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AND MASONIC RECORD.

J. B. TRAYES, P.D.D.G.M.,
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OBJECTS AND DUTIES OF FREEMASONS.

Read before the Brethren of Stirling Lodge, No. 69, May, 1887, (ordered to be published in THE CRAFTSMAN.)

BRETHREN,—When I promised you at our last session that I would at this regular communication present you with a dissertation on the Objects and Duties of Freemasonry, believe me, such promise was given with but one wish, and that was to instruct more fully those members of this lodge whose time and opportunities have in a measure prevented them from surveying the vast and attractive field of Masonic literature.

Egotism my part was not entertained, yet candidly assert that "no reasoning or hypothesis can be more untenable than that which forbodes evil to our institution by publication or discussion of scientific publications illustrative of its philosophical or moral tendency."

Although a member of the Craft for many years, I have failed to see its members endeavor to make that daily advancement in the sciences, which is not only praiseworthy but in keeping with our precepts, and I am of the opinion that our gatherings should at times be enlivened by the interchange of ideas relative to Masonry, and that in every lodge energetic and well informed brethren should be chosen to entertain the brethren with articles of

a nature similar to this; and thus, brethren, would we be fulfilling the injunction of our time-honored society in making scientific progress. It is needless to say that greater attraction would be afforded us to attend our monthly sessions, and those who complain that there is "too much work" would rejoice at an innovation such as this. The zealous and veteran Mason, too, would be pleased and enlightened. I have for years entertained the idea of such lectures being productive of much good and entertainment to our society, and having consulted several Masters and D. D. Grand Masters in regard to the matter, who have given me their hearty approval, I feel it my duty, as you, brethren, have so kindly requested me, to undertake the presenting of this article, and I hope that we all may profit by it and be led to further investigations.

In ancient Greece there existed a city named *Eleusis*, famous as the seat of the magnificent and elaborate *Eleusinian Mysteries*. So distinguished were they that historians give them conspicuous and lengthy mention, and minutely describe the ceremonies, &c., besides mentioning their manifold advantages to the initiated, who at once became the special care of the gods, not only through life but beyond the grave,—in fine their rest was in Elysian fields. This great festival or society, for so it may be appropriately termed, flourished nearly 1800 years before the Christian Era,—its

origin being in 1356, B. C., and was observed with great pomp and dignity, combined with solemnity, every fourth year. Its members superstitiously observed its grand and imposing ceremonies, and he who was so rash as to speak evil or with levity of them was condemned to an instantaneous death, and an instance of the sternness of their laws is well illustrated in the death of that great philosopher Socrates, who was compelled to swallow the deadly hemlock for the reason mentioned. Some writers of the classic school assert the worship in these mysteries bore a strong resemblance to our own Christianity. However, such were the exactions of the heroic Greeks, and such too were the blessings developed by this institution, that there is not on record in the annals of antiquity a country or nation that has produced greater patriots, more able statesmen, or more profound scholars. Reasoning thus, if this the so-called spurious Freemasonry, that is the peculiar worship of this particular people, has produced such noble men and such prosperity to the nation, cannot the true Freemasonry, such as we enjoy to day, boast still greater achievements and a larger period of usefulness? Every land has its *spurious Freemasonry*, so-called; its birth, life and death were with it—but this the speculative Freemasonry of the present time has blessed mankind in every region from pre-historic ages, has stood the shock of time and the revolutions of ages, the persecutions, proscriptions and edicts of the evil disposed, and there exists not an institution of a kindred nature whose adherents are more learned and distinguished—whose interests are more mutual—whose landmarks are more jealously guarded and venerated than those of the one whose members we now humbly address.

Having thus briefly drawn the line between the spurious Freemasonry of Greece and that of our own true Order, whose *tenets* are the worship and adoration of the omniscient and omni-

potent Creator of the Universe, who rewards virtue and punishes crime, is it not but our due to venerate Him “who formed our frame with beneficent aim, whose sovereign statute is order” with acceptable service as our just obligations?

We are taught that our institution has always had the patronage and influence of the nobility and the eminent ones in science and arts; such is rigidly correct. The names of Kings and of those distinguished in the professions might be given in great profusion, and to-day we claim their equals. There must be enticing objects in our Craft for such, or why have they so advanced its honor and standing? It is to the honor of the Craft, wherever located, that its principles have benign and ameliorating effect on the character by the imposition of moral restraints, so charmingly and fraternally given that he who has passed within our sacred portals, and is callous to their precepts, is assuredly not worthy the proud name of “Freemason” which is synonymous with perfect honor and worth. The broad mantle of Freemasonry can not be ample enough to sufficiently protect him. Its grand design or object is to render or make in its school of piety a man more exalted among his fellows.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in a speech at Sunderland in 1839, thus speaks of the objects derivable by a strict and thoughtful adherence to our teachings. He says: If brethren when they enter into *this society* do not reflect upon the principles upon which it is founded, if they do not act upon the obligations which they have taken upon themselves to discharge, all I can say is that the sooner any such person retires from our Order the better it will be for the society and the more creditable to themselves. He says that it was in mature age he first entered the Order; he did not take it up as a light and trivial matter, but as a grave and serious concern of his life,—having

studied it, having reflected upon it, he further says that he strictly followed his obligations and the rules and principles, and best of all, he states: "And if I have been of any use to society at large, it must be attributed to Masonry."

Masonry, it is wisely said, is but intended for the few, the select few, not those whom wealth has suddenly elevated. No! not those whose wealth and infamy are balanced. No! none but honorable men; those who can say like the distinguished writer, Brother Wm. Shakespear:

"He who steals my purse steals trash,
But he who robs me of my good name
Steals that which does not enrich him,
But leaves me poor indeed."

Honor and worth, though associated with *poverty* are better claims than wealth with blemished name for entrance into our precincts, and such have always been our tenets and established landmarks. Our society has often been termed the ancient and honorable society of Masons. Such was its ancient name.

Morality, the hand-maid of religion, yet in itself devoid of certain attributes, belonging in many points to the higher conceptions attributed to the truly spiritual life, is an object worthy of our zeal and attainment, and as such, is rigidly taught.

Righteousness also in the sense of doing to others as you would be done by, and especially as is enjoined in our teachings, is another object of special interest. Our obligations are binding and necessarily so, but so weak and irresolute is man that the solemnity of an oath is in some instances lightly heeded and in too many cases regarded with want of veneration. Perjury is certainly a breaking of one's conscience between man and the deity; it implies disbelief or contempt of God's knowledge, power and wisdom.

"Show me a Mason and I will show you a perjured man" said a reverend brother; such was not said to cast reproach on Masonry, but to illustrate

that few knew and kept before their eyes their oaths. Is such true? Too true! we must admit. Masonry was designed for honorable and truthful men; in fact for man as the Great Architect formed him, and not for these.

Righteousness tends to virtue and teaches temperance, produces justice and fortitude. Such are the *tassels*, which ornament the angles of our lodge.

Fraternity, is an object; it is that social union among kindred spirits. This attribute or landmark is next in order to that of the belief in the Great Architect, and were this subject more thoroughly studied by those who vouch for candidates, greater harmony would more noticeably prevail.

It is well to ask oneself the question, viz:—"Will one hundred candidates such as the one under consideration be an ornament to Masonry, or will I or my brethren be benefitted socially or intellectually by this brotherhood? Let your consideration be first that of Masonry; if the candidate will be an honor to the Craft, do not let the memory of some petty and unsatisfactory dealing, in which you lost and were sad because of it and which you worked hard to have been the gainer, deter or blind you in an honorable duty to aid the candidate if worthy. Do not play the assassin and stab your adversary when unarmed and not suspicious. Let Masonry stand first; your selfish feelings last of all considerations should bear on the question. Yet in some cases it were better by far that one be rejected than our society polluted. Brutus stabbed Cæsar, not that he loved him less, but that he loved Rome more. Let your fraternal views towards our honorable name coincide metaphorically with those of the Brutus who was the liberator of Rome's oppression."

In conclusion if such be our principles, our antiquity, our learned and devoted adherents, it becomes us, however exalted we may consider ourselves, to reflect that Masonry gave

us a better idea of ourselves, taught us the rewards of fidelity to a trust and placed our names among men of honor and respectability.

Our position is enviable, serviceable to mankind and fraternity, and as such we are taught.

How proudly the old Roman soldier was wont to say:—"I am a citizen of Rome."

The expression in itself carried respect, pride and consideration, and it remains with us to keep before us the ancient landmarks, with its ennobling principles, but if such there be who cannot square his conduct and keep between the points of the compass a brother's honor and word and an unsullied character, it were better that he turn and flee.

To be a Mason in its truest sense is a greater acquisition than that claimed by the Roman citizen, whose allegiance was but to his proud republic, which alone claimed him. Our allegiance knows no bounds as to area, no objects but those of religion, fidelity, peace, submission to our own and all good laws, consequently to those of our sovereign in particular.

Hoping that my brief and introductory dissertation may develop light and further study, and that my time will enable me to give you sketches of articles relating to our landmarks, origin of Masonry, Masonic persecutions, &c., I thank you, fraternally, for your attention, and hope as the Masonic Poet Laureate, the immortal Burns, wrote, that:—

"Within this dear mansion may wayward contention,
And withering envy ne'er enter,
May secrecy round be the mystical bond
And brotherly love be the center."

THE grave of the first Grand Master of Vermont, Bro. Noah Smith, is to be marked by a monumental stone, at Milton, Vt. The Grand Lodge of Vermont has appropriated \$100 for the purpose.

WHO ARE ENTITLED TO RECOGNITION?

In his last report on Correspondence to the Grand Lodge of Illinois, Bro. Guerney (since deceased) presents some thoughts relative to the recognition of Grand Lodges instituted by Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite, which we present in this connection as worthy of the consideration of all Master Masons.

The primary of all departures from the rights and equalities of the Institution had their origin about the middle of the preceding century. The progenitors of our race were guilty of disobedience. They were not content with the benignity of the Creator: neither have Masons been satisfied with the original plan of the Fraternity, but in many instances have assumed the right of interpolation of degrees and orders, and with such interpolation arises the demand that some of their systems, long tolerated by Masons, should now command the recognition of governing bodies of the Craft as being duly constituted Masonic organizations, with Masonic powers. From this position we have invariably dissented. We can not admit that a constitutional Grand Lodge can be aught else than the sequence of Lodges deriving their powers from a body authorized by law of the primal Grand Body to confer the degrees of E. A., F. C. and M. M. This is a law of the Institution, and from which there can not be an authorized recession. An acknowledged authority, Bro. Drummond says, in his report to his Grand Chapter (1883), and to be found in our report to the Grand Chapter of Illinois, 1884, on pages 12 and 13: "The Grand Lodge can not surrender the power of authorizing or controlling the making of Masons to an independent body. If the Grand Lodge of Free and Accept-

ed Masons of Illinois, although 'supreme and independent,' should surrender the degrees to the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, to be conferred in a Lodge appurtenant to a Lodge of Odd Fellows but having only Masons present, with the officers of the Odd Fellow's Lodge as officers, would the parties claiming to be made Masons in such a Lodge be, anywhere out of Illinois, recognized as Masons?"

For many years after the establishment of the Mother Grand Lodge in 1717, no other degrees or orders were known to Masonry, and it remained for a schismatic congregation of Masons to make the first departure, in the middle of the eighteenth century, resulting in organizations that now claim control of the degrees of the Lodge, and that practice the rites thereunto appertaining. We do not object to degrees and orders beyond the Lodge. We are in pleasant communion with many; but we do insist that they shall not assume an exclusive inheritance of the Lodge, and that Grand Lodge deny assumptions that are not only without vility, but suggestive of positive degeneration from the "original plan." We are furthermore of the opinion that Grand Lodges should inhabit their constituency, members of Lodges, from associations with any congregation of Masons that recognize, in others, the authority that Masonic right and reason condemns. It is lamentably true that the claims of the numerous families of Masonic associations now thrust upon the attention of the Craft, have attained prominence through the unthinking leniency of the Lodge. The growth of the Institution has been so enormous, and the literature of the Craft so meager relating to the inauguration of associations of Masons that feign the prerogatives of the Lodge, that it has taken it for granted that their claims to relations therewith are to be respected. We have but one purpose in this discussion. We emphatically protest against the assumption that their is a lawful

Grand Lodge upon earth that did not have its foundation laid by the original Craft and their constitutional successors. We therefore contend that the recognition of "Grand Lodges" that exist by virtue of associations that are without this inherent right or authority to establish Lodges, is not only an error in judgment, but an equivocal desecration of the fundamental law of Masonry. By this we mean that "Grand Lodges," recognized as Masonic by a large number of legitimate Grand Bodies, are without claims to this distinction and should not be tolerated, for the reason, that by accepting them into the fraternal family carries an acknowledgment that lodges instituted by Supreme Councils (Grand Orients, or other governing associations), have a like legitimate parentage with every constitutional Lodge in existence. A NOTE OF WARNING is sounded, brethren. Beware, and be in haste to withdraw recognitions that peril the exclusive jurisdiction of the Lodge over the symbiotic degrees.

We, with Brother Vaux, will "stand still upon the eternal foundations of Masonry" in this regard, and will never concede a point that strikes a blow at every feature of our original institution.

THE Quatuor Coronati Lodge "Correspondence Circle" already numbers eighty-eight members, many of them American Freemasons, including Bros. Patton, Meyer, McNair, Knight, MacCalla, Brice, Dickey, Sartain, Robins, and others of Pennsylvania; Saunders, of Michigan; Riddiford, of Kansas; Grand Master Smyth, of South Carolina; Grand Master Roome, of New York, and other brethren equally distinguished. The annual dues of members is 10s, 6d., and this entitles them to printed copies of all the publications of the "Circle." Address applications for membership to Bro. J. W. Speth, Margate, England, Secretary of the Lodge.

MASONIC COLLECTIONS.

Latterly an increased interest in the gathering and preserving of Masonic relics, etc., has been noticeable, and several important collections of articles of special interest to the Craft have already been made. Individual collectors like Bro. Robert F. Bower, of Iowa, who died a few years ago, have used their time and means without stint in obtaining rare books, pamphlets, engravings, medals, documents, and other articles bearing upon the history and progress of the Fraternity, while several Grand Bodies becoming interested in the same line of research and accumulation have gathered collections of no small value. Iowa, having purchased the Bower collection and united it with its own rich store, holds the foremost place among such accumulators. The Masonic Library and Museum at Cedar Rapids contains a sufficiency of rich and rare treasures of Masonic interest to enable it to hold an exposition of its own. New York has begun the acquiring of a similar collection. Apartments have been set aside in the Masonic Temple, New York city, for a Library and Museum, and a committee has been appointed "to collect Masonic and archaeological objects, to be deposited in the Masonic Hall for the information of the Craft, as well as to excite their zeal and interest as to gratify their commendable curiosity." Already much has been done in the direction indicated. Several other jurisdictions have made a beginning in the like movements, and still others are considering the matter.

Massachusetts at the quarterly session of the Grand Lodge, March 9, 1887, took action in favor of undertaking the gatherings of such collection. A committee, of which Brother Richard Briggs was chairman, presented a report; the conclusion being as follows:—

"Your committee are confident that there is no better field in which to seek for the valuable treasures they are treating of, than our own State. Masonry has existed here, in regular organized forms, for more than one hundred and fifty years. From Massachusetts, as the fountain-head, has sprung nearly all the Masonry of the North American continent. The principal heroes of our Revolutionary War were the most active and devoted Masons of their time. We believe, therefore, that it is only needful to make known a wish to organize, under the auspices of this Grand Lodge, such a collection as other Grand Lodges have commenced, and the response will be prompt and generous. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts is not wont to be backward in any Masonic work; and your committee are of the opinion that a portion of its accustomed zeal and energy may well be expended in this direction. We therefore recommend that the Grand Master be requested to appoint a standing committee on the collection of curiosities of the Craft; and that said committee be allowed to preserve and display such articles of Masonic interest as they may be able to gather, in the Masonic Temple, in Boston, subject to such assignment of space and to such rules as the Board of Directors may prescribe."

The Grand Lodge accepted the report, adopted its recommendations, and appointed a committee consisting of Bros. Richard Briggs, Otis E. Weld and Theophilus G. Wadman to act under its terms. It is expected that a room will be assigned them and generous aid given in the work they will attempt to do. It is a forward movement thus entered upon, and we hope that it will be vigorously prosecuted and generously sustained. Massachusetts ought to gather an extensive and valuable collection of articles relating to the rise and progress of Freemasonry in the ancient commonwealth; and elsewhere; and we may well anticipate that the collection now

authorized will grow in interest and importance under the inspiration of its zealous promoters. The direct benefits of such a collection will not be small, and the general influence will be helpful and stimulating in manifold ways.—*Freemasons' Repository*.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

The riddle of the Sphinx is at length on the point of being solved. The great man-headed, lion-bodied monument, which has for ages been more than half-buried by the accumulating sands of the desert, is now being rapidly brought to light; and ere long one of the most extraordinary relics of Egyptian civilization will be once more visible in its entirety. The work has been going on ever since January last, when—at the suggestion of M. Maspero, the chief director of the department of antiquities in Egypt—the French public, in the course of a few hours, subscribed sufficient funds to enable the work of excavation to be carried to completion. The interest of such news for Egyptologists may be convinced, when it is remembered that the last time the Sphinx was dug out of the sands was by King Thothemes IV., fifteen centuries before Christ, or about thirty-four hundred years ago. Scholars, in fact, are of the opinion that the Sphinx is the oldest monument in the world. In the opinion of some, it was erected or chiseled out of rock more than forty-five centuries before the Christian Era. The body is more than one hundred and eighty feet long. The ears of the human-shaped head are about six feet in length, the other features being in proportion. The learned explorers who are engaged in the work of excavation hold it probable that when the statue is fully brought to light, a number of other important discoveries will be made. *Journal and Messenger*.

VOUCHING AND LAWFUL INFORMATION.

Bro. Drummond says of the following:—

“ We think that the following is the best statement of “ vouching ” and “ lawful information ” that we have ever seen and may be safely followed, except so far as limited by express law of the Grand Lodge: ”

First—In what way or ways may a visiting brother or brethren be vouch-ed for? (a) Can a brother vouch for another in a lodge simply from an examination prior to the meeting of the lodge? (b) Three brothers, A, B and C, are mutual friends. A and B have met in the lodge. A and C have also met in like manner. If A vouches for B to C, can C vouch for B in the lodge, A not being present?

Answer—A brother can vouch for a visitor only when he *knows* that visitor to be a Mason. (a) Yes, provided that in the judgment of the lodge the brother vouching for the visitor is competent to make a strict examination. (b) A, B and C being present, and A vouches to C for this Bro. B, it would be competent for C to vouch for B in the lodge, A not being present; but if A should vouch to C for B, B not being present, C could not vouch for B in lodge, as there would be a possibility of mistaken identity.

Second—What is meant by legal Masonic information?

Answer—Lawful information can only be received from one whom we know to be competent to impart it, and it must be positive and beyond question, and imparted for Masonic purposes, not casually. The voucher should also give the evidence upon which he vouches for the visitor; as, I have examined or have met this brother in lodge while working in the first, second or third degree, as the case may be. Vouching is bearing witness, and in witness-bearing we should tell that *only* which we know to be true.—Grand Master Witt, of Kentucky.

SOMETHING NEW.

The Michigan Grand Lodge of Masons have had a novel experience. It seems that one Calvin C. Burt was expelled by a lodge and the Grand Lodge confirmed the action. Burt went to the State Court and asked it to set the decision aside and compel the lodge to re-admit him. The court, very properly, as we think, refused to interfere and from their decision we select the following which is of importance to all so-called "secret societies."

"The only ground on which this court can interfere with organized bodies by *mandamus* in aid of a member, is that as corporations they are subject to our judicial oversight to prevent their depriving members of corporate privileges illegally. Where such bodies are not corporations, or where the question presented does not involve tangible and valuable corporate privileges, we cannot interfere in this way. A person who is wronged, if he has a legal cause of action, may pursue it in the appropriate action for damages against the persons who wrong him, but *mandamus* cannot lie.

"With the Masonic body, as such, we have no more to do than with any other voluntary society. They may do what they please in regard to their social relations. As a body they have no corporate existence and no corporate liability in this State. We only know such bodies as have taken corporate powers and duties in this State, and those corporate bodies we can only consider in their corporate relations. Such purely social relations as their members possess are held not by virtue of their corporate condition, but on other grounds.

"No private corporation can have any power as such except over those who have become its members. We cannot give, and have not attempted to give, jurisdiction to any private

corporation over anyone else. If the body known as the lodge in Jackson, that undertook to deal with relator, had any concern with him as a stranger belonging to the Masonic Order, it is not a power derived from the laws of this State. If, therefore, he is liable or otherwise injured, or if they undertake to discipline him, we cannot give him this remedy, because we cannot make him a member if he is not one already. He may have some other action, if not barred, but he cannot have this."—*Ex.*

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

CORNER-STONE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—The engineers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, having sunk a shaft seventy-nine feet in the Temple wall, and illuminated the Masonry by magnesium light, discovered the corner-stone, which was fourteen feet in length and three feet in height. This stone, at first, because of its hardness and unmanageable angularity, was "rejected by the builders," but was adapted for its place and shaped, by the order of King Solomon.

It is our melancholy task to chronicle in this issue the decease of Right Worshipful Brother Nicholas Weekes, who has held the position of Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New South Wales from its inception until the day of his death. Brother Weekes was perhaps better known in Freemasonry than any other brother of our Grand Lodge, his admirable defences of the position assumed by us in 1877 was not only in the columns of this paper, and in the official edicts promulgated by the Grand Master, but also in his correspondence with the sister grand lodges of the world, having brought him most prominently forward. At the time of his death Brother Weekes was about 54 years of age, and for more than twenty years of his life had been devoted to the interests of Freemasonry.—*Sidney Freemason.*

THE DIONYSIAN ARCHITECTS were a fraternity of builders in Asia Minor, linked together by the secret ties of the Dionysian Mysteries, one thousand years before Christ. The existence of this order in Tyre at the time of the building of King Solomon's Temple is admitted, and it is fair to suppose that the Dionysians were sent by King Hiram to assist Solomon in the erection of the Temple. About B. C. 300 the Dionysian Architects were incorporated by the Kings of Pergamos, at Teos, and they continued to exist thereafter for some centuries.

STRICT OBSERVANCE LODGE, Hamilton, appears to have "struck it rich" in so far as members and work are concerned. At Tuesday's session, which was opened at 1.30 p. m., the M. M. Degree was conferred upon no fewer than nine Fellow Crafts, which occupied until 6 o'clock. At 7.30 the routine business of the Lodge was transacted, and at 8.15 the Brethren received R. W. Bro. Murton, who delivered an interesting historical lecture upon the Third Degree, touching upon the work of the Irish Ritual, as exemplified in that city a short time ago by St. John's Lodge, 209a, of London. While casting some doubt as to the work done being ancient Irish, as claimed, the R. W. Brother paid a high compliment to W. Bro. Cooper and the officers of 209a who assisted him on the occasion, declaring they were more than workmen—they were artists, indeed, to do the work in the manner it was exemplified.—*London Free Press.*

It is with feelings of deepest regret that we chronicle the awfully sudden death on Saturday morning last of Mr. J. F. Williams, a highly respected resident of this place. He had been attending to his business as usual on the Friday, 5th August, previous to his death and had not complained of being unwell. About ten o'clock he closed the store and went home, going

to bed at eleven. Between one and two o'clock on Saturday morning he suddenly rolled over in the bed, awakening his wife, who spoke to him but received no reply. She quickly procured a light and found him writhing in the agonies of an apoplectic fit. Drs. Pettigrew and Ford were immediately called in, but medical aid proved of no avail. He never regained consciousness. About four o'clock death relieved him from his sufferings. Deceased came here from Deseronto about a year ago, and during his short residence among us made a host of friends. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church. He was also a member of the Masonic Order and at one time Master of the Bradford Lodge, A. F. & A. M. The bereaved relatives have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. The remains were followed to the C.P.R. depot on Monday by a long procession of sympathizing friends, where they were placed on the noon train and taken to Perth for interment in the family plot in Eastwood cemetery. The suddenness of the death has cast a gloom over the whole neighborhood. A man in the prime of life, stricken down without a moment's warning, furnishes a subject worthy of grave reflection.—*Norwood Register.*

PEERS IN CRAFT MASONRY.—The Grand Master of the youngest or smallest regular Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M., is officially the Peer of the G. M. of every other regular Grand Lodge throughout the world.

M. W. BRO. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND'S Masonic statistics for 1886-87, give 605,408 members of Craft Lodges in the United States and Canada, including 29,284 affiliated Craft Masons in the Dominion. This gives an increase of those "raised" during the past year—U. S., 26,265; Dominion of Canada, 1801.

AN IDYL OF BAR HARBOR.

The tall postman with the sad eye, who was engaged to the cook we had last fall, has just given the following note to my maid:

"NEWPORT, May 10.

"DEAREST MADGE: I know you will forgive me for having left your dear letter five whole days unanswered, when you will see by this that you are the first to whom I break the news of what has transformed me from a girl into a woman, for I am in love, Madge, and I am to marry him sometime next month, and his name is Reginald Dallas—have you ever heard of him, dear? He is a Southerner—was born in New Orleans and his people live there, but Reg has been for some years in Boston, though he says when we are married he will settle in New York to please me. What more shall I tell you, dear, except that I am the proudest, happiest woman in the world, and I am dying to hear from you.

FLORRIE,

"P. S.—I forgot to tell you how handsome he is—he has the most perfect face I ever saw and his voice is music. Do write me at once, dear.

"P. S. again—Reg has just come. He met you once—at Bar Harbor, I think he said. How glad I am you know him, for you can congratulate me, truly.

You do not know what a shock that note was to me, for Florrie is the dearest little girl I know, and she was seventeen only last year. Know Reg Dallas! Yes, I had that honor once. I might, too, have had the honor of becoming Mrs. Dallas had I chosen to commit that romantic but unenviable hari-kori. And now Florrie!—I wonder her foolish mother could dream of such a thing. Ah, well.

Reg Dallas is just the type to be adored by a school-girl—just the man to be shunned by a young woman who has learned her anthropological A B C's, as a clever Cambridge girl said of him at Mount Desert that year. He has almost perfect features—a straight nose, a broad, low brow, a mouth firm and clear cut, eyes of dark brown, with jetty lashes and brow; crisp black hair, rippling in little waves; very white, strong teeth, but a chin which to me expressed weakness and irresolution. That chin was my beacon warning. The eye may be trained at a mirror—we girls know that—so, too, may the mouth; but the chin is there and no art can change it. I have never seen a strong man with a weak, pointed, under-sized chin, nor a weak man with a chin which was massive and square. Why it is, I leave to deliciously vague but interesting Mr. Herron-Allen; but he, I believe, reads characters in the wrinkles and bumps of the hands alone. I only know it is

Mr. Dallas was very chivalrous to me from the first moment I met him. Dear, fussy old Mrs. Dragomon presented him and explained to mamma that he was one of the ineffable "first families," and had some money and all that, but mamma happened to know that everybody from Louisiana whose ancestors owned a negro before the war is a "first family," and calmly refused to go into hysterics; but had no objection to Mr. Dallas accompanying me to Rodick's, where Lulu Randolph was to make up the Dutch buckboard party going to Great Head and Somersville next day. Before we got fairly out of our grounds Mr. Dallas began to work on my feelings with his low, tropical voice. He asked me if I had ever been Norway. I replied that I had not. He said he had been there once only, killing salmon in the Glommen, which he said was a river. Then he paused, gazed at me intently, averted his eyes, drew a long, ungering breath, and said, with a far-away look: "I am glad—very glad I went to Norway."

"Why?" I asked, wondering how that long trip for a few miserable fishes, which I am sure could have been purchased much more reasonable in any market on this side, could possibly have even the remotest connection with me.

"Because," he replied, with another dreamy glance, "I else would have found it impossible to name a simile for your eyes."

Was not this nicely calculated to make one's pulse thrill? To meet a "dark young man in white flannels," as the gypsies say, one minute, and next to have him calmly relate that he is glad he went to Norway to find a simile for your eyes, is just one degree short of a moral earthquake. But somehow I didn't thrill, although I know I flushed, and it made me tingle with inward rage to see he noticed the silly hectic and misconstrued it as a symptom that I was pleased. I was profoundly puzzled, and I was annoyed, but I contained myself.

"Well, and what is the simile, Mr. Dallas?" I inquired, after a moment's silence, for those horrible Joneses were gadding by.

"That arm of the sea running up between the granite walls guarding it from the tempest," he replied, searching my face again: "clear, cold, blue and gray commingling, infinite depth

and calmness suggested and half revealed, a power which awes and yet charms, a sweet tide ebbing and flowing between the buds of summer and the winter's ice, majestic and yet tender—such is the Norwegian fiord, and such—your eyes."

That is what Jack Van Tassel would call a "buster."

I did not smile. I have often wandered since why and how my sense of the ridiculous took wing at that moment, but it did. I was merely conscious of the fact that either Mr. Dallas was a fool or that he thought me one. As more complimentary to her majesty myself, I took the former horn of the dilemma. I remarked that I thought we were going to have rain. He glanced upward quickly, and then at my face.

"I—I beg pardon?" he said, with a pained, rising inflection as though my weather interruption had bruised him. And then, seeing that the clear, blue and gray fiords were searching the skies in an exceedingly prosaic way, he consented to be meteorological, too, and remarked that he thought possibly—in fact, probably that—but—here again his tropical glances took a passionate plunge into the fiords—if it should happen to rain, he had an umbrella at Rodick's and—. He said this with as much empressment as though an umbrella was some sacred variety of shelter of which he possessed the only specimen extant; and as though a cyclone was about to break loose, and his powerful arms were the only things between me and immediate destruction.

How comes it to pass that, thoughtless and regardant only of superficial things as we women are, there are wonderful moments in which, like an olden seer, we read the inmost secrets of character, and catch a swift, sure glimpse of our future with it, like a scroll unfurled? All that Reginald Dallas was and all that I would know him to be, stood out like a Rembrandt in that moment, clear and vivid as though from solid darkness the lamp of the lightning had flashed upon it. I knew him as if I had known him years, and I knew, too, that one woman, at least would teach him a tiny lesson.

Roderick's was in a little more than its usual uproar, for the City of Richmond had just brought up an army of Harvard kids, whom anxious mammas

and sisters were tucking away in pairs somewhere up under the garret, and I had some trouble in finding Lulu. Finally I discovered her on the gallery that runs toward Sproul's, arranging the list with Mrs. Sackett, who was to be the giddy chaperon of the "picnic," as she would persist in calling it. Lulu rose delightedly as I called to her, and was coming forward with the most radiant smile, when she suddenly saw Mr. Dallas, involuntarily stopped as though some one had struck her a blow, became almost deathly pale, but controlled herself and came forward to kiss me. Her lips and hand in that brief moment's emotion had turned to ice, and I could see, though she spoke to Mr. Dallas in a commonplace way enough, all that had passed between them. Lulu is one of the loveliest girls I have ever known—a true, beautiful nature, and refined to her finger tips. But she and her mother have not, I fancy, much of this world's goods, and he—well, she had amused him; I saw that at a glance—in the intervals of his chasing the golden butterfly he had seen her, he had idly wooed for an hour, or a day or a week—just long enough to know that her love was his, and then—why is it that the pleasure of the chase is all men care for? The prize won, ceases to be of value. * * *

I must take you now wholly across the week which followed. You may guess the incidents. He was madly devoted—openly so. Even at Bar Harbor, where the very tides murmur of love, the birds sing it, the requiem of the cypress is breathed over love's multitudinous grave, and earth and sea, sun and changeful sky are but the abode and the canopy and the lamp and the mirror of mad midsummer love—even there was this adoration of my interesting self almost painfully conspicuous, drawing the eyes of the dowagers and almost frightening mamma, although I know—dear, intuitive soul that she is—she saw exactly how matters stood.

We had done Anemone Cove, Schooner Head and Somesville together; we had clambered Newport Mountain; we had threaded the maze of Duck Brook and sat by the cool plashing of that dainty cascade; on Eagle Lake we had drifted hither and thither, the idle wind and my parasol our guiding swans, just near enough to our chaperones, just deliciously far enough away. Well, the end was coming and

I was armed for it. That morning we had a canoe party to the Bald Porcupine—Jack Blackwright and Mamie Sterling in one, Mrs. Van Tassel and Prof. Gibbons in another, and last, but most important on that day, Mr. Dallas and I.

We were distraught, crossing. A commonplace or two at the landing and then silence, broken only by the dip of his paddle. I trailed my hand in the cool, green flood. His eyes feasted hungrily upon my face. Once he stopped and seemed about to speak. I calmly raised my eyes—the fiords—he seemed troubled and with a sturdier stroke sent us swiftly forward. At last the bark grated upon the beach. Mamie and Jack had already clambered to the heights. The Professor was learnedly explaining to our chaperone the nature of star-fishes and we took the path by the sea, over the point, and found a nook looking south toward the meeting of water and sky, whence lazy swells swept slowly, to break in sullen murmurs at our feet, swaying in the depths the brown kelp, which somehow always seems to me like the tangles of a drowned woman's hair.

He spread the wrap as a rug for me and I sat down upon it with my back against the rock, while he cast himself in a graceful sprawl at my feet, seeing nothing of hill or sky or cloud or wave but what was mirrored in my eyes. I quickly denied him even that, for I cast them down. We were silent for five minutes, and then slowly, deliberately, confidently, in well-trained music of his voice, he began.

He loved me. (This without prelude.) He had never fancied he would love woman, but the moment he saw me he knew that he had met his fate. I was the one being he had met in the world who seemed lifted above all that was human; I inspired reverence, worship, adoration, but I gave, too, the right, the imperious right, to love me and to be beloved by me. Was it not true?

I was silent. The boats in the harbor rocked idly; a passing cloud cast a swift shadow; a shrill gull veered in his flight and called to his distant mate. About us the drone of busy insects in the grass; beneath the writhing of waters about the rocks, and their dull moan in the cavern.

No woman but I had ever stirred his

pulses, my hand the first to strike from his heart-strings a music which should echo there forever. He loved me. All his past had been strangely untruthful—but he understood it now. His soul had been waiting, waiting and watching for me, and now he had found me and he loved me. Could I picture the future—fair as the skies above us with the light I had brought him; fervent as that burning sun of July; true as the wind which owns no master, but hurries to its purpose; infinite and deep as the sea. He loved me.

Still I spoke not, but with downward eyes watched the play of the salt tide with the weeds it clutched in its crystal fingers.

Why did I not answer him? Ah, his own true, passionate heart dared guess the secret. No love strong as his could kneel a suppliant and beg for favors. He knew the secret I would withhold; the hour had come; our love was mutual; it had been ordained for me as it had been ordained for him (here he took my hand); no woman dare say no to the man whose wild love mastered her, and—

About this time I came to the conclusion that I had heard quite enough.

The fiords were lifted and gazed quite calmly into Mr. Dallas's somewhat lurid orbs, and the hand was quietly but resolutely withdrawn to my private keeping.

"Do you think that your declaration has been entirely justified?" I inquired.

His dark face crimsoned and a scowl I shall never forget came to his brow.

"What do you mean?"

"Is an explanation necessary?"

He sprang to his feet and stood gazing down upon me with such an expression as I have since fancied a murderer might have worn. One, two, three minutes passed; his eyes glittered—burned: his breath came sharply; his hands were clinched. I know by rights I should have been frightened. I was not. I feared him no more than I feared the spray of golden rod at my breast.

He glanced swiftly upward, then behind him, and, as assured that no one was within easy call, stooped and roughly grasped my shoulder.

"I can kill you—see!" Here he pointed to the sharp rocks and the ice-cold depths below us. "Love me—love me, I say, or"—

I wonder how it was that in that

moment I had had no thrill. I know my pulses were neither faster nor slower. I know my color neither heightened nor lessened. I merely experienced a contempt.

"Answer me, by G—d?"

I looked at him steadfastly. "You are impertinent, Mr. Dallas. And I am quite sure if you compel me to call my cousin Jack he will punish you."

His grasp quitted my shoulder. His eyes flashed a glance upward again. His face whitened. His ashy lips were drawn in terror—yes, in miserable terror—and a sweat of agony beaded his forehead. Then it was I saw that chin show its characteristic, weak, pale, trembling—bah! it made me pity even while I loathed him.

I arose. "Come," I said, "let us join the others."

"A moment," he gasped—"a moment! you will not tell them—forgive me—forgive me—you will not tell them—I was a fool"—he actually grovelled.

"I am no prouder of this scene than you," I said. "Let us forget it."

He caught at my hand to detain me, as he knelt there, but I passed swiftly on, then descended leisurely to the beach, where the Professor was still sonorously expounding science to poor Mrs. Van Tassel, who was doing her best to understand, poor thing. A moment later Mr. Dallas came down, looking so little the worse for wear he amazed me, and I am sure they suspected nothing. Presently Jack's whistle shrilled cheerily, and heled Mamie down the rickety stairs and there was a love-light in her eyes and a boisterous happiness in Jack's grin which fully prepared me for what Mamie told me that night.

"May—may I paddle you home?"

Mr. Dallas said in a low tone, with a shamed flush, as we prepared to go.

"Certainly," I replied. "Why not?"

The catamaran flashed by us on the way in, and the commonplace or two we exchanged then were our only words until we reached the gate leading to my cottage. He offered his hand at parting.

"You—you will"—he began chokingly.

"I have had a very pleasant day Mr. Dallas, and I thank you. Good-bye."

But, now, what shall I write to Florrie? Ah, me!—*New York World.*

TOM'S NUGGET.

It was early morning, yet, early as it seemed, the little Australian mining camp on the slope of Mount Magoari was astir.

Smoke was curling up from camp fires where battered teapots bubbled and boiled, and "dampers" were being baked in the embers.

The air on every side was vocal with bird music. Crowds of parrots flew overhead in screaming flocks, cockatoos chattered in the gum trees, and magpies whistled through the ravines.

But Tom Horton, "the Yankee lad," as he was generally called, had no ear for the melody of feathered songsters on this particular morning.

He was heavy hearted, and, in consequence, irritable. And the gurgling, discordant and altogether exasperating "He, ha, ha-a-a!" of a laughing jackass (a species of large kingfisher) from a thicket directly behind the rude shanty, did not serve to soothe his troubled mood.

It was almost as though some malicious individual was laughing at his ill luck, he moodily told himself, as crouched before the blaze, he sat waiting for his tea to "draw."

Yet Tom had not seemed to deserve ill fortune, if there was any truth in the old saws about pluck and perseverance.

More than a year before he had quitted the worn out down east farm where he had patiently toiled for his miserly uncle since he was left orphaned and penniless by the death of his parents.

He had no wild visions of finding a great fortune ready made to his hand. He expected to work for what he did succeed in getting.

But the rolling stone thus far had gathered no moss. He had sought work in large cities, but his ignorance of city ways, his lack of references, and his shabby clothing were all against him.

Then he thought to try a new country, and worked his passage to London in a sailing ship. There, to his surprise, he found things ten times worse.

From London he shipped as ordinary seaman, at two pounds a month, for Melbourne, Australia. There he

was robbed of his scanty wages on the second night after his arrival. By mere accident he got a chance to drive a supply team to Ballarat, and from Ballarat he had drifted to the Magoari diggings, ninety miles to the westward.

Twenty years before, there had been rich finds in this vicinity, and in those palmy days the digging was of the most hasty and superficial kind. In the greed for gold, men dug awhile in one spot, and if unsuccessful, deserted it for another. And in a "nuggety" country not a foot of soil would be left unturned.

So a small colony of miners had located at Magoari, and here Tom Horton made his first essay at gold hunting. One and another of the friendly diggers contributed something to his simple outfit. They helped him repair a half-ruined shanty, and having taken possession of an abandoned claim close by, Tom went to work with his usual energy.

"And here I've dug and sweated for nearly six months," muttered Tom, disconsolately, as all these things passed in mental review, "and how much has it amounted to?"

Rising, Tom stepped into the shanty, which was lighted by a large window at the rear, guiltless of sash or glass. From under the coarse straw pillow at the head of his bunk he took a small bag, from which he emptied on the slab table a few very small nuggets.

"Not twenty pounds' worth in all," said Tom, continuing his soliloquy in the same discontented tone, "and here I'm owing pretty near half of it for supplies."

"Ha, ha, ha-a-a-a!" gurgled the big brown kingfisher from the dense underbrush close to the window.

"Con-found that bird!" angrily and unreasonably exclaimed Tom, and snatching up the nearest thing that came to hand, which happened to be a small iron skillet, he sent it crashing into the leafy thicket.

To his surprise and dismay, the act was followed by a howl of pain and a volley of oaths that certainly did not come from the laughing jackass, which skurried away with another exasperating "ha, ha!"

A heavily built man, whose dark, forbidding features were half hidden by an iron grey beard, dashed madly from the thicket, holding one hand to a nasty cut just under one of his eyes,

as Tom, sweeping his nuggets into the bag, hastily returned it to his bunk.

The mildest type of colonial language is more or less emphasized by profanity; but during the whole of his stay in Magoari, Tom had never listened to anything like the fluent blasphemies that escaped the newcomer's lips, as presenting himself at the door, he called attention to his wound.

"A-skitterin' of pots an' kittles through the winder into honest folks's faces as though the place was your own, you white-faced young kid!" he roared after somewhat exhausting his first outbreak of profanity.

"Honest people haven't any business sneaking about in the underbrush back of a shanty window," sharply retorted Tom. "And as far as the place is concerned, I'd like to see any one make out that it wasn't mine," he went on, defiantly.

The man, who had a square brutal lower jaw, and a low retreating forehead, dashed his battered billycock hat on the ground in an ecstasy of rage.

"You would, eh?" he shouted, throwing his hand to his hip, where hung a heavy revolver.

Tom was too quick for him. Snatching from the corner an old single barreled fowling piece given him by one of the miners, he covered the stranger in an instant.

"Drop that or I'll riddle you with a charge of buckshot," he said, but not a trace of his inward excitement was discernible in his voice.

By this time a small crowd had gathered from the neighboring shanties.

"Thunder!" exclaimed old Jimmy North, as his eyes rested on the scowling face of Tom's would-be assailant, "it's Black Mike. I thought he was —"

"Hung, eh?" surlily interrupted the gentleman in question, whose right hand had left the revolver butt; "well, I ain't, an' what's more, I've come back here to the shanty I built an' the claim I left nigh eighteen years ago—any one got anything to say agin it?"

It was evident to Tom, who turned his troubled face to the bystanders, that no one had. "Black Mike," otherwise Michael Deelish—with half a dozen aliases—was one of those characters not unlike the "Bad Man of Bitter Creek," known to the mining districts of southwestern Montana.

He had been by turns a gambler, convict, ticket-of-leave man, digger and lounge. Old North, who had been one of the original discoverers of Magoari, remembered him as one of the community in his own day, and that he had abandoned his claim after taking out nearly two thousand pounds in gold.

"You better give up the shanty peaceable, my lad," he said to Tom, "mebbe some of us'll find room for you."

"No need of his leavin' 'less he wants to," put in the burly miner in a surly tone, "there's two bunks here; he's welcome to one of 'em, an' if he wants to go shares on the claim, I don't mind."

This was quite a concession on the part of Mr. Deelish, and Tom was advised to take up with it. But indeed he had no other resource. Until he was lucky enough to make more than he had been doing, he had no money to hire another shanty, and all the rest of the old claims were taken up.

"Very well," he finally said, and without being invited Black Mike proceeded to help himself liberally to Tom's tea and "damper."

It soon became evident that Mr. Deelish's idea of working the claim on halves differed essentially from the usual method. That is to say, Tom did most of the work and halved the scanty proceeds with his new partner, who spent most of his time smoking and drinking brandy obtained "on tick" at the canteen.

"If you don't like it you kin leave," he said, whenever Tom spiritedly expressed his views on the subject. And as Tom's luck grew poorer, he could not save enough to help him get even as far as Ballarat. So he stayed.

Perhaps because tired of inaction, Black Mike finally took an industrious fit. Working vigorously at one end of the claim, while Tom plied pick and shovel at the other, he began tunneling toward his young partner, who in turn worked his way slowly toward Deelish, both carefully "shoring up," as they went along.

But their utmost toil did not avail them anything. A few small nuggets from time to time, this was all that rewarded their search. And one morning Tom woke up to find that his partner had decamped, taking with him not only the canvas bag containing their joint savings, but also the little one.

which held his own private store. He had buried this last under a loose slab in the floor, but Black Mike had discovered the hiding place in some way, and levanted with the whole.

Threats of vengeance were freely made by the other miners—a perfectly safe proceeding when Black Mike was miles away. Tom, far heavier hearted than ever, swallowed his sorrows and his scanty breakfast, and started for his claim. What prompted him to enter the excavation made by his rascally partner, rather than his own, is one of those inexplicable things for which there is no accounting. Some men call it Providence—others, "chance."

Induced by whatever cause, Tom crawled in with lantern and pick and began work in the narrow aperture where he could only sit, not stand, stopping from time to time to remove the dislodged earth in a rude drag which he pulled after him by a rope.

"Deelish didn't even take the trouble to half shore up," he muttered crossly, as he noticed how insecurely placed were some of the short props.

"Now look at that!" he exclaimed aloud, pressing his foot against one back of him. "I can shake it."

But the action suited to the word was a terrible mistake. The prop and plank it supported gave way, and with a deafening crash the tunnel caved in behind him.

There was but a moment for collected thought. Already he breathed with difficulty in the confined space of five or six feet which remained. Behind him were tons of earth. It would be hours before his absence would be discovered.

As nearly as he could estimate only a few cubic feet of earth remained between the two miniature tunnels, which had been slowly approaching each other for a fortnight.

Nerved with the energy of despair, Tom plied his pick vigorously, yet with care, packing down the thus loosened earth to make room as he advanced—every moment fearing to be buried beneath some falling mass.

Suddenly his pick struck something hard, but it never occurred to him, in the fight for life and liberty, what the obstruction might be, till he saw by the light of his bull's-eye lantern the dull gleam of yellow metal.

Yet what would gold avail unless he

could reach the light and air; the latter especially, for he was gasping for breath?

He hardly glanced at the dislodged nugget, which fell before him till—oh, joy of joys—his pick penetrated into the tunnel beyond, and with a few more strokes the cavity was made large enough for him to squeeze himself through.

Five minutes later a faint shout from the mouth of the Yankee lad's tunnel drew several eyes in that direction.

"I believe the boy has struck it!" exclaimed old North, leaping out of the trench and hurrying toward Tom, who, pale as death, reeking with perspiration, dirty, and breathless, stood in the mouth of the excavation.

Two or three left their tents and shanties and rushed to the spot where old North, holding in one hand the largest nugget ever seen in Magouri section, was peering at it eagerly through his pocket magnifying glass, while Tom looked up eagerly, awaiting his verdict.

"It's the biggest find these parts ever saw, and the purest," said old North enthusiastically, and I am happy to say that there was not one who gathered to congratulate Tom Horton who was not honestly glad for him.

"If that tramp had worked half a day longer, he'd a found it instid of you, lad," said some one, as, after he had told his story, Tom, with his nugget held in both hands, made his way back to his shanty, scarcely able to believe in his own good fortune.

"Much good it 'ud a done Tom, though," grimly returned another. "Black Mike would have kep' it to hisself and lit out with it first chance."

But what "might have been" was not worth speaking of, and for the first time in months, Tom Horton turned into his bunk with a really light heart.

And in the morning the bird concert which began with the day dawn had no more appreciative listener than Tom, even when the laughing jackass started in, for now there seemed to be something joyously exultant in the bird laugh itself.

Not many more mornings did he hear it though, for as soon as possible Tom set out for Ballarat. And though his "find" was not in itself a fortune, the sum realized by its sale will, I have no doubt, prove to be the nucleus of a future fortune, if Tom goes to work the right way. He is beginning right now at any rate.—*The Golden Argosy.*

THE CONNECTICUT TROUBLE.

The breach between the Grand Lodge of Connecticut and Hiram Lodge, its oldest and largest constituent, is apparently being widened, and the matters at issue are being discussed in the newspapers of New Haven. At this distance and with the information we have, it is impossible to judge understandingly as to where the blame lies. It must of course be admitted that a subordinate Lodge should obey the edicts of the Grand Lodge, but when a lodge which has been in existence for 150 years, claiming that in all that time a regular Communication has never been missed having 700 members and able to carry them practically unanimous into rebellion against the Grand Lodge, there must be grievous cause for complaint and a serious responsibility must rest upon some one for allowing this condition of things to obtain and continue. It would seem that here would be an excellent opportunity for arbitration.—*Masonic Tidings.*

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THE *Trestle Board*, of San Francisco, expresses its opinion that the Council Degrees should be requisite for promotion to the Orders of Knighthood. It thinks that Grand Commanderies ought to require the possession of the degrees of the Cryptic Rite on the part of candidates applying for admission into the Order of Knights Templar. We agree with the *Trestle Board* in its estimate of the import and value of the Council Degrees, but we do not expect that the Grand Encampment, whose legislation would be needed to establish the desired requirement, will ever consent to put Templary one step farther away from Master Masons. Grand Commanderies will not urge such a course; indeed, there is a disposition already apparent in some quarters to modify the present law requiring that candidates for the Templar Orders shall be Royal Arch Masons.—*Freemasons' Repository.*

The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, October 15, 1887.

ANNUAL ELECTIONS.

The time is at hand when many of the Lodges, Chapters, &c., will be called upon to select suitable brethren to fill the principal offices for the ensuing year.

The value and importance of the ancient and truly democratic annual election to Masonic office, cannot be overrated by the craft, and each brother is under the most solemn obligations so to cast his vote as to reward true merit, and as he conscientiously believes will be for the promotion of the best interests of the lodge, the chapter, &c., and of the Order, apart from all other considerations.

We are sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that he who knowingly does otherwise, is verily guilty of great wrong doing and merits condign punishment. He who in any degree, imports into Freemasonry, the base methods of the politician, is wholly unworthy of membership in the Order, and the sooner the place that once knew him therein, shall know him no more, the better it will be.

Those who are elected to the East, or to other important offices, should not only be brethren of unusual merit, but they should be known to be thoroughly up in their "work," or give certain promise that they will, without fail, forthwith become so. They should also be well versed in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, and thoroughly acquainted with the By-laws of their own Lodge, or Chapter, &c., as the case may be.

They who affect to belittle perfectness in ritualism, know little of what they speak. All officers of Masonic Bodies, should aim at the greatest possible perfection in ritual and all ceremonial observances. Matter and manner should always, however, be happily blended and combined. *Vox et præterea nihil*, a voice and nothing more, is indeed an empty and un-availing sound, but words having body, soul and spirit, when fittingly expressed, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver;—and above all in Masonic work, let it ever be remembered that it is the spirit,—the truly fraternal spirit, which giveth life. Neither should it be forgotten, that in a large and comprehensive sense,—manner makes the man; the master. It is also largely true that as is the Master such generally will be the lodge. Let the best possible material be placed in the East, West and South,—well and truly representing the pillars of wisdom, strength and beauty! Craftsmen, faithfully do your whole duty at the forthcoming annual elections.

MASONRY IN MEXICO.—There are six distinct Grand Bodies of Masons in the Republic of Mexico. Three are working according to the Scotch Rite and their transactions are in Spanish; one in the German tongue under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Hamburg; another transacts its business, etc., in French under a warrant from the Grand Orient of France; that in English is under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Missouri, United States of America. The oldest Masonic organization is called "the Supreme Grand Orient of Mexico." This Supreme Grand Body has Lodges in every State in the Republic.—*Ex.*

CIRCUMAMBULATION.

The apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, have many instructive embodiments in Freemasonry.

Astronomical symbolism is strikingly manifest in Masonic Lodge circumambulation.

Procession from east to west around an altar, is a relic of one of the most ancient of religious cults, often erroneously called "sun worship,"—wherein in its purest form, the "god of day" was but deemed to be the grandest visible manifestation of the great Creator of all things.

In those ancient days, and even in more modern times, on all sacred occasions, the priests and people made a threefold procession around the sanctified enclosure, having the altar always on the right,—imitating the example of the sun and following his benevolent course,—and during which circumambulation, sacred hymns were chanted in praise of the great Creator, whether known to them as "Jehovah, Jove or Lord!"

We, as Freemasons, have ever practised and will ever retain this sacred custom in Lodge circumambulation. This procession should not be in the form or upon the lines of an oblong square as some innovators improperly do,—but it should be upon the circumference of a circle,—or rather as in the real motion of the earth around the sun,—in the form of an ellipse, having the east, south, and west, as the three tangential points of contact,—and the altar being in the focus nearest to the east.

The W. M. and Wardens should never allow any deviation from this beautiful, instructive and impressive symbolism, and to this end, all novitiates should be duly and fully instructed thereon in order that at all times, on all proper occasions, they may take due heed thereto and govern themselves accordingly.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR PILGRIMS.

The Boston Journal gives a racy report of the recent anniversary of one of those Masonic associations for which the "Hub" is happily peculiar.

In 1863, it appears that one hundred and sixty-eight Sir Knights, under the banner of the Boston Commandery of Knights Templar, with their ladies, made a pilgrimage across the continent to the triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment of the United States, at San Francisco, under the command of Col. John L. Stevenson, Eminent Commander of Boston Commandery, Knights Templar.

These pilgrims have held annual re-unions, and made annual pilgrimages ever since. Last year, they formed a permanent organization to hold annual re-unions as long as there shall be pilgrims living to reunite. Nine Sir Knights have made their "last" pilgrimage since the first trip across the continent.

This year, September, one hundred and twenty-eight of the original party, with their ladies, made a pilgrimage to Mount Washington and to other interesting resorts amongst the White Mountains of New Hampshire,—when everything seems to have passed off to the general satisfaction.

Why should we not have more annual re-unions to celebrate important events in the history of Freemasonry in Canada?

Cannot the remaining veterans who, in convention, founded each of the Grand Lodges and other Grand Bodies in the Dominion, hold annual re-unions until the "last survivor" shall have gone to reunite with the majority beyond? Should not every Lodge, Chapter, Council, Preceptory, &c., celebrate the anniversary of its constitution? If so, incalculable good would be the result. May such forthwith be generally done. Move, Brothers, life's brief day will soon be o'er.

MARK GRAND LODGE AND QUEBEC.

"The Mark Grand Lodge has done well in acting upon Bro. Hughan's advice to refer back to the General Board for further consideration that portion of its Report which relates to the differences unfortunately still pending between it and the Grand Chapter of Quebec. It would be most undignified, and therefore quite unworthy of the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales, &c., if it permitted itself for one moment to entertain the idea of adopting anything like a retaliatory course towards the Grand Chapter of Quebec and its friend and allies throughout the United States."

We cannot too much commend the Masonic spirit and the wisdom evinced in the foregoing paragraph from The (London) Freemason.

Let such continue to prevail and the day is not far distant when a happy adjustment and final settlement of the difficulties existing, not only between the G. M. M. Lodge of England and the G. C. of Quebec, but also all like differences between all the mother Grand Bodies of England and those in the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere throughout the Empire, will, in all probability, be most happily removed, and a consequent jubilee of rejoicing will be proclaimed throughout the Masonic world. The time now seems to be auspicious for the attainment of this grand result. The rulers of the Craft everywhere are brethren of known good-will and marked ability. What for twenty years, has been known as the "Quebec-Question" is now very generally and very fully understood, and in its essentials, is universally acknowledged to have been firmly

founded in the ancient laws and constitutions of the Fraternity, although some of its details unquestionably demand somewhat further "setting forth" in their application to the affairs and relations of the Craft universal.

To this end, we entreat all good brethren everywhere to don the truly Masonic mantle of peace with right and honor, and especially we respectfully and fraternally urge M. W. Brother Graham, of Quebec, again to come forth from his well-earned season of comparative rest, and give his effective and skilful aid in laying the copestone of the edifice of sovereign independence in Quebec, and indirectly other Provinces and Colonies, and of which we may say, without in the least undervaluing the powerful aid of many others,—Brother Graham, was, in this great work, the acknowledged "head and front"—and for nearly a quarter of a century has been the chief architect.

We have reason to know full well, that even during these few years of retirement, Brother Graham's facile and fertile pen has seldom been idle when its use has been needed personally, diplomatically, or otherwise, to further the great cause to which he has devoted so much of his time and talent.

And now, whether officially, or otherwise, we personally care not,—since as now appears the use of "the sword" as of "old" is, we hope, no longer necessary,—and the "trowel" awaits the Masters' handling, we earnestly call upon Brother Graham and all other Brethren of like good-will, everywhere, to unite in spreading the cement of brotherly love, of union, peace, harmony and of perpetual concord and consequent prosperity.

ENGLISH MASONIC NOTES.

The (London) Freemason has been endeavoring to increase its influence amongst prudent and well-informed brethren by citing in favor of perpetual concurrent jurisdiction in "the Colonies," the existence of an English Military Lodge in the garrison at Halifax, N. S. We beg to say that we have never heard of any objections being raised anywhere in the Empire on account of the existence of a transient Military Lodge, which accepts material from amongst the men of the regular force only, and do not receive applicants from amongst the citizens of the country or Grand Lodge jurisdiction wherein they may be sojourning. No regular Grand Lodge could, or would, tolerate the latter. The Halifax Military Lodge, therefore, affords no support to the tottering constitution of our contemporary. . . . Prudent and sagacious Bro. Hughan, of Torquay, has been pouring oil on the troubled waters of English M. M. Masonry, caused by the tea-pot tempest raised by the ill starred letter of Rev. Bro. Portal, advocating the creation of English M. M. Lodges in the United States, because of the withdrawal by the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, U. S.,—of its former recognition of the G. L. of M. M. M., on account of its invasion of the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Quebec. The English G. L., M. M. M., will think twice before it adopts the "filibustering" notions of Rev. Bro. Portal. . . . Our metropolitan contemporary has evidently run short of facts and arguments and has descended to a very low plane in controversy,—when to bolster up its lost cause *re* the doctrine of territorial exclusive Grand Lodge sovereignty—it is compelled to resort to such unfraternal and incorrect statements as that the present rulers of the Craft in Quebec, are "comparative nobodies."

In truly fraternal spirit they are known to be superior to many of the officials of the Craft in England, and in point of ability they are not a whit behind many of the Masonic rulers in England,—the special mission of some of whom appears to be that of denying the Masonic rights of "Colonists,"—and of disturbing the peace of the Masonic world. The well-informed brethren in England, are not likely to suffer such a state of things much longer to continue. Foreign invasionists and filibusters will have to go when Bro. "John Bull" fully grasps the situation of affairs at home and abroad. . . . The "United-Empire" and "Anglo-American" Lodges in London are evidently doing a good work in making U. S. (American?) and "Colonial" (?) brethren feel "at home" in "the great city." Too much of mere "gush" and over-much "mutual admiration" are, moreover, hardly staple commodities among genuine Freemasons. . . . The "Quatuor Coronati" Lodge, or the Lodge of the "four crowned martyrs," with its steadily increasing "cerele" of correspondents in all parts of the world, is fast becoming the literary lodge of the world. We wish it abundant success. May its good example become "contagious." . . . The "Order of the Secret Monitor" seems to have become firmly established in England. The special feature of the Order consists in this:—"Every conclave shall appoint not more than four visiting Deacons, whose duty it shall be to search out and call upon any brother who may be in danger or distress, or who may have fallen into ill health, or may be in need of fraternal mention, sympathy, consolation or assistance." Could not in general, this good and needful Masonic work be well done by the appointment of such a Lodge Board, which would be governed by a set of By-laws similar to those of the Order of the Secret Monitor. In some affective form or another, such a Board ought to be com-

meeted with every lodge of Freemasons. Many of the leading brethren of the Grand Lodge of England, have become active members of the Order which is intended to be an accompaniment of Craft Lodges. . . . The great work of voluntary Masonic benevolence is being manifested more and more by our brethren in England, as shown in the constantly increased support given to their three great Masonic charities;—an excellent school and home for orphan boys;—a like institution of a high grade for orphan girls; and a home for the aged and infirm, all in the vicinity of London, and others like on a smaller scale in some of the "Provinces." A wondrous amount of real good is being accomplished thereby. The great underlying principle of Masonic benevolence has ever been,—that it is more blessed to give than to receive. English Masons lead the world in practical beneficence.

DISTRICT GRAND LODGES.

It is generally admitted that the existence of Provincial (mostly County) Grand Lodges,—has been one of the main causes of the wonderful progress of Freemasonry in England.

There are those who are of the opinion that like results would follow from the formation of District Grand Lodges in each of the Grand jurisdictions throughout Canada.

Our District Deputy Grand Masters generally have the power only to appoint a Chaplain and a Secretary to assist them in their important work.

Has not the craft in Canada and in the United States been the loser in not following, in this respect, the good example of Mother-England.

We solicit correspondence there-
anent, from brethren who may have given this matter serious consideration.

DULY SEATED.

It is a remarkable anomaly that so few brethren of the several degrees know their proper situations in the lodge. It is very irregular and unseemly that those of different grades should be promiscuously seated around the room.

On all occasions, as far as practicable,—and strictly according to seniority,—the E. A.'s should be seated in the north;—the F. C.'s in the west,—the M. M.'s in the south,—and the W. M. and P. M.'s in the east.

The neophyte in the several stages of his progress, views the east from the west, and then, to him, the right of the lodge, is on the left of the W. M. On this principle, he takes his place in the lodge, as he is duly qualified therefor. The north-east is the primal position of the E. A., and in due time he may take his proper place in the highest position of perfection and honor. Order is heaven's first and greatest law, and it should always be such in Freemasonry.

R. W. Bro. J. J. MASON, Grand Secretary, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the new Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Canada just printed.

THE Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Ireland has for its chief officer the veteran and esteemed Brother Judge Townshend, and has 149 Chapters on its roll, or more than one Chapter to each three Lodges, being a similar proportion to that of England. The numbers are the same as those of the Lodges, as with those under the Grand Chapter of England.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF CANADA.

At the annual meeting of Knights Templar of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, on the 12th July, at Brockville, Ontario, the Great Priory passed a resolution not to recall the warrant issued by them to establish a Preceptory of the Order in Melbourne, Australia, demanded by the National Great Priory of England, as an unjustifiable invasion of the jurisdiction of the Great Priory of England, who claim authority over all the colonies of the empire, until such time as independent national orders are formed.

When this decision was announced the Supreme Grand Master, Col. Macleod Moore, rose and said:—Although not unprepared for your decision, which was to some extent foreshadowed by your refusal to accept the more moderate course suggested to you at the special meeting of Great Priory in February last, I must deplore such action as will probably entail non-intercourse with England (as perhaps but one of its lesser evils), followed, as it will be, by dis-union and other vital consequences naturally resulting from a violent rupture with the parent body—feeling very acutely that the knowledge that my own too ready trustfulness was the immediate cause of this unhappy complication, I have carefully refrained in my Allocution from any attempt to bias or influence your body, remaining as far as possible neutral, as with my often avowed sentiments and feelings, I could not in this matter be with you, I would not be against you. My bounden duty to the Templars of Canada, with and for whom I have worked for the long period of 33 years, and the high status of the Order which is so dear to me, demanded of me such restraint as should in no de-

gree imperil its possible future, and I made the honour and dignity of the Great Priory of Canada the most important consideration, but I still hope that an amicable arrangement is possible, with patience on our side and concession on that of the Great Priory of England, which has acted upon erroneous premises. The assertion that the Great Priory of Canada is simply a local body is an entirely mistaken one, and may in a degree explain the imperious action taken by the Great Priory of England. As your presiding officer, I never relaxed my efforts until Canada became an independent sovereign body, the peer of all the Great Templar bodies, co-equal with England and Ireland in the "Covent General," and owning no superior but H.R.H. the Grand Master. And if the concurrent jurisdiction *always* admitted in the Colonies by the Masonic body of England, for the purpose of enabling brethren from Scotland and Ireland to place themselves under their several nationalities, be conceded, until such time as a supreme body of the colony is established, this painful difficulty can be adjusted and harmony restored with no loss of dignity on the part of the Great Priory of England or that of Canada. I fully understand the feelings of the Canadian Templars, who, though profoundly loyal, do not partake of the sentiment which accompanies personal attachment to England and her institutions; but I feel deeply that internal disruption is to be strenuously avoided, and to break up the unity of Great Priory or change the Templar system we have inherited from the mother country would be to entirely destroy the fruits of my long and devoted labours, and some at least of your number can estimate the pain and regret, with which I regard such a possible result, and brother knights, the fealty to His Royal Highness, which I have so often pressed upon you, is with me an abiding sentiment to be preserved with jealous care at whatever sacrifice

of personal privileges. The high office which I hold with so much pride and pleasure has its obligations, which I have endeavored to discharge faithfully and in the highest interests of the noble Order, which, be assured, will suffer no deterioration so long as the insignia of the Supreme Grand Master remains in my hands.

EXAMINATION OF OFFICERS.

When improvements can be affected in the working of a lodge, there certainly is no just reason why an old order of things should be adhered to,—indeed, it ought to be the aim of every W. M. to make his meetings as attractive and instructive as possible. That such a desirable state of affairs is not general, must be patent to every brother who has visited lodges in different parts of the Colony,—in fact, the rendering of the ritual and lectures in a creditable manner is the exception—not the rule, and we would suggest the adoption of a course for effecting an improvement in this respect. It is not too much to expect that aspirants to office should, at the least, become conversant with the duties required from them, and yet instances have been brought under our notice in which officers of different grades were sadly deficient in knowledge of the ordinary work of a lodge. We might even go farther and assert that brethren have occupied the Eastern chair who could not even open and close a lodge in a creditable manner—who were, in fact, mere automatons, the P.Ms. having to conduct ceremonies that should have been performed by the W. M. This being the case, we ask, what must have been the feelings of an intelligent candidate when an agitated splutter spoilt what ought to have been a most impressive ceremony? It is, unquestionably, a most creditable ambition on the part of a brother when he aspires to the position of a W. M., but he should not overlook the fact that the prosperity of his

lodge must depend, in a great measure, on the manner in which he may conduct his proceedings, and strive to acquire the information necessary for making him competent to creditably discharge the duties he has undertaken to perform. To this end, the governing bodies would act wisely, we think, were they to institute a system of examination of aspirants to the different chairs, and suffer no brother to take office unless he gave proof of his qualifications for performing the duties that may be required of him in a satisfactory manner. This subject we take to be a highly important one, as the adoption of our suggestions could not but prove the means of making lodge meetings attractive and causing increased interest in Masonic proceedings to permeate the ranks of the Fraternity generally.—*New Zealand Freemanason.*

A FAMOUS CORNER STONE.

From the *Boston Herald* we learn that the corner stone of the Bennington (Vt.) Battle (Aug. 16, 1777.) Monument, was laid Aug. 16th inst., with imposing Masonic ceremonies by the G. M. & G. L., A. F. & A. M. of Vt., assisted by the R. A. Masons and the Grand Commandery, K. T. of Vt., their Excellencies the Governors of Vt., N. H., and Mass., with their staffs, the officers and members of many local friendly societies, and civic and other organizations; many military companies, bands of music, a select double quartette choir, &c., and an immense concourse of spectators.

At the close of the Masonic ceremonies, fitting and eloquent addresses were delivered by M. W. Bro. Alfred A. Hall, (St. Albans,) G. M. G. L. of Vt., Gov. Ormsby of Vermont, and by the Hon. J. W. Stewart, "orator of the day."

The closing words of the G. M.,

were:—"May it please your Excellency, we have performed the task assigned us, in accordance with the ancient ceremonies of our Order. We ask you to inspect the work, and, if approved, to receive it at our hands. That it may be carried forward with expedition and success, and that the imposing column here to be erected, pointing its grand and noble apex heavenward, shall say in language more eloquent than words: 'A tribute of Americans to American valor, and of Vermonters to Vermont patriotism,' is the earnest wish of 8,000 Mason citizens of this State."

"TEMPORATUR" MUTAN

We may well say "times have changed" in the Green Mountain State. About fifty years ago, social, religious, and political persecution caused the suppression (for a time) of many private lodges in Vermont, and for some years prevented the formal annual assembling of the G. L. of that State. Since then the Craft has increased in numbers ten fold, it is prospering in every department of its work, and is now the recipient, as above, of the highest honors.

IRELAND.—According to the London *Freemason*, there are 880 Masonic Lodges on the roll of the Grand Lodge, numbered from one to one thousand and fourteen. So far as the register can be traced they are thus distributed: 87 in the Dublin District, 278 in the Home Provinces, 54 in the Colonies, &c., and 7 in Regiments. The largest province is Antrim, with 87 Lodges, presided over by Sir Charles Lanyon; the next in size being Down, which musters 46, Lord Arthur W. Hill, M.P., having its oversight. The third is Londonderry and Donegal, with 26 Lodges, the R. W. W. E. Scott, Prov. G. M. The remainder in Ireland range from 28 to 5, the average lodges in the thirteen divisions being 21 to each province.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO THOSE BRETHREN (ONLY) WHOM IT
MAY CONCERN:

This certifies that having in a truly Masonic manner,—“without scruple or diffidence,”—duly admonished those of our subscribers who are in arrears to *THE CRAFTSMAN*,—we, of course, expect an immediate remittance by Post Office order, or per registered letter, of a part, or all of the “wages” now due us. Many “littles” from you, make a much-needed “muckle” to us. Just put yourselves in our place, and we know what you will forthwith say and do! “We pause” (a day or two) “for a reply,”—by mail!!! Our Post Office address is “*THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN*,” Port Hope, Ontario!!!

We know that many of our subscribers are among the best of men and the worthiest of Freemasons. They promptly and regularly remit their subscriptions to *THE CRAFTSMAN* “An honest man is the noblest work of God.”

HIRAM LODGE, No. 819, G. B. O. has been removed from Cheapside to the flourishing village of Hagersville, where there is every prospect of its making satisfactory progress, the officers and members being zealous Craftsmen. V. W. Bro. Dr. Sherk is the W. M., and will give a good account of himself.

A MODEL W. MASTER.

To be a Model Worshipful Master, should be the ambition of every Freemason whom his brethren have honored by placing him in the east.

It is pre-supposed that he who is thus so highly exalted among his fellows, is well fitted by natural endowments, education, worth and Masonic knowledge and zeal, as to become a worthy ruler and chief of worthy Masons.

To him thus fairly equipped to fill acceptably the office of Worshipful Master, the position is one of immense possibilities. There are few such like in the Masonic, or in the outer world even. A Worshipful Master must, in the broadest sense, aim to become, and to be, a skilful and successful ruler of men, as well as of Masons. This requires such a degree of ability, tact, suavity, knowledge and experience, as is not possessed by many and acquired only by the few. In a successful W. M. the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re* must be happily commingled and skilfully applied in practice. A W. M. is a responsible and constitutional ruler, accountable only to his superiors, but having all but autocratic powers, which must be exercised according to the express letter but in the true spirit of the law, and happy is he who successfully governs without seeming so to do.

To few are the means and opportunities for the acquisition and application of Masonic and other knowledge so great as to the Worshipful Master of a Lodge of Freemasons. His powers of memory and the exercise of his judgment, will be taxed to their utmost in the faithful and acceptable discharge of his important duties. A broad and all but unlimited field for the acquisition of knowledge is opened before him, and the opportunities for its communication to others are almost in-

numerable. Add to this also, the bewitching charm of acquiring and imparting Masonic knowledge.

A W. M. has also the unspeakable advantage of having sympathetic co-workers and approving fellow-laborers. None bestow the approving smile or mete out more responsive applause upon work well done, or duties well performed than loyal Freemasons, and on the other hand, none feel more keenly the effects of the want of official knowledge and zeal, or the ill-performance of official duty, than they.

In short, few, if any positions in life afford such rare and valuable opportunities for self-culture, and for the getting and imparting good than that of Worshipful Master, and in fact the same may be truly said in a very high degree of any other office in a lodge of Freemasons, most of which should be deemed to be but apprenticeships preparatory for the highest position which the brethren can bestow upon worthy, zealous, well-qualified and faithful brethren. May the number of those ever increase, who deservedly merit the title of Model W. M.'s, Wardens, Deacons, or other officers in the lodges of our Ancient, Honorable and Model Fraternity.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, who has just celebrated the 90th anniversary of his birth, was made a Mason in 1840, shortly before the death of his father, Frederick William III. of Prussia, in a special lodge in Berlin, by the authority of the three Berlin Grand Lodges, his father stipulating that he should not join any one lodge, but belong to every lodge in the kingdom, and assume the protectorate of them all, which he did. He came of a family of Freemasons, his father and grandfather, William III. and William II., both being members of the Craft. The Crown Prince is also an active member of the Order.

Correspondence.

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

CANADIAN AND AMERICAN TEMPLARISM.

Editor of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR & BRO.—In your issue of **THE CRAFTSMAN** for the month of August, wherein you give publicity to my last Templar Allocution—intended as a brief history and synopsis of the modern Templar degrees in the British Empire—my attention was drawn to an article asking me “to show the embodiment of the military aspects in the Masonic Templar degrees.” The answer to this is simply what I stated in the Allocution,—that “the degrees are not, and never were, intended to represent a military body.” The adaptation of the United Chivalric Orders to Free Masonry is entirely confined to their Religious and Moral teachings. The military element of the Ancient Orders was never attempted to be shown in the modern degrees, practiced in alliance with “Free and Accepted Masonry.” It has only been introduced and insisted upon of late years, in the system adopted by our brothers of the United States of America, to represent in a dramatic form the out-door equipments and military display in imitation of the Crusaders, all the degrees connected with their Masonic system, they consider as being derived from modern Speculative Masonry, having no reference to the ancient Christian builders.

The Military History of the Chivalric Templars will be found in the English edition of “The Order,” by Addison; and that of St. John of Jerusalem or Malta in the interesting

work of General Porter, of the Royal Engineers.

Masonic out-door military display, public demonstrations and processions are looked upon in the British Dominions as inconsistent with the principles and unobtrusive character of Free Masonry, and have never been generally patronized.

I altogether disagree with the suggestion in another article of the same number of **THE CRAFTSMAN**,—“to take into consideration the evolutionary status of Templary in the United States of America,—that the Christian basis of our system be so broadened as to include Unitarians and public military manifestations, in imitation of the crusaders.”

The Templary of the U. S. A. has been made, and is at present, a part of Speculative Masonry—of the universal creed: i.e., the system with Capitular Masonry, has been in one sense united, and is governed by the same fundamental principles, which do not apply to the Templar degrees of the British Empire. And surely no one who has passed through the ceremonial, and for a moment seriously considered the sacred teachings of the “United Orders” in Canada, can think or wish to adopt such a compromise as to eliminate the Christian Trinitarian test of the Ancient Order. There are not two kinds of Christianity, although it has been attempted to show that such is the case. The one is the old and pure, the other the new, to suit the usages of the world and the wishes of mankind.

Those Canadian members who so admire and are anxious to change the Templar system for one on American principles had better sever all con-

nection with that of Canada, for there is no intention of changing or any compromise made, by an amalgamation of the two systems—the authorized ritual being a historical one, based on secular and ecclesiastical history, carefully examined and approved by competent authority, as a true representation of the name it bears.

‡ FR. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE,

Grand Master,

Templary of Canada ..

Prescott, Ont., Sept., 1887.

Discreet and judicious comments—upon CRAFTSMAN editorials even,—not being inadmissible, we cheerfully insert the foregoing interesting letter from our esteemed Knight Templar Grand Master.

We perceive, however, that the G. M. has not grasped the good intent and real drift of our former remarks.

If his contention is wholly correct that the Templar “Degrees are not, and never were intended to represent” (even in part) “a military body,”—the British and Canadian name thereof—the “United Religious and Military Order,”—is certainly a misnomer, and should forthwith be changed; and the English seal,—two Knights on horseback, &c.,—is certainly misleading.

We, of course, must decline theological discussion. Each brother has an indubitable right to cherish and interpret his own dogma, and happily amongst wise men, such discussions usually result in agreeing to differ, as is now and ever has been the case amongst good and learned Knights Templar of every nation.

We know not how many Canadian Knights Templar may desire to assimilate our system to that of the American, but of one thing we feel quite sure, and that is, if there are such, they are not at present likely to follow the suggestion of the Grand Master and “sever all connection with that of Canada,” because they know full well that the final decision of important questions rests with the Great Priory of Canada. — [ED. CRAFTSMAN.]

CANADIAN HISTORIES OF FREEMASONRY.

Has not the time come when the history of Freemasonry in the several Provinces of the Dominion should be written? There are brethren in each of the Provinces well fitted for the work. Many of “the founders” of our several Grand Lodges and other Grand Bodies are still alive, and could supplement what has been printed and written by oral testimony of great value. Complete and well written histories of the Craft in Ontario and Quebec, would be of surpassing interest. Bro. Brennan’s history of the Order in the Maritime Provinces, published as a supplement to his translation of Bro. Rebold’s general history, is a work of great merit and would be of much service to our future historian. The history of the Craft in the newer Provinces and Territories, would be more easily compiled.

Who will undertake the great work of writing the history of Freemasonry in the Dominion?

THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN is receiving much attention and consideration, not only throughout the Dominion, but by many leading Freemasons in foreign countries.

COSMOPOLITAN FREEMASONRY.

With good reason, it is generally considered to be a Masonic "axiom" that nearly all which is intrinsically valuable and of univeasal importance is contained in Craft and Capitular Masonry.

To mankind in general, the value of what is taught in the lodge and chapter degrees, has not been, is not now, and in our opinion, never can be over estimated.

Such considerations, however, should not be deemed sufficient reasons why those so inclined should not prosecute their researches further, nor proceed in other modes of Masonic thought and action. All cannot be, nor should they be, confined or circumscribed within the same limits of Masonic investigation.

To upbuild, extend, and perpetuate Cosmopolitan Freemasonry, is the first and greatest duty of genuine Craftsmen; but on the other hand, there are many true Freemasons in this and every other country, whose interest, inclination and duty, lead them earnestly and profitably to seek for more light in the Craft, the Preceptory, the Rose Croix, the Council, &c., and even in the occultism of the Orient.

Nor should there ever be aught but the most fraternal and generous rivalry amongst those who specially pursue their respective Masonic Rites while each and all should ever bear in mind that their greatest interest and highest duty should always find their chiefest embodiment in Ancient, Free, and Accepted or Cosmopolitan Freemasonry; and further, it should ever be an unchangeable decree that no Body should ever be deemed, held, or allowed to be, or become in any way "allied" to Freemasonry, whose principles, teachings and outcome, are not fully in accord with those of our ancient, honorable and universal fraternity, whose foundation cornerstone is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

TO THE OFFICERS OF — LODGE!

When I last visited your Lodge, I was greatly pleased with your fraternal greetings, and I much enjoyed your many fraternal courtesies, during and after Lodge hours;—but I must in all brotherly good will, say that I was heartily ashamed of your "work"—or rather absence of "work,"—or in fact I should say—very "bad work."

Why you didn't open or close your Lodge creditably in either of the degrees,—and the way you conferred, or half conferred, that degree was shocking to me, as I presume it was even more so to the candidate, and after blundering through certain portions, you, W. Sir, gravely informed the candidate that there was a lecture belonging to the degree, which would be delivered on some *future* occasion! and I wondered if that *future* time would ever come! To my utter astonishment also, I saw something in the hands of some of your officers, which they were ever and anon mysteriously glancing at, and I greatly wondered what it could possibly be!

Now, I then and there made up my mind, that if I had been there on a visit as your D. D. G. M., I would straightway have notified you that unless within, say two months at the farthest, your "work" should be greatly improved,—I would have your charter arrested till the pleasure of the Grand Master or the Grand Lodge were made known thereanent!

Such punishment would be only too light for so grave an offence! Why don't you, W. Sir, as is your bounden duty, forthwith, in the privacy of your own room, persistently set about the complete mastering of your work,—require your brother officers to do the same (or displace them by others who will),—then meet frequently in the Lodge room for united practice, and when you next

meet your Lodge in regular communication, show that you are master-workmen who need not be ashamed!

And now having thus kindly and faithfully addressed you, I beg to say that it is my purpose again to visit your Lodge ere long, and if I find that you have not acted upon the suggestions and advice herein contained, I shall deem it to be my painful duty to make a serious, formal complaint against you to the proper officers of Grand Lodge;—but if happily, and as I anticipate, you have corrected the grievous evils fraternally pointed out, and that you, all of you, have mended your ways,—it will be my pleasing duty to bestow upon you well-deserved praise and commendation. So mote it be!

THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

The rejoicings are all but universal amongst the Craft throughout our jurisdiction, and even elsewhere, at the prospect of soon having a Masonic Temple worthy of the premier city of the premier Province of the Dominion.

The Spirit of the Most High, having now moved the hearts of the faithful, let there be no lack of willing minds and generous hands, so that when the cope-stone thereof shall be placed amidst acclamations of great joy, each brother may be enabled to exclaim: "I too, have placed at least 'one stone' in this Temple erected to the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe, and for the highest good of the Craft and of my fellow-men."

And soon may we hear the glad summons:—

"Ye Craftsmen, assemble on this joyful day,
Th' occasion is glorious, the keystone to lay;
Fulfilled is the promise, by the Ancient of days,
To bring forth the cope-stone with shouting and praise.
All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice,
The Temple is finished, exalt high each voice."

THE A. & A. S. R.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR AND BRO,—Please answer the following questions in THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN:—

Is there a Supreme Council (33°) of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for Canada, and if so how many are elected? Do they represent Canada as a whole or are so many elected for each Province? How many for each Province are elected.

Where can be got a list of the lodges in Canada of the higher degrees of the A. & A. S. R.

When was the A. & A. S. Rite introduced into Canada. H. G.

1st. There is a Supreme Council of the 33° for Canada, established in October, 1874, and recognized by every Supreme Council of the world and between which and this Supreme Council there have been appointed Grand Representatives or guarantors of amity.

2. This Supreme Council is composed of active, past active and honorary 33rds. The limit of active members for the Dominion is 33. The honorary rank is limited according to the number of 180 members. It is intended eventually that the number of active 33rds in each Province shall be about 3.

3. All information as to who composed the Supreme Council, the Bodies of its obedience and their officers and members, can be had in the proceedings of the Council, which are issued every year.

4. The A. & A. S. Rite was introduced into Canada on 10th July, 1868, under the authority of Supreme Council of the A. & A. S. R. for England and Wales and Territories of Great Britain.

5. The Supreme Council of Canada was established by the permission of the mother Supreme Council and every Council in the world consented before hand to the establishment of this Council.—[ED. CRAFTSMAN.]

CAPITULAR FREE MASONRY.

It should ever be the laudable ambition and earnest intent of the Master Mason to become a Mark and Most Excellent Master, and to be exalted to, and become a companion of, the Holy Royal Arch; as no Fellow Craft or Master Mason can be deemed to be sufficiently instructed in the Craft degrees even, until he has at least, received all the degrees of Capitular Freemasonry.

It appears to us, therefore, that at this, the beginning of a new year of Masonic work, that renewed efforts should everywhere be put forth, to awaken a deeper and broader interest in Chapter Masonry, amongst those who are now but Master Masons. The best interests of the Blue Lodges demand such efforts, and without which, the Chapters of the Holy Royal Arch must languish, and the whole Craft materially suffer.

Let all zealous and diligent Masters hasten to become Companions, and let all officers of the symbolic *blue* and red be speedily awakened to a more realizing sense of their imperative duties thereanent to all their brethren, and a new era of work and worship be inaugurated, and enlightened and faithful companions of the Holy Royal Arch be everywhere greatly multiplied and increased. The time is now; the command is imperative; let the true light shine forth.

PLUCK WINS.

"Pluck wins. It always wins. Though days be slow, and nights be dark, 'twixt days that come and days that go. Still pluck will win. Its average is sure. He gains the prize, who can the most endure, who faces issues, and who never shirks, who waits and watches, and who always works."

CRAFT BENEVOLENCE.

It appears to us that there are many wealthy members of the Masonic Fraternity, who do not duly consider their duty to the Order in their donations for educational and other beneficent purposes.

"Thrice blessed are they who practically remember the deserving poor." He is a wise man and a good Freemason who considerately becomes the "administrator" of his own beneficence, and we trust that the number of those who are not forgetful of Masonic charity in their "last will and testament" will be ever on the increase.

The individual and organized efforts of the Craft, to assist the widow, the orphan, the sick, and the aged and infirm, are many and great. May divine "charity" ever be the brightest jewel in the crown of the generous Freemason.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

It is very gratifying to note that the Great Priory of the Dominion has inaugurated proceedings to pave the way for the formation of Provincial Pories in each of the Provinces and Territories of Canada, in which there may be at least three Preceptories. Greater interest and activity in the Knightly Order will doubtless thereby be created.

Such like should also be done in the A. & A. S. Rite. It would have been well if this had been done before the formation of the Sovereign Grand Bodies of these Orders.

In its old age, the London (England) Freemason's Chronicle seems to have become a "refuge" for "be-gruntled" brethren of both hemispheres.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Grand Chapter of R. A. Masons recently organized in New Brunswick was recognized by the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts at its regular quarterly convention on Tuesday evening, Sept. 20, and a cordial welcome extended to it.

GOULD'S HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.—We learn that an American edition of Gould's History of Freemasonry, supplemented by Bro's. Drummond, of Maine, Carson, of Ohio, and Parvin, of Iowa,—is about to be published by John C. Yorston & Co., of New York.

When is the History of Freemasonry in the Dominion of Canada to be written and published?

We have the material, the means, and the men, if those best qualified can be induced to undertake the work.

A Canadian supplement to Bro. Yorston & Co.'s American edition of Bro. Gould's *magnum opus* might possibly be secured if immediate steps were taken therefor.

A. & A. S. RITE.—We have received a very neatly got up copy of the Annual Proceedings of the Vermont Council of Deliberation of the A. & A. S. Rite, held at Burlington, Vt., U.S., on the 18th of June last. Ill. Bro. Geo. O. Taylor, 39°, Commander-in-Chief, presiding. His annual address is of special interest and marked ability. This Rite is evidently flourishing in the Green Mountain State and appears to be quite free from the sub-divisions existing in so many other States. The Vt. Council has two active and five honorary members of the Supreme Council of the Northern jurisdiction of the United States, and it is composed of one Consistory, one Chapter of Rose Croix, two Councils of Princes of Jerusalem, and five Lodges of Perfection, each having a goodly membership.

WE have received "El Boletín Masonico," a pamphlet beautifully printed in the Spanish language, on very fine paper, consisting of 224 pages, and comprising the numbers for January, February, March and April, 1887. It is the official organ of the Supreme Grand Orient of the United States of Mexico. The first page of the cover of "El Boletín," displays a beautifully expressive design, representing the "Angel of Light" flying over a magnificent city whose edifices are of the style of architecture of all nations, ancient and modern, and whose streets are thronged with joyous appearing cosmopolites. The two pillars, J. and B., are at the left and right in the foreground, and the perspective of plain, mountain, ocean, cloudless sky and rising sun, is simply charming.

THE FREEMASON'S CHRONICLE, London, England:—Deep regret is expressed at the appearance in the above journal in its issue of Sept. 10, of a letter from Bro. J. Fletcher Brennan, of Cincinnati, (Ohio,) under the title of the "History of Crime," in which the writer accuses Bro. Charles E. Meyer, of Philadelphia, Penn., of "forging" an extract from a so-called "Henry Bell" letter *re* the existence of a Lodge of Freemasons, claimed to have been in existence in Philadelphia in 1731. At present, no one appears to believe that Bro. Meyer could have been guilty of any such "forgery," and Bros. Hughan and Woodford have inserted letters in the Chronicle in defence of Mr. Meyer, and in condemnation of the course pursued by Bro. Brennan. The Keystone, of Philadelphia, has taken a similar stand. Bro. Meyer may have been mistaken or misled in regard to the authenticity of the "Henry Bell" letter, but that appears to be all that can be said about it. The present known data seem to favor the claim of Philadelphia to be the Masonic mother city of the United States.

NONOGENARIANS IN THE LODGE.—

When Grand Master Eichbaum, accompanied by his Grand Officers, visited Sharon Lodge, No. 250, of Sharon, Pa., recently, two brethren were present (one of them a member of No. 250) who were respectively 90 and 98 years of age—Bro. James Bently, aged 90 years, made a Mason in 1819; and Bro. Henry Clarke, 98 years of age, made a Mason in 1816.

BRO. WM. JAS. HUGHAN read a paper on "Connecting Links between Ancient and Modern Freemasonry from a non-Masonic Standpoint," before the Quartor Coronati Lodge, No. 2076, London, at its stated meeting on June 2nd last. It is needless to say that the lecture received the intelligent attention which the world-wide repute of our Brother entitled him to. The object of the paper, as indicated by its title, was to demonstrate that no thoughtful enquirer, even if unaided by Masonic teaching, could refuse candidly to acknowledge that our present system of Craft Masonry is directly derived from the building fraternities of the Middle Ages; that its connection with the mediæval Freemasonry is unbroken, its title to the inheritance indisputable, and the proofs thereof palpable to all the world, and independent of esoteric aid to their comprehension. A perfect master of all the details, Bro. Hughan marshalled his facts, documents, authors and proofs with consummate skill, as was evinced by the total inability of a critical audience acquainted with the subject to pick a single flaw in his argument. Bro. Gould was in the chair.

BRO. WILLIAM J. HUGHAN, of Torquay, England, the distinguished Masonic historian, gave an address to the brethren of the Lodge of Unanimity and Sincerity, No. 264, Taunton, recently. He discussed several important questions pertaining to the early history of Freemasonry, showing its continuity from the Four-

teenth Century, his remarks being based on facts which can be examined by non-Masons, and proving not only the honorable character, but the antiquity of the Fraternity. Bro. Hughan commenced with the Fourteenth Century because that is the period of the oldest manuscript that was written, which contains a recital of the ancient charges. This is now preserved in the British Museum. Many of the old records of the Craft were referred to, particularly those in Scotland, where there are Lodges with minutes dating from the Sixteenth Century to the present time. At the close of his address, Bro. Hughan responded to enquiries from a number of brethren, the meeting taking on a conversational character, which made the proceedings all the more animated. In the course of his remarks Bro. Hughan mentioned that Somerset County received the first county warrant issued by the Grand Lodge of England, viz., at Bath in the year 1724.—*Freemasons' Repository.*

QUEBEC AND ENGLAND.—The following action was taken at the recent Annual Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge of Iowa.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, that it is every way equitable and right, and would greatly tend to the peace, harmony and prosperity of the Craft, that the three Lodges in the Province of Quebec now in allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England should transfer their allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge will rejoice in all reasonable and proper efforts to secure this desirable object, and that to this end the Grand Lodge of England be earnestly requested to use her earnest endeavors, and authority, if need be, as a last resort, to induce its three Subordinate Lodges in that Province to transfer their allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Quebec.