible for a very large majority to reach home before sabbath, even if they leave on Saturday morning. And by giving proper and careful attention to the duties of the important trust delegated to us, we may render good to our Lodges and to the Craft, rather than the reverse."

Notwithstanding this just admonition, we can scarcely recall a session where less care and deliberation was used in the consideration of important matters of legislation, and such was the "indecent haste" in which the Grand Lodge closed at supper on Thursday evening, that many of the members might leave immediately thereafter, that the Grand Secretary in his records says the Grand Lodge "hurriedly" closed, to which every brother remaining can testify.

In this connection we next consider a subject closely allied to it the haste with which many of the members seek to get away. One would think that the members were all newly married grooms, hastening to return to the brides of the morning.

Notwithstanding the Grand Master's note of warning, to which we give him credit of closely adhering, the "stamped" began on the first day and was followed up so closely that the Grand Secretary could not catch the causes for which so early an absence was asked. And in the name of decency we protest against this hasty and unwise action of the Grand Lodge.

Brethren, when they leave home, should arrange their business for a week's absence or else not absent themselves at all. It is an insult to the good sense and dignity of the Grand Lodge for a brother to rise on the morning of the second day and ask to be excused from further attendance, for the reason that "Court was in session and he had important business to attend to." Did the brother not know that court was in session when he left home and his very important business behind? In our judgement no excuse should be voted for a cause or reason known to the brother when he left his home, and only when some sudden emergency has arisen of which he has no knowledge.

We here quote the language of the Grand Master upon this subject, and trust he and his successors will adhere to them.

The law in the letter and spirit was both disregarded in the exemplification or rather not exemplifying the work. On the morning of the first day it was voted that each of the three evenings should be set apart for the purpose of exemplifying the work in each of the three degrees, but that was a rubber resolution, and stretched till it broke, and the third evening the brothers were rejoicing to the tune of the locomotive whistle, and the subject of the Ritual, to which a few years ago our Iowa brothers sacrificed all else, as if that were the one thing needful, now had sunk so low as to find no one to do it reverence. *Tempora mutantur, et n̄ s̄ mutamer in illis.*

Under the topic of hasty legislation we meet to have introduced two or three items which it is better late than never.

"Privileges voted new Lodges." Soon as the Committee on Lodges Under Dispensation reported and charters were voted, not even filled out and *before* the Lodges could by possibility be Lodges at all, for they were not constituted, the persons present from them were admitted to all the rights and privileges pertaining to the stationed officers of chartered Lodges. This is all wrong, palpably wrong, in direct violation and contravention of all laws constitutional and common. Article First of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge recites that "the Grand Lodge shall consist of (the Grand Officers naming them, and of) the Masters and Wardens for the time being of the several Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge."

The Dispensation issued to seven Masons by the Grand Master, constituting them an *inchoate* Lodge, requires that the Dispensation be returned to the Grand Lodge on the first day of its session, when the Lodge ceases to be an *active* Lodge.

When a Charter is voted to the three brethren who were named by the Grand Master as Master and Wardens and their associates, they cannot even meet, much less act as a Lodge until summoned by him or his special Deputy, when they hold an election, have their officers installed, and their Lodge constituted.

Under our hasty mode of doing important business, brethren who cannot meet in Lodge, cannot make Masons, cannot do anything, are not only permitted but invited to meet in Grand Lodge, un-make Masons (by sentence of expulsion) and do everything that a sovereign Grand Lodge may do. The Grand Lodges from Maine to Georgia have remonstrated in vain against this shameful disregard of Masonic law.

Here what Past Grand Master Gibson says in his Report on Foreign Correspondence to the Grand Lodge of New York, in June last.

"The representatives present at the several Lodges under Dispensation, to which Charters were granted, were allowed to participate in the business of the Lodge and vote. We anticipate that we shall be opposed to this action of Iowa in this respect, until she discovers the error of her ways."

Worse than all this, at our last session (tell it not in the Gata &c.) a brother who was not even an officer in his Lodge U. D. was permitted to appear as its representative and "to vote" till we raised such a "hue and cry" over the outrage that he was denied the privilege of further ballot.

Another topic was the Grand Master's address. He had evidently prepared it with great care and presented grave and important subjects

for consideration and action, and we know that he felt aggrieved that it received so slight mention and many of its topics passed over briefly or not touched upon at all.

The Grand Lodge has for a few years past been occupying the Opera House of Brother Burtis for its sessions and its library, and now owing to the change wrought by the construction of the new bridge and the change of route of the railroad, the Doctor wanted to be released from his contract to furnish a hall for the library.

A proposition to release him not only from that part of it but the whole was introduced, and had the Grand Lodge only have postponed its time of adjournment, would have received two-thirds of all the votes present. But rather than miss the train the resolution was hastily tabled, and the Grand Lodge meets next June at Davenport.

In future, for one, we shall never consent to locate the Grand Lodge until we can have a city of fifty thousand inhabitants and numerous hotels large enough to accommodate the entire membership of the Grand Lodge.—*Evergreen.*

MASONIC FAITH.

Faith plighted is ever to be kept, was a maxim and an axiom even among Pagans. The virtuous Roman said, either let not that which seems expedient be base, or if it be base, let it not seem expedient. What is there which that so-called expediency can bring so valuable as that which it takes away, if it deprive you of the name of a good man and rob you of your integrity and honor? In all ages, he who violates his plighted word has been held unspeakably base. The word of a Mason, like the word of a Knight in the times of chivalry, once given, must be held sacred: and the judgment of his Brothers upon him who violates his pledge, should be as stern as the judgment of the Roman Censors against him who violated his oath. Good faith is revered among Masons as it was among the Romans, who placed its statue in the capitol next to that of Jupiter Maximus Optimus; and we, like them, hold that calamity should always be chosen rather than baseness; and, with the Knight of old, that one should always die rather than be dishonored.

Be faithful therefore, to the promise you make, to the pledges you give, and to the vows you assume, since to break either is base and dishonorable.

Be faithful to your family, and perform all the duties of a good father, and a good son, a good husband, and a good brother.

Be faithful to your friends; for true friendship is of a nature not only to survive through all the vicissitudes of life, but to continue through an endless duration; not only to stand the shock of conflicting opinions, and the roar of a revolution that shakes the world, but to the last when the heavens are no more, and to spring fresh from the universe.

Be faithful to your country, and prefer its dignity and honor to any degree of popularity and honor for yourself, consulting its interests rather than your own, and rather than the pleasure and gratification of the people, which is often at variance with their welfare.

Be faithful to Masonry, which is to be faithful to the best interests of mankind. Labor by precept and example, to elevate the standard of Masonic character, to enlarge its sphere of influence, to popularize its

teachings, and to make all men know it for the Apostle of Peace, Harmony, and Good Will on earth among men.

Masonry is useful to all men: to the learned because it affords them the opportunity of exercising their talents upon subjects eminently worthy of their attention: to the illiterate, because it offers them important instruction: to the young because it presents them with salutary precepts and good examples, and accustoms them to reflect upon the proper mode of living: to the man of the world, whom it furnishes with noble and useful recreation: to the traveller, whom it enables to find friends and Brothers in countries where else he would be isolated and solitary: to the worthy man in misfortune, to whom it gives assistance: to the afflicted, to whom it lavishes consolation: to the charitable man, whom it enables to do more good, by uniting with those who are charitable like himself: and to all who have a soul capable of appreciating its importance, and of enjoying the charms of friendship founded on the same principles of religion, morality, and philanthropy.

A Freemason, therefore, should be a man of honor and conscience preferring his duty to everything besides, even to his life; independent in his opinions and of good morals; submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country and to his family; kind and indulgent to his Brethren; friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all the means in his power.—*Western Freemason.*

THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

—
BY ROB MORRIS, L. L. D.,
—

“A good land and a large . . . a land flowing with milk and honey.” (Deut. vi. 3, xi. 9, etc.)

O land of wondrous story, old Canaan bright and fair,
Thou type of home celestial, where the saints and angels are!
In heartfelt admiration we address thy hills divine,
And gather consolation on the fields of Palestine.

In all our lamentations, in the hour of deepest ill,
When sorrow wraps the spirit as the storm-clouds wrap the hill,
Some name comes up before us from the bright immortal band,
As the shadow of a great rock falls upon a weary land.

The dew of *Hermon* falling yet, revives the golden days;
Sweet *Sharon* lends her roses still, to win the poet's lays;
In every vale the lily bends, while o'er them wing the birds
Whose cheerful notes so marvellously recall the Saviour's words.

From *Bethlehem* awake the songs of Rachel and of Ruth,
From *Mizpah's* mountains-fastness mournful notes of filial truth;
Magdala gives narration of the Penitent thrice-blest,
And *Bethany* of sister-host who loved the gentle Guest.

Would we retrace the pilgrimage of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Behold his footsteps everywhere, on rocky knoll and sward;
From *Bethlehem* to *Golgotha*, his cradle and his tomb,
He sanctified old Canaan and accepted it his home.

He prayed upon thy mountain-side, he rested in thy grove,
He walked upon thy Galilee, when winds with billows strove:
Thy land was full of happy homes, that loving hearts did own,
E'en foxes and the birds of air—but Jesus Christ had none.

Thou land of milk and honey, land of corn and oil and wine,
How longs my hungry spirit to enjoy thy food divine!
I hunger and I thirst afar, the Jordan rolls between,
I faintly see thy paradise all clothed in living green.

My day of life declineth, and my sun is sinking low;
I near the banks of Jordan, through whose waters I must go:
Oh, let me wake beyond the stream, in land celestial blest,
To be forever with the Lord in Canaan's promised rest.

WHERE WERE YOU FIRST PREPARED?

Previous to the entrance of the sanctuary of Masonry, due preparation is required. This preparation is no superficial matter, but takes hold of the most sacred affections of the heart. The great light of Masonry declares that *the pure in heart* shall see God; and he who would knock for admission into our sacred temple, should strictly examine his heart before God, and see that his motives are pure and his intentions just. And without an inward heart preparation no applicant should ever be received into the Masonic Institution. In this regard the committee of investigation should attend strictly to their duty, and see the applicant in person, and duly examine him as to the motives which prompt him to apply for admission. And indeed, no member of the Order should ever commend an applicant till he has thoroughly questioned him on his honor as a man, as to the motives which induce him to desire admittance into the fraternity. It should be ascertained that the motives which move the applicant to solicit admission are unselfish and worthy ones; that he comes with a sincere desire to become intrinsically a better man, and to be useful to his fellow men. If on inquiry it be ascertained that the intentions of the applicant are selfish and mercenary, he should be given to understand that our Institution is no place for him, and that if admitted, he would not feel at home with us, nor would he be a welcome member.

This investigation should be strict and impartial. Little should be taken for granted. The high and low, rich and poor, should have their characters rigidly investigated, and their motives thoroughly tested. For, alas! how many come to us professing a great deal of love for Masonry, and manifesting much anxiety to gain an entrance into our sacred temple, who prove, to our great sorrow, to have been destitute of the most necessary qualifications—*the first heart work*. They came with dreams of gain, with hopes of greater popularity, without the trouble of that virtuous lying and doing which alone can merit it. They expected immediate increase of wealth, power, popularity; that all the members of the Craft would unite in efforts to make them successful in all their undertakings, be those undertakings good or bad. If merchants, they expected the trade of all the Masons; if mechanics, they expected a ready sale of the articles they manufactured, even if of an inferior quality; if clergymen, they expected a large increase of hearers and supporters. In a word, they came to our time-honored Institution with a few dollars to invest where they expected to receive large annual dividends in return. They were mistaken and disappointed. They are more or less chagrined, and soon lose their high regard for both Masons and Masonry. They are disappointed in Masonry, and Masons are quite as much disappointed in them. And of the two, it is our candid conviction that the Masons who initiated such material into

the Order are far more culpable, and merit more of our censure, than these mercenary members, who are a disgrace to the institution. They should never have been proposed, commended, elected or initiated.

They who would gain admission into the Masonic Institution, should be thoroughly informed as to the nature and intention of Freemasonry, and told plainly that certain primary lessons and preparation must positively precede the initiation. Then if intriguing ones should work their way in, by dint of false representation, they should be dealt with in the most summary manner. If they missed a cloudy ballot at the threshold, at their entrance, they should at least find it at their escape, as they are taught how justice will sooner or later overtake the guilty.

But we are free to acknowledge that, in many instances, where the candidate was not duly and truly prepared before entering the Institution, the needed work was afterwards done, and well done. And as it is never too late to reform, and learn the lessons of wisdom, we would urge such as feel their lives do not yet fully come up to the high standard of Masonry, to use all diligence in the necessary cultivation of both head and heart.—*Michigan Freemason.*

GRANITE WORKS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The art of carving in granite has never been carried to higher perfection than on the continent of India. At Chilambaram, also in the Carnatic, and on the Coromandel coast, is a congeries of temples representing the sacred Mount or Meru. Here are seven lofty walls, one within the other, round the central quadrangle, and as many pyramidal gateways in the midst of each side, which form the limbs of a vast cross, consisting altogether of twenty-eight pyramids. There are consequently fourteen in a line, which extends more than a mile in one continuous direction. Nor are these the only wonders associated with this metropolis of pyramids. The interior ornaments are in harmony with the whole. From the nave of one of the principal structures there hang, on the tops of four buttresses, festoons of chains, in length about five hundred and forty-eight feet. Each garland, consisting of twenty links, is made of *one piece of granite, sixty feet long*. The links themselves are monstrous rings, thirty-two inches in circumference, and polished as smooth as glass.

Compared with the monolith temples of granite at Mahabaliaram, which is likewise situated on the Coromandel coast, those in Egypt sink into insignificance. The rocks thereabouts are composed of a hard gray granite, containing quartz, mica and felspar, with a few crystals of hornblende interspersed. Many have been hollowed out by art, and sculptured into temples with spirited bas-reliefs, representing episodes in Hindoo history and mythology, and supported by graceful columns, all carved from the solid rock. Detached masses have been cut into shapes of elephants, tigers, lions, bulls, cats, monkeys, and various non-descript monsters and colossal statues of gods, one of which—namely, that of Ganesa—is thirty feet high. The southernmost of the temples is about forty feet in height, twenty-seven feet in breadth, and nearly the same in length, the exterior being covered with elaborate sculptures. The adjoining edifice is about forty-nine feet in length, and in breadth twenty-five feet; it is rent, by natural causes, from summit to base. According to the local Brahminical tradition, these wonderful sculptures were executed by four thousand workmen, who had come

from the north, and returned before their completion. From a careful examination it is evident that almost all the enormous mass of sculpture and carving that adorns this city of monolith temples and colossi must have been performed without the aid of fire—with the hammer, chisel, lever, and wedge alone; and this is one of the hardest rocks in the world.—*People's Magazine.*

THE OFFICE OF WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

M. W. G. Master, Brother John H. Brown, of Kansas, very recently says:

“The office of Master is no sinecure. He who desires the place must train, and be trained by general no less than by special instruction. It is not enough for him to be able to perform the mere routine business of that chair. His life should be blameless, his perceptions clear, his knowledge varied; he should be thoroughly versed in our laws, usages and precedents; and his manners such as to inspire respect and invite confidence. Let there be added calmness in judging and decision in execution, and before you stands the man whom to call Master will bring no blush to your cheek, or shame to your brow.

“Suppose, however, that a Lodge, in utter disregard of all experience and all sound deduction, open its doors to men not moral—to men indifferent to public opinion—if thus embraces an element defective, if not positively vicious, ought it to expect that better men will seek admission? But further: suppose those wanting in uprightness, by some process, work their way up, and finally are safely seated in official positions, in that Lodge, can anything less than the total demoralization of that Lodge be well expected? I say no! And, as a result, if loss of Charter did not ensue, a great Order is to be disgraced. Verily, inattention to duty has its reward. Again, just imagine such a Master leading the neophyte in the paths of honor and virtue, discoursing to him upon temperance, charity and purity, pointing him to the Great Author of worlds as the source of all truth, and the sole recourse of man in his worst extremities; can the Mason picture anything more irreverent? Yet such are not rare cases, and I am compelled to acknowledge that I have met more than one such Master of a Lodge.

“The Master of a Lodge is known and regarded as the representative man of those over whom he presides. His conduct is open to public scrutiny—his acts and words elicit criticism—and if the public judgment is against him, the whole Lodge, be its members ever so upright, are sure to suffer, and with him incur public reprobation. Yet this need not be. Why, then, do Masons tolerate such a condition of things? The power is in every Lodge to evoke a new order of things. The ballot, free and untrammelled, is yours. Judiciously exercise your inalienable prerogative, and the victory will result in moral freedom.”

FOREIGN MEMORANDA.

A Grand Commandery has been organized for the State of Arkansas, Sir Knight Luke E. Barber was elected Grand Commander, and Sir Knight J. W. Rison, Grand Recorder, both of Little Rock.

M. W. Bro. Wm. M. Dunaway, Grand Master Mason of Tennessee, a good citizen and a zealous Mason, died at his residence in Jackson, recently.

The two masonic bodies in Brazil, representing respectively French and Portuguese masonry have recently become consolidated. The celebration of the happy event took place on the 5th July last.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the new Church School at Kensington, England, the Princess Teck used the same mallet that was used by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect, in laying the corner-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral in London over two hundred years ago. It had been preserved in the British Museum, and was loaned to the Princess for the occasion above mentioned.

An excursion, on a grand scale, is preparing at Columbia, Pa., under the auspices of Cyrene Commandery, Knights Templar, for a tour to Europe and the International Exposition at Vienna. They propose to start about the 1st of June next, landing at Queenstown, they will travel through Ireland and Great Britain, and visit all places of prominence on the Continent. The details have all been arranged for carrying the party, and persons wishing to join this most magnificent excursion, should make it known before the 1st day of January next. For circulars, or full particulars, address the Committee, Rambo, Kauffman, and Eagle, Columbia, Pa.

At the Quarterly Communication of the Gr. Lodge of England, held on September 4th, at Freemasons' Hall, the M. W. Gr. Master informed the Brethren that a letter had been received from the representative of the Gr. Lodge of England at the Gr. Royal York Lodge of Friendship, at Berlin, announcing that upon a revision of the laws of that Great Body, it has resolved in future to initiate Jews and men of all religious denominations.

Fair the husband and Crittenden the victim of the "prisoner at the bar," were members of California Lodge No. 1, of San Francisco. Byrne and Cook, the leading opposing attorneys, belonged to Occidental Lodge, No. 22. Judge Dwinelle, who tried the case is a member of California Lodge, No. 1. Judge Quint, Associate counsel for Mrs. Fair, was a member of Progress Lodge, No. 125, Hon. N. Green Curtis, present leading counsel for Mrs. Fair, served the Craft as Grand Master from 1857 till 1860 inclusive. It is a singular incident that both of the leading counsel in the case should have died within a short time of each other—the District Attorney, Harry Byrne, and Elisha Cook, counsel for the defense.

There are said to be thirty lodges in Chicago, seven Chapters of R. A. Ma-sons; two Councils of R. and S. Masters; three Commanderies of Knights Templar, and one Consistory, with the appendant bodies of the A. and A. Rite.

The District Grand Lodge of Turkey, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England, will recommend to the Grand Master of England, the Marquis of Ripon, the name of Halim Pasha as District Grand Master of Turkey; vice Bro. J. B. Brown, deceased. Halim Pasha is District Grand Master of Egypt

OUR SEVENTH VOLUME.

With the present number, we commence the publication of the seventh volume of the *Craftsman*. When we acquired from Bros. T. & R. White in July 1870, their interest in this magazine, we neither expected nor desired to reap much pecuniary profit.

During the four preceding years it had, under the able management of its energetic and enterprising proprietors, become gradually, yet firmly established, and although from our inexperience and from the fact that our time was largely taken up with our regular business, we were well aware that we could not hope to conduct it as satisfactorily as formerly; we still determined to exert every endeavor to make it acceptable to the Canadian Craft, and we trust that our efforts have not been altogether in vain. Under the circumstances we have no hesitation in asking our subscribers to kindly overlook any deficiencies, and to continue their patronage which has hitherto been so liberally bestowed, far more liberally in fact than we had any right, either to expect or deserve. The many difficulties and vexations with which we have had to contend, only those who are "within the veils" can know, but we have steadily endeavoured to overcome them, even at times, when we felt that the task was almost a hopeless one. We are however determined to persevere, borne up by a sincere love for the order and an earnest desire to maintain the truth of the views entertained by our predecessors, that there was plenty of field in Canada for at least one purely masonic periodical. We take this opportunity of referring to a matter which requires no explanation as far as the great majority of our readers are concerned, but which has been broadly stated by one or two Masonic editors in the United States. It is that we have been subsidized by the Grand Lodge of Canada to uphold its views respecting the Quebec difficulty. For the benefit more especially of our brethren abroad we now distinctly affirm, that we have never, either directly or indirectly, received from the Grand Lodge or from any other source, one single cent for the purpose above referred to, or for any other purpose whatever, except for yearly subscriptions and advertisements. We have from the beginning been firmly convinced that the position taken by the Grand Lodge of Canada upon the Quebec question was a correct one, and we shall faithfully endeavour without fear or favor to maintain this view unto the end.

NEW CHAPTER.—The M. E. the Grand Z. has been pleased to authorize the issue of a Dispensation for the "De Warrene" Chapter at St. Thomas, County of Elgin. E. Comp. Thos. D. Warren, First Principal Z, E. Comp. George W. Morgan, Second Principal H., and E. Comp. Matthew A. Taylor, Third Principal J. The regular Convocations are held on the second Wednesday of every month.

ANOTHER PHASE OF THE QUEBEC DIFFICULTY.

Below will be found a copy of certain resolutions forwarded to us by Bro. J. H. Isaacson, having reference to the opening up of fresh negotiations between the Grand Lodge of Canada and those who have seceded from it.

We are very desirous that a fair and amicable adjustment of this vexed question should be arrived at, but we fear that the resolutions sent us, contain certain objections, that will render it impossible for them to be entertained.

The resolutions are prefaced with four preambles, with the first and third of which we are well pleased, and with the second, except as to that portion in which is laid down the basis of Grand Lodge jurisdiction. The fourth is far from being explicit, but as we know nothing of the circumstances under which the M. W. the Grand Master of Canada expressed the "earnest desire" therein referred to, we refrain from expressing any opinion upon it.

With regard to the resolutions, themselves, we consider that they are in at least three respects, fatally objectionable.

The first bases the adjustment on resolutions adopted by the Quebec body a year ago, and which were declared to be unacceptable to the Loyal Lodges in the Province of Quebec.

The second gives their Committee no final powers, thus rendering probable a repetition of the farce enacted last year, and it also contains a threat, which of itself is quite a sufficient impediment to the appointment of any Committee. We regret very much that our Quebec brethren should, by the adoption of these resolutions, have placed fresh barriers in the way of a settlement, and we trust that they may see the advisability of materially modifying them, if they desire to ensure a complete reconciliation.

"Resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge of Quebec, A. F. & A. M., at its third Annual Communication :

Whereas, the Grand Lodge of Quebec, earnestly desires the peace and harmony of Masonry over the whole habitable Globe, and is solicitous that the tenets of the order be preserved in all their ancient purity; and be perpetuated under those wise regulations which the Royal Craft from time to time enacted for its guidance, in all matters of general government and interest.

And whereas, this Grand Lodge is profoundly of opinion, that in order to carry out this beneficent and laudable object, every Grand Lodge should possess, hold and exercise supreme and undivided masonic authority and jurisdiction over all masons within their legitimately recognized territory, such territory being always coterminous with the political boundaries of the State, Province, or territory, as the case may be, whose name such Grand Lodge may elect to assume and may claim to be designated by.

And whereas, this Grand Lodge more immediately and intimately desires the peace and harmony of their beloved brethren in the Dominion of Canada, and with that view desires to heal the present unhappy differences which exist between this Grand Lodge and our well beloved sister the Grand Lodge of Canada

And whereas, it has come to the knowledge of this Grand Lodge, that the M. W. the Grand Master of Canada has expressed an earnest desire to adjust the differences

which exist between this Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Canada; be it therefore *Resolved*.—That a Committee of seven, to be named by the M. W. the Grand Master, be appointed to meet a like Committee to be appointed by the Grand Master of Canada, and effect, if possible, an adjustment of the said differences, in accordance with the resolutions passed by this Grand Lodge, at its last Annual Communication.

Resolved.—That the Grand Secretary, under the instructions of the Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, shall forthwith, or as soon as practicable, enter into a correspondence with the M. W. the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, with the view to inaugurate at once negotiations, so that definite action in the premises may be had within six weeks from this date; if an adjustment of difficulties be effected, an Emergent Communication of this Grand Lodge be called in the city of Montreal, to ratify and confirm the same, but should no adjustment take place within the time specified, then the Grand Master shall proceed as directed by the resolutions adopted at the last Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge.

The Grand Secretary is ordered to transmit a copy of the forgoing resolutions to the M. W. Grand Master of Canada for his information.

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA

APPOINTMENTS 1872-3.

V. W.	Bro. Jno. F. Lash,	Toronto, Grand Senior Deacon.	
"	" W. S. Martin,	Paris, Grand Junior Deacon.	
"	" Robert Nichols,	Port Hope, Grand Supt. of Works.	
"	" H. Fred. Sharp,	St. Marys, Grand Dir. of Ceremonies.	
"	" Charles R. Smith,	Hamilton, Asst. Grand Secretary.	
"	" Patrick Geraghty,	Kingston, Grand Dir. of Ceremonies.	
"	" Bernard Saunders,	Toront, Grand Sword Bearer.	
"	" W. Nivin,	Montreal, Grand Organist.	
"	" Adam Craunston,	Galt, Asst. Grand Organist.	
"	" E. E. Kitchen,	St. George, Grand Pursuivant.	
"	" A. J. Donly,	Smecoc,	
"	" Thos. Sargant,	Toronto,	}
"	" Wm. Braund,	Dunnville,	
"	" E. R. Carpenter,	Collingwood,	
"	" Aaron McMichael,	Waterford,	
"	" Alex. S. Abbot,	London,	
"	" Wm. Dewar,	Ancaster,	
"	" W. R. White,	Penbroke,	
"	" Jas. S. Scarff,	Woodstock,	
"	" W. H. Archer,	Toronto,	
"	" J. W. Stewart,	Port Dover,	

INTERCHANGE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

It affords us pleasure in learning that the General Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States of America have, since the Annual Assembly of the Grand Priory of the Dominion of Canada proffered an interchange of Representatives, naming the V. E. the Grand Prior of Canada, Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore, to be their representative here, and that our Grand Prior has appointed M. E. Frater W. Sewell Gardiner, P. G. G. C. to be our representative in the G. G. Commandery of the United States.

We congratulate our Eminent Fratres on their appointments, and at the same time express the belief that these mutual and reciprocal courtes-

ies tend to the cultivation of closer ties of friendship, and help in bringing about that oneness which should ever characterize this chivalric and christian order.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Notman & Fraser, Toronto, copies of excellent cabinet photographs of His Excellency Earl Dufferin. They are admirably executed, and are exceedingly correct likenesses.

VETERAN MEMBERS OF THE CRAFT.

In the early summer of 1871, a reunion of veteran members of the craft was held at Birmingham, Connecticut, under the auspices of King Hiram Lodge. The association was organized for the purpose of seeking out and gathering together, those who had in days gone by faithfully, and zealously upheld the tenets of our order, and who by reason of their advanced age are now debarred the privilege of attending the regular meetings of the craft. The project proved to be eminently successful, so much so as to place the permanency of the association beyond a doubt. The second reunion was held on the 17th June last, and as the published proceedings show, the most sanguine expectations of the committee were more than realized. About five hundred visiting brethren were present, besides forty-one veterans, whose combined ages amounted to upwards of three thousand years. As may be expected, the proceedings were exceedingly interesting. Bro. Naramore, the W. M. of King Hiram Lodge, thus writes, "The interest manifested in the sublime ceremonies of the third degree by our aged brethren, the greater part of which had faded from their memories, amply repaid us for all our efforts. The renewal of old acquaintances among them, the interchange of reminiscences of by-gone days, many of them meeting for the first time in thirty or forty years, was in many instances quite affecting. It was well worth a journey of hundreds of miles to witness their hearty greetings, and amusing to see the efforts of some to recall to mind long forgotten faces. The tottering steps and bowed forms of these aged brethren inspired the hearts of all present with a feeling akin to awe and reverence."

The proceedings included an address of welcome by Bro. Naramore, some music, and interesting addresses upon the following sentiments:

1. *Masonry—It has stood the test of ages, shedding its benign influence throughout the civilized world.*

2. *The Veterans—Their presence to-day has warmed our hearts and strengthened our hands. We are proud to welcome them as durable ornaments of our fraternity.*

3. *The Grand Lodge of the State of Connecticut—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."*

4. *Past Grand Officers*—*Brilliant in the past, may their light continue to shine in the future.*

A beautiful poem written for the occasion by Bro. J. W. Storrs, of King Hiram Lodge, was read, and elicited much applause. It was decided that the next annual gathering should be held at Bridgeport, Conn., under the auspices of St. John's Lodge, No. 3, on the Festival day of St. John the Baptist.

We omitted to mention that not the least interesting portion of the proceedings, was the exemplification of the work in the third degree by the officers of St. John's Lodge, the ceremony being witnessed with much pleasure by the veteran guests.

For the CRAFTSMAN.

THE LEGENDS OF THE EAST.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

Every reader is aware that the East is the birth place of legend, tradition and myth.

A day with one of the professional story tellers of the Arabs will enable the traveller to collect a number of these quite as curious and characteristic as those which make up the staple of the Arabian Nights Entertainment. The largest portion of them are based upon Scripture narrative, such as this: "One of Noah's sons had a stone with God's name on it and he could make it rain when he chose," evidently borrowed from the idea of Aaron's "Urim and Thummim."

A slave having spilled a dish boiling hot, on Hassan, fell at his feet, and repeated the words, "Paradise is for those who bridle their anger." Hassan answered, "I am not angry," the slave continued, "and forgive men." "I forgive you," said Hassan, The slave, however, finished the verse, "for God loveth the beneficent." "Since it is so," said Hassan, "I give you your freedom, and four hundred pieces of gold." This is one of the Stock anecdotes of the story tellers here.

The best work extant for the study of these oriental legends is the Koran with notes by Sale and Savary. It will be seen there that Solomon is the hero of the east. His name appears in a thousand displays of power, ingenuity and wisdom.

It is asserted that he often spent the day at Baalbec and the night at a place a thousand miles distant, this is but a moderate evidence of his supernatural power. One of the best accounts of his shrewdness I have written out and give below.

"The town of Ramah owed the town of Gibeon three thousand shekels, the town of Gibeon owed the town of Beth-horon two thousand shekels, the town of Beth-horon owed the town of Ramah two thousand shekels. Each was poverty-stricken; for there had been a grievous famine in the land. Each was disposed to deal harshly with the other. The terrors of the law had been brought into requisition and there was fear in the hearts of all that ruin impended; for each had said to the other "you must pay this debt before the passover." Finally they referred the decision of the matter to King David.

King David, then becoming old was training the mind of his wise son, the lad Solomon, to fill the place on the throne that he felt would

soon be vacant. Therefore when the delegates of the three towns had stated their cases fully, and the moment for judgment had arrived, the King commanded that the decision should rest with the boy.

Solomon asked the people of Ramah how much they could pay on account of their debt to the people of Gibeon? they answered one thousand shekels. He commanded them to pay that sum into his hand. They did so. He receipted them in full in the name of the people of Gibeon, and told them to go home. Loud was the clamor of the Gibeonites but the youth showed no regard, but handed them the one thousand shekels, which by his command they immediately transferred to the representatives of Beth-horon, who promptly transferred it back to Solomon as the agent of the absentees of Ramah. A second payment of the same money, by the same circuit, reduced the debt to Gibeon and cancelled those due to Beth-horon, and from Beth-horon to Ramah. Finally a third payment of one thousand shekels to Gibeon wiped off that debt also, and then all were satisfied. The impending ruin was averted and the praises of the wisdom of Solomon rang through the land.

HOSPITALITY.

The spirit of Masonry which demands an officer who shall "welcome and accommodate visiting brethren in the lodge" is the oriental spirit. "Enter the house, my friend, and consider it, with all it contains as your own," this is the high-flown style of the country in which this spirit has utterance Tefuddel, welcome, is the expression that was a thousand times addressed to me.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

A Meeting of Grand Officers and members of the Grand Lodge was held in the Freemasons' Hall, George Street, on the 17th September last, for the purpose of presenting the Earl of Rosslyn a requisition for his Lordship's continuance in office as Grand Master for the ensuing year. The meeting was presided over by Brother Henry Inglis, of Torsonce, substitute Grand Master, who was supported by Major Hope, of Luffness, Provincial Grand Master for East Lothian; Captain Colt, of Gartsherrie; Major Ramsay, William Mann, Past Grand Warden; John Laurie, Grand Clerk; John Coghill, Grand Director of Ceremonies; Alexander Hay, Grand Jeweller; M. McKenzie, Chief Grand Marshall; and T. Abthorpe, Grand Marshall. There was also present a large number of the Grand Stewards and members of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Clerk read the requisition, which set forth that there was but one opinion in the Craft as to the manner in which his lordship had discharged the duties of his exalted position, and the active interest he had taken in the management of the affairs of Grand Lodge, and the promotion and extension of its benevolent institutions, and that, duly impressed with these considerations, and by the necessity existing, under present circumstances, of the government of the Craft being again confided to the noble, dignified, and impartial guidance which they now possessed, the requisitionists most respectfully and earnestly request his lordship to allow him-self to be put in nomination for the Throne of Grand Lodge for the next ensuing year. The Grand Clerk stated that the number of signatures to the requisition was 7027.

The Chairman, in addressing his Lordship said—I am no implicit believer in ordinary requisitions and testimonials, because I am aware that many times they can be got up by the acre, and signed by the careless and unthinking, for purposes that are not always praiseworthy; but this is no ordinary requisition, and these are no ordinary requisitionists. Freemasonry is in this country a vast republican brotherhood within a monarchy, where each brother is equal to the other, whatever the social rank or standing of that other may be; and the only aristocracy which we admit, subject to our reverence to God and our allegiance to the throne, is the aristocracy of ancient Greece—the aristocracy of the Best. We have no prejudices. Our discussions on matters of Masonic law, and justice, and expediency, are not unattended often with that perferid heat which is the attribute of Scotchmen. (Applause.) We do not hesitate at times boldly to state our opinions in opposition to the very leader we have chosen. But because we may differ from him now and then, we are not on that account blind to the qualities which have placed him at our head, and it is that very independence of thought and expression which is the guarantee of our honest unanimity, when we attain it. That the thousands of names appended to this requisition recognize in you, in all honesty and truth, a chief worthy of your predecessors, and worthy of the ancient craft of Free and Accepted Scottish Masons, your own knowledge and experience will at once enable you to hold as an undoubted fact.

The Earl of Rosslyn, in replying, said—I must feel impressed by the honesty of this requisition, because I have found in presiding over you an independence of thought and of expression, which, of themselves, were guarantees for the honesty of your feelings, and far distant be the day when an assembly of Freemasons will be ashamed or afraid to say that which is honestly their opinion. But I claim a right on behalf of the chair, at least equal to your own, of independently expressing my opinion. (Loud applause.) It is that feeling that the Grand Master of the Craft must be independent, which partially induced me on a late occasion, to declare that I would not again allow my name to be put in nomination; but I acknowledge to you that in the face of a requisition of this magnitude, and of the flattering terms in which you have been pleased to speak of my humble services I have rendered to the Craft, I am fain to withdraw my declaration. (Loud cheers.) And I will venture to promise to you, not only the strictest endeavours to allow the most free and full declaration of your opinions on all subjects brought before you, but I shall endeavour to limit my own language and my own conduct within the most courteous and the strictest bounds that are consistent with thorough independence of opinion. (Applause.) In the course of some further remarks his Lordship said—When I endeavour to point out the means by which matters connected with the Grand Lodge may be improved, I hope you will individually not consider it matter for discord, but that every Mason will make it a point, as far as possible, to help the Grand Master, if he really means doing good to the Craft. (Applause.) I have no doubt that I am looked upon at the present moment very much as if I were on strike. (Laughter.) Well it is the fashion in these days to be on strike? and I may be regarded as being pretty much in the fashion. But now that I have agreed to come back to work—(applause and laughter)—I hope you will do your best to make Freemasonry a positive good that will be well understood by the outer world—that will redound to the credit of Scotland, as well

as to the credit of ourselves as Masons. (Applause.) Let us be able to point to our schools and to our orphanages; and to say that we had so much money that we had spent, and have so much money that we are spending, for the benefit of our fellow creatures. (Applause.)
London Freemason.

THE PERILOUS MOMENT.

A MASONIC INCIDENT, WRITTEN FOR THE CRAFTSMAN, BY ROBERT MORRIS,
LL. D.

Place, a large and fashionable Hotel in St. Louis. Time, evening. Hero, a well known and distinguished member of the Masonic fraternity, just arrived from a long journey by rail, and in that nervous state of irritation easily aroused to anger, which every one has experienced under the same circumstances. To look at him, as he emerged from his room on his way to the dinner table, you would have seen a bluff, solid man, rotund but not to grossness, with a red beefed face, dressed like a gentleman, and bearing himself with the part of one who knows his rights and "knowing dares maintain them." Such was the man whom for the sake of precision we will, denominate Brother Larkin, George Alexander Larkin.

Such was the man as he appeared to a group of three who looked after him with eyes singularly inquisitive, and when he disappeared in the supper-room exchanged glances with each other that said "the very man." One of them, a burly ruffianly fellow at the same moment rattled something in his pocket that might have been specie, or might have been something else. This group of three, by the way, were standing in the office of the hotel when our friend first entered the house. They divided him amongst them, one glancing over his shoulder as he wrote his name in the Travellers Register, one looking sharply after his valise and following it to the baggage room, one quietly slipping after him as he went up stairs and preceding him on his way down.

The contrast between a man just in from a long journey by rail, before dinner and after, is evident to the dullest intellect. As Brother Larkin came out from his feed his rosy cheeks were rosier, his rotund figure more rotund and in every respect he looked more kindly upon all around him. This made it easy to fall into conversation with the elder of the group of three to whom we have already introduced our readers, and who was standing in readiness to address him as he came out. A sort of recognition followed, that is Brother Larkin admitted having before met the gentleman who called himself Colonel Westcott, although it would have puzzled his brain's considerably to specify the when and where. A mutual cigar, a chat over the political situation in which by a pleasant coincidence they found themselves in accord, and the new made friends made an appointment to visit the theatre in company. And all this time the group of three were "reckoning up" our Brother Larkin, whispering to each other covertly comparing notes preparing for some grand *coup-de-main* to come off in due season. The click of the telegraphic instrument in the corner had Brother Larkin recognized it, was speaking his name to fellow-operators at St. Joseph, Missouri, and elsewhere, some hundreds of miles away, and cords were

tightening around him of which he was altogether unconscious. As he puffed his cigar and chatted benignantly of the pending election, and digested his good dinner with a beaming countenance, as little was he aware of the interest manifested in him, sometimes by the chief clerk of the house, sometimes by the landlord himself, but most of all by that quiet group of three whose leader was engaging him all the time in a conversation seemingly unimportant, but which had issues of life and death in it.

The day before, a bank had been robbed in Western Missouri by a singularly bold device, gagging and chloroforming being a part of the means employed—means so energetic in fact that when the unfortunate cashier was found and released the next day, the drug and the gag had been too much for him. This addition of murder to the enormous theft, and the extraordinarily heavy reward offered, had naturally set the whole body of detectives on the *qui vive*; and at that very hour groups of men like these were inspecting hotel registers and baggage, and new arrivals in all the cities three hundred miles around. The despatch that came over the wires to St. Louis said: "Principal man short, thick-set English in appearance, with sharp voice, well dressed, fond of talking politics, slippery as an eel." And that was the flattering appearance attached to our Brother Larkin, who had come that very day from Western Missouri, and was as loquacious on the subject of the robbery as every man is in such a case who has a good listener. So he talked in a gay, unrestrained manner, while the man who sat by his side rattled something in his pocket that might be specie, and might be something else.

The theatre that evening presented unusual attractions, and together the two newly-made friends wended their way, purchasing reserved seats of the hotel clerk, and sitting together in the box. At every interval in the play the conversation was renewed, designed on the one part to draw out Brother Larkin from his apparent reserve, on the other, merely to wile away the dull evening. It is a serious matter in St. Louis "to arrest the wrong man." Colonel Westcott therefore plied all the arts of social life upon his victim, and when at the close of the play he found himself making no headway in the direction he was pursuing, an invitation to wine and oysters followed as the next move. As the two entered the brilliant saloon, the favorite resort of the *bon-vivant* of St. Louis, the other two members of the group were close behind them, and the toils were encompassing our friend, although totally unaware of his danger. Every means was now attempted by Colonel Westcott to throw him off his guard, and elicit something that would connect him with the great bank robbery, but in vain. The loquacious fellow, warm with wine and good fellowship, was not to be entrapped into a word implicating him in an affair of which indeed he knew nothing except the extravagant rumors current among the passengers. And still the Colonel rattled something in his pocket that might have been specie and might have been something else. It was quite midnight when they returned to the hotel, the other members of the group being already there reinforced by several of their own class.

And now came the consummation. A hurried conference among the detectives while Brother Larkin was asking the usual question of the clerk relative to hotel trains etc. and Col. Westcott walked straight to his victim, laid his hand decidedly upon his shoulder and said, "Tom Brailey, you are my prisoner!"

If the reader has ever had the heavy grip of a sheriff's officer laid upon him he will bear witness to its ponderosity and the utter feeling of helplessness that momentarily follows. Brother Larkin was a man constitutionally brave, himself a major in the late war who had seen service in well-fought fields, but he may be pardoned for blenching a moment and even cowering under the unexpected blow.

"Is this a jest Colonel Westcott?"

"No jest, Tom Brailey, my name is Carroll and I am a detective, these gentlemen are also detectives and we are bound to have you."

"What is the charge?"

"Now Tom, that thing is played. You know too much to try any gab on us. Be a man and yield quietly."

"What is the charge?"

"Will you go with us peaceably?"

"What is the charge? Don't you dare to lay your hand on me again until you explain the charge and show your authority."

"Our hero had by this time backed into the corner out of which opened the door to the baggage room. On one side of him was the high desk of the book keeper, and the passage way was so blocked up with large trunks on the other hand that his own portly form occupied the whole entrance. As he stood facing the chief detective, his eye now kindled up with a sense of the deceit that had been practised on him all the evening, he was undoubtedly a dangerous subject.

Evidently the detectives so viewed it, for the spokesman dropped his tone.

"Now Tom Brailey"

"My name is not Tom Brailey. You will see my name in the register George Alexander Larkin, I have ample papers about me to prove my identity. Had you asked it instead of playing the dirty sneak all the evening as you have, I should have satisfied you in five minutes. But now explain the charge and show your authority, or the first man who lays hands on me dies the death!"

And the display of a pocket six-shooter, and the sharp click of its lock, and the steady aim from an arm brawny and untrembling that bore directly upon the officers' head, served to clinch these bold words. A dead silence of a minute ensued. A brief conference with the landlord who was watching the proceedings and the officer yielded, he exhibited the telegrams he had received, showed the marked resemblance between the bank-robber and our excited friend, proved his own identity by the testimony of the landlord and in a conciliatory tone requested that no further defense be made.

So Brother Larkin consented to accompany the party to the house of detention. Placing his pocket-book in the hands of the clerk and restoring his pistol to his pocket he had moved a few steps towards the door, when a new and more startling incident was added to the drama, the chief detective drew from his own pocket the rattling objects which might have been specie but proved to be handcuffs, and began to arrange them for use upon our brother's hands.

All the soul of the outraged man now rose in arms. He sprang back to his corner at a bound, prostrating one of the officers in the act. He again drew his pistol, cocked it at a motion and fired upon the officious detective with so good an aim as to knock the hat from off his head, an inch lower would have made a vacancy in that department forever. Cocking the dangerous little machine again, he held it forward and,

"Now which of you are ready for your coffins? he boldly said.

The report of the pistol called down from their rooms in an incredibly short space of time a score of travellers. The police from the streets gathered in like eagles to their prey. Before the smoke of that first discharge had dispersed the office was crowded with persons, crowded all but that handy nook in which was ensconced our friend Larkin who still, gaily and invitingly said,

"Who will be the next? my hand is in now and I never miss my shot twice."

A venerable man, grey haired and mild, evidently a preacher, proposed a compromise.

"I consented to the arrest. I started peaceably to go with that man. He had a number of men to help him. Yet he was about to handcuff me, that is an indignity that can only be inflicted on my corpse. One step nearer and you die. This last remark to the *ex-départ* Col Westcott who was quietly slipping upon his prey. The detective hastily stepped back.

"Tell us who you are," said the grey-haired man of peace. "Commit no murder, if you are innocent I for one will stand by you."

Then Brother Larkin informed the excited crowd that he was a peaceful tradesman, journeying to the east, and took care to say that as a Freemason he had his diploma in his pocket.

This turned the tables. A dozen men in the company formed a semi-circle before him. Their backs towards him, and declared he should not leave the house till morning. The grey-haired preacher loudly approving their determination.

At his own suggestion he was guarded through the night, in the landlord's private parlor, but not handcuffed. At early day, his notes to old friends in St. Louis brought a half dozen prominent citizens to identify and release him. And so after an interchange of cards with "the silent friends" who had stepped forward at that opportune moment. Brother Larkin went his way rejoicing that he had neither killed nor been killed. While the veritable Tom Brailey was picked up a week afterwards in a totally unexpected place, and subjected to one of those hasty initiations common in the west, where nothing is left of candidates but the stump of a rope and a new-made grave. And this is the story as related to me by Brother Larkin himself not a year ago, of "The perilous Moment."

The Old Chair has been questioned as to whether Mr. Greeley is an anti-mason or not? The Old Chair has lived long enough to know some things, but it don't know everything. It presumes, however, that Mr. Greeley has too much good sense to espouse such a hopeless cause, and one that gives evidence of either a weak head or a bad heart—perhaps both.

When the old Morgan excitement broke out, some forty-five years ago, Mr. Greeley had not attained his majority, and it was some years afterwards before he became an active politician.

By the time he became prominent as an Editor, anti-masonry had begun to wane, and he would hardly identify himself with a cause which its best friends would be ashamed of. Mr. Seward, Judge Spencer, Edward Everett and other prominent men, who had been active antis, deserted the sinking ship about this time. The Old Chair thinks Mr. Greeley was never identified with anti-masonry, though it presumes he is not a Freemason,—nor is General Grant.—*The Masonic Review.*

PARLIAMENTARY LAW, AS APPLIED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF MASONIC BODIES.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M. D.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF SPECIAL ORDERS.

The most common class of privileged questions in parliamentary assemblies is that to which is technically given the name of "orders of the day." When the consideration of any matter is, by a motion, postponed to a certain day, the matter so assigned is called, when the day for its consideration arrives, the special order for that day.

By this act the order of the day becomes a privileged question, and takes precedence of all others. The parliamentary regulations which refer to this question are numerous and intricate, but very few of them have any application to Masonic Lodges or Chapters.

For instance, in all parliamentary assemblies the business is distributed by certain rules, which cannot easily be set aside. Thus public motions are to be considered on one certain day of the week; private ones on another. A certain day is directed to be devoted to the consideration of petitions, a fourth one to appropriations, and so on; so that the class of business which is arranged for one day cannot be discussed on another, unless the rule is suspended. Now, to make any question a special order for the day, and to give it precedence on that day over all other questions—over in fact the very class of questions that has been appropriated to that particular day—would be to violate the rules of the house. And therefore it has been decided that, when any proposition is made an order for a subsequent day, it is to be considered that the rules for that occasion have been suspended. But a rule cannot be suspended by the vote of a mere majority. A vote of two-thirds is required for that purpose; and therefore, to make any question a special order, it is necessary that two-thirds of the members should vote in favor of the proposition, although, when the special order comes up, a bare majority may postpone its consideration.

No such rule has been established in Masonry. A majority vote only is necessary in a Lodge or Grand Lodge to make any hour or day the special time for the consideration of any proposition; or, in other words, to make it the special order for that hour or day.

The limited period appropriated to the communication of a Lodge makes it very unusual to adopt the practice of special orders; although a proposition introduced in the early part of the evening might be, and sometimes is, made the special order for a later hour. But the protracted session of a Grand Lodge or Grand Chapter often gives rise to special orders; and therefore the parliamentary rules that govern them, so far as they are applicable to Masonic bodies, must be considered.

The proper form of making any proposition a special order is as follows: On the presentation of any proposition, whether it be a motion, a petition, an election, or any other substantive matter, which it is then proposed to discuss, any member may rise and say, "I move that this motion—or whatever else it may be—be made the special order for 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning," or any other hour and day that he may select. This motion, being seconded, is put by the presiding officer, and, if adopted by a majority of votes, it becomes the special order for that hour and day.

Accordingly, when the day and hour set apart for the consideration of the special order has arrived, that special order takes precedence of all other business. The presiding officer or any member may call it up, and to do so may interrupt any one, although the latter may at the time have possession of the floor, and be addressing the meeting. Whatever business is then before the Lodge must be suspended at once, that the special order may take its place, and be brought before the assembly.

But, although the special order will thus obtrude itself before the Lodge at the sacrifice of all other business, it does not follow that it necessarily will retain the attention of the members. Like every other proposition, it is subject to various subsidiary motions. It may be discharged, or be postponed to another time.

If a motion to discharge the special order prevails, then it ceases any longer to be a special order. It loses its speciality and its privilege, and subsides into the class of motions to which it properly belongs, and can be called up only in the regular order of business, at the time when a motion to call it up would be in order. The business which had been suspended is at once resumed and proceeded with.

But a motion may be made and may prevail to postpone the special order to a future day or hour. The effect of this motion is different from that which discharges the order. The special order here loses its speciality and privilege only temporarily, and on the arrival of the time to which it had been postponed it resumes its special privilege, and may be called up as at the original time; still, however, subject to the same motions for discharge or for further postponement.

A special order may also be disposed of in a third way. Although it is the right, it is not the duty of any member to call up the special order. Hence, if a proposition has been made the special order for any hour of any day, and that hour passes without any action being taken to proceed with it, the special order is dropped, and can only come up thereafter as unfinished business and as an unprivileged question. The time appointed to consider it as a special order having passed, it loses its character as a special order.

Let us illustrate this usage. It is a very common practice in Grand Lodges to set apart a certain day and hour for proceeding to the election of officers for the ensuing year. Now, we will suppose that on Monday a motion is made, and that that motion prevails, making the election of officers the special order for 12 o'clock on Wednesday morning. When the hour of 12 on Wednesday arrives, the Grand Lodge may be engaged in some other business, notwithstanding which, any member may call up the special order. If this be concurred in, the Grand Lodge proceeds to the election. But a motion may be made that the special order be postponed until 12 o'clock on Thursday; and if this motion prevails, that hour is set apart for the election, and at that hour the special order again comes up. A motion may, however, be made to discharge the special order, and, if that motion is adopted, no future time is appointed for the election, and a new motion must be made to provide for it. Again, on the arrival of the hour of 12 on Wednesday no one may feel disposed to interrupt the business then in hand, and consequently no notice would be taken of the special order, which, in that case, would be dissolved, and the election could only be held in consequence of some future motion.

If, however, the motion to make the special order had been to make it "for Wednesday," and not for "12 o'clock on Wednesday"—that is to

say, for the whole day, and not for any particular hour of it—then it would be in order to call it up at any time during the session of Wednesday.

When a special order has been taken up, it may be proceeded with to the exclusion of all other business until it is concluded. If not finished at the time of calling off, which in another society would be the adjournment, it is to be resumed the next day as unfinished business, having, however, the preference over all other business, unless a motion be made to postpone or to discharge it.

It is not uncommon for several orders to be made for the same day, in which case the one first made takes precedence of the others; and if the whole day is consumed by it, then the other orders lose their speciality, for they cannot be considered special orders for the ensuing day.

In Congress it is usual to frame the resolution making a special order so that the proposition is made “the special order for the — day of —, and from day to day, until the same is disposed of.” A resolution so framed would carry over a special order from one day, when it had been omitted, to the succeeding day. This is not the form generally adopted in the business of Grand Lodges, but I see no reason why it should not be; and if a motion in that form be made and adopted, the effect of it in a Grand Lodge would be the same as in Congress, where, although the first day may be consumed in the consideration of a special order previously made, the second one does not lose its speciality, but on the succeeding day comes up and takes precedence of all other business.

These are all the rules of parliamentary law in reference to special orders which appear to be applicable to the government of Masonic bodies.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE ORDER OF BUSINESS.

That there may be no confusion or unnecessary delay in the transaction of business, that everything may be considered at the proper time, and that due precedence may be given to the most important matters, or to those which claim precedence from some special reason, it is necessary in all deliberative assemblies that there should be some well-understood arrangement, either by regulation or by custom, for the government of the order and sequence in which the various propositions that are likely to be brought before the meeting, shall be considered.

A settled order of business, says Jefferson, is necessary for the government of the presiding officer, and to restrain individual members from calling up favorite measures or matters under their special patronage out of their just turn, and it is also useful for directing the discretion of the members when they are moved to take up a particular matter to the prejudice of others having priority of right to their attention in the general order of business.

Hence, an arrangement of business under proper heads and by a pre-determined rule will be convenient to the Master of a Lodge, because he is thus enabled to carry on the business of the Lodge without unnecessary delay and embarrassment, and will be necessary for the

government of the members, because by it useless and troublesome contentions for the precedency of propositions will be avoided.

In every Masonic body, therefore, the by-law should prescribe an "Order of Business," and in proportion as that order is rigorously observed will be the harmony and celerity with which the business of the Lodge will be despatched.

In Lodges whose by-laws have proscribed no settled order, the arrangement of business is left to the discretion of the presiding officer, who will not, however, be left entirely to his own judgment, since he must be governed to some extent by certain general rules, founded on the principles of parliamentary law, or on the suggestions of common sense. Thus the propriety of getting rid of the unfinished business before any new propositions are entertained will naturally suggest itself as a rule of expediency; for if new propositions were permitted to be entertained before old ones, which had been proposed at former communications, were disposed of by their adoption, or rejected, or some equivalent disposition of them, the business would so accumulate as to lead to confusion and embarrassment. It is, therefore, a settled rule of parliamentary law, that the consideration of unfinished business should take the precedence of that which is new. Again, there are certain propositions which, whenever they may arise, must be entertained to the suppression of other matters for the time, because they are questions of privilege. And, lastly, there are special orders, the time for the consideration of which must have been provided at the time when their specialty was determined. Governed by these general rules, where, as I have already observed, no special rules have been provided, and, exercising a wise judgment in the distribution of matters not coming under these heads, the presiding officer would find no difficulty in conducting the business of the meeting with ease to himself and with satisfaction to the members; but if, on the contrary, he shall permit propositions to be introduced at improper times, irrelevant questions to be presented, and a regular arrangement to be neglected, he will soon find himself involved in a labyrinth of perplexities, extrication from which he will find difficult, if not impossible; and, as this judicious management of business constitutes one of the most important functions of a Master of a Lodge as a presiding officer, so does its absence or neglect most strikingly develop his incapacity and unfitness for the position which he occupies.

Experience has shown that the following arrangement or order of business is the one most calculated to facilitate the consideration and disposition of the subjects that are usually brought before a Masonic body, and it is the one, therefore, that has been most generally adopted. After the Lodge has been opened, the process of which ceremony, as it is prescribed by the ritual, needs no explanation here, the first business is to read the minutes of the preceding Communication, and this is to be followed immediately by the question on their confirmation. This refers only, however, to Stated Communications, because as the law of Masonry prescribes that the proceedings of a Stated Communication cannot be altered or amended at a Special Communication, it is not necessary nor usual at the latter to read the minutes of a stated one that has preceded it. The minutes, therefore, except for information, are not read at Special Communications. The minutes, then, having been read and confirmed, the mode of doing which will constitute the subject of another chapter, the next thing will be the consideration of unfinished business. This will be presented by the Secretary, through the Master, to

the Lodge in regular order. The reports of committees appointed at the former meetings will now be taken up for reading and consideration. Of these, the reports on petitions for initiation or affiliation take precedence of all others. If these reports are favorable, the next business will be the balloting for the candidates. Other reports of standing or special committees will be next in order. Those of special committees as seeming to have a more important character should take precedence of those of standing committees. Motions made at a former meeting and postponed for consideration, or laid upon the table, may now be called up: if postponed without reference to any hour, they will be in order at any time after the reception of and action on the reports of committees. If they had been postponed to a particular hour, they then become special orders, and can be called up only when that hour arrives; but whether in the one or the other category, it is not the duty of the presiding officer to call the attention of the Lodge to such motions, and if they are not called up by the special motion of a member, they will pass over without notice. The unfinished business being thus disposed of, the Lodge is now prepared for the consideration of any new proposition which may be presented, and the precedency of these propositions will be regulated by the parliamentary law as already described in the present work.

The presiding officer having learned, either by direct inquiry or by observation, that no further business is likely to be transacted, will direct the Lodge to be prepared for initiation, if there be any candidates in waiting; for this is always done after the business of the Lodge is transacted. After which the Lodge is closed.

It was formerly the usage, but one which is now too much neglected, to read the rough minutes of the evening, before closing the Lodge, and this was done, not for their approval, because no question of confirmation was taken at the time, but that the members present might suggest to the Secretary the correction of any errors that he might have inadvertently made. This practice, though peculiar to Masonic bodies, is a good one, and should not be neglected.

The order of business thus detailed may, for convenience of reference, be placed in the following tabular form:

1. Opening of the Lodge.
2. Reading and confirmation of the minutes.
3. Reports on petitions.
4. Balloting for candidates.
5. Reports of special committees.
6. Reports of standing committees.
7. Consideration of motions made at a former meeting, if called up by a member.
8. New business.
9. Initiations.
10. Reading of the minutes for information and correction.
11. Closing of the Lodge.

We regret to have to announce the death of R. W. Bro. Capt. Thompson Wilson, of London, Ont., who died on Sunday the 20th inst. We will endeavor to give a biographical sketch of our deceased brother in our next issue.