

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

MASONIC RECORD.

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

"The Queen and the Craft."

{ \$1.50 per annum
in advance.

VOL. XXI.

PORT HOPE, ONT., FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

No. 2.

ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

The Seventeenth Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, A. F. & A. M., was held in the Masonic Chambers, Place d'Armes Square, on Thursday, 27th January. There was a very large attendance of members from all parts of the Province.

The Most Worshipful the Grand Master, M. W. Bro. J. F. Walker, called the Grand Lodge to order shortly after ten o'clock. After routine, R. W. Bro. Alfred A. Hall, Deputy Grand Master of Vermont, was received by the members of the Grand Lodge with the usual Masonic honors.

The Grand Master, in the course of his annual address, said, in part:—"The year upon which we hold this communication is an important one. Our Queen, whom we love and reverence, fifty years ago ascended the throne. All divisions of the great British nation hail the jubilee with loud acclaim, and no portion of that Empire has more sincere feelings of gratitude that Victoria has been spared so long to reign over us than the part contained within the territorial limits of Quebec. We earnestly pray that further favors may be bestowed on her." During the year, King Solomon Lodge, No. 69, Aylmer, was constituted. Reference was made to the various visits made during the year, and the Grand Lodge was asked to confer the honorary rank of Past Grand Senior Warden on W. Bro. Frank Baxter, of Highgate, Vermont, who, without solicitation, has been unflinching in his efforts to place the

position of the Grand Lodge before the Masonic world. Some correspondence had taken place between him and the G. L. of Canada, in reference to a lodge under Quebec's jurisdiction having initiated a man from Ontario. The Master of the lodge had been suspended pending action of the Grand Lodge, for interfering with the jurisdiction of a sister Grand Lodge. Reference was made to the controversy between the English and Quebec Grand Lodges, and to the edict issued by him proclaiming non-intercourse with the Grand Lodge of England and its subordinate lodges. The Grand Master continued:—"The printed proceedings of this Grand Lodge show a continued and persistent attempt to solve the difficulty by peaceful means, which has failed.

The addresses of my predecessors demonstrated in the clearest manner that the doctrine of Exclusive Territorial Jurisdiction was not only held by all the American Grand Lodges, and Scotland, but by England also. Their arraignments have been unanswered, for they were unanswerable. We would be unworthy the name of Freemasons did we, because comparatively small in number, fear to do that which was right on account of the power and strength of the Grand Lodge perpetrating a gross injustice. We shall be glad of the support of our sister Grand Lodges, but whether such support is received or not can make no difference in the stand we have taken in defence of

our position as a Sovereign Grand Lodge. We can rest assured that in the end, right must prevail. Reference was also made to the steps which had been taken to establish a Masonic Home.

The Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer and the several D. D. G. Masters, all presented their reports, which were of a satisfactory character.

The afternoon was occupied with receiving and discussing the reports of the various Standing Committees.

The election of officers was proceeded with in the evening, with the following result:—

Grand Master—M. W. Bro. J. F. Walker (re-elected.)

Deputy Grand Master—R. W. Bro. H. L. Robinson, of Waterloo.

Grand Senior Warden—R. W. Bro. H. Griffith, of Quebec.

Grand Junior Warden—R. W. Bro. S. Whitman, of Frelighsburg.

D. D. G. M. for Quebec and Three Rivers District—R. W. Bro. L. H. Farmer.

D. D. G. M. for Montreal District—R. W. Bro. Dickson Anderson (re-elected.)

D. D. G. M. for St. Francis District—R. W. Bro. John L. Wilford, of Cookshire.

D. D. G. M. for Bedford District—R. W. Bro. M. Stone, of Stanbridge.

D. D. G. M. for Brome and Shefford District—R. W. Bro. A. W. Pettes.

D. D. G. M. for Ottawa District—R. W. Bro. J. H. Shaw, of Shawville (re-elected.)

Grand Chaplains—R. W. Bro. Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Montreal, and Rev. J. B. Muir, of Huntingdon.

Grand Treasurer—R. W. Bro. I. H. Stearns (re-elected.)

Grand Secretary—R. W. Bro. J. H. Isaacson (re-elected.)

Grand Registrar—R. W. Bro. S. Lebourveau, of Sherbrooke.

Grand Tyler—R. W. Bro. I. A. Richardson (re-elected.)

These officers were afterwards installed, and the Grand Lodge adjourned.

Among the visitors in attendance were:—R. W. Bro. Alfred Hall, D. G. M. of Vermont; R. W. Bro. B. Bugland, Representative Grand Lodge of Indiana; Bros. D. S. Danforth, St. Albans; John Lawrence, William Patrick, H. S. Stafford, Thomas G. Burns, Alex. Ames, John Cherny, H. R. Lusk, Lockport, N. Y.; Rev. R. Friedlander, P. G. Chaplain, East Jamaica.

THE MASONIC RELIGION OF LOVE.

Religion and its relation to the Masonic brotherhood is a subject of more than ordinary interest to the writer, and will, we doubt not, find a ready response in every brother's heart. As a Mason, we have always admired the foundation on which the superstructure of Freemasonry has been erected, and the splendid success of the builders. In this paper we shall endeavor to unfold the secret of their success.

At the outset we must carefully and distinctly keep in mind the fact that Freemasonry is of two kinds, namely, Operative and Speculative. Operative Masonry is what its name implies—an operative art—and relates to the Masonic guilds, or corporations, of Stone-Masons of Germany, the travelling Freemasons of the middle ages, and the Colleges of Architects of Rome. Whatever of speculative science there was in it, related mainly to the perfection of art.

Speculative Masonry is a system of ethics, or rules of duty, drawn from the word of God and illustrated by symbols; hence the name, Symbolic Masonry. In other words, as Macay has beautifully defined it, "Speculative Masonry, or Freemasonry, is thus a system of ethics, and must, therefore, like all other ethical systems, have its distinctive doctrines. These may be divided into three classes, viz., the Moral, the Religious, and the Philosophical." The distinction is marked; and Freemasonry, is

its present form, dates back to its restoration at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Then it received from the hands of the "builders" a distinctive moral and religious character; and we shall show that the two are naturally inseparable, and inseparably connected with Freemasonry.

Religion, in its widest acceptation, is any system of faith and worship; as, for example, the religion of the Turks, the Hindoos, the Christians. Worship is religious honor, reverence and adoration paid to God, or a being viewed as God. History shows that man is a religious being, and that, even in his lowest estate, he will worship something, "if happily he he might feel and after find" the true God, "though he be not far from every one of us," as St. Paul said, when he found the Athenians "paying their devotions 'To the Unknown God.'" There are, therefore, religions many and gods many. The Pagan religions are corrupt, debasing and destructive to the noblest aspirations of the human heart.

All the old heathen deities were defective in moral character. Venus and the Roman Jupiter may be cited as examples. The Egyptians, notwithstanding their refinement in the arts and sciences, were brute worshippers, and were beastly in moral character. The Northmen that came down upon the Roman Empire with such fury were worshippers of heres, bloodthirsty and cruel. Men are naturally assimilated to the moral likeness of the objects they love, admire and worship. In this epitome of Pagan idolatry, we have the problem of the world's corruption solved. It is of the greatest consequence that man should have, for an object of worship, a God who is pure and holy, loving and kind to his children.

But in the midst of the moral darkness of the Pagan world there are some scintillations of light. It must be conceded that some ancient philosophers, particularly Confucius

and Cicero, did—doubtless from an innate consciousness of right and wrong—announce some sound moral principles, but a false religion rendered them inoperative upon the great mass of the people. It goes to show that they who are "without the law," as St. Paul says, are not without the light of conscience, for the "Gentiles that do by nature the things contained in the law are a law unto themselves, their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the meanwhile, accusing or else excusing one another." It further teaches us that the heathen are not left to be damned because they have not the written law, but rather, if they act up to the light they have, our Heavenly Father will not condemn them. If those old philosophers had been aided by the knowledge and worship of the true God, Christian civilization ere this would have encircled the entire globe.

From time immemorial, Freemasons have been taught, in all their rites and ceremonies, to recognize God as the only proper object of supreme adoration, love and obedience. Hence, Freemasonry is not merely a "Moral Order," as defined by a distinguished author, but a moral and religious fraternity, founded upon the belief in God as the Supreme Architect and Ruler of the Universe, faith in natural and revealed religion, hope in immortality, brotherly love, and charity to all mankind. Morality and religion are so perfectly interwoven in this creed, that it completely covers the duties we owe to God and our fellow-men.

Morality and religion may have separate roots in the human mind, but they belong to the same trunk; they may be made rivals, but they are natural allies. A morality that simply extends to dealing justly with our fellow-men, is too frigid for a fraternity founded upon love to God and man. Morality, in its true acceptation, is inseparable from religion. This statement is based upon Christian ethics.

When the Pharisees attempted to confound the Saviour with their questions, one of them, being a lawyer, said,—“Master, which is the greatest commandment in the law?” Jesus said unto him, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. The second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two hang all the law and the prophets.” Now mark the oneness of this divine law of love. The second is “like” the first, or the counterpart of it. And “on these two hang all the law and the prophets;” that is, all the specific laws “hang” there, like a cluster of priceless jewels suspended by a golden chain, the links of which represent love to God and love to man. We therefore assume that sound morality can only proceed from pure religion as an active conviction;—the love of God involves the love of our neighbor.

Madame De Stael has said, “If Christ had simply taught men to say ‘Our Father,’ he would have been the greatest benefactor of the race.” Yes, “Our Father” is the talismanic appellation that so transforms man’s moral and religious nature as to bring him into harmony and communion with his Maker. Then—

“His passions hold a pleasing reign,
And love drives his chariot wheels.”

The fathers of Freemasonry “built” well, for they built that magnificent temple, from foundation to top-stone, upon the two great commandments of the Christian religion—the religion of love. They not only laid down for our guide in practical life the “cardinal virtues of temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice,” but the Christian virtues of “Faith, Hope and Charity,” connected with “Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth,”—“tenets of a Mason’s profession.”

The Masonic brotherhood is not a substitute for, but the handmaid of,

the invisible church of the living God, which is composed of all good men. It does not recognize, in matters of religion, any supreme authority but that of the “King of Glory.” That other potentates are fallible, and at times have been wickedly cruel, goes without saying. We are brothers, and pledge supreme allegiance to the Holy One, “in whom there is no guile.” He opens wide the “everlasting doors,” and no man can shut them. The Masonic religion of love is based upon the Bible, emphasising the “new commandment”—“as I have loved you, that ye love one another.”

All honor to the mother Grand Lodge of England for the reconstruction of our beautiful temple! She wrought so skilfully in the quarries of Truth, that the stones which she brought to it “fitted with such exact nicety” that no metaphysical “axe or hammer” can improve it. Six hundred thousand Freemasons of America delight to do her honor.—*Freemasons’ Repository.*

EXPANSIVENESS OF FREEMASONRY.

The Masonic system has a marvelous breadth of teaching and application. It includes ideas and principles that relate to the whole conduct of life. Its ceremonies and symbolism signify manifold private duties and public obligations. There is a wideness to Masonic inculcations which no other system of merely human origin may claim to possess. It is the glory of our institution, founded upon a system which covers such broad ranges of thought and duty, that it cannot be held within the lines of a narrow, technical expression. The genius of Freemasonry demands diffusiveness; its natural tendencies require not only that there shall be a due expansion of its organic life, but that there shall be a broad, free application both of its principles and

spirit, that so the world at large may be helped to better things.

At the recent consecration of De Satton Lodge, No. 2144, at Bowdon, England, the orator of the occasion, Bro. the Rev. E. Bigoe Bagot, in treating of the universality of Freemasonry, used the following suggestive illustration:—"In the Arabian Nights we read of a fairy tent which a young prince brought hidden in a walnut shell to his father. Placed in the council chamber, it encanopied the king and his ministers. Taken into the court yard, all the household stood beneath its shade. Brought into the midst of the great plain outside the city, it spread its mighty awning all around until it gave shelter to a host. It had infinite flexibility, infinite expansiveness, and infinite power of development. So it was with Masonry. It had covered Europe with its shadow; it had found acceptance with east and west, with African and American tribes, and it was still spreading in the world, and it operated unspent by its own divine and earnest vitality." The reference and its application are alike appropriate. No other institution has such fitness for universal reception, or addresses itself with so much of force and blessing to that one common human nature in which all nations and peoples have share. Its ministries are not limited to some one age or locality, to a special class of minds, or to some one phase of life and character. It is not bound by social customs or national prejudices and peculiarities. It knows no sect or party as such, and it rises above everything that is narrow and technical in its enforcement of grand truths which meet the wants of humanity everywhere, and the fulfilment of its mission to respect genuine manhood wherever found.

The Masonic institution drives some stakes deeply down, and draws firmly certain lines that fix its character and work; but all this does not interfere with that catholicity and

large-heartedness which belong to its expression. Whatever rules may be laid down and precise formulas adopted, whatever limits may be appointed for the specific exercise of Masonic virtues and obligations, it should yet be remembered that the great, underlying principles of the fraternity have a bearing upon the world at large, and in their natural diffusiveness must contribute an influence of help and blessing to mankind. It is a matter of just pride to all true craftsmen that the Masonic system can be interpreted and applied in this broad way, and that its beneficent fruits may be gathered from so many branches. The spirit and sentiment of Freemasonry are finding expression in many organizations, permeating many of the enterprises and movements of these later days, and thus there is being accomplished a mightier and more blessed work than is shown by any numerical or financial exhibit.—*Freemasons' Repository.*

FREEMASONRY is strictly a moral institution, and the principles which it teaches tend to make the brother who obeys their dictates a more virtuous man. The morality of Freemasonry requires us to deal justly with others, not to defraud, cheat or wrong them of their just dues and rights. We are to minister to the wants of the destitute and afflicted. It strictly enjoins industry and frugality, that so our hands may ever be filled with the means of exercising that charity to which our hearts should ever dispose us.

Officers of Faithful Brethren Lodge, No. 77, G.R.C., Lindsay, installed by W. Bro. A. Mills.—W Bro A Mills, I P M; W Bro J D Graham, W M; Bros A Cullon, S W; R J Corneil, J W; D Ray, Treas; F H Dobbin, Sec; Rev Dr Smithett, Chap; Wm J Hallett, Org; Wm Walsh, S D; E H Cliff, J D; L Archambault, S S; John Hore, J S; Wm McBurney, I G; W J Farquharson, Tyler; John McMillan, D of C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BRO. GEN. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—The *Milan Humanitas* for October, says:—"Gen. Bonaparte was made a Mason at Malta, in 1798."

TRUE MASONRY opposes no other society or body of men who are united in an effort to do good. The church to-day has no better friend in the secular world. Genuine Masonry is the handmaid to religion, for it teaches the highest morality, and no man can be a Christian without this Masonic principle.

FREEMASONRY is dearer to me than any other thing I know of, because, in my conception of it, it comprises all true religion and morality; all family, social, and national duties; all genuine philanthropy, literature and art; in brief, all that can endear man to man, and make us more like the Grand Geometrician of the Universe, in whose service alone is felicity for the human race.—*Bro. Markham Tweddell.*

NEW CHAPTER AT LINDSAY.—Midland Chapter, U. D., R. A. M., was instituted on January 21st, by R. E. Comp. J. B. Traves, Grand Superintendent Ontario District, assisted by E. Comps. W. B. Wallace and F. E. Gaudrie, of Port Hope, E. Comp. P. Lightburn, and Comp. R. J. Craig, of Cobourg. The officers installed were E. Comps. J. W. Wallace, Z.; W. J. Hallett, H.; B. Dingle, J. Midland Chapter begins work with excellent prospects, and it only requires the careful attention of the officers to make it one of the best in the Dominion.

WE are indebted to R. E. Sir Knight James A. Rich, the courteous and affable Treasurer of Palestine Commandery, K. T., No. 18, of New York, for an invitation to attend the ninth annual reception and ball of that commandery, to be held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Tuesday evening, February 8, the

proceeds of which are to be devoted to establish a fund to build an asylum for widows and orphans of the Masonic fraternity of New York State. This year's reception is expected to eclipse all previous efforts of Palestine Commandery, and will be one of the most brilliant events of the season in New York City.

THE MASONIC TEMPLE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

We desire to tender our thanks to our esteemed Bro. H. J. Mabin, of St. John's, Nfld., for a copy of the Christmas number of the *Daily Colonist*, published in that city. The issue is a very handsome one, profusely illustrated. Among the illustrations is one of the Masonic Temple at St. John's, a substantial, imposing structure, of which the following particulars are given:—

"The Masonic Temple is owned by a joint stock company, members of the craft only being eligible to hold stock.

"The foundation stone was laid with Masonic ceremonies by Sir William V. Whiteway, D. G. M. R. S., Hon. A. M. McKay, P. G. M. R. S., and Hon. M. Monroe, G. S. R. A. M. N. S., the 'St. John's,' 'Avalon,' 'Tasker' and Harbor Grace Lodges, and the Royal Arch Chapter 'Shannon' being present, on June 13th, 1885, and the Temple was complete and handed over in December, 1885.

"The building is 67 feet wide and 97 feet long, with property porches 01 feet by 33. It consists of three stories besides the basement, which is occupied by the heating apparatus. The ground floor is 14 feet to the ceiling and is devoted to school-rooms. The middle flat is 16 feet high and is entirely devoted to the various wants of the Masonic body, lodge rooms, chapter-rooms, ante-rooms, library and smoking-rooms. The upper flat is a fine people's hall, capable of seating comfortably 1,000 people, and is lighted by the electric lights, and is the finest public rooms in the city.

The entire building is heated by steam. The hall is entirely free from dust.

"The officers of the building are Sir W. V. Whiteway, President; Hon. H. Monroe, Vice-President; E. Handcock, Secretary; C. S. Pinsent, Treasurer.

"The architect and contractor was S. M. Brookfield, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the clerk of works, under whose management the whole building was erected, was Mr. Henry M. Jost. The cost of the building complete was \$28,500."

THE CHART OF OUR ORDER.

Apart from what science may teach, or the world may think, we assert that the Bible is the chart of our Order, in its highest and purest sense. All of its rules, for the guidance of the craft, are based upon the teachings of the Holy Bible; and its interpretations are in accord with the wisest and best minds of the fraternity in the past and present.

It thus takes its position as secondary to the church, and does not seek to do the work of religion; only seeking to do the work of morality and virtue. And this spirit, carried out into life, makes its members the truest, the most loyal to the state; the citizens who illustrate, by their walk and character, the power of the Bible. This is the root from which the Order has grown.

Masonry, through its teachings, inculcates a belief in God, as its first requirement. This is its grand characteristic. The Mason is urged to make the Great Architect of the Universe the source and object of his faith, the great law of his conscience. And here it rests upon the Holy Teachings as the foundation of the institution, the strong rock out of which the Temple rises, in all its rich proportions and stately architecture. And it is its glory, that, in every lodge and chapter, and in every department of its work, an open Bible rests upon its altar. This is the

silent authority, the supreme sanction, the command for every act.

This is the spirit in which our Order, as Masons, believe and accept the Bible as the inspired voice and message from God. It is because of the divine power, dwelling in the word, that it becomes an authority and guide in our institution. It is this that makes our Order more than a moral temple—that makes it also a spiritual temple—in which the faithful, believing members, as living stones, are built up and hallowed by a divine light.—*New York Sunday Times.*

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

At the dedication of the Rhode Island monuments on the battlefield of Gettysburg, says the *Freemasons' Repository*, Gen. Horatio Rogers, who commanded the Second Rhode Island Volunteers in the desperate contest which there took place, gave a carefully prepared and most interesting historic address. In his address he narrated the following affecting incident:—

"War affords many striking incidents, and one occurred on that grim tour of picket duty that illustrated alike the value and the virtue of Masonic brotherhood, and shed a soft and hallowing influence over the ghastly surroundings of that scene of strife. Many dead lay in the Emmetsburg road in front of us, and just opposite the right of the regiment, stretched out at full length, was the lifeless form of a Confederate Colonel. He was a fine, manly figure, and he was smitten down in the prime of life. It was ascertained from a Masonic certificate in his pocket, which I hold in my hand, that his name was Joseph Wasden, and that he was a member of Franklin Lodge, No. 11, of Warrenton, Ga. Thereupon it was determined that this deceased brother, an enemy in life that had been stricken down far from his home and loved ones, should

be buried by fraternal hands, and the blue uniforms gathered round the gray as a squad of the Second Rhode Island, under the direction of Captain Thomas Foy, a Past Master of King Solomon Lodge, No. 11, of East Greenwich, raised the inanimate form in their arms and bore it carefully two or three hundred yards to the right, where they tenderly and reverently buried it on the west side of Codori's barn, the opposing picket shots serving for minute guns."

It further appears, according to the account given by Gen. Rogers, that a rude headstone was prepared, on which the Colonel's name, rank and regiment were inscribed, and this was erected to mark the grave. Thus the body of Colonel Wasden was decently buried by Masonic hands, and his resting-place in Mother Earth, so designated that after the termination of the war his remains were exhumed and forwarded to his friends. Gen. Rogers, himself an active and devoted Mason, by communication with Bro. R. W. Hubert, present Master of Franklin Lodge, No. 11, Warrenton, Ga., obtained some additional information respecting Colonel Wasden, who was in command of the 22nd Georgia Regiment at Gettysburg, and killed on the second day of the fight. He was a man of energetic character, a lawyer by profession, and a Freemason in good and regular standing. Bro. Hubert, in a letter dated September 22, 1886, referring to the tender offices shown to the body of Col. Wasden by Gen. Rogers, says:—"I am glad to know that his body fell into such hands, and that the blessed principles of our ancient craft are not forgotten or eclipsed by the clangor of arms, the din of war, or anything else, and that the nerveless embrace of death is no barrier to a Mason's charity."

This is but one of numerous incidents of like character which have gone upon record; while no doubt there were many similar acts that passed all unchronicled. War is a

terrible thing, and a conflict where brethren of the mystic tie are ranged on opposite sides takes on even a more dreadful aspect. It is a matter of rejoicing, however, that there are some lines of light reflected upon the shadows. The bonds of Masonic tenderness are not sundered, however rudely stretched, and so oftentimes, as in the case to which reference is specially made, there is a manifestation of true Masonic charity under conditions which seem most unfavorable to such an expression.

"WE ARE TYLED."

These are familiar words to the craft. They signify that the hour of Masonic labor has arrived and security against profane intrusion is assured. They have been heard ever since a lodge has existed, and are destined to resound in our halls in the ages to come. But there is an arcane to every part of Masonry. Its symbolic teaching is the strongest evidence we have of its great antiquity. Every symbol has its correspondence. We are natural and spiritual; every Mason is a lodge and should be tyled, for, as his labor is on earth, so will be the quality of that spiritual home, in that life where there is no need of dials to indicate time, the Supreme Grand Master will accurately inspect the quality of our vigilance. If we have kept the sword of truth as a guard to the door of our heart, all will be well. If not, the consequences will be justly upon us. We are created in freedom, a good and evil angel is with us. We tyle our mind, and will admit one or the other to a seat in our inmost heart. As the faithful Tyler guards our Masonic home, so should each Mason keep a vigilant watch at the door of his interior life, for as we sow, so will we harvest. If we, as Masons, could truly say to our heavenly Master, "we are securely tyled," our lives would be like the precious gems of Masonry, which are a correspondence

of those brilliants that form the gates of the spiritual Jerusalem, which John the beloved apostle saw coming down from God, out of heaven.—*Masonic Journal*.

INSTALLATIONS.

ST. WILLIAM.—Officers of St William Lodge, U D:—W Bro W H Carpenter, W M; Bros Thos McKee, S W; John T Horne, J W; A D Sutherland, Treas; F C Perry, Sec; J H Stephenson, Chap; Edward Allen, S D; Chas J McLennan, J D; John L Brown, I G.

Officers of Tweed Lodge, No. 289, G. R. C., installed by W. Bro. A. M. Van Dusen.—W Bro R M Van Dusen, I P M; W Bro Wm Wright, W M; Bros W F Easterbrook, S W; George Way, J W; John Shaw, Treas; W B G Empey, Sec; Samuel Fisher, Chap; James F Tucker, S D; Phillip Clarke, J D; Adam McGowan, S S; John Burns, J S; Jas Noldcroft, I G; Geo V Clark, Tyler; Wm Wray, D of C.

RODNEY.—Officers of Rodney Lodge, No 411, installed by W Bro John Edgcomb:—W Bro T W Kirkpatrick, I P M; W Bro T W Kirkpatrick, W M; Bros S M Dorland, S W; O R G Stinson, J W; Chas A Brown, Treas; Wm Morris, Sec; John Houser, Chap; Samuel Slack, S D; Daniel Markle, J D; Daniel McLaren, S S; Joshua Stinson, J S; Wm Johnston, I G; Edwin A Hugill, Tyler; F Messer Schmid, D of C.

PRESOTT.—Officers of Central Lodge, No 110, installed by W Bro E C Fields:—W Bro Harry H Wells, W M; W Bro E C Fields, I P M; Bros R W Ross, S W, re-elected; G Wilkinson, J W; A Press, Chap, re-elected; M Dowsley, Treas, re-elected; W H Mossman, Sec; D E Carman, S D; S Hollingsworth, J D; Jas Rosebrook, I G; J Carruthers, D of C; C H Steniford, S S; Wm Wallace, J S.

THORNDALE.—Officers of Mount Olivet Lodge, No 800, installed by W

Bro Wm Harrison, P M:—W Bro W F Kennedy, I P M; W Bro Richard Guest, W M; Bros James Weston, S W; Wm Salmon, J W; W Bro Wm Harrison, Treas; Bros Robert Smith, Sec; Rev J D Bloodsworth, Chap; Rich'd Ardell, S D; J M Barnard, J D; Ed Nicholson, S S; J D Salmon, J S; Thos Chalmers, I G; George Matthewson, Tyler.

BRANTFORD.—Officers of Doric Lodge, No 121:—W Bro L Secord, W M, re-elected; Bros B Nuttall, S W, re-elected; F C Heath, J W; W Bro C Heyd, P M, Treas, re-elected; W Bro Jas P Excell, Sec, re-elected; W Bro Wesley Howell, P M, D of C, re-elected; Bros A Anthony, Chap, re-elected; J H R Adams, S D; Jas G Liddell, J D; T H Jones, I G; Wm Roope, Tyler. Charity Committee—Bros Jas P Excell, A J Henwood and L G Walsh. Stewards—Bros J T Slater and Wm Exron. Finance Committee—W Bro Wesley Howell, P M; Bros J E Birks and J F Kirchner.

WARNING!

ORIENTAL PRECEPTORY, S. P. R. S.,
VALLEY OF CHICAGO, Dec. 15, '86.
To all Freemasons, and to members of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite especially.

BRETHREN,—One George Ryall, age 26, small in stature and quite effeminate in appearance, is defrauding the craft in various parts of the country. He has been suspended from all the rights of the fraternity in lodge, chapter, Council, and the A.A.S. Rite. He has been advertised in the circular of the Masonic Relief Association of the United States, but seems to be very successful in beating the members of the Order.

I wish that some one would secure his 32d diploma and return it to me. Fraternally and courteously,
‡ GIL. W. BARNARD, 88°,
Grand Secretary A.A.S.R.,
Chicago.

MISS PRISCILLA'S FOLLY.

[Concluded From January Number.]

CHAPTER III.

"She has not come."

"Did I not tell you so?"

Dismay and triumph struggled oddly for mastery on Priscilla's face as she answered. She was at the rectory door, where Mr. Hornby had come out to meet her, and as she faced him now, consternation began to creep over his countenance.

"She said she would come," he answered sheepishly.

"Of course; but that was before she had begun to consider. You know there was no reason in the world why I could not receive her at my own house."

"I thought it was best to have her here."

"And she did not think so."

Miss Priscilla sat down as she spoke, and untied her bonnetstrings, and the rector noticed that she was flushed and breathed hurriedly, as though but little would be needed to make her cry.

"I am very sorry," he said, penitently.

"It was not your fault; you meant well, and in any case I am no worse off than I was."

She wiped her eyes furtively as she spoke, and her host grew still more miserable.

"I never dreamed of this," he said; "and no one else would have played me such a shabby trick."

"Well, never mind. Let us take it for the best. But it does seem hard, when a likely thing arose, to lose it like this!"

"But she may come yet. There is another train at five, and she said positively that I might expect her. You will wait, won't you?"

"If you think there is any chance."

He had meant kindly, and he was very down-hearted, and so she could not bear to be hard on him. His face cleared.

"It will be quite like old times to have you here for an afternoon," he said.

Miss Priscilla assented, but not very cordially. Where there are diverse periods of old time in a life, it is sometimes difficult to tell which is referred to.

"It is a long time since you have spent a day here," Mr. Hornby continued, eager to make conversation.

"I have not been here since Mrs. Hornby died," Miss Priscilla answered gravely.

"You will notice changes," sighing.

Miss Priscilla assented, but did not commit herself to a statement of the former changes seemed to take.

"We used to be a good deal about the rectory in our young days, Priscilla," he continued after a pause. "I think Mr. Maxwell was partial to us. Why, it seems like yesterday that he used to take us birds-nesting in the woods."

"Yes; it does not seem an age, though you and I are old people."

"I suppose we are; and yet you know, Priscilla, I never felt myself younger, that now? I never remember enjoying nature more or finding more likable qualities in ordinary people."

"Age makes us tolerant," Miss Priscilla said, with a flicker of spiteful mirth.

"Yes, I suppose so; and yet I can't realize that it is so very long ago since I was a lad and you the most beautiful girl in the world to me."

"You were very young then," Miss Priscilla said coldly. "It must have been quite a year before you got married."

The rector's whole form seemed to droop from its momentary happy attitude.

"You never understood that, and it was sudden, I own," he said; "but I suppose in every life there are inexplicable occurrences."

"As if every one did not know that she married you, and not you her, you poor goose! And serve you right, too; I never pitied you," Miss Priscilla said to herself very clearly and emphatically; for she was only a woman, and his defection, though twenty years old, had power to move her still. Not that she held him wholly inexcusable for it, for it had been the foolish time of life with her then—the time when she had believed in heroes and felt a fine scorn of ordinary men. And so she had flouted him and held him aloof till it was too late.

It had been a little hard on her, though neither he nor any one ever guessed it; and afterward, when he returned as rector to the parish where he had been born (her influence working always for his benefit), she was one of the first to welcome him, and the readiest to find something good to say of the peevish, fretful wife who made life as hard for him as she knew how.

But all that was over long ago, though for a moment Miss Priscilla felt as if the past were not so long past, and in that moment she had called Mr. Hornby, mentally, a poor goose; but, looking at his troubled face, her heart softened.

"One need not understand one's friends to approve of them," she said heartily.

Mr. Hornby sighed; his momentary expansion was over. For the time he felt that old things were quite ended.

"Looked back on, life is different from one's anticipations," he said, sadly. "Not that I have not got more than my deserts, but still the award has been different from anything I expected."

"I think it is better, even for our happiness, that results of all we do are in other hands than ours," she answered gently.

"No doubt, no doubt; but still—"

He stopped, as though his thoughts would not shape themselves to any words that fitted the occasion.

They had been sitting all this time in the

black, damp little drawing-room, and, whether from the conversation or the atmosphere, she felt chilled and depressed, though bright sunshine lay athwart the land. The rectory was a cheerless house now, with dusty decorations dragging from the spotted grates, and long cobwebs hanging unnoticed in dim corners. And once she had known him so fond of brightness, and free air, and sunlight. Poor George! Of course, he was no more neglected than are other lonely men, but having known him young and hopeful, his circumstances struck her with melancholy sense of contrast. It was like Miss Priscilla to forget her own immediate troubles in pitying some one else.

A maidservant made a diversion, though it was not what could be called, strictly speaking, an enlivening repast. A grim serving-woman waited on them and handed them cold plates with an air of protest, and her presence, taken in conjunction with the dim glasses and spotted cutlery, made Miss Priscilla very unhappy.

"He has seven hundred a year if he has a penny; and yet everything is perfectly dreadful," she said to herself, while his good-natured hospitality over the soaked potatoes and hard peas and underdone mutton gave her a tremulous inclination to laugh and cry together.

But all this time dark clouds had been piling themselves in the west, and a sharp wind had begun to blow coldly, so that when a messenger came to call the rector urgently to a death-bed, Miss Priscilla became suddenly aware that a storm was threatening.

"You must wrap up well," she said, as he prepared to go; "you know you are not young enough to run needless risks;" and he thanked her smilingly for the unpalatable information.

"You will make yourself quite at home during my absence," he said, and went away cheerfully on his melancholy errand.

The house looked worse to Miss Priscilla when she was left alone in it. The furniture seemed to acquire an uncomfortable humaneness suddenly; the mirrors stared at her, the chairs held themselves stiffly aloof, and the arabesques on the walls developed countenances which eyed her inquisitively. She bore it as long as she could, then she rang the bell nervously.

"I shall take off my bonnet, if you will kindly show me the way to a bedroom," she said, accosting the grim woman-servant with friendly warmth.

The woman surveyed her with hostility, smiled unpleasantly and preceded her up the staircase without answering.

Arrived in a neglected chamber, Miss Priscilla looked round her with the inevitable curiosity that spinsters bring to bear on the abodes of bachelors or widowers. The pretty paper on the walls was mildewed, the brown Holland blinds were drooping from

their rusty nails, and the mirror was so dim that she could not refrain from drawing a finger across its surface. Then she blushed at her action. "What an old maid I am growing!" she said, and effaced the traces of her handiwork.

"Master allows no one in the study," the servant informed her as she approached the door on her descent.

"Your master will not mind me," she said, turning the handle and entering.

Here, too, the demon of neglect and disorder reigned supreme; the grate was reddened in spots by the last shower down the chimney; the ink-stand was filled with a thick sediment, and a heap of pre-Adamite pens lay beside it; when she selected a book from the shelves it blackened her fingers; when she sat down the chair retained an outline of her form. "It is perfectly disgraceful!" she said, flushing angrily; "and to think of that horrible woman pretending to serve him! And, of course, he, poor dear, notices nothing."

Miss Priscilla was in a scornfully indignant mood, otherwise she would not have ventured to jerk the bell as she did. "Bring me a duster, please," she said, when the woman appeared. The latter tossed her head wrathfully and waited for an explanation. None being vouchsafed, she flounced off and presently returned with a nondescript article, which she offered at arm's length. Miss Priscilla thanked her politely, closed the door after her carefully, and then set to work. She did not reason about what she was doing, she only felt that if she was to sit in that room it must be clean first, and with her snowy cuffs laid aside and her sleeves tucked up, she got so into the spirit of her occupation that she sang softly to herself over it. There was not a thing that she touched that she did not renovate, and, when all was tidy, and the roses, gathered an hour ago, were pouring their fragrance from a jar on the center-table, Miss Priscilla sat down and sighed. Meantime, the rain had begun to fall sharply and the wind to whistle shrilly in the keyhole, and Miss Priscilla bethought herself of the luckless pedestrian.

"When Mr. Hornby is out in the rain what do you do?" she said, walking boldly into the kitchen and assailing the enemy in her stronghold.

"Do? Why, nothing. What is there to do?" gruffly.

"Do you not have a fire lighted for him and his warm things waiting?"

"The master has no old maid's ways that I know of, and, if you please, missis, you will leave me to mind my own business in the house where I have given great satisfaction for ever five years." This self-satisfied person leaned herself in a threatening attitude against the table as she spoke, and looked at the intruder sourly.

"Your business is to make your master

comfortable, and I am sure you have no stronger desire than to do so," Miss Priscilla answered sweetly.

"We never have fires in the rooms before September."

"And, in a general way, that is quite right," Miss Priscilla pursued with the same serpent-like smoothness; but, on exceptional days, would you think it wise to break your rule?"

"Master never asks for a fire, not if it rains ever so," was the uncompromising rejoinder.

"Then would you not think it well to surprise him for once? He and I have been friends for nearly forty years, and as he is not very strong, I should like to know that he is not running any risk. Wettings are dangerous, you know, and I dare say you and I would have difficulty in finding his like again." The woman hesitated still, and then this clever Miss Priscilla looked at her watch and notified her of the necessity that she would be under of returning home soon.

It was after 5 now, and all chance of Mrs. Tom's appearance that day was ended, but, in the ardor of her work, Miss Priscilla had momentarily forgotten the subject of her visit to the rectory.

Three things in her last remarks had mollified Miss Gaunt; first, she had known Mr. Hornby for forty years, and, therefore, was not likely to prove fatal to his peace of mind; second, she was about to remove her obnoxious presence from the rectory forthwith; third, the rector was really a phenomenon among masters.

Actuated by a variety of motives Miss Gaunt bestirred herself, and in ten minutes a good fire was piled in the grate and after a little sputtering and puffing, consented to burn cheerfully. Just as if to convince the rector's guest that she knew what was what, and could have things right when she chose, the attendant spread a spotless cloth for tea, and brought forth honey and fresh butter, reserved, no doubt, for her own use in a general way, and made the toast delicately and crisply, and being then mollified by her success, grew amiable, and urged Miss Priscilla not to think of venturing out in such soaking weather, as Mr. Hornby was sure to be in presently.

Miss Priscilla went to the window and looked out dubiously. The wideopen roses were hanging their heads dejectedly, the mignonette was stirring rebelliously in the wind, and the vivid greenness of the spongy turf showed how thoroughly it had been soaked. Rain was falling still, but occasional rifts in the clouds gave promise of improvement by and by. She decided, therefore, to await it.

The rector felt, on his return, as if a change had come to the whole world. To find himself cozily and comfortably and cheerfully at tea by his own fireside, with Miss Priscilla, rosy from her past exertions, smiling oppo-

site him, and expressing a kindly interest in all he had to tell, delighted him somehow. He could not have accounted for it, but he felt as if he would like to go to sleep then and there, to the musical accompaniment of clinking silver and china and a woman's voice. Not that he ever indulged in an afternoon's nap, but he felt so soothed and rested, it seemed as if the next step must be slumber. But Mr. Hornby was polite, if he was anything. He shook off the drowsy influence, discussed Mrs. Tom and the best way to reach her, feeling more than ever how sad it was that Priscilla should fall into her clutches, so that before his guest was bidden for her return home, the sun had set, and the crescent moon had asserted itself boldly in the watery sky.

"I shall go down the village with you," Mr. Hornby said when she wished to say good-by; and in spite of her demurrals, he got his thick boots and overcoat, and sallied forth by her side.

In the air there was the softness of recent rain; the stocks and gillyflowers were pouring out incense to the moon, while an undaunted nightingale sang lustily in a neighboring tree.

In the faint light, Miss Priscilla looked as pretty as she had done twenty years before, and more than once Mr. Hornby caught himself looking at her furtively, as he had done when she had been a dainty girl and he a great undeveloped school-boy.

And to think of her now as the governess to Mrs. Tom's children, snubbed and patronized by that pompous person, alternately, and placed in that position by his intervention, too! He grew quite hot when he spoke of it. It would be bad enough to lose her out of his life; to put her into Mrs. Tom's clutches was unbearable.

"But what alternative have I?" she asked with a little scorn of his pusillanimity. "When one is in a strait, one must fit one's self to hard circumstances."

They were close to her door now, and he put out his hand to detain her when she would have raised the knocker.

"Would you not be happier at Fairview with me—as my wife?" he said hesitatingly.

She wheeled round on him so swiftly that she startled him.

"Is it pity?" she said with a quiver in her voice.

"Pity! Who could connect the idea of pity with you? Why, I only feel as if I had nothing to offer you worthy of your acceptance."

She did not speak, and he went on after a pause:

"I have looked upon you always as the one woman in the world worth being faithful to, whether your love rewarded the faithfulness or not."

For a moment she had a tremulous inclination to laugh, but she suppressed it, as she suppressed the apt and saucy answer that

cess to her lips. Life was sad enough without further complication of needless quarrels.

"Would you have told me this only for my extremity?" she asked softly.

"I do not think I should have dared."

"Then, in that case, I am glad I gave my money to Edward Glynn."

And all this time Mrs. Tom's telegram, in its orange envelope, was calmly reposing in Miss Priscilla's parlor. Telegrams were rare at Fairview, the nearest office being three miles away, and Miss Priscilla's Jane had never seen one before.

Jane concluded, from its envelope, also from its unstamped condition, that it was far less important than a letter, and never thought that it might be wise to send it after her mistress.

"Sorry I can not go to Fairview," so ran Mrs. Tom's message. "Circumstances have arisen to detain me at home. I consider you engaged, and shall expect you on the 1st."

"Am grateful for your kindness, but was previously engaged to remain at Fairview," Miss Priscilla telegraphed back, while blessing the laconic mode of communication which spared her feelings and her old-maidenly blushes.

Mrs. Tom never thought of the rector's second marriage without wrath and scorn. At his age, and with a sweet godchild like her Georgie to bestow his affections on! And to marry a penniless, old-fashioned woman, when there was a sister of her own and other suitable persons within reach, if making a fool of himself was imperative!

With a strong conviction of her own probity, Mrs. Tom made up her mind to ignore the rector and his wife throughout their future.

Whatever anguish this decision may have caused at the rectory, all signs of it were carefully concealed by George and Priscilla, and no one seeing them, as hand in hand they go down the hillside of life, would ever guess that a canker is gnawing at the root of their content.

Jane has replaced Miss Gaunt in the rectory kitchen, but the latter indemnifies herself for her wrongs by relating to all her gossips in the village how Miss Priscilla swept and dusted herself into the rector's affections.

As to Mr. Edward Glynn, there is every probability that he will prove himself better than Mr. Hornby's opinion of him, and it may be that the bread—literally her daily bread—which Miss Priscilla flung so lavishly on the waters, will return abundantly after many days.

The oldest Freemason in Connecticut is Abijah Resequie, of Ridgefield, who is 95 years of age, and has been a Mason for over fifty-five years.

FATE AS FORETOLD.

Two young girls were walking arm-in-arm along a winding country road at the close of a mild October afternoon. Fair as a lily and sweet as a cherry were the epithets that would have best described their respective charms. The tallest, whose name was Alice Vincent, was a blonde, with a smooth white skin that blended the exquisite tints of the blush rose and cream lily, deep blue-dreamy eyes and golden hair that revealed rather than concealed with its classic coils the contour of her shapely head, which was bare to the kisses of the late sunbeams that yet lingered like loitering schoolboys along the way.

The old house, hidden in a growth of morning-glories, a few yards behind her at the bend in the road, was her home, whence she had sauntered with her friend, who had taken tea with her and was now returning to the village where she lived.

Many a bashful youth secretly sighed for the privilege of the sunbeams to kiss sweet Alice's rounded cheek or burnished tresses, but not one of them dared to summon courage to approach in any lover-like fashion this graceful and beautiful creature, who seemed cast in a finer mould than they, and made of purer clay. The maiden at her side was neither blonde nor brunette, but that charming mixture of both that produces soft blue eyes and hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell divides threefold, to show the fruit within.

If the rural beaux were shy of Alice Vincent, they were not all timid of Elizabeth Adams, whose sunny face and sweet smile had made every unmarried man and slender stripling for miles around her bond-slaves in the golden fetters of love.

Cupid attended her at all places, and at all seasons, and sent an arrow into some rustic heart with every glance of her love-lit eyes. She smiled on all and favored all alike, and though every man she smiled on would have willingly laid down his life for her, yet not one among them could take to himself the coveted honor, and say, "I am her favored suitor."

Like the great Elizabeth of old, she still walked in "maiden meditation, fancy free," and smiled on all because she cared for none.

"I will not go any farther with you now," said Alice as they reached a curve in the road that hid her home.

from sight.

"Don't forget to meet me at the old mill to-morrow night at dusk, to go and have our fortunes told," said Elizabeth as she kissed her friend good-bye.

And Alice retraced her steps under the sighing branches, holding her pink-flowered skirt daintily out of the dust and wondering, girl-like, what her fortune would be.

In twenty-four hours the autumn weather changed from the mild atmosphere in which the breath of summer yet lingered to the bleak wind and chilly air of approaching winter.

The arms of the old mill went round swiftly against a thickly clouded sky, and the dark woods that crept almost up to it shook and shivered and sighed mysteriously in the gloomy dusk, as Alice, enveloped in a long cloak and ample hood that hid her golden hair, waited for her friend, fearfully eyeing the black shadows among the trees in the meantime, and starting nervously at the groaning of the branches, or the rustling of the wind over the withered grass and fallen leaves.

The snapping of dry twigs underfoot announced the approach of Elizabeth, who was likewise cloaked and hooded from the chill evening air and the rain the laden clouds might bring.

The house of the wise woman who was wont to tell the fortunes of all the maidens for miles around, stood a little over a mile from the old windmill, and on the edge of a stagnant pond, where frogs splashed in and out of the green water and croaked all night on the muddy bank.

At the back of the house was a dense wood, which sent out advance-guards of beeches, that drooped their long branches on the mossy roof and creaked dismally to and fro over the shingles on stormy nights.

A few yards away from the door stood a dead cherry-tree, the skeleton rain-bleached limbs of which gleamed ghastly through the gathering gloom against the lowering heaven, and in the hollow trunk of which a venerable owl had made his home for years.

As the two girls approached the house they saw the red gleam of a blazing wood-fire through the uncurtained window, and beheld grotesque shadows waiting to and fro across the floor, like witches in a wild dance for the amusement of the old fortune-teller, who sat in a high-backed chair by the fire, with

a great grey cat curled up in her lap.

She was between fifty and sixty years old and dressed in many gay colors. A bright blue ruffled skirt was short enough to reveal her scarlet stockings and curious, sharply-pointed shoes. Her bodice was crimson, and a deep white lace collar, that reached to the dimensions of a cape, spread in many starched and crimped ruffles on her shoulders. Her iron-gray hair was knotted tightly at the back of her head, and three long curls touched the collar on either side her face. Long earrings of antique fashion depended from her ears; around her neck were many strings of colored glass beads, and on her breast and head and from every puff and flounce upon her skirt floated long ribbon bows, of purple and azure.

She closed the door behind them to the chill wind that was bringing a few drops of rain with it, and lit the tall tallow candle in the ancient candlestick on the shelf, where it stood with quaint cups and jars, and long pine-cones, and curious twisted shells that, in the day of her youth, some sailor lover had brought her from a far country.

The lighting of the candle broke up the shadowy dance of witches, and made the weird little room, with its smoke-blackened walls, a little more cheerful, and the fortune-teller herself a little less like a ghost of the garret that had arrayed itself in the contents of the rag-bag.

"So you have come to have your fortunes told?" she said as she drew up the old spindle-legged table to the fire and prepared to brew the inevitable cup of tea.

For she did not trace the tangled threads of fate by the creases and crosses in the palm, but by the crude pictures formed by tea-leaves in the cup of the person desiring to know what the future held in store for them.

She poured the tea and joined them in the drinking of it, and when the moment came to turn the cup and let the mystic leaves take on the strange shapes and symbols she read, she removed the brass candlestick from the shelf to the table, partly turned her back to it, so that the light would fall over her shoulder into the cup, and became suddenly transformed from a garrulous old woman to a solemn sorceress who held the keys of futurity in her skinny hands.

Elizabeth was first to hear her future. Carefully placing the cup upside down

on the table that it might be drained of all "tears," and turning it three times round as she made the wish which she would have come true above all other things, she passed the cup to the fortune-teller.

Although the wish was a secret one, yet it brought a vivid blush of maiden shame to Elizabeth's lovely cheeks, for it concerned the handsome surveyor, Spencer Graves, who boarded at her mother's and who had taken her for moonlight drives and walked home with her from church every Sunday evening since he came at midsummer, much to the discomfiture of the rustic swains.

An ominous silence fell upon the circle as the old woman peered into the cup.

The candle at her side spluttered and flared, the fire crackled and smoked, and the fire-dogs thrust their hideous faces out of the flames and grinned like her familiar demons, while the wind howled in the wood without, and the rain splashed and pattered against the tiny window panes and flashed into fretwork of diamonds against the darkness of the starless night.

So prolonged and profound was the silence that the girls started and repressed little cries of terror when the fortune teller began.

"I see a tall man whom you love and who loves you in return. I see many flowers, and a minister with an open book, and a lonely place where two roads meet, and the willows grow, where you will go before a year has passed away, and you will be very happy there, for there is no trouble around you. This means that you will be married in less than a year."

Elizabeth blushed, and dimpled, and smiled, for this meant she would marry the young surveyor for whom she had wished.

Alice passed her fateful cup, and the wise woman peered into it, frowned, shook her head, and said slowly:

"I see death, the skeleton at the top of the cup, and below him ground thick with headstones, and a long dark procession bearing a coffin in their midst. You will not live the year out, Alice Vincent."

Naturally of a timid and sensitive disposition, Alice grew faint and sick at the picture thus revealed to her of her young life blighted in its bloom, and was glad to pay the old woman as quickly as possible and find herself

standing upon the threshold with her cloak folded about her, prepared, with Elizabeth, to brave the darkness and the warring elements of the cold autumn night.

No friendly star shone between the black clouds to guide them, the rain fell steadily, and the roads were ankle-deep in mud. Through the wild rush of wind and rain they stumbled on, clinging to each other's hands, guessing the way and hardly daring to breathe, less some spectral shape should suddenly rise up in the darkness before them.

The night journey held greater terrors for Alice than for her companion, for, perhaps, the promised death lurked in the undergrowth along the way, or followed with noiseless steps behind her, and would leap upon her at any minute, freezing the blood in her young heart forever.

But at last they reached her home, and, frightened, wet, and weary, were glad to hurry off to bed, and lose, if possible, the memory of the night's adventures in the oblivion of sleep. Elizabeth was soon wrapped in sweet slumber on the soft pillows and dreaming of a happy future of wedded bliss, but, though aching in every limb, Alice lay awake with sleepless, starting eyes until the grey light of the rainy morning stole in between the curtains.

From that ill-omened evening in the fortune teller's hut, Alice saw, sleeping or waking, the coffin and the open grave, for never for an instant did she doubt the old woman's vision.

Even when a gallant lover came to woo, she turned a deaf ear to his impassioned pleading, saying only that she was to be the bride of death, and must devote her few remaining days on earth to fitting herself for heaven.

Meantime Elizabeth, also putting all her faith in the magic cup, gave full rein to her dreams and hopes, built her castles in Spain and allowed herself to love the young surveyor with all the strength of her tender woman's heart.

As for him, it lightened the monotony of charts and figures to walk and talk with the village beauty and whisper soft nothings in her shell-like ear in the long autumn twilights and steal an occasional kiss from her rosebud lips.

But all things must end, and with the first snowfall Spencer departed, promising to write and come again at Christmas-tide.

But he never wrote or came.

In his own heart, if he possessed any, which his best friends doubted, he really loved the sweet maiden, who had the hand and foot of a fairy and the delicate bloom of his favorite wild roses, and was so frankly fond of him; but in a great city miles away there was a haughty beauty, who wore his ring and held his troth and counted her money by hundreds.

Elizabeth began to droop as the winter passed and brought no news of her lover, until her cheek was pale as the snow-drift.

Snowflakes melted and snowdrops came instead, and the April rain dripped from the leaves with a musical sound, as if calling for the flowers to waken and burst the dark mould asunder and bloom again.

And as the spring advanced Elizabeth faded slowly out of life, paling and pining from day to day, as if the sorrow at her heart drained the blood from her lip and quenched the light in her beautiful eyes, until one showery afternoon, when the sunlight played hide-and-seek with the raindrops, she unfolded the wings of her white soul and vanished away beyond the sunshine and the rain.

Sorrowing friends and the bereaved mother laid the beautiful clay to rest in the old graveyard, and she slept in a lonely place, where the willows waved and two roads met, and sorrow touched her nevermore, for she had found peace.

Alice, seeing from the sad fate of her friend how little of wisdom was contained in the reputed wise woman's words, put away from her the thought of death and married her faithful suitor, and lived to tell her grandchildren of the night she went to have her fortune told.

Whether fate mixed the fortune of those two girls that wild autumn night is more than I can tell, being only a chronicler of the material and not the spiritual; but it is safe to say that it is not well to seek to lift the curtain that hides to-morrow from to-day, for it is a merciful and wise Providence that veils futurity from our eyes.

P. G. M. BRO. ROB MORRIS, of Kentucky, has become again a sufferer by the ravages of fire in Chicago, losing recently all of the printed volumes of the Laureate edition of his poems. Fortunately the plates were preserved.

MASONIC TOASTS.

May every brother have a heart to feel and a hand to give.

May every Freemason be distinguished by internal ornament of an upright heart.

To him who did the temple rear,
And lived and died within the square;
And buried was, but none know
where,

Save those who Master Masons are.

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

On the 4th January, at the regular meeting of Ionic Lodge, No. 25, G. R. C., Toronto, V. W. Bro. C. W. Postlethwaite, Grand Senior Deacon, was presented with a handsome regalia of his Grand Office.

R. W. Bro. John Ross Robertson, D. D. G. M. Toronto District, has held a number of Lodges of Instruction, and has made great improvements in the working of many of the Lodges in his district. If all the D. D. G. M.'s would put the same energy into their duties as R. W. Bro. Robertson does, uniformity of work, so desirable, would be the rule instead of the exception.

It is not the province of Masonry to foist upon the community a member morally or mentally imperfect, to the injury of the community. If it seeks to regulate a condition of affairs it must be for the better. Masonry does not comprehend in its grand scheme the tearing down, but the building up of the State. Neither is it any part of Masonry to shield guilt, be it within or without its fold; it guarantees to its members no immunity from just punishment, but will protect them in their rights, and see to it that they are not harshly dealt with. Strict and impartial justice it metes out to its members; this, and no more, it expects to be meted out.—G. Master Freeman, of Arizona.

The Canadian Craftsman.*Port Hope, February 15, 1887.***GRAND CHAPTER R. A. M. OF
QUEBEC.**

Owing to the importance of M. E. Comp. John P. Noyes' address to the Grand Chapter of Quebec, we give it in full, notwithstanding its great length. It is as follows:—

COMPANIONS OF THE GRAND CHAPTER.—We are congregated once more in Annual Convocation to legislate upon the affairs of Grand Chapter and to take counsel, one with another, as to its future. Let us with all reverence and humility express our gratitude to Almighty God for this privilege, and invoke his aid for wise and prudent direction in the discharge of the important duties before us. It is in no conventional sense that I bid you a hearty welcome to the Tenth Annual Convocation of this Grand Chapter. The official reports, outlining the condition of affairs during the year, and to some extent the work of this Convocation, will be submitted, and I refer you to them for that information which I can only mention in a general way.

STATE OF THE CRAFT AT HOME.

Official action has not been invoked during the year in any way or shape. Peace has existed and harmony prevailed in all our chapters. No local strife has distracted companions from the important work of conducting zealously and fraternally the affairs of Capitular Masonry in their respective chapters. In about the average proportion the membership has increased during the year, and if we are not numerically strong, we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that the *personnel* is all that could be desired, and that we accomplish all that could be expected, owing to the peculiarities of our position as a people in this Province.

REPORTS OF GRAND OFFICERS, ETC.

I bespeak your careful consideration of these reports, which are so essential to a proper understanding of Grand Chapter matters. The Committee on Foreign Correspondence will embody in their report such references as may have been made during the year by the sister Grand Bodies, relating to the so-called English-Quebec difficulties.

GRAND REPRESENTATIVES.

Commissions have been issued to Grand Representatives, to and from this Grand Chapter, during the year, as occasion required, and should there be a present vacancy my successor will have the privilege and responsibility of making the appointment thereto. The list of such appointments will be found in the report of Grand Scribe E.

FRATERNAL DEAD.

We record with regret the loss by death of two of our Grand Representatives. M. E. Comp. Thomas B. Tyler, our Grand Representative near the Grand Chapter of Wisconsin, had filled the highest offices in the gift of his Grand Chapter. This is an indication of his Masonic worth and his appreciation by the craft. From other sources I learn that he was held in general esteem as a useful and public spirited citizen.

The Masonic history of R. E. Comp. H. W. Murray, our late representative near Grand Chapter of Virginia, shows that he had filled the highest offices in the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of his State. In private life he was an exemplary citizen and filled many important positions of public trust. He was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge at the time of his death; and is deeply mourned by the fraternity there.

R. E. Comp. John Massie, of Prevost Chapter, has also passed away mourned by all who knew him. He had been D. D. G. M. of the old Bedford District, and was Past Grand Principal Sojourner of this Grand

Chapter. Quietly but earnestly, as became his character, he rendered, during his short life, many valuable services to Masonry. In all positions of trust he was sure and faithful.

R. E. Comp. James T. McMinn, was the first Grand Scribe of this Grand Chapter, and filled no unimportant part in its early history, as well as in the formation of the Grand Lodge of this Province, in which he filled successively both Warden's chairs, and later the office of D. D. G. M. As first Grand Scribe he rendered valuable service, and the impress of his zeal for Masonry is found on many pages of our proceedings. For some years ill-health had withdrawn him from active pursuits and his death was not unexpected.

I recommend suitable memorial pages for these distinguished companions in accordance with our usual custom.

RITUAL.

This matter was referred once more, at our last Convocation, to a special committee, and their report will, no doubt, be submitted to you. I reiterate my approval of the recommendation of my predecessor, as to the advisability of the adoption of the ritual sanctioned by the Grand Chapter of the United States, and generally used in that country. Whilst frankly confessing to a strong preference for our own ritual, personal experience and observation convince me that a change is desirable in the direction indicated. There are excellent reasons for the proposed change. The communication of Quebec Masons with Masons of other jurisdictions is more extensive with those to the south of us, than with others. The ritual in use there is not ours. In England, the chapter degree is solely the Royal Arch, and is connected with a Blue Lodge. The Mark degree is controlled by another body, and the intermediate degrees are not included in either organization. English ritualistic work could

only relate to two of our degrees, and in those there are some differences in details from ours. Our mother Grand Chapter of Canada adopted the American *curriculum* of four degrees, and adjusted the English and American works respectively to the altered circumstances, in so far as it could. The changes since made have been towards independent work, rather than towards work of either of the Grand Chapters named. This Grand Chapter has adopted the ritual of the Grand Chapter of Canada, and it is now in use in all our chapters but one. I am informed that the Grand Chapter of Canada has adopted recently, or has prepared for adoption, a new ritual, so that even there some change is probable. Unless Quebec still follows in her path she must remain more isolated than she now is in that respect.

We undertake to supply to applicants for our degrees sufficient knowledge to permit them to participate in the benefits of R. A. Masonry, where-soever they may go, and failure so to do on our part is not creditable nor just. It is not without difficulty that our R. A. Masons gain admission to American chapters, on the instruction given in our chapters, and the Masonic privileges the American R. A. Masons accord our companions there depends very much on the fraternal kindness of the American companions. The obstacles in the way of communication amount almost to a bar. Association with other jurisdictions is, I think, highly desirable. Masonic knowledge is in that way increased, and any tendency to narrowness, which isolation might be likely to create, would be more readily avoided. I am led to believe that a considerable number of members of Grand Chapter have never seen the American ritualistic work exemplified, and are not, therefore, in the best position to decide as to its merits as a ritual, apart from consideration of facility for personal or inter-jurisdictional intercourse. Golden Rule Chapter

has always used the American work. It is not only the oldest, but one of the most prosperous of our chapters. To assist the committee, and enable Grand Chapter to see the American work, I have invited R. E. Comp. Addie, High Priest, and the officers of Golden Rule Chapter, to exemplify their work at this Convocation, and they have generously accepted the invitation, though at much inconvenience to themselves. You will thus be able to estimate the merits and demerits of their work, as compared with the one in use under the sanction of this Grand Chapter, and your decision will thereby be more likely to be followed with an intelligent and practical result. It was for that purpose I ventured upon requesting the companions of Golden Rule to exemplify their work before Grand Chapter. They come, not as propagandists of any special ritual, but in obedience to a special invitation—almost a command. It was with some hesitation that they accepted, through a fear that their motives and actions might be misunderstood. A serious financial burden will be imposed upon them, apart from personal sacrifices by those attending, which I trust this Grand Chapter will assume, or at least share, if its means will warrant, as in some degree a recognition of the fraternal and generous spirit actuating those companions in response to the request to aid Grand Chapter in determining the question of rituals. I thank them in advance, and extend to them the fraternal courtesies of Grand Chapter.

VISITS AT HOME.

Circumstances have prevented me from visiting the different chapters in the jurisdiction, in accordance with the commendable practice of some of my predecessors. The reports received have been on the whole encouraging.

VISITS ABROAD.

In May last, in company with M.

E. Companions Stearns and Robinson, I attended the Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of New Hampshire. The fraternal welcome of that Grand Chapter to your representative, and the courtesy extended by its members, will long be remembered. That Grand Chapter has been a steadfast friend of Quebec, and at that Convocation our position relative to the Grand Chapter of England was approved.

In September last, in fulfilment of the mandate of Grand Chapter, I attended the triennial Convocation of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, at Washington, accompanied by M. E. Comp. Stearns, as delegate by substitution for the Grand Scribe, who was unable to attend, and M. W. Bro. J. Fred. Walker, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and the Grand Representative of the G. C. of the District of Columbia near this Grand Chapter. Nor were we the only Canadians present at that Convocation, as, from the sister Province of Ontario, came M. E. Comp. Sargents, Grand Z. of G. C. of Canada; M. W. Bro. Henry Robertson, G. M. of G. L. of Canada; and R. E. Comp. Davidson, of Toronto. We were received and fraternally welcomed in General Grand Chapter officially, and were overwhelmed with the unbounded hospitalities, generous attentions and unflinching civilities of the members of General Grand Chapter, and in particular by those of the Grand Chapters of Maryland and the District of Columbia, who vied with each other in generous rivalry in devising measures for the pleasure and comfort of those attending that Convocation.

So far as the special object of our mission was concerned there was no difficulty. The principle of jurisdiction in issue between this Grand Chapter and the Grand Mark Lodge was thoroughly understood and the contentions appreciated. In his able and interesting address, M. E. Comp. Chapman, General G. H. P., struck

the keynote by fully endorsing our position, and the committee to whom the matter was specially referred, in a brief but comprehensive report, approved of the address of the G. G. H. P. in the matter, and among other things recommended the withdrawal of the recognition given in 1877 to the English Grand Mark Lodge by the General Grand Chapter. This report was signed by six of the seven members of the committee—a minority report being presented by the other member of the committee. The gist of the minority report was a plea for a postponement of action until an attempt towards mediation had been made; but therein was also contained a strong endorsement of the doctrine of exclusive territorial jurisdiction, and an expression of the hope that the Grand Mark Lodge would, "as an act of simple justice to the Grand Chapter of Quebec, whose cause we (the General Grand Chapter) espouse in defence of that principle, abandon its claim of jurisdiction over the Mark degree in that Province, and recall the warrants of the lodges held therein under its authority, thereby restoring, so far as lies in its power, the harmony and fraternal respect heretofore existing between the Masons of Great Britain and America." The minority report was rejected, and the resolution reported by the majority was adopted. That resolution was as follows:—"Resolved, that the resolution passed by the General Grand Chapter at its twenty-third triennial convocation, held in 1877, recognizing the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales, and the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown, be and the same is hereby rescinded." The General Grand Chapter was a unit in support of the doctrine this Grand Chapter has so strenuously advocated. Any differences of opinion expressed were rather as to procedure than principle—whether there should be an immediate rescinding of the resolution of 1877, or delay in

which mediation should be attempted. The effect of the action of General Grand Chapter is to exclude English Mark Masons from all subordinate chapters subject to the General Grand Chapter, or to the Grand Chapters within its jurisdiction, and leaves the English Mark Masons shorn of fraternal recognition in the United States. It may be, and has been contended with much reason, that an edict of non-intercourse should have followed the withdrawal of recognition, but the General Grand Chapter considered its action equivalent to such edict, and that it could not reasonably adopt that measure against a body whose existence, by the action taken, was not admitted or recognized. Whichever view may be right, the action taken is a vindication of this Grand Chapter.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Our relations with the sister Grand Bodies, with the exception of Grand Chapter and Grand Mark Lodge of E. L., and, have been of the usual fraternal and satisfactory character. We are under renewed obligations to many American Grand Chapters for fraternal sympathy and support in our difficulties during the past year.

GRAND MARK LODGE.

There has been no communication with Grand Mark Lodge during the year. The rupture still continues, and it remains a trespasser upon our territory. M. E. Comp. Chapman laid before the General Grand Chapter correspondence had between him and the Grand Masters of Grand Mark Lodge. Therein he called attention to terms of recognition by General Grand Chapter, in which the jurisdiction of Grand Mark Lodge was recognized, "in England and Wales and those Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown in which no existing Grand Body claims jurisdiction over that degree;" to the formation and recognition of G. C. of Quebec; to the reported constitution

of two English Mark Lodges in Quebec, and, in conclusion, courteously but firmly expressed the hope that the Grand Mark Lodge would withdraw. The replies of the Grand Masters of English Grand Mark Lodge are mere reiterations of the matters given in the correspondence between them and this Grand Chapter, and to which full and lengthy answers were made in our behalf at the time and published in our Proceedings. Lord Henniker assured M. E. Comp. Chapman that the principle of territorial jurisdiction "is not for a moment disputed" by the Grand Mark Lodge, but that the principle was not involved, because the Mark degree had been worked from time immemorial in English Blue Lodges before warrants of confirmation had been issued; that the G. L. and G. C. of Quebec were illegal, as shown by their attempt to procure legalization, and the opinion of Hon. Wm. Badgley, and because Quebec was not a sovereign state, and in a neighboring Province two bodies claimed jurisdiction over the same territory, to wit, the G. L. of Canada and the G. L. of Ontario.

Although that defence has been answered fully in our Proceedings for 1884 and '85, and the subject is to many more than a twice-told tale, yet a brief summary of the defense on these points may direct new members of G. C. to the abundant literature thereon, as well as to other points of defence and evasion of Grand Mark Lodge. This G. C. has shown by the *precis* of Grand Mark Lodge that Mark degree has not been immemorially worked, and M. E. Comp. Chapman has correctly pointed out that such work was impotent, was illegal under Masonic law, and existed, if at all, "in defiance of any right, unless it be one of assumption." It is a conclusive answer, moreover, that the Grand Mark Lodge recognized this G. C. long before the issue of the so-called warrants of confirmation, without any reserve or condition.

We have again and again asserted our legality and have not shrunk from its test. We never applied for legalization in any way or shape, nor was such application ever made by or for this G. O., directly or indirectly. The Grand Mark Lodge must know that the assertion on its part was groundless. Its pretence that the principle was not involved because there are two Grand Lodges claiming jurisdiction over the same territory in the Province of Ontario, is exceedingly lame and absurd. The condition of affairs in another jurisdiction, affecting other orders of Masonry, will scarcely justify an attack upon Masonry in general, excuse an invasion of our territory, or evade the application of a principle the correctness of which it does not dispute. By no distortion of reason can Quebec be made unoccupied territory because there is a Masonic dispute somewhere else in the world. But our political importance as a Province is attacked and belittled in the effort to show that the jurisdictional principle is not involved. We are not sufficiently sovereign in Quebec to claim a conceded right, is an argument of our English brethren. All we claim is, that in the same sense that any State of the American Republic is sovereign the Province of Quebec is equally so. Political and Masonic limits are there held to be identical, and that is the Quebec doctrine. With becoming deference to the insular prejudices of our English brethren, I am compelled to state that the Province of Quebec has more of the characteristics of a sovereign state than that part of the United Kingdom called England. Quebec has a Legislature, a local Government with a responsible ministry and all the machinery for self-government, with the guaranteed constitutional right to employ it, whilst England has no Legislature nor Government, nor machinery for self-government, for England alone, or apart from the rest of the United Kingdom. England is not a sovereign

state, and it can be more plausibly urged that it is unoccupied territory than it can be shown that Quebec is unoccupied territory. But it is a decisive answer that the Grand Mark Lodge was not in ignorance of our political, Provincial and Masonic condition when it recognized this G. C. in 1878. The admission by Lord Henniker that the principle of territorial jurisdiction is not disputed cannot be avoided, except upon the strongest grounds of right and Masonic necessity. That admission is a vindication of this Grand Chapter, and something more than the lofty assertion of flimsy subterfuges is necessary to justify that Grand Body.

GRAND CHAPTER OF ENGLAND.

I have nothing to report as to our difficulty with the English Grand Chapter. We have been sustained by some of the sister Grand Bodies, but we have not pushed the matter with vigor, pending the result of the struggle of our Grand Lodge with the United Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of England. English R. A. Chapters being attached to Blue Lodges—in which the R. A. degree is given as the climax of the Master Mason's degree—the success of our G. L. in the removal of English Lodges will ensure the removal of the English Chapters. We were compelled, through the inaction of Grand Lodge, to demand the withdrawal of the English Chapters. The reasons are given in our Proceedings and need not be repeated. As the English Grand Chapter defends its refusal to comply by the pretext that its Chapters are attached to its Blue Lodges and must remain so long as they remain, our success must, to a great extent, depend on the victory of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Lodge is doing its full duty; its affairs are in the hands of able and loyal men, and we may rest sure that the interests of Quebec Masonry will not be sacrificed or its defenders leave anything undone to conquer a satisfactory peace.

GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER.

The benefits derived from the meeting of the representatives of different Grand Chapters were forced upon my notice during my recent visit to the General G. O. of the United States. Such reunions enlarge one's ideas of Masonry and provoke a sentiment that cannot fail to advance its interests. The leading Masons of the country are brought together in intimate fraternal relations, and views are exchanged that, when utilized, quicken the Masonic life of the several jurisdictions and tend to harmonize the working of the institution therein.

Without a change of name it would not be desirable or possible for Canadian Grand Chapters to affiliate with the General Grand Chapter of the United States. As the General Grand Chapter of North America, there could be no serious objection to affiliating with it, as one of its Grand Chapters, except indifference on one side or the other. But if that was not practicable, it has occurred to me that the formation of a General Grand Chapter for Canada, or British North America, would be desirable and advantageous. There are now three Grand Chapters in the Dominion, and it is not unlikely that the number will be increased within a reasonably short period. The advantages of such a Masonic Union, so to speak, for the Canadian Masons, are, to my mind, unquestionable, and if there are difficulties in the way of accomplishing such a Masonic centralization of benefits, and such a bringing together in closer fraternal bonds of the R. A. Masons of the Dominion, there are none which cannot be overcome.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

During the present year will occur the anniversary of the 50th year of the reign of our sovereign, Queen Victoria, whom we love for her personal qualities, esteem for her protection of Masonry as its patron in her dominions, and admire for the wis-

dom and skill with which she has governed the great Empire of which she has been the head for so long a period of time. It is meet and proper that this Grand Chapter should join in the congratulations which will mark this auspicious event, and add its share to the tribute of attachment and loyalty of which she will be the recipient from all parts of the Empire. I leave the method of such action entirely in your hands, confident that whatever expression may be given to the sentiments of loyalty and attachment of this Grand Chapter will be adapted to the occasion and worthy of Grand Chapter. The consciousness that the members of Grand Chapter are keenly alive to the significance of the suggestion thus made, thoroughly understand and fully appreciate the grand results of the long reign this year of jubilee commemorates, and are solicitous to be among the cloud of witnesses to testify, in its own way, to the many private and public virtues of their beloved sovereign, cause me to refrain from a eulogy which would add nothing to your knowledge or increase your admiration for her who, for half a century, has guided the destinies of a great people for the good of all mankind. Such an eulogy would but feebly express the depth of your feelings for the noble, true-hearted woman and wise ruler of whom we are all proud to be loyal and loving subjects.

CONCLUSION.

No matter of pressing importance occurs to me relating to the work in our jurisdiction requiring special recommendation. Our progress must necessarily be slow and our ambitions moderate. The personal interest of each R. A. Mason in the prosperity of his Subordinate Chapter will accomplish more for Capitular Masonry than any project that can be suggested beyond that. I have sometimes felt that Ancient Masonry, as comprised in the Blue Lodge and Chapter work, was sacrificed in a measure

in the general scramble for the so-called "higher degrees," and that the undivided and undistracted attention of M. M. and R. A. Masons to the Craft and Capitular work would greatly advance the interests of about all there is of Masonry for which there appears to be any particular necessity. I confess, however, that I am not sufficiently informed as to the aims and objects of these "higher degrees" to warrant my participating in a crusade against them, or cultivating prejudices that might seem intolerant, but it has not escaped my notice that, as a general rule, interest in Ancient Masonry appears to decrease in proportion as one advances in the so-called higher degrees. That must be the natural result of attempts to absorb and digest all sorts and conditions of degrees and mysteries, in the present limited capacity of the average human mind.

I have to thank my companions, official and unofficial, for their unvarying courtesy and fraternal forbearance throughout my term of office, and which I shall not soon forget. While I may not have filled the anticipations which I entertained when I accepted office, or the expectations of the companions who promoted my election, yet I am conscious of having attempted to merit your confidence and esteem by discharging, to the best of my ability, the important duties of the position so far as I knew and understood them. However that may be, I shall always appreciate the favors bestowed and the many kindnesses received. The warm and valuable friendships formed through association in the discharge of the duties of the office, will long be treasured in my memory. The difficulties conveyed to my successor are those which I inherited from my predecessor, or were imposed by Grand Chapter, and I can wish him no happier official task than that of being the instrument for their removal. The sustaining hand of Grand Chapter will greatly promote

his efforts. I return to your keeping the trust confided to my charge two years ago, and accept with becoming gratitude the position of a humble representative on the floor of Grand Chapter. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to inform you that I am not, and cannot, be a candidate for re-election. I make this declaration because the friendly partiality of many companions, whose esteem and good will I cherish, have led them to suggest my re-election, and to avoid the necessity of the occurrence of such a surprise as led to my selection in the first instance. May the Most High assist in our deliberations, and peace and harmony prevail.

JNO. P. NOYES,
Grand Z. of G. C. of Quebec.

IMPORTANCE OF CAPTITULAR MASONRY.

The Chapter is not sufficiently appreciated and does not receive that consideration and attention which its importance deserves. Too many regard it only as a passage-way and probationary station between the Lodge and the Commandery. Too many Master Masons, attracted by glittering swords and waving plumes, bewail their fate because obliged to pass through the Chapter, and do so without any proper realization of the beauty and importance of its degrees. Too many Chapters are regarded as necessary nuisances which must be tolerated for the purpose of preparing material for what they are pleased to term the higher body. This is not as it should be, and no intelligent Freemason holds such an opinion. The Lodge is the source of all Masonic Light, and is the trunk which supports and gives life to the different branches of the Masonic system, and while we acknowledge its supremacy with loyal hearts, we must not forget that the Chapter has an individuality of its own, a place to fill and a mission to accomplish; and that were it placed in the background

or torn bodily from the fabric that the beautiful proportions of our majestic fraternity would be disfigured beyond repair. In richness of ritual, Masonic significance, and historical importance, the Chapter degrees rank second to none but those of the Lodge. The Mark degree, in its symbolism and teaching, exemplifies the most beautiful trait that can animate the human mind. The Most Excellent degree is the reverent celebration of the completion of the great work of our ancient brethren, and where can be found the equal in sublimity of that matchless invocation in which Israel's King asks the blessing of the Almighty upon His chosen people, and the superb creation of their hands? The Royal Arch, the crowning sheaf of Ancient Freemasonry, has an historical importance which cannot be estimated. What thinking Freemason ever failed to contemplate with wonder and admiration that which perfects and completes the Master Mason's degree, and makes him a better Mason than he could ever be without it? A writer already quoted says:—

If we except the Master's, there is no other degree in Masonry that has been so extensively diffused, or is as important in its historical and symbolic import, as the Royal Arch, or, as it has been called, on account of its sublime significance, the "Holy Royal Arch." It is called "the root, heart and marrow of Masonry," and is indescribably more august, sublime and important, than any which precede it, and is, in fact, the summit and perfection of Ancient Masonry. It is found, in fact, in every rite, in some modified form, and sometimes under a different name, but always preserving those symbolic relations to the Lost Word which constitutes its essential character.

Whoever carefully studies the Master's degree in its symbolic significance, will be convinced that it is in a mutilated condition; that is, that it is imperfect and unfinished in its his-

tory, and that, terminating abruptly in its symbolism, it leaves the mind still waiting for something that is necessary to its completeness. This deficiency is supplied by the Royal Arch degree. Hence, when the union took place in England, in 1813, between the two rival Grand Lodges, while there was a strong and hereditary disposition on the part of the English Masons to preserve the simplicity of the Old York Rite, by confining Freemasonry to the three symbolical degrees, it was found necessary to define Ancient Craft Masonry as consisting of three degrees, including the Holy Royal Arch.

Those superficial members of our fraternity, with whom the essence of Freemasonry is public pomp and show, might not miss us, but the Masonic scholar and student cannot spare the Chapter.—*Grand High Priest Comp. M. H. Henderson, of Pennsylvania.*

THE TRIANGLE.

Perhaps there is no symbol of Masonry more varied in its application than the triangle. It is more ancient and comprehensive than the cross. Among the Egyptians in the remotest time, the right-angled triangle was the symbol of universal nature. The base represented Osiris, or the male principle, the perpendicular, Isis, or the female principle, and the hypotenuse, Horus, their son. Pythagoras brought it from Egypt into Greece, where he had learned its peculiar properties: that the sum of the squares of the two sides is equal to the square of the longest side. The figure has been adopted in the third degree of Masonry, and will be recognized as the forty-seventh problem of Euclid.

The equilateral triangle has long been used to represent the Great First Cause, the invincible Creator manifesting Himself in space and time in an infinite variety of forms. The Egyptians regarded it as the

most perfect and beautiful of figures. It may be found scattered all over the Masonic system. In the Royal Arch it forms the figure within which the jewels of the officers are suspended. It is the sacred delta of the ineffable degrees. It plays an important part in the ceremonies of Ancient Craft Masonry. The seats of the principal officers are arranged in the shape of a triangle, the three lesser lights have the same shape, and the square and compass formed by their union on the greater light, two triangles.

The triple-triangle is familiar to the Knights Templar as the form of the jewel worn by the Prelate of the Order, and here more especially represents the mystery of the Trinity. In the Scottish Rite this form of the triangle is said to refer to the triple essence of Deity. The symbol is made more mystical by using it to represent the sacred number 81, each side of the three triangles being equivalent to 9, which is again the square of 3, the most sacred number in Freemasonry. In the twentieth degree, or that of "Grand Master of all Symbolical Lodges," it is said that the number 81 refers to the triple covenant of God seen by Solomon at the dedication of the Temple. Throughout the ineffable and philosophical degrees, this symbol is more frequently used than in Ancient Craft Masonry. The radiated triangle in Masonry represents the eternal light of Divine Wisdom. It is most likely a waif of the sun-god of the old Sabin worship.—*Masonic Record.*

It is claimed by the Masonic fraternity that there is recorded in the annals of Masonry but one instance of a father and six out of eight sons belonging to one lodge of that Order. In this one instance the father, Richard Peardon, of Eagle township, this State, died of pneumonia recently. The deceased was a member of Palmyra Lodge, No. 68, of which organization his six sons are members.

OUR ORDER AND HUMANITY.

The first and the most fundamental principle of Masonry is defined by the broad and expansive word—Humanity. Men are brothers, made of one blood, involved in common calamities, subjected to common sorrows, exposed to like adversities, and they ought, therefore, to be bound together for mutual protection and support.

Our institution accepts and cherishes these principles as the very foundations on which it builds. It considers man, as such, the proper object of its main regards; and therefore, through the centuries—whatever fortunes have marked its progress—it has been steadily aiming to build up man, in his proper stature or place, to do whatsoever he may have to do, as becomes a man.

We claim that our institution, in lifting its members to a better life, draws all men toward perfection. No individual member of society can be elevated without benefiting, in a greater or less degree, his associates. The principles of the institution are inculcated in almost every portion of the civilized world, and it would be impossible not to benefit mankind at large, by teaching Masons to become better men and citizens.

This is true Masonry. Truth, honor and charity are the materials it uses; and they, being from them, must survive change and triumph over decay. Such is the true spirit of our Order. It is humane; its watchwords are benevolence and charity. Its life-work is to do good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE sum of \$162,207.05 has already been contributed towards wiping out the debt on the Masonic Temple in New York.

THE lawful age for candidates is 18 in England and Scotland, in Canada and the United States, a candidate must be 21.

UNDER the heading of a "Templar Christening," the papers give an account of a ceremony enacted at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, during the recent gathering of Knights Templars in that city. It seems that a Sir Knight, of Chicago, with his wife and infant child were at the hotel where the California Knights were stopping. Learning that the babe was not christened, the large-hearted Californians suggested that such a rite should be enacted in their presence and under their auspices. This was done—the Knights forming a hollow square about the infant, over whose head the cross of steel was held during the ceremony. The babe was christened Lloyd Garrett St. Clair Menser, and a liberal subscription was made for the benefit of the little one.

MISTAKEN IDEAS OF MASONRY.—The following incident is related of a widow in the State of Michigan, whose husband was a member of a lodge up the lake shore, who moved away further up, and for some years paid no dues in his lodge. He finally took sick and died, and was buried by the Masonic Lodge in the town where he died, and the lodge sent the bill for the expenses to the lodge where the deceased brother belonged, and they paid it (having never suspended the brother for non-payment of his dues.) A short time after this the widow moved back to their former home and applied to the lodge for assistance. A committee waited upon the lady and inquired what she wanted. She informed them that she thought about \$500 would do her, with what she had from the sale of some property left her by her late husband, which amounted to about \$4,500, and she was much surprised when informed that the lodge could not comply with her request. She said she supposed the lodge would set her up in business. No lodge will refuse to help the needy, but they are no building society, nor national bank.—*Detroit Freeman*.

A STORY FOR NEW YEAR.

"Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall return." Yes, that's very true, John, but we are getting along the road of life pretty fast, and the few dollars you give away now and then we will need in our old days. I felt sort o' sorry for the girl, but poor folks can't do everything."

Such were the words that Mary Dawson said on New Year's morning to her husband, who, the night before, had found a young woman and her child, out in the cold.

The honest heart of old John Dawson went out to the wanderers.

"Come with me and let me carry the little one," said the farmer, after he had heard that they were on the way to the railroad station, which was some miles distant, and stooping he lifted the child in his great strong arms, and after wrapping his coat around her all three proceeded to the comfortable farm house. Beside the great blazing log the old farmer listened to a pitiful story that night from the wanderer whom he had brought to the fireside. How she had lost her parents, and at the age of fifteen was thrown out on the world friendless and penniless. How she had accepted the position of companion to one who was not even her equal in days gone by; how life seemed a burden for two years, until she had met her husband, in whose love a shadowy haze seemed to gather over all the dark days of the past and cast the tenderness of transfiguration on even the memories, until he was called over the river.

"And now," continued the wanderer, "I am going to New York and I must catch the midnight train. I can sketch and paint very nicely, and perhaps I can find employment and so support my child and myself."

"You needn't do any such thing," said John Dawson, after the woman had finished speaking. "You're too young and frail to go to a big city like that alone. You just stay here as long as you like and Mary and me will make you as comfortable as two bugs in a rug."

Tears filled the eyes of the homeless woman, and rising from her seat she walked to the side of the honest farmer and laying her hand on his shoulder, said, "Language grows weak in proportion to the fullness of my heart, and

while I cannot accept of your kind offer and true hospitality, held out to me a stranger, still I hope and pray that some day I may be able to repay your kindness, even seventy times seven."

And so it happened, as Farmer John handed the little girl baby to its mother on the midnight train, he placed a package in her hands saying, "Here are some cakes for the little one, I thought perhaps she might eat them."

Ten years have passed and again we visit John Dawson. He has become very old and feeble and almost unable to work.

"It is just as I told you, John," his wife was saying. "You would help people so much that when we got old somebody would have to help us. The mortgage will be due to-morrow. Mr. Harrington will foreclose, and we will lose the old home that has been so dear to us these many years. I always told you just how it would end. I don't know what we are going to do in our old days, with no place to lay our heads."

"I know it is hard, Mary," said the farmer, laying his head on his hands. "But the Lord knows best. We have always done our duty, and I never gave up any way, Mary, because I didn't want it to give. If it must come,

must, and we will have to do the best we can. People say Mr. Harrington is a very close man and I suppose we will have to give up the old home."

So the next morning honest John Dawson took his way to Mr. Harrington with a heart as heavy as lead, to tell him that he could not pay the mortgage, and that he would give up the farm.

Mr. Harrington had only lately arrived from Europe with a beautiful wife. His estates had been managed for years by his lawyer, and he was about settling up all business matters. John Dawson mounted the steps of the elegant mansion and with a heavy heart rang the bell. A servant showed him into the parlor, but as he was going through the hall Mrs. Harrington caught sight of him and immediately called the servant, asking: "Who is that old gentleman and what does he want?"

"That's old John Dawson, who lives on the turnpike, and he has come to see about his mortgage. It's due today and folks say the old man will have to give up the farm."

A divine light shone from the eyes of Mrs. Harrington, and in a trembling voice she said: "Tell the gentleman wait. I will call Mr. Harrington."

She went directly to her husband, who was sitting in the library, and putting her arms around his neck she said, "Harry, you have told me that you would do anything in the world I would ask."

"Yes, my dear," he answered. "What can I do that will please you?"

"You have a mortgage on the farm of old John Dawson," she replied.

"Yes, and I am told it is due tomorrow. Why?"

"If you want to do your wife the greatest favor she could possibly ask in anything of intrinsic value, and make her love you ten times as much, if it were possible, give me that mortgage."

"But, my dear, what do you want with it?"

"Never mind, Harry. Give it to me and I shall never ask another favor."

Going to his desk Mr. Harrington took out the mortgage and handed it to his wife, saying:

"Here it is. Do with it as you like."

Her beautiful eyes sparkled as she took the paper in her hand. She took his arm and said: "Come into the parlor. There is a gentleman waiting to see you, and we will both go."

To say that Mr. Harrington was surprised hardly does justice to his feelings, but he loved his beautiful wife and he did as she asked him. They entered the parlor, which was beautiful in its splendor, so much so that it dazzled the eyes of John Dawson, and as Mr. Harrington approached the farmer followed by his wife, he raised from the chair and with a heart that was almost too full to speak said: "Mr. Harrington, I come over this morning to say that Mary and I can't raise the money to pay the mortgage, so you will have to take the farm." With tears in his eyes the old man started towards the door. But before any one could speak Mrs. Harrington stepped forward and laid her hand on the old man's arm:

"One minute, Mr. Dawson. I have something to say," and leading him to a seat she turned to her husband and with her eyes looking in his—eyes that he thought never looked so beautiful—she began: "I have a story to tell. Listen. Once on a time, for what is the use of a story without that old-

fashioned saying," the bright eyes sparkled and the beautiful face was radiant with the light of love—"a homeless mother, with her child, was walking along a country road. She had no friends and no home. A kind-hearted, honest old man, God bless him, took her and her child to the train and just as they were leaving he handed a package to the mother, saying, 'Here are some cakes for the little one.' After the train had started the package was opened and among the cake was a ten-dollar gold piece. The old man had concealed it there. Without the money, which was unasked, the Lord knows what would have become of the mother and her child. With it she procured rooms and painted and sketched late and early, until after a few years of hard work she became among the first in the profession in the world. You know that I suffered great poverty, Harry, but this story I never told you. That honest old farmer was John Dawson, and that woman was I."

Then, going over to the astonished old man's side and placing her hand on his shoulder she said: "Mr. Dawson, I have waited years for this time to come. You remember that I said, 'I will repay you seventy times seven,'" and placing the mortgage in the old man's hands she added: "Here is the mortgage on your farm. I own it, and I give it to you. Take it and keep the old home forever."

So to conclude with the beginning, "Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall return."

ON HIS TRACK.

Over twenty years ago, said Mr. Whitmire, a detective, with whom I recently had an interview, I was on the police force of New York. One summer night, a few minutes past 12, I was pacing my beat in a quiet part of C—street, when a man called from a second-story window:

"I say, sir, are you a policeman?"

"Yes," I said. "What's the matter?"

"I heard a heavy jar in Mr. Bradley's house, next door, and he may have fallen and hurt himself. He just came in a few minutes ago. If I were you I'd ring the bell."

My Bradley was a wealthy old bachelor who had lived entirely alone for years in an old-fashioned brick house. His riches were a subject for frequent

gossip, and it was said that in his house, to which no outsider was ever admitted, he kept a lot of silverware and money. I rang the bell, but there was no response.

"Are you sure you saw him go in?" I asked.

"Yes, sure of it. He hadn't been in half a minute before I heard a heavy fall. I have heard nothing since."

"There must be something wrong," I said, after ringing the bell a second time and receiving no response, I tried the door, but it was locked.

"If I were you I would force the door," suggested the man at the window.

"I don't like to do that. Is there any other entrance?"

"Yes, that alley just beyond the steps leads to a back yard, but the gate is probably locked, as well as the rear door."

"I will go and see," said I; and walking up the narrow alley I discovered by the dim light of the street-lamp nearly opposite, that the gate was wide open. I looked in, and perceived that the rear door was also open, and a faint light shone out. All was perfectly quiet. I returned to the street and said to the man:

"The gate and back door are open. Come down and we'll go in."

In half a minute he joined me on the sidewalk, when I recognized him as an acquaintance named Henry Collins.

"Ah, is that you? I didn't know you lived here," I said.

"Yes, and I didn't recognize you when I first addressed you."

"Well, there may have been foul work here," said I; "so we'll go in."

We went into the yard and entered the house. The rear room had evidently been used for a kitchen; and guided by a dim light we passed into a narrow hall with a stairway. Near the street door was an old table, on which was a lighted candle, that had burned to within an inch of the candlestick. At the foot of the stairs lay Mr. Bradley, quite dead, and a frightful wound upon his head convinced me that he had been murdered.

At my request Mr. Collins hurried away to the police station to notify the captain, while I made an examination of the premises. A number of drawers in the second-story backroom had been broken open and ransacked, and on the floor lay half of a fresh looking

newspaper. Knowing that the old bachelor was not in the habit of spending money for newspapers, it struck me that the robber might have had it in his pocket, and probably used the other half to wrap up some of his plunder, leaving behind him, in his hurry, what might prove a most valuable clew. I therefore folded up the fragment and put it in my pocket. A moment later Mr. Collins returned accompanied by several officers and a surgeon.

To make this part of the story brief, I will state that the usual formalities followed, the body being handed over to the Coroner, and the case was put in the hands of detectives. I at first intended to give up the bit of newspaper I had picked up, but I had some ambition to be a detective myself, and concluded to keep it, at least a day or two, to see if I could find a clew from it. It was lucky I did.

On the following afternoon, while off duty, and walking around in ordinary dress, I paused opposite a well-known hotel to watch some painters who were at work on a scaffold under the eaves, and my eyes happened to light on a man who sat by a third-story window, apparently packing a valise. The window was open, and, as he lifted some article to store it away, a piece of newspaper on which it had lain came fluttering down into the gutter near my feet.

I might not have noticed this trifling circumstance but for the manner in which the paper had been torn—that is, not in a straight line, but almost in the form of the letter V, as though it had been done in a hurry. This corresponded with the piece I'd found in the murdered man's house, and I snatched it up and ran into an alley to compare them. What a leap my heart gave when I discovered that the two parts of the paper fitted exactly—there was no doubt of it.

"On his track," I muttered. "He must not get off with that valise."

Being familiar with the hotel, I crossed the street, went in, and was soon rapping on the door of room twenty-one, from whose window the paper had just blown.

"Come in," said a voice.

I opened the door and recognized, still seated by the window, the man I had seen packing the valise, a task he had completed. He was a muscular

man of forty, with a clean-shaven face that wore an expression of craftiness. He seemed confused when I entered, and said:

"Ah, I thought it was the porter. Haven't you made a mistake?"

Without replying I deliberately locked the door and put the key in my pocket, while he stared amazedly.

"I see you are getting ready to leave," I remarked sarcastically.

"Yes."

"Suppose you stay in New York a little longer," I said.

"Why, what do you mean?" he exclaimed, rising from his chair.

"Oh, nothing of consequence," I replied, coolly.

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to my taking a look into that valise, eh?"

"Perhaps you will do me the kindness to get out of my room," he retorted.

He had taken the valise from the floor and I quickly snatched it from him. I had hardly done so when he dealt me a blow near the temple, sending me reeling across the room, where I brought up against the door. He then threw the valise on the bed and angrily exclaimed:

"Look here, sir, are you drunk or crazy? Now hand me that key and get out of my room, or I'll throw you out of the window."

"Not so fast," said I, drawing my revolver. "I am an officer, and here to arrest you for the murder you committed last night."

"Come, you can't play that," said I. "This is no laughing matter. Where are the money and silverware you took from Bradley's house?"

"Are you really an officer?" he asked, growing serious again.

"Certainly I am. Perhaps you never saw this bit of paper, sir," said I, displaying the piece that had blown from the window.

"My friend," he replied, "I admire the earnestness with which you go about your business as detective, but you have got on the wrong track. I am sorry I struck you in a moment of anger, and I hope you will pardon me. I am Charley M—, a Boston detective, of whom you have probably heard. I arrived at daylight this morning, and have been taking a good sleep before attending to some business in Brooklyn. I registered as J. Brown, for a reason you will readily comprehend. Here is my card, and here are some

slight evidences of my occupation." Here he took two pairs of handcuffs out of his pocket and jingled them before my astonished gaze: "By the way, if that is the piece of newspaper that fell from my window, and you think it has any connection with the affair you speak of, it will probably afford you an important clue. I found it here, where it was probably left by a former lodger. I think you will find a name on the margin."

I examined the margin over the title of the paper, and to my astonishment found written in pencil the name and residence of Henry Collins. It was a weekly paper, which I observed was published in a city he had formerly lived in, and its date was so recent that he must have received it on the day preceding the murder. I immediately took leave of Mr. M—, saying I thought I knew where the paper had come from, and, begging his pardon for having been so rude to him, I hastened down to the office of the hotel, where I examined the register, finding the name of J. Brown, with room 21 assigned. I knew the clerk, and I inquired—

"When did Mr. Brown take room 21?"

"Early this morning, when I was not on duty."

"Did any one occupy the room during the evening?"

"No—yes—let me see," he replied, glancing over the register—"here is the name of Harvey Elton. I remember now. He was without baggage and paid for the room in advance, saying he wanted to be called at 3 o'clock. The porter went up at that hour, but the door was open and the bed had not been slept in. The other clerk told me he gave the same room to Mr. Brown because he wanted a front room."

"Do you remember the appearance of Elton?"

"Yes—rather small man, with a very full black beard."

Henry Collins was a small man, but had no beard. Of course, my suspicions were fixed on him as soon as I discovered his name on the margin of the newspaper, yet I never dreamed that he was capable of committing a crime.

My mind underwent a series of rapid changes. One moment I regarded it as almost certain that Henry Collins had something to do with the murder

the next moment I would say to myself it is preposterous; he is no such man. There are many ways by which this paper might have got into other hands. He may have lent it to Bradley; or it may have fallen from his window; or he may have lost it from his pocket. Why should he have called my attention to Bradley's house? Besides, he has no beard.

On the subject of his beard, it did not at first occur to me that he might have worn a false one, but it did finally, and I realized, very soon afterward, what I now regarded as a very suspicious circumstance.

It was about midnight that Henry Collins told me that Mr. Bradley had been in but a few minutes. I now remembered that the body was cold and rigid when I first went in, and I hastened away to meet the surgeon who had made the examination five minutes later.

I had the luck to find him soon, and in reply to my inquiry he stated that Bradley must have been dead two hours when he was called.

"Have the detectives found any clue?" he asked.

"Not that I am aware of," I replied, and took my leave.

My first step now was to go to an establishment in which Collins was employed and inquire for him. I did so, and was told that he had asked and obtained leave of absence to visit Trenton. I next started for his house, which was half a mile distant, carefully looking up and down every street I crossed. I had made half the distance when I caught a glimpse of the very man I was looking for.

He was coming toward me on one of the cross streets, showing that he had come directly from the house. He carried a valise, and by his side walked a small, rough-looking man whom I did not know, and with whom he was conversing earnestly. I went a few steps to meet them, and was within a few yards of them before Collins saw me.

"Ah, how are you, Mr. Collins," I said.

He started visibly, but on recognizing me seemed to regain his composure and answered my salutation. He would have passed on, but I detained him by passing in front of him and opening a conversation.

"Going traveling," said I.

"Yes; to New Haven."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to go to Trenton?" I asked, significantly.

He turned pale, and in a voice that quivered perceptibly said:

"Great Heaven, Mr. Whitmire, what do you mean now?"

"I mean that you and your friend must go to the station with me."

With a look of despair on his white face that I shall never forget, he dropped his valise and staggered a few steps to an awning post, which he held to for support.

At the same moment his companion turned to dart away, but, luckily, two men, who had just stopped on the sidewalk to talk, stood directly in his path, and his movements became confused. I reached him in one bound and seized him by the collar, warning him not to resist. He was thoroughly cowed, while Collins had too little strength left him to escape.

In five minutes I marched them into the station, together with the valise, and had them locked up in separate cells. I then told the captain the whole story. He was disposed to think, at first, that I had made a blunder; but on questioning the two prisoners, and especially on examining the valise and finding a large sum of money in it, he concluded that I had caught the right men, and so distanced the regular detectives.

It proved to be so, and the two men were duly convicted of murder on evidence that was beyond all dispute. Indeed, when Collins lost all hope of escaping the gallows, he was so broken down that he made a full confession, giving substantially the following account of the crime:

The stories of Bradley's great wealth had first put it into his head to rob him. By watching for a long time from a back window he had discovered the nature of the fastenings by which the back door and gates were secured. He was not bold enough to undertake the task alone, but he knew a certain bad character named Revern, to whom he confided his scheme, describing the fastenings on Bradley's gate and door, and asking him if he thought he could force them.

Revern said he could, and readily entered into the plot. They went to work a little after dark one night, when they knew that Bradley had gone out; but the fastenings of the rear door resisted much longer than they had expected.

and they had but fairly succeeded in entering when Bradley came in at the front door, locked it, and lighted his candle.

Determined not to be foiled now, they rushed upon the old man and struck him down with the tools they had been using. This, it seems, was between 9 and 10 o'clock.

They then ransacked the house, finding considerable money, chiefly in bank notes. The latter were in a disordered condition, and to make a compact bundle of them, Collins hastily tore in two the fatal newspaper, which he chanced to have in his pocket, using one-half to wrap his spoils in, and in his nervous haste leaving the other on the floor.

In order to examine their plunder at leisure they went to the hotel alluded to, where one of them engaged a room to which he repaired, and in which he was soon joined by the other. Both of them were disguised, a portion of Collins' being a false beard.

Collins felt so nervous over the awful affair that night that he would not take any of the plunder home with him, and so, after counting the money, he entrusted it to Kevern for the night, with the understanding that they should meet next day, and take a trip to New Haven, and there to deposit his share in the bank in his own name, or any name he might wish to assume.

When Kevern made a package of the money again he picked up a fragment of another newspaper he found in the room, leaving that bearing Collins' name lying upon the floor. It was shortly after Collins' return home that night that he called my attention to poor Bradley's house, foolishly thinking that by so doing he would not come within the range of suspicion.

Collins died of pure terror before the day appointed for his execution, but Kevern paid the extreme penalty of the law.

It was in this case, which I worked upon my own account, and in which I was largely assisted by mere chance, that gave me a place on the detective force, and I have been pretty successful ever since. Many a man has worked harder and displayed more sagacity than I did on this occasion, without accomplishing so great an end.

MINNESOTA has 160 lodges.

WHEN THE GRAND LODGES MEET.

Of the fifty-five Grand Lodges now existing in the United States and Canada, seven meet in January, Connecticut, Florida, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Quebec and Utah; two meet in February, Louisiana and Manitoba; one in April, New Brunswick; four in May, Indiana, Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island; twelve in June, British Columbia, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Nevada, New York, Nova Scotia, Oregon, Prince Edward's Island, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin; one in July, Canada; two in September, Colorado and Idaho; seven in October, California, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Montana, Ohio; five in November, Arizona, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Maryland and West Virginia; seven in December, Alabama, District of Columbia, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia. Put these dates away in some convenient place for reference.

How often must it be affirmed that the institution of Freemasonry does not rest on merely selfish grounds! Men will be disappointed who seek entrance into the organization impelled chiefly by the desire to advance their personal interest. It is the mission of the great brotherhood to bring its members close together and make them helpers of each other in all laudable ways; but this work is done in no narrow, precise, or technical ways, hence those who come influenced only by a selfish motive will surely be disappointed. They will find that Freemasonry has a broader scope of teaching and endeavor than they had supposed, and that it is not held to ministries in the line of a merely personal gain for those admitted to its fellowship.—*Freemason's Repository.*