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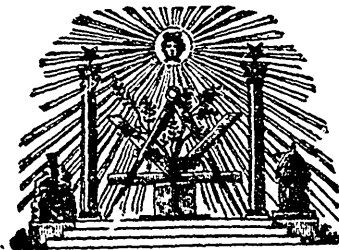
"THE QUEEN AND THE CRAFT."

The Canadian Craftsman

AND MASONIC RECORD.

VOLUME XXI.

JAN. 1887 to DEC. 1887.



PORT HOPE, ONT.:
J. B. TRAYES, P. D. D. G. M., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

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No. 1.

FOR THE CRAFTSMAN.

FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGES OF BUILDERS—THE CRADLE OF FREEMASONRY.

BY A. BORUGASSER, P. S. H.

The mysteries of the Egyptians, passing through Moses to the Jewish people, afterward disseminated among the Greeks and the Romans, were among the latter introduced partly into the Colleges of Builders, instituted by "Numa Pompilius" in the year 715, before our era. These Colleges were, at their organization, as well religious societies as fraternities of artisans, and their connection with the State and the priesthood were by the laws determined with precision. They had their own worship and their own organization, based upon that of the Dyonisian priests and architects, of whom many were to be found anterior to this period in Syria, in Egypt, in Persia, and in India; and the degree of sublimity to which they had carried their art is revealed to us by the ruins which yet exist of the monuments which they there erected. Besides the exclusive privilege of constructing the temples and public monuments, they had a judiciary of their own, and were made free of all contributions to the city and State. The members of these Colleges, usually after the labors of the day, convened in their respective lodges, wooden houses temporarily erected near the edifice in course of construction, where they determined the distribution and execution of the work upon such edifice, the decisions being made by a ma-

majority of votes. Here also were initiated the new members into the secrets and particular mysteries of their art. These initiates were divided into three classes, apprentices, companions—or fellow-workmen—and masters; and they engaged themselves by oath to afford each other succor and assistance. The presidents of those colleges were elected for five years, and were named masters or teachers (*magistri*); their labors in their lodges were always preceded by religious ceremonies, and as the membership was composed of men of all countries, and consequently of different beliefs, the Supreme Being necessarily had to be represented in the lodges under a general title, and therefore was styled "The Grand Architect of the Universe," the universe being considered the most perfect work of a master builder. In the beginning, the initiations into these corporations appear to have been confined to but two degrees, and the ritual of these degrees limited to (1st) some religious ceremonies; (2nd) imparting to the initiate a knowledge of the duties and obligations imposed upon him, (3rd) to explain certain symbols, the signs of recognition, and the inviolability of the oath,—the workmen, or fellow-craft, being in addition carefully instructed in the use of the level and the square, the

mallet and chisel. To become a master, the elected had to submit to proofs such as were exacted at the initiation of the priests-architects of Egypt, and in which he underwent a searching examination of his knowledge of art and moral principles. By the protection that these colleges of builders accorded to the institutions and worships of other countries, there were developed among them doctrines and rules of conduct very much in advance of their age, and which they clothed in symbols and emblems, which were thus charged with a double signification; and, like the Dyonisian priests-architects, they had words and signs of recognition. These colleges of artisans—principally those who professed excellence in ability to execute civil and religious, naval and hydraulic architecture—at first extended from Rome into Venice and Lombardy, afterward into France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Britain, and more lately into Spain, Arabia, and the East; and a great number of the colleges, which at this time were known by the name of *Fraternities*, followed the Roman legions. Their business was to trace the plans of all military constructions, such as entrenched camps, strategic routes, bridges, aqueducts, arches of triumph, etc. They also directed the soldiers and the laborers in the material execution of their works. Composed of artisans, educated and studious men, these corporations extended the knowledge of Roman manners and a taste for Roman art wherever the legions carried victorious the Roman arms. And as in this way they contributed more largely to the victories of peace than to those of war, they carried to the vanquished and to the oppressed the pacific element of the Roman power, the arts and civil law. These colleges existed in all their vigor, almost to the fall of the Roman empire, the irruption of the peoples called barbarians, dispersed and reduced their number, and they continued to decline while those ignorant and

ferocious men continued to worship their rude gods; but when they were converted to Christianity, the corporations flourished anew.

HOW MASONRY SAVED A LIFE

The following interesting narrative, clipped from the *Jeffersonville (Ind.) News*, was kindly furnished us by a brother for the benefit of our readers:

"Some days ago Mr. Charles Kelly, a prominent insurance agent of this city, told the *News* an experience of the war, which forcibly illustrates the value of our fraternity.

"During the war Mr. Kelly was clerk for some party who furnished army supplies. He took sick with army dysentery while thus engaged, and it became necessary to send him home.

"While the steamer upon which he was a passenger made its way up the river, it was hailed at a landing near Duck River by an old fellow, who said he had a lot of tobacco in hogsheads on the bank, which he desired to send North.

"The boat put in shore and landed, when the hogsheads suddenly disgorge a lot of Confederate soldiers, who took the boat and made everybody on board prisoners. They fired the boat, which was burned and sunk, and the prisoners were transported inland, all but Mr. Kelly, who was too feeble to walk or ride, and whom they believed dying.

"Him they left behind to shift for himself or perish as he could.

"It was a terrible situation for a man, sick and unable to stand up, to be left alone at the lonely landing, and he felt very near to despair. However, Mr. Kelly had a good deal of grit, and he did not give up. He knew to stay at the desolate landing was death, so he dragged himself to the bank and waited until a boat should pass.

"Several came and made his heart leap with hopeful anticipation, but they passed by without heeding his

anxious hail, each captain probably suspecting a trap. Kelly's courage began to fail him, when about dusk another boat hove in sight. He then bethought himself of a last measure to secure help. He was, and is, a Mason, and now he concluded to hail the boat with a Masonic signal. This he did, when the steamer came near enough, and behold, to his unutterable joy, the ponderous paddle-wheels ceased churning the water, and the great structure floated idly opposite the landing.

"But it did not put in shore, and for over a half hour he lay in suspense on the bank, wondering why they did not come to get him. At last a yawl, manned by two rowers, put off and came ashore, and he was saved, exhausted and nearer dead than alive.

"When he got on board he learned that the pilot, who was a Mason, had seen his signal and had prepared to run ashore, when the captain, alarmed for the safety of his boat, forbade it, asking why he wanted to land. The pilot responded that he intended to get that man, and would proceed no farther until he did get him on board.

"The captain was no Mason, and could not understand the pertinacity of the pilot, but finally, after much parleying, sent the yawl ashore for Mr. Kelly, whose life was thus undoubtedly saved through the instrumentality of Masonry."—*Masonic Advocate*.

CANADIAN MASONIC NEWS.

At the regular meeting of Richard Cœur de Lion Preceptory, No. 4, Knights Templar, held at London, on January 14th, R. E. Sir Knight J. S. Dewar, assisted by V. E. Sir Knights John Ferguson and H. C. Simpson, installed the following officers for 1887:—Sir Kts. Thos. Brock, E. P.; W. Thornton, Constable; W. W. Gray, Marshal; V. E. Sir Kt. W. Hawthorn, Treas.; Sir Kt. J. A. Rose, Registrar; Rev. A. Anthony, Prelate; Sir Kt. D. Borland, Sub-

Marshal; V. E. Sir Kt. John Ferguson, Almoner; Sir Kts. Frank W. Lilley, Capt. of Guard; A. E. Cooper, 1st Standard Bearer; Joseph Hook, 2nd Standard Bearer; A. D. Holman, Organist; F. J. Hood, Guard.

R. W. Bro. Luke Slater, D.D.G.M. of the third district, installed the officers of the various lodges in St. Thomas on St. John's Day, and did the work well, receiving a hearty vote of thanks from the brethren for his efforts.

At the regular meeting of Huron Chapter, R. A. M., Goderich, the following companions were elected:—Jas. W. Green, Z; Chas. A. Humber, H; Jas. Addison, J; H. W. Ball, Scribe E; A. Allen, Scribe N; M. Nicholson, Treas; Joseph Beck, Prin. Soj.

At the annual meeting of King Baldwin Preceptory, K.T., Belleville, the following Sir Knights were elected:—Sir Kts. S. S. Lazier, Eminent Preceptor; D. B. Robertson, Constable; J. P. Thompson, Marshal; Rev. M. W. McLean, Chaplain; George H. Pope, Treasurer; Wm. Smeaton, Registrar, Donald McLean, Sub-Marshal.

Officers of St. John's Chapter, R. A. M., Cobourg:—Ex. Comps. D. McNaughton, 1st Prin. Z; P. J. Lightburn, 2nd Prin. H; E. H. Fogarty, 3rd Prin. J; Comps. J. G. Orr, Scribe E; W. G. Collins, Scribe N; W. Hargraff, Treas; John Miller, Prin. Soj; George Curry, Senior Soj; J. F. Clow, Junior Soj; R. Morrow, Tyler.

The trustees of the Masonic lodges of Hamilton, Ont., have just had placed in the Blue Room of the Masonic Hall, one of Messrs. Bell & Co.'s finest pipe top organs. It is the best grade they manufacture, and being supplied with Scribner's qualifying tubes, the tone is very similar to that of a pipe organ. It has six sets of reeds, and is so constructed that it can be worked either with the

ordinary foot pedals or by a blow lever. It has besides, thirty notes of pedal bass, which gives a great addition to the volume of tone. The top is handsomely carved with Masonic devices, and the pipes are ornamented with Masonic emblems appropriate to the different degrees. It is pronounced by musicians who have tested it to be the very best reed instrument that can be manufactured.

ANY one having a copy of Grand Chapter of Canada Proceedings for 1865 and 1877, and Great Priory Proceedings for 1878, will confer a favor by communicating with THE CRAFTSMAN, stating price.

INSTALLATIONS.

TILBURY CENTRE.—Officers of Napthali Lodge, No 413:—W Bro W E Bottoms, W M, Bros D D Ellis, S W; E C Luck, J W; John Beatty, Treas; R Peaker, Chap, J W Richardson, Sec; W J Moffatt, Tyler.

EXETER.—Officers of Lebanon Forest Lodge, No 133:—W. Bro H Spackman, W M; Bros W Weekes, S W; H Samwell, J W; J Tyndall, S D; D A Ross, J D; S Robinson, Chap; —McLaughlin, I G; —Brooks, Tyler.

GUELPH.—Officers of Waverly Lodge, No 361:—W Bro A J Little, W M; Bros Rev J C Smith, S W; H Gummer, J W; D H Messenger, Chap; W Bro R Gemmel, Treas; Bro R C Chase, Sec; W Bro H Bolton, Tyler.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Officers of Golden Rule Lodge, No 126:—W Bro R H Bonnycastle, W M; W Bro John Turner, I P M; Bros A F Hansen, S W; H McKelvie, J W; John Morrison, Chap; A Dinwoodie, Treas; W Bro John Turner, Sec; Bros A T Green, S D; W J Hall, J D; J D D Amey, D of C; Geo Mitchell, I G; R Linton, T Walker, Stewards. W Bro A Dinwoodie, John Turner, Com Denevolence. Bros A F Hansen, H McKelvie, Auditors.

SEAFORTH.—Officers of Britannia Lodge, No 36:—W Bro A H Ireland, P M; W Bro Ballantyne, W M; Bros W J Fear, S W; H Town, J W; John Street, Sec; A Strong, Treas; D Moore, S D; F G Neelin, J D; J Stewart, S S; S Scarlett, J S; Dr Campbell, I G; John Williams, Tyler. After the usual meeting of the lodge, the brethren repaired to Bro Kennedy's Hotel, where an oyster supper was prepared, to which all did ample justice. The principal feature of the proceedings was the presentation of a Past Master's jewel to W Bro Ireland, who has filled the Master's chair for the past two years, greatly to the satisfaction of the brethren. The jewel is a costly one, being of solid gold with a diamond in the centre.

PETERBOROUGH INSTALLATIONS.

On the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the Masonic Lodges of Peterboro', Ont., met at the Masonic Hall. There was a large attendance of the members, and the interest of the occasion was heightened by the presence of D. D. G. M., R. McCaw, and D. D. G. Sec., A. L. Rundell, of Oshawa.

The principal business of the evening was the installation of the elective and appointed officers of both lodges. The installation ceremonies were conducted by R. W. Bro. E. H. D. Hall, W. Bro. R. P. Boucher, W. Bro. James Alexander, W. Bro. H. C. Winch and W. Bro. B. Shortly. The following officers were duly installed for the ensuing year:—

Corinthian Lodge, No 101:—W Bro R E Wood, W M; W Bro E J Toker, I P M; Bros Adam Dawson, S W; Rev W C Bradshaw, J W; R W Bro Rev V Clementi, Chap; Bros R A Morrow, Treas; A E Peck, Sec; J S Parker, Organist; A Allison, S D; J H Peck, J D; C Stapleton, D of C; Chas Porter, S S; R B Rogers, J S; C H Sheffield, I G.

Peterborough Lodge, No 155:—W Bro Wm Thompson, W M; W Bro Wm Brundrett, I P M; Bros Wm

Menzies, S W; Wm Smith, J W; Jas Hendrie, Chap; W Bro W Paterson, jr, Treas; Bros David Spence, Sec; Thos Irwin, Organist; A St A Smith, S D; Wm Martin, J D; Jas Patterson, D of C; Geo Noble, S S; John Stewart, J S; John Watt, I G.

Masonic Board of Relief:—R W Bro E H D Hall, V W Bro Charles Cameron, V W Bro J J Lundy, W Bros H C Rogers, R P Boncher, M D, E J Toker, J Alexander, B Shortly, V W Bro W Patterson, W Bro W Brundrett.

After the installation, the visiting Grand Lodge officers complimented the installing officers for the highly creditable manner in which they had performed the ceremonies of the evening, and also the newly elected officers for their proficiency in the work.

Presentation:—One of the most pleasing events of the evening was the presentation of a Past Master's jewel to W. Bro. H. C. Winch. The presentation was made by R. W. Bro. Rev. V. Clementi, on behalf of the brethren of Corinthian Lodge. The R. W. Bro. spoke in complimentary terms of the progress made in Masonry by W. Bro. Winch, and of the usefulness and assistance he had been to the craft. Bro. Winch was much affected, and returned thanks in a few brief but appropriate remarks. The jewel was suitably inscribed, and was an elegant piece of gold.

At the close of the proceedings the brethren adjourned to the ante-room, where refreshments were partaken of. The evening closed in an interesting manner, and will be remembered as one of the most successful anniversaries ever held by the Masons of Peterborough.

LONDON INSTALLATIONS.

On the 27th December, at the Masonic Temple, London, Ont., the following were installed by R W Bro R B Hungerford, assisted by R W Bro J Simpson:—

St John's, No 20:—W Bro George Elliott, W M; Bros Jos H Marshall,

S W; J Fairgrievies, J W; J B Hicks, Chap; Geo Shaw, Treas; V W Bro M D Dawson, Sec; Bros H T Ford, S D; John Smith, J D; J Askin and T Clarke, Stewards; J G Watson, I G; F J Hood, Tyler; G Percival, D of C.

St George's, No 42:—W Bro W R Vining, W M; Bros H Bapty, S W; M Scarrow, J W; J Buskard, Chap; W Bro H Skinner, Treas; V W Bro A Ellis, jr, Sec; Bros T R Parker, S D; W Ingram, J D; John Gauld, I G; J A Nelles and T H Luscombe, Stewards; W L Graham, D of C.

Kilwinning, No 64:—W Bro P Birtwistle, W M; Bros C C Reed, S W; George Laing, J W; R W Bro Rev Evans Davis, Chap; R W Bro R B Hungerford, Treas; W Bro John Overell, Sec; Bros Walter Morgan, S D; B Carrothers, J D; J G Brewer, I G; Alex Reid and Dr McCallum, Stewards; R W Bro F J Hood, Tyler.

Tuscan, No 195:—W Bro Geo D Sutherland, W M; Bros Edwin Paull, S W; Charles E H Fisher, J W; W Bro W J Reid, Treas; R W Bro R B Hungerford, Sec; Bros A O Graydon, S D; R W Travers, J D; E B Smith, I G; H D Long and F J Hammond, Stewards; W R Gilson, D of C; F J Hood, Tyler.

St John's, No 209A:—W Bro A E Cooper, W M; Bros James A Smith, S W; George C Davis, J W; James Taylor, Chap; W Willis, Treas; John Siddons, Sec; A Carrothers, S D; J T Stephenson, J D; J H Hodgens, I G; John Gentleman, D of C; Dan Burn, and John Graham, Stewards; F J Hood, Tyler; C Mountjoy, Organist.

King Solomon, No 978:—W Bro Wm Duff, W M; Bros R M Graham, S W; A Currie, J W; Wm Spence, Chap; R W Bro John Simpson, Treas; Bros Wm Nicholls, Sec; Jas Jeffries, S D; John Kelly, J D; Wm Oke, I G; Geo Moffat and Wm Pudney, Stewards; R F Lacey, D of C; H C Symonds, Organist; W H Greenaway, Tyler.

Union Lodge, No 980:—W Bro A C Stewart, W M; Bros R B Walker, S

W; James Learn, J W; W Bro Geo Norton, Chap; W Bro O J Bridle, Treas; Pros Geo H Hampton, Sec; Geo Cai: ross, S D; H Stratfold, J D; R A Carrothers, I G; Courson Elliot and James Lee, Stewards; David McCoubrey, D of C; F J Hood, Tyler.

Corinthian Lodge, No 330:—The installation of the officers of Corinthian Lodge, A F & A M, No 330, was conducted by W Bro C N Spencer, assisted by all the Past Masters of the lodge:—W Bro Frank W Lilley, W M; Bros J J Cuthbertson, S W; Peter Toll, J W; V W Bro H C Simpson, Chap; W Bro C N Spencer, Treas; W Bro O E Brener, Sec; Bros Dr J H Gardiner, S D; Francis Pontey, J D; Jas Duffield, D of C; John Nutkins and Geo Cleugh, Stewards; James Filby, I G; W Bro R Bonney, Tyler.

INSTALLATIONS AT MONTREAL.

At the regular meeting of the Mount Morah Lodge, No 38, G R Q, held in the British Masonic Chambers, Montreal, the following officers were installed by Grand Master, M W Bro J Fred Walker, assisted by Grand Treasurer R W Bro I H Stearns and Grand Secretary R W Bro Isaacson:

Mount Moriah, No 38:—W Bro W M Campbell, W M; Bros J S Clunie, S W; J A Young, J W; W Bro G R Dewar, Treas; Bros D Pollock, Sec; J T Thomas, S D; Jas Cullins, J D; J J Reed, I G; R Miller, D of C; Bros Rosen and Lasher, Stewards; Bro Lawrence, Tyler; W Bro Joseph Martin, I P M; R W Bro John Maclean, Representative to Room Committee; W Bro G R Dewar, Representative to the Masonic Board of Relief. The delegation from the Grand Lodge of Quebec, in addition to those whose names have been already given, included the Grand Registrar, the Grand Pursuivant and the Grand Senior Deacon. There were also present the following Past Masters of the lodge: R W Bro A G Adams, W Bros Alex Kyle, Thos Walker and A H Holland; and among the visitors,

R W P G M of the Indian Territory, R W Bro P A Crossby. A splendid banquet followed, at which the attendance was the largest this season. The Grand Master was presented at the opening with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, and the retiring Master of the lodge was also presented with a P. M.'s jewel. An adjournment was then made to the supper-room, where an enjoyable evening was spent.

TORONTO.—The officers of Ashlar Lodge, No. 247, were installed on Tuesday evening, by R. W. Bro. T. F. Blackwood, P.D.D.G.M., as follows:—Bro A D Ponton, W M; W Bro W H Best, I P M; Bros Benjamin Allen, S W; G S Percy, J W; R W Bro T F Blackwood, Treas; Bro J C Howorth, Sec; W Bro D S Eastwood, Chap; Bros L L Palmer, D of C; G W Weston, S D; Geo Reves, J D; W R Clarke, S S; D H B Phillips, J S; R W Hull, I G; John Robinson, Tyler.

TORONTO.—The installation ceremony in King Solomon Lodge, No. 22, took place Wednesday evening, M. W. Bro. J. K. Kerr, Past Grand Master, officiated, and installed the following officers:—V W Bro W J Hambly, W M; W Bro James Spooner, I P M; Bros J B Cloudsley, S W; W Anderson, J W; James Adams, Chap; V W Bro W S Lee, Treas; Bros W Cook, Sec; G Barton Browne, Org; John Roberts, D of C; James Reeve, S D; R Marshall, J D; J Nelles Bastedo, S S; R White, J S; F Smith, I G; J H Pritchard, Tyler; W Bro D McDonald and Bro John Graham, R M H T. Board of General Purposes: W Bros Jas Spooner, John F Pearson, W H Walkem; Bros Richard Ardagh, Wm Sinclair, John Campbell. Representatives to the Toronto Benevolent Board:—W Bro John F Pearson. Auditors:—Bros S Lytle and A F McDonald.

PARRY SOUND.—Officers of Granite Lodge, No 352:—R W Bro John Nettleton, P M; W Bros David Beatty, P M; Wm McGown, P M; Thomas Mc

Gown, P M; David Macfarlane, P M; Wm R Beatty, P M; Robert Spring, I P M; Wm McGown, P M, W M; Bros Robert Farrell, S W; Jas Mofatt, J W; W Bro Wm R Beatty, P M, Chap; Bros John McClelland, Treas; Chas Clarke, Sec; Thos Kennedy, S D; Frank Strain, J D; D F Macdonald, D of C; M H Connor, I G; Jos Rogerson, Organist; T W George, Tyler.

BOWMANVILLE.—Officers of Jerusalem Lodge, No 81:—W Bro W McKay, W M; Bros Jos Pattinson, S W; J Percy, jr, J W; Jas Gilfillan, Chap; R B Andrew, Sec; John Lyle, Treas; W T Scott, jr, S D; Jule Roenigk, J D; E Bounsall, D of C; F Rogers, Organist; W Fishleigh, I G; W Wright, sr, Tyler.

GUELPH.—Officers of Speed Lodge, No 180, installed by R W Bro John Scoon:—W Bro S R Moffatt, W M; W Bro Jas Parker, I P M; Bros Thos New, S W; Wm Ross, J W; Wm Watson, Chap; R W Bro John Scoon, Treas; Bros W Gibson, Sec; Adam Turnbull, S D; Albert Wicks, J D; H K Maitland, Organist; A E Hogg and John E McPherson, Stewards; H Nicholson, D of C; Thos H Scarff, I G; W Bro H Bolton, Tyler.

MIDLAND.—Officers of Caledonian Lodge, No 249, installed by V W Bro Switzer, assisted by W Bros Burton, Finch and Bennett:—W Bro W H Bennett, I P M; W Bro R Raikes, M D, W M; Bros C S Campbell, S W; C A Phillips, J W; Josh Hicks, Treas; W Bro R Finch, P M, Sec; Bros J B Horrell, Chap; J A Stafford, S D; W H Williams, J D; D H Williamson, D of C; Josh Hill, S S; P McLean, J S; W Rodgers, I G; B R Jane, Tyler. After the installation the lodge partook of supper at the Clarkson House, and V W Bro Switzer was presented with a silver tea tray as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the members. On Sunday evening, 26th Dec., the craft attended service at the English Church. An eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hanna.

WYOMING.—Officers of Burns Lodge, No 158:—W Bro Robert McGregor, P M; W Bro A N Wood, W M; Bros J M Wilson, S W; David E Lee, J W; J Rogers, Treas; V W Bro J Newell, Sec; Bros Samuel T Scott, Chap; John Roberts, Tyler.

CAMLACHIE.—Officers of Huron Lodge, No 392:—W Bro John Ferguson, W M; Bros J S McMillan, S W; J B Riggan, J W; D F Smith, Treas; James K Cairns, Sec; George Fulcher, S D; J D Schram, J D; Benj Schram, D of C; Jas Symington, S S; Jas McClure, J S; Jas Cairns, I G; Jas Parker, Tyler; John McIntyre, Treas.

OTTAWA.—Officers of Civil Service Lodge, No 148, installed by R W Bro J Walsh:—W Bro W F Boardman, W M; W Bro Colin Campbell, I P M; Bros J R Armstrong, S W; S M Rogers, J W; Rev Thomas Garrett, Chap; R W Bro John Walsh, Treas; Bros W L Blair, Sec; W Campbell, S D; A Graham, J D; S C D Roper, D of C; J Graham, F E P Aldrich, Stewards; H G R Tripp, Organist; George Guy, I G; John Sweetman, Tyler.

PARKDALE.—Officers of Alpha Lodge, No 384, installed by R W Bro W C Wilkinson, P G R, assisted by V W Bro Tait and a large number of Past Masters and other visitors:—W Bro J E Verral, W M; W Bro John Chambers, I P M; Bros J A Wismer, S W; Geo S Booth, J W; W C Beddome, Sec; W Bro John Gray, Treas; Bros C S Collard, S D; S Horton, J D; A H Welch, I G. The retiring W M was presented with a handsome jewel.

BRAMPTON.—Officers of Ionic Lodge, No 229, installed by R W Bro Geo J Bennett, G R:—W Bro James Anderson, W M; W Bro Dr C F Moore, I P M; Bros J J Manning, S W; Dr Miller, J W; Rev R Boyle, Chap; W Bro Elliott, Treas; Bros W W Woods, Sec; G H Armstrong, S D; J T Quinn, J D; V W Bro A Morton, D of C; Bros F Sighelohn, S S; W Wicks, J S; A Hood, I G; C Thauburn, Tyler.

SALINA.—Officers of Victoria Lodge, No 56, installed by W Bro Judge Mackenzie, assisted by W Bro Woods: W Bro Chas S Ellis, W M; W Bro Chas Mole, I P M; Bros Chas B Johnston, S W; Robt Kerr, J W; John McEdward, Chap; Wm Williams, Treas; W T Evans, Sec; W H Hill, S D; Jas Fraser, J D; Hugh Baird, I G; Sam'l Allen, D of C; John McDonald and James Lucas, Stewards; Dan'l Adams, Tyler.

INGEROLL.—Officers of King Hiram Lodge, No 37, installed by R W Bro J C Hegler, D D G M:—W Bro W L Underwood, W M; Bros John Podmore, S W; J Fred Choate, J W; Rev E C Saunders, Chap; W Bro W A Woolson, Treas; Bros A J Reid, Sec; C W Riley, S D; Jas P Boles, J D; R W Bro C H Slawson, D of C; Bros R Craig, Organist; J C B Galer, I G; Jas McIntyre and S Martin, Stewards; Angus McLeod, Tyler.

INGERSOLL.—Officers of St John's Lodge, No 68, installed by R W Bro J C Hegler, D D G M:—W Bro John Morrison, W M; Bros J B Jackson, S W; W A Sinclair, J W, Rev John Reynolds, Chap; A Curtis, Treas; Wm Ewart, Sec; A McLeod, Tyler; Herbert Wood, S D; Geo R Thomson, J D; John R Warnock, D of C; B Minkler and R W Woodroffe, Stewards; J H Hegler, jr, I G; Bro Craig, Organist; Bros R W Woodroffe, W Mills and J Badden, Room Committee; J B Jackson, John Kerr and John Warnock, Finance Committee; John Warnock, R W Bro J C Hegler, Bros Hugh Kerr, Jas Badden and Alex Macaulay, Charity.

PARKDALE.—Officers of Zeta Lodge, No 410, installed by R W Bro J Ross Robertson, D D G M, assisted by R W Bro T F Blackwood, P D D G M, R W Bro Geo J Bennett, G R, V W Bro J A Wills, V W Bro Dr G G Rowe, W Bros W J Guy, W A Joyce, J Hetherington, and others. There was a large gathering of visiting brethren:—W Bro Chas F Mansell, W M; W Bro J T Thompson, I P M;

Bros W H Taylor, S W; W R Cavell, J W; W Bro T W Todd, Treas; Bros W J Weatherley, Sec; W G Tabby, Asst-Sec; M MaLeod, S D; J Blizard, J D; Dr J O Orr, I G; J P Dunning, Organist; A H Dixon, D of C; W Martin, S S; E J Edwards, J S; J B Marshall, Tyler; R W Bro T Sargent, W Bro S Davison and Bro H J Hill, Auditors; R W Bro T F Blackwood, V W Bro Dr Rowe and W Bro W Walker, Hall Trustees. W Bro Thompson, the retiring Master, was the recipient of a handsome P M jewel.

A WOMAN'S FAITH IN MASONRY.

The following incident, illustrating a woman's faith in Masonry, was told us by J. D. U—, of Harrodsburg, Ind. We will give it, as near as possible, in the brother's own words:—

In the year 1861, my mother came from Terre Haute to Greencastle Junction, on the Vandalia Line. In paying her fare the conductor gave her in change a two-dollar bill, which the proprietor of the Junction Hotel refused to take, saying it was below par. Mother asked him if he was a Mason. He said he was. She asked him if the conductor was a Mason, and he said he was. She then asked him if he was acquainted with me, and he replied that he was. Mother then told him to take the bill and get a good one in place of it and send it to me. When mother arrived home she told me what she had done. I laughed, and told her that was the last of her two-dollar bill. Oh, no! says she, that man was a Mason, and it will be all right; and so it proved to be. A good bill came in place of it in a few days.

The true Mason is always an honest man.—*Masonic Advocate.*

ALEXANDRIA LODGE, No. 295, of Indiana, has the representatives of three generations in one family in the lodge—grandfather, father and son.

THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

The New Year's Reception.

BY EARLE MARBLE.

And we shall receive with you to-day?
Ah! this is the day of all the year!
How the time has laggingly passed away
Since the day you invited us, auntie dear!

It was long ago. Two weeks! Ha, ha!
But such bright visions it brought to view!
And we talked about it so much that pa
Was glad, I believe, when we said adieu.

The ring? Oh, yes! I'm engaged, you know.
Why, that is old news. I supposed you
knew.

The proposal was made a month ago.
His name? And you haven't so much as a
clue.

No, no! I shall tell you nothing at all.
Just wait and watch, and a romance weave
From among the gentlemen who will call,
For he knows that we are here to receive.

Its only a pearl, dear aunt, you know;
But what are the odds if a diamond he?
"A pearl 'or the pearl," he said, while a glow
Stole up from my heart to my cheeks, you
see.

And a pearl might suit me better to-day
Than the brightest diamond he might give.
A diamond throws such a pitiless ray;
And, though a love die, it still will live.

And the pearl?**** For instance if he should
trip
To-day with the wine in a muddled head,
Instead of daintily on the lip,
My love for him would be withered and
dead.

And what would I do? I would pour him a
draught
Of the wine that had wooed his brain
away;
And would drop therein, before he had quaff-
ed,
The ring with only a pearl's mild ray.

For it would be better, dear aunt, you know,
To have love's symbol dissolved in wine.
As that had destroyed love's self, than to go
To another and weaker hand than mine.

But what a ridiculous romance, sure!
And I was to leave it to you to weave,
While we sat by, so shy and demure,
On New Year's Day, with you to receive!
—Ballou's Magazine.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

Which is Worthy of Record Because it
Was Kept.

BY WM. LUXTON.

The ephemeral existence of New Year's resolutions is proverbial, though not to be wondered at. The sincerity which would postpone until a red letter day the commencement of a new departure in the line of virtue cannot be very deep-seated.

Nevertheless, far be it from me to discountenance the habit of "swearing off" on the 1st of January. Even if the diary brought to record the abjuration of "anything stronger than cider" on the first day of the year contains the memorandum of a "hung up" whisky straight on the fourth, good alone has resulted, and those three days in which the diary's owner was on the straight path will stand out as boldly in his recollection as does the memory of George A. W. Stuart in the mind of the Brooklyn parent as he hands over a ten dollar bill for new school books for his children.

But it is not my intention to cite instances in support of the proverb hinted at above. What I wish to record is a notable exception to the pie-crust nature of New Year's vows—though I am reminded of the old saw in relation to the royal support given to any rule by the exception to it.

The name of my hero is Arthur Bolton. At the age of twenty, when I first knew him, Arthur was, and had been for two years, a full-fledged journeyman in the immense clock-making establishment of Slick Bros., on B — street, New York City. He had entered this establishment at the age of fourteen, for his parents were very poor, his father an invalid, and his mother had all she could do by working at vest-making to add sufficient to the pension the father received to make both ends meet.

Fired with ambition to make happy the declining years of his parents, Arthur had applied himself with such earnestness to his trade that on his eighteenth birthday he was unexcelled as a workman, and Mr. Charles, the senior member of the firm, had called him into the private office, wished him many happy returns of the day, and presented him with a check for \$100, and told him that henceforth his wages would be those of a "jour."

My readers may easily imagine the happiness that now reigned in the Bolton family. The very best medical aid was obtained for the father, and his sufferings were greatly lessened; no more did the mother burn "the midnight oil" at vest-making; comfortable furniture and roomy quarters replaced the carpetless and cramped apartments. Everything that love could suggest did Arthur to solace the old age of his beloved parents.

But powerful though love undoubtedly—

ly is, it cannot withstand the attack of sorrow; and Arthur, within six months of his good fortune, was called upon to mourn the death of, not one, but both of his parents. His father's sickness, contracted in the army, had developed alarmingly and, despite the utmost care and best attendance, the old gentleman had passed away, to be followed by his faithful wife but two days later, from an attack of pneumonia, aggravated by the sleepless nights she had passed by her husband's bedside.

I am particularly grieved to have had to record the events above related, but, had they not transpired, my story would have never been written.

For months after his bereavement Arthur went his way as if rapt in himself. True, he attended to his work as well as he ever did; but no longer did he occasionally break the monotony of the work room with a snatch from one of the songs of the day; no longer was he celebrated for his innocent practical jokes; no longer was Arthur Bolton "the life of the clock factory."

Ever since the day Arthur entered the employ of Slick Brothers he had been the alter ego of Jack Swift, some three years his senior, and now, next to Arthur, the best workman in the shop. And Jack was grieved beyond expression at his friend's grief; and, fearing if longer indulged in, it would have serious consequences, he determined to draw Arthur from his shell of woe.

Now Jack was the most convivial sort of fellow; and, excellent workman though he was, his employers frequently shook their heads when his old father would come of a Monday morning with an excuse that Jack had overslept himself and would be down at the noon hour.

For be it known that Jack, besides being an excellent workman, knew it, and was often reproved by his friends for "talking shop" on all possible and (as Dickens has it) impossible occasions. He had also become so enamored of the nonsensical saying, "It is a good man's case," that he made not the slightest effort to restrain a very strongly formed taste for drink. He could give the names of all the great men of the earth who were hard drinkers, from Alexander the Great to Edgar A. Poe, and he was perfectly satisfied that all his skill as a workman and his intemperate habits bore Siamese-twin relationship to each other.

Such was the chum who undertook to restore Arthur to his old time light-heartedness. Beginning by inviting Arthur to spend an evening at his home—which invitation had never before been extended—he made use of the acceptance of the offer to have his friend engaged in conversation by his father, mother, and sister, Mary—a sweet girl of seventeen.

By skillfully confining the talk to the most enlivening topics, Arthur was made to recover much of his lost cheerfulness, and the next day his fellow-workmen noticed an agreeable change in him.

Two or three evenings a week were now spent by Arthur with his new-made friends, and his cheerfulness increased from day to day. Then Arthur, who had sold out everything on his parents' death and gone to a boarding-house, changed his quarters and went to room with Jack. And now that the two friends were thrown so constantly into company, for of course they went to and returned from work together, it did not take a great while for Arthur's melancholy to entirely disappear. I venture also to say that Mary's bright eyes had as much to do with restoring him to his accustomed gaiety, for it is certain that half a year had barely elapsed from his first entering the Swift family until he had received Mary's promise of her hand when he should be twenty years of age.

But Mary's parents had not so readily consented to make over the welfare of their only daughter to Arthur's care, for Arthur of late had become as convivial—to put it mildly—as Jack in his habits; and though he did not lose time at the workshop as Jack did, it was merely because he was so much superior in physical strength to him. He certainly managed to get rid of his handsome salary with the same regularity that he weekly received it. If it had not been that Mary had somewhat strongly put the blame for her lover's irregularities upon her brother's shoulders, her father would never have consented to part with her to Arthur, for he had little faith in the probability of his reform after marriage. But Mary's defence of Arthur had so much force to it that he had said: "Take her, my boy, and God deal by you as you do by her."

* * * * *

Seven years have passed. On the top floor of a house in a shabby-genteel street, we find the Bolton family. Ar-

thor has developed into a fine looking man, and Mary into a pretty matron. Three children have blessed the union—Mary, now aged six, and Arthur and Jane—twins—four years old. Their house bears evidence of anything but plenty. The furniture is of the simplest and cheapest kind; the parlor is the only room that boasts a carpet. The look of love which brightens Mary's face when her husband addresses her seems to be blended with one of resignation. The children though warmly enough clad, and apparently well fed, seemed possessed of a feeling of responsibility painful to the acute observer in children of their years.

Arthur still works with the Slick Brothers, and earns his old, excellent wages. But when he and Mary were married he had nothing saved. They began housekeeping on credit, and had never been able to get out of the rut into which they had fallen. For, when Arthur had settled for his morning dram at the corner, his evening drinks at the Dutchman's, his noontime pint or so, and the Sunday "nips" that didn't count, little more than enough to pay for the bare necessities of life remained; so there was always a grocer's bill, a butcher's, baker's, and a milkman's to be paid.

Now Arthur was not a hard-hearted father or husband by any means, and I am sure if Mary had ever spoken to him about it, he would have made an effort to change his habits. But she never breathed a word on the subject—in fact she seemed to consider Arthur perfection; and were not he and the children all she had to love?

For poor Jack had been found drowned (it was supposed he fell from a ferry boat while intoxicated), and his father and mother were both under the sod now some five years.

But things were destined to improve in the Bolton family, and this is how it came about:

It was Christmas Eve, and Mary and Arthur were sitting by the fire in the kitchen. The children and a neighbor's little girl were in the parlor, the little girl having brought in a doll her uncle had brought her to show to her little friends.

"Mary, will you go to church with me in the morning?" said Arthur to his wife.

"Oh, Arthur, I should so much like to go, but I have no dress but this calico wrapper, and I cut up my cloak to

to make waterproofs for the children. Wait till times get better, dear, and I'll be so happy to go with you!"

Now, Mary was always speaking of better times ahead, while Arthur knew that he was getting as high wages as he ever could expect. He remembered also that Jones, across the street, had \$2 less a week, two children more than he, and yet Jones' wife and little ones were well-fed, well-dressed, and seemed to be continually effervescing with good humor.

This set Arthur to thinking and calculating. He had a recollection of once giving his wife \$25 for a dress, and he remembered how well she had looked in it. He could not recall any other present he had made to her. His thoughts now took a different channel. He tried to figure out his weekly expenditures—his unnecessary ones—and he could think of only one week when he had got rid of so small a sum as \$4, and he wasn't positive that even that wasn't more. With feelings of remorse he had just got the logical conclusion into his head that he was literally drinking the clothing off his family, when he heard the children prattling in the other room.

"And Santa Claus will bring me a carriage for my dolly to-morrow morning, I know he will; and oh! such a lot of toys—he always does. And I'll bring them to show to you, and you'll show me what Santa Claus brings you, won't you?" said the neighbor's little girl.

"Santa Claus never comes to see us, does he Jenny?" rejoined little Mary.

"No," answered Jenny, "but papa once—oh! such a long long time ago—brought Mary and me such a pretty doll, and a little horse and cart for Arthur—didn't papa?"

Yes, he did; and, God forgive him, that was the only time he remembered to have given anything to them.

Arthur made a great resolve then to himself that never again would he cause such sorrow to the loved ones as he now felt that he had caused in the past.

Whether this resolution would have been adhered to will never be known—it was kept for a week; but on New Year's Eve Arthur got a lesson which alone would have changed the entire course of his life.

On his way home from work he had paid the grocer's, butcher's and other bills, and had devoted the remainder

of his wages to presents for his wife and children.

His wife met him at the door with a tearful face.

"Oh, Arthur, I have waited for you so impatiently! Arthur has been very ill for three hours, and I have no money for a doctor. Run, quick; I think it is something serious!"

It was. An hour's later delay would have been fatal, said the doctor; and Arthur felt, when the child was pronounced out of danger, that had it died he would have been its slayer.

"Mary," said Arthur next morning, "this thing has got to be stopped; and it shall be!"

I doubt if Mary fully understood him; but if my reader could see Arthur, his wife and little ones taking a walk in the park in the summer time, or a sleigh ride in the winter, he would know, from the happy faces, the exact text of the mental resolve made by Arthur upon the New Year's morning.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

BY MYSELF.

Fred Harding and Bella Kemmington were engaged to be married. Fortune smiled upon their prospective union; their parents had given a delighted and cordial consent, for they were close friends, the fathers having been college chums, who had settled down in the same village, Mr. Harding as its doctor, and Bella's father as vicar of the parish. So as there really was no drawback connected with the course of their love, Bella proceeded to manufacture one—it was altogether too smooth.

It was not worth while being engaged, she declared, pettishly, to herself, if the path to the altar was to be thus tame and uninteresting.

She looked around for a grievance, and soon became convinced that the betrothed was not of her seeking, but forced upon her by her parents.

She was bent on being a martyr, and even assured herself that Fred did not love her at all, but was coldly and indifferently carrying out his parents' wishes.

She was an accomplished musician, playing the organ at her father's church each Sunday, and leading the choir, among the members of which was a certain Victor Raymond, whose fine black eyes were in the habit of expressing the most undisguised admi-

ration for Bella, who did not seem at all displeased thereby, especially when her fiancée was present.

One Saturday evening, when the choir practice was over rather earlier than usual, Bella found that Fred had not arrived to take her home, and gave Victor permission to do so, which fact Fred presently discovered, much to his chagrin.

He followed and overtook them just as she bade the tenor "good-night," with her hand in his.

"Bella!" said Fred, with an unwonted sharpness, as they entered the vicarage gate, "I do not wish you to accept Mr. Raymond's escort again. You know I'm always on hand to accompany you."

"Indeed, sir! Then pray where were you to-night?"

"I was there at the usual time."

"Later, on the contrary," she contradicted.

"Excuse me, it was quite fifteen minutes before your regular hour of dismissal."

"Thank you, sir! You might as well say at once that I am not telling the truth!"

"No dear; but your insisting on it does not make it a fact. I have proof that you are mistaken."

"I say I am not mistaken!" she exclaimed in a temper. "I was tired with waiting, and Victor said he was coming my way and offered to walk with me."

"I am very sorry, dear, that I missed you, and will not let it happen again. But his way home is in an opposite direction."

"He wasn't going home. He was going to skate on the millpond."

"He must be mad! Why, after these two days of thaw the ice is like a sponge! I wouldn't venture to do it for anything."

"Oh, every man is not so—cautious—as you!"

"There's no bravery in doing a perilous thing except when necessity demands it."

"Oh, I hate effeminate men!" said Bella, with a little curl of her lip.

Fred frowned, but did not reply to the taunt, only saying,—

"Promise me dear, that you will not let Raymond come home with you again! Indeed, I must forbid it!"

"Must you, indeed? Well, then I'll come home alone. I can certainly dispense with your tardy attendance, without much loss."

"I have already apologized. Won't you forgive me?"

"I am old enough to take care of myself, and in the future I shall return alone."

"Oh, no, you must not do that!" he said.

"Why not, pray?"

"Because—well, I don't like masculine women."

And he escaped before she could retort.

All the following week Bella refused to see Fred. If he called during the day, she was out, if in the evening, she was engaged, or she felt too tired to come down stairs, or had a headache.

He waited in some trepidation for Saturday night to come, for the choir would practice, and he knew she would not fail to be there, unless detained by something really serious.

Fully half an hour before the required time, therefore, he was at his post. The last strains of the organ had died away, when Bella came tripping down the steps, and Fred came forward to meet her.

"Is your headache quite gone?" he asked quite tenderly.

"I am very well, thank you," she answered, coldly, ignoring his proffered arm, and thrusting both hands into the depths of her muff. "Will you allow me to say good-night? I am in some haste."

"I am sorry to seem intrusive," he replied with equal coldness, "but it is a lonely road, and I have the right to insist upon your accepting my escort."

What foolish and angry speech might have been called forth by this masterful declaration can only be surmised, for at that moment Victor Raymond came striding along, humming an operatic air more congenial to his ear than the melodies lately practiced.

"Ah, good evening, Harding," he said, gaily. "A lovely night, is it not?"

Fred made no reply, but Bella greeted him cordially, and made room for him by her side. And so it happened that she had two protectors upon the very evening she had determined to have none.

Their walk led them to a hill, over which they must go, or else take a much longer road. Its sides were slippery to glassiness, and the young men simultaneously offered a hand to the girl. She laughed merrily and

forward, and choosing a part where the icy-snow was more lumpy, skimmed it like a bird, before her companions realized what she meant to do.

"I knew I could do it better than either of you!" she cried, when, after many slips and backward steps, they at length stood beside her at the top. "Is it not beautiful?"

And with a comprehensive wave of her arm she indicated the snow-clad hills and frosted trees, glittering in the moonlight like myriads of diamonds; the great round moon herself shining in an azure sky, trying her very best to out-do her day rival.

"The Scotch Express will pass below soon," said Bella, presently. "Let us wait here until it has gone by."

Just then Fred gave a startled cry, and bent forward.

"What is it?" exclaimed his two companions, in a breath.

"Look! Do you not see a figure, small, like a child's, lying there?"

"Oh, yes! Lying across the metals. Ah! he will be killed!"

And Victor covered his eyes with his hands as the great, snorting locomotive, with its fiery eye, flashed round a corner.

Bella fell on her knees in the cold snow with her clasped hands raised to the starry heavens above; but Fred was already at the foot of the hill, speeding like the wind, towards his fellow creature in deadly peril.

The hot breath of the merciless monster half-choked him as he dragged the unconscious boy almost from under it; but they were both safe and, except for the gash in Fred's cheek, uninjured.

He lifted the child in his arms and carried him to where the others hurried to meet him.

Bella took the little fellow in her strong young arms.

"Is he hurt?" she gasped, for she was quivering like an aspen, but held her burden with nervous force.

"I do not think so—at least not by the train," said Fred. "This wound on his temple is the cause of his unconsciousness. See!" holding up a pair of skates, "he is some little chap who was going to skate, and racing down the hill and over the level crossing, he tripped, striking his head upon the rail. He is only stunned; but if Mr. Raymond will carry him to the vicarage, I will hasten for Dr. Clark."

But Victor, conscious that he had

not cut a very good figure, and was anxious to get away, said he would call for the doctor, and departed, quickly on his errand.

Fred turned to relieve Bella of her burden, and as he bent to take the boy, a drop of blood from his cheek fell upon the back of her gloveless hand.

She became deathly white and tottered as if about to fall, but rallying again, walked quietly by his side, without uttering a word.

The little fellow, who already showed signs of returning animation, was put to bed; and the physicians coming in almost immediately, he was soon sufficiently restored to give an account of himself.

Bella remained up stairs while Dr. Clark attended to Fred's hurt; but as soon as he had gone she came down to the room where Fred sat, a little giddy, but not otherwise damaged; and throwing her arms around his neck, burst into a passion of tears upon his shoulder.

"Dearest, what is it?" he said, anxiously.

"Oh, my dear, brave Fred!—how can you speak to me, or touch me? Why don't you despise such a silly, stupid, miserable goose of a girl?"

"But why? What have you done?"

"What have I done? Why, I c-c-alled you an ef-f-eminant man—you!"

Fred gave a ringing laugh.

"Oh, my dear girl, but we are quits, for did not I call you a masculine woman?—you, who are now threatening to drown yourself in a deluge of the most feminine tears, which I must straightway proceed to kiss away!"

Whereupon Bella was happier than ever before in her life, and forgot from that moment all about her yearnings for a romantic sorrow.

EMMELINE'S LESSON.

The July sun was beating down like rain of molten fire on the little farmhouse roof, and the branches of the trees hardly stirred in the breezeless air, as Mrs. Lathrop came in from her blackberrying expedition, her basket filled with the sparkling jetty treasures, and her face scarlet with the fatigue and heat.

She threw herself down in a chair without a word of cheery greeting for the three healthy prattling little ones who swarmed around her with a thousand and one eager questions.

"Mamma, where did you get such nice berries? Can Nelly and me go and pick some more?"

"Mamma, did you ever see such a nice doll as Tom has made for me out of an old piece of wood? Look, it has got black beads for eyes and real hair. And——"

"Me tiss mamma; me sit on mamma's lap," boldly announced three-year-old Josie, commencing to climb into the desired citadel.

But Mrs. Lathrop pushed them all peevishly away.

"Don't talk so loud, Tom. Take the ugly looking fright away, Nell. Josie, if you don't go and sit down peaceably I'll box your ears. Don't you know I've got to carry these berries up to the Grange yet, and aren't you willing to leave me one solitary moment of peace?"

Tommy withdrew sulkily. Nellie looked distasteful at the doll, which had been so beautiful in her eyes but a moment ago. Josie began to whimper under his breath. But they were quiet—that one point, at least, was gained.

Mrs. Lathrop's meditations were not over pleasant that morning, as she slowly and toilsomely climbed the weary hill which uplifted its hemlock-fringed crest between her own little farm-house nest and the terraced lawns and closely-shorn greensward of Ellsworth Grange.

Emmeline Lathrop was poor, and somehow the yoke of poverty had never pressed so heavily on her shoulders as it did on this especial morning.

The Ellsworths had just bought the Grange and come there to live during the summer months, and Mary Ellsworth had been Emmeline's school-mate ten years ago.

They had sat side by side on the wooden benches in the old red school-house, in their calico gowns, eating apples and gingerbread out of the same wicker-basket; and now she was the wife of a hard-working farmer, with three little ones to mend, and make, and contrive for, and Mary, no whit prettier or more attractive than herself, had married a wealthy merchant, and had her maid, and her carriage with its liveried coachman, and her diamonds.

Emmeline was thinking of all these things as she trudged slowly along with the heavy basket of berries weighing down her arm.

Why were the call and honey of this

life so unequally distributed? Why should she toil, and slave, and eat the bread of labor, rising up early and lying down late, while Mrs. Ellsworth, her superior in no one particular, sit in silk and jewels, with servants at her beck and call?

Why had she been such a fool as to marry George Lathrop, who had only his farm and his strong right hand, when, by waiting a year or two, she might have done as well for herself as had Mary Wyndham?

It was wrong—it was unjust; and Mrs. Lathrop repined bitterly within herself as she walked slowly along the broad gravelled drive with blossoming shrubs on either side, and glimpses of fountains, marble statuary, and parterres of rainbow-hued flowers beyond.

Nor did her envious pangs grow less as she approached the house. It was a stately structure of grey-stone with Venetian awnings at all the windows, and an octagonal tower rising up in the middle, with mimic battlements, and a flag floating out in the summer air, while on either side of the flight of broad stone steps a sculptured vase was filled with flowers and trailing plants.

Mrs. Lathrop stood hesitating where to go. She had not met Mrs. Ellsworth since the family had come down to the Grange, and she hardly knew whether her old schoolmate would receive her as a friend, or merely as the farmer's wife who had contracted with Mrs. Denison, the housekeeper, to supply the Grange family with berries and cream during the season.

But the question was soon decided.

One of the Gothic casements of stained glass was thrown open, and Mrs. Ellsworth's own voice called her: "Emmeline, Emmeline! Come up here!"

She obeyed, and in a moment or two was in the luxurious boudoir of the lady of the Grange.

It was exquisitely furnished with velvet and satin, and white and gold, and there were more articles of luxury scattered around than Mrs. Lathrop ever knew the names of; and Mrs. Ellsworth sat there in their midst, pale and languid looking, with her ring-encrusted fingers twined in one another and her embroidered wrapper falling in graceful folds around her, seeming about as miserable as woman could be.

She kissed Mrs. Lathrop, and greeted her cordially.

"Dear me!" she sighed, "how rosy you are! What would I give for such red cheeks!"

"I'm sure you used to be fresh enough," said puzzled Emmeline.

"I never have had any health since I went to live in town," said Mrs. Ellsworth sighing, and her pale face and sunken eyes fully corroborated her words. "Ellsworth says it's all whims, and has no patience with me."

No patience with her! When could Mrs. Lathrop remember the time when honest, beaming, hard-handed George had ever failed to "have patience with her."

"He must be very cross," she said involuntarily.

"My dear," said Mrs. Ellsworth, lowering her voice to a whisper, "you haven't the least idea of it. It's scold, scold, fret, fret, the whole time. Nothing ever pleases or satisfies him. He married me for my good looks. He saves, and since I've lost my red cheeks and bright eyes, he doesn't seem to care for me any more."

She wiped away with a Valenciennes bordered pocket-handkerchief the tears that were trickling slowly down her face.

"It's very hard!" said Mrs. Lathrop, marveling within herself at this unexpected view of the reverse of the shield.

"Yes, it is!" groaned the poor neglected wife. "I sometimes am almost tempted to wish that I were dead—only then he would marry Isabel Stovane. She is in the house now, the bold-faced creature. He made me ask her down here, or he said he never would come near the Grange. I am too dull company for him, and she talks, and laughs, and sings Italian music, and contrives to amuse him."

"But your children?"

"I have none."

Mrs. Lathrop looked up with a proud maternal smile.

"I have three—the prettiest little rogues you ever saw."

Mrs. Ellsworth's eyes were filled with an envious wistful look.

"How happy you must be! My baby died when he was only one month old. Oh, I wish—I wish I had died, too! Nobody would have missed me."

"Don't talk so, please," urged Mrs. Lathrop, sorely distressed.

"But it's true," sighed the forlorn lady of the Grange. "Oh, Emmeline,

the girls used to envy me when I married Paul Ellsworth and went to live in London, and I was created enorgall. But I would change back cheerfully with the poorest of them all. Tell me, Emmeline, does your husband love you?"

"Love me!" echoed Mrs. Lathrop, proud and indignant in the same second. "He loves me better than himself."

"Then you are richer far than I," sighed poor Mrs. Ellsworth. "Are you going now? It is so pleasant to me to have some one to talk to who does not sneer at me."

"I will come again," said Emmeline, kindly laying her hand in the slender palm extended to her, whose touch seemed to burn with inward fever. "But I must go back to get my husband's dinner and see after my little ones."

How infinitely these home-treasures had risen in her estimation since she passed the great iron gates of Ellsworth Grange!

Mrs. Ellsworth took out her purse and paid for the berries.

"Oh, if I could only go out and pick berries as I used to do in the old days!"

Mrs. Lathrop went home, tripping as lightly along as if her course leather shoes had been the wings of Mercury.

"I wouldn't change places with Mary Ellsworth," she thought; "no, not to walk on a floor of gold and have a king's palace over my head."

George Lathrop, in his picturesque mower's costume, was sitting on the doorstep, with Josie on his lap, and Tom and Nell playing around, as Mrs. Lathrop lifted the latch of the yard-gate.

"Hear comes dear mother!" he exclaimed jubilantly, as he lifted Josie, crowing, in his arms, and they all echoed the glad cry: "Here comes mother!"

Emmeline ran forward, dropping her empty basket in the grass, and hugged and kissed every one of them as if she had been away for a month.

"My little woman," cried her husband, "I do believe you are glad to get home!"

"I never was so glad in all my life!" cried Emmeline almost hysterically.

For during the last two hours she had learned a lesson.

GLEANINGS.

THE model lodge is the one in which harmony and good feelings prevail, where true charity, friendship and fraternity are exemplified; where efforts to increase the numerical strength of the lodge are guided by the feeling that none but good men should be admitted to membership; and where energy, faithfulness in performing duties, and progressive and enlightened efforts to make lodge-meetings interesting, pleasant and profitable are characteristic of both officers and members.—*Ind. Statesman.*

THE ancient Operative Masons had three ceremonies: the first, an open ceremony, in which the apprentice was sworn at fourteen years of age, or thereabouts, and entered on the Guild record by the Master of any private lodge or meeting of his workmen; the second, a ceremonial of freedom with an oath of secrecy, conferred upon examination of skill, when the apprentice had attained twenty-one years of age, and proved his capabilities; the third degree was conferred upon such craftsmen as had merited to become the masters of a work, or act as foreman or warden under some Master Mason.—*Kneph.*

A MASONIC MUMMY.—Freemasons will be glad to hear of the recent discovery in Egypt, by Prof. Maspero, of a tomb quite untouched by the defiling and pilfering Arabs, in which a square, a level, compasses, and other implements, have been found alongside a mummy. The dead man was an architect, builder, and carver of inscriptions; having control of one quarter of the cemetery at Thebes. The tomb was very comfortably furnished with linen chests, painted urns, statuettes, and other articles of use or luxury, and contained two sledges for the transport of mummies and sarcophagi.

The Canadian Craftsman.

Port Hope, January 15, 1887.

ANOTHER ENGLISH MASONIC DIFFICULTY.

Our English brethren seem to be determined to make themselves as unpleasant as possible in every branch of Masonry. The Grand Lodge of England insists on maintaining its three lodges in Quebec. The Grand Mark Lodge invades the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter, and now we have the Great Priory of England kicking up its heels because the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada has granted a Warrant to a Preceptory in Melbourne, Australia.

Perhaps it would be as well for Canadian Masons to surrender all their rights at once to their English brethren, and save further trouble, for it seems that nothing we do pleases them.

However, we will defer comment in this matter for the present, until after the special meeting of the Sovereign Great Priory, to be held in Kingston, on Friday, 25th February, as per the circular issued by R. E. Sir Knight Daniel Spry, Grand Chancellor, an extract from which follows;—

DEAR SIR AND EMINENT FRATER,—I am directed by the M. Em. the Supreme Grand Master, to notify you that a special meeting of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada will be held in the Masonic Hall, city of Kingston, Ontario, on Friday, the 25th day of February next, at the hour of three o'clock p.m., and to request that your Preceptory be duly represented by its qualified officers or representatives. Business of importance will be brought before Great Priory, in reference to the Preceptory at Melbourne, Colony

of Victoria, Australia. The Great Priory of England, claiming sole jurisdiction there, as a Colony of the Empire, and having a Provincial Prior and Priory long established, and heretofore undisputed, now demand the withdrawal of the Canadian Warrant, as an invasion on their territory, and if not complied with in three months, will declare non-intercourse with the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada.

From the report of the Grand Council to the meeting of the Great Priory of England, held on the 10th December last, we take the following:

Your Council has to report that in May of the present year, Sir Knight Colonel McLeod Moore, Supreme Grand Master of the United Orders of the Temple and Malta in Canada, on the application of Sir Knight Dr. Bulmer, of Melbourne, Australia, granted a Warrant for a Preceptory, to be called the Metropolitan Preceptory, and to be held at Melbourne, on the erroneous grounds—as so stated that Victoria was “unoccupied territory.”

Three Preceptories, however, are under the jurisdiction of the National Great Priory of England in Victoria at the present moment, and the Provincial Prior is Sir Knight H. W. Lowry.

Your Council considers—

(1) That this Great Priory should strongly protest against this unjustifiable infringement of its jurisdiction in one of the Dependencies of the British Crown by the Supreme Grand Master of Canada.

(2) That the Great Priory of Canada should be requested to at once withdraw the Warrant of the Metropolitan Preceptory.

(3) That the Preceptories in Victoria acting under the English Constitution, should be ordered to have no intercourse with, or in any way recognize, this illegally constituted Preceptory, or any of its members.

(4) That should this illegal Warrant not be recalled within three

months of the passing of this resolution, this National Great Priory do sever all connection with, and for the future refuse to recognize, the Great Priory of Canada.

And also the following remarks of the Great Sub-Prior:—

The Great Sub-Prior said that it then became his unpleasant duty, as the mouthpiece of the Council, to submit for the consideration of Great Priory the matter referred to in the report, of the granting of a Warrant in May last, by Sir Knight Colonel McLeod Moore, Supreme Grand Master of the Order of the Temple in Canada, for a Preceptory at Melbourne, named the Metropolitan Preceptory. That the first information respecting the granting of this Warrant that reached England was on the receipt of the printed Report of the Proceedings of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada at its meeting on the 13th of July, 1886. In the Allocution of the Supreme Grand Master presented at that meeting, it was stated that he had issued a Dispensation for opening a Preceptory, named the Metropolitan, at Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, dated the 1st of May, 1886, and he recommended that a Warrant should be granted; it was further stated this Preceptory, being within unoccupied territory in the British Empire, the Petitioners could by right and custom apply to whatever Grand Governing Body they chose for a Warrant. Soon after this printed Report came to hand, an unofficial letter was received from Colonel McLeod Moore by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Knight Tinkler, stating that since granting the Dispensation he had ascertained that there was an English Preceptory in Victoria, and asking how that would affect the question, as the Canadian Great Priory had no wish to invade English territory. On reading the Report and letter, the Great Sub-Prior stated he was extremely astonished, and he felt it his

duty to write without delay an unofficial and private letter of remonstrance to Colonel McLeod Moore, in which he expressed his hope that the Warrant would be at once withdrawn. That Colonel McLeod Moore replied, also unofficially, that the Dispensation for the opening of the Preceptory having been confirmed by the Great Priory of Canada, the question according to the Canadian Statutes, now rested in its hands and not with the Grand Master; and as there was no meeting of the Great Priory of Canada to be held for nearly twelve months, the consideration of the matter would have to stand over for that time. The Great Sub-Prior said that this state of things appeared to the Council and to him to be very unsatisfactory, as it would not be till the meeting in December next year that the English Great Priory would know what, if anything, had been done, and be in a position to take any action to assert its right to the territory which had thus been unjustifiably invaded. The English Great Priory ought to know at the May meeting next year in what position it stood. The Great Sub-Prior explained that the Great Priory of England had then and for many years past a Provincial Priory in Victoria, and three Preceptories in that Province; that through irregularities in sending their Annual Returns, these Preceptories had, under a Section of the Statutes, become suspended until those Returns were made; the Preceptory at Melbourne had, however, resumed active work, having made its Annual Returns and payments, and the other two Preceptories could also remove the suspension by their own act at any moment on making the like Returns and payments, and he believed there was every probability of their soon doing so. He further stated that consequently Victoria was, and had been, for a long period of years occupied territory by the English Great Priory, and he argued that the Great Priory of Canada had no au-

thority to grant a Warrant for a Preceptory in that or any other British Colony. He also stated that he had written to the Provincial Prior of Victoria, informing him of the facts, and pointing out that the Preceptory thus formed by Canada was an irregular body, and that therefore neither it nor any of its members could be in any way recognized by the English Preceptories in Victoria. He said he did not think the English Great Priory would allow another year to pass before protesting against the action of the Great Priory of Canada. He submitted that it was competent for the Great Priory of Canada to call a Special Meeting for the purpose of taking the question into consideration, when the objectionable Warrant could be withdrawn, a course he was certain the English Great Priory would have taken in a like case to repair a wrong. The Great Sub-Prior also said that just before that meeting a telegram had been received from Sir Knight Emra Holmes, the Representative of the Great Priory of Canada to the Great Priory of England and Wales, referring to a letter he stated he had written to the Great Prior of England (but which letter had not then been received), and asking that the fourth Resolution, as recommended by the Council in its Report, should be withdrawn from that meeting. He, the Great Sub-Prior, said he saw no reason for acceding to that request, as any hesitation on the part of the English Great Priory would only tend to its prejudice, and were action not at once taken, it might be said that it had consented to the invasion of its jurisdiction. He stated that the Council had fully considered the matter, and had unanimously agreed to recommend for adoption by Great Priory the Resolutions specified in the Report, and those Resolutions, on his behalf, he would then severally submit for the acceptance of Great Priory. He concluded by stating that it was with great regret the English Great Priory

found itself under the necessity of taking those steps in consequence of the action of the Great Priory of Canada, with whom the English Great Priory desired to maintain the most cordial and fraternal relations.

The Great Sub-Prior then read each Resolution separately, and put it to the vote of Great Priory. After some discussion and explanations, the four Resolutions were severally carried unanimously.

ENCAMPMENT OF ST. JOHN.

CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

The fratres of the Encampment of St. John, Religious and Military Order of the Temple, on the Registry of the Chapter General of Scotland, assembled at Freemasons' Hall, on Christmas Day, as has been customary for a number of years past, to unite with members of the Order in other lands in pledges of fraternal affection.

About sixty members of the Encampment were present; also, Sir Knights Charles A. Harris, of St. Omer Commandery, South Boston; Augustus E. Pote, of St. John's Commandery, Bangor, Maine; and Caleb Gilman, of St. Bernard Commandery, Eastport, Maine.

Before the regular proceedings of the day had been entered upon, Sir Knight Charles A. Harris, of St. Omer Commandery, South Boston, called upon Eminent Commander Walker, of the Encampment of St. John, to receive an elegantly bound photograph album, the gift of Sir Knights Charles J. Noyes, Charles E. Pierce, Joseph R. Grose, Samuel Bedlington, and Charles A. Harris, of St. Omer, to Dr. and Mrs. Walker, as a Christmas souvenir. The recipient replied in befitting terms.

Frafer G. Gordon Boyne was requested to step forward. Sir Knight Harris also had a testimonial for him, the donor being Sir Knight Grose. The evidence of regard con-

sisted of a badge of St. Omer, a facsimile of their banner being pendant to a bar having thereon the name of the Commandery. Short speeches were made by Sir Knight Harris and Frater Boyne.

Eminent Commander Walker then called the Encampment to its feet, and made a short allusion to the occasion which had called them together. He proposed the sentiment:

"Christmas Day with all its Sacred Associations."

After this had been duly honored, he read the following communication:

"Portland, November 15, 1886.

"Dear Sir Knight:

"Will you join the Templar Correspondents, on Christmas, December 25, at noon, Eastern Standard Time (equivalent to 5 p. m. Greenwich), in a libation pledging Grand Master Charles Roome, the sentiment to be

'To the first among his equals.'

The Grand Master sends the following response:—

"To all faithful Soldiers of the Cross wherever dispersed."

Will you also extend the invitation to your friends.

Courteously and fraternally yours,

STEPHEN BERRY,

Templar Correspondent, Maine."

THOS. WALKER, M.D., Esq.,
Eminent Commander,
Encampment of St. John,
St. John, N. B.

Before giving the first toast, he spoke of the pleasant relations existing between the Grand Encampment of the United States and the Encampment of St. John, and the debt of gratitude which the latter body felt for the Grand Encampment for the fair investigation it had made into a matter of which they all knew—a debt which they would always have in their remembrance. The toast, "To the first among his equals," was given and drank in the heartiest possible manner, followed by a succession of cheers for the Grand Master. The response of Grand Master Roome "To all faithful Soldiers of the Cross wherever dispersed," was then pro-

posed in fitting terms by the Eminent Commander, and was heartily received.

Another pleasing interruption was occasioned by Sir Knight Harris presenting on behalf of Sir Knight Grose, to Frater William J. Logan, a testimonial similar to that handed to Frater Boyne. The gift was suitably acknowledged by the recipient, who thanked the bearer, and, through him, the donor, for the remembrance.

When the words "St. Omer Commandery" were uttered, the Frater raised a perfect hurricane of applause. The Eminent Commander read the following letter:—

To the Noble and Eminent Commander, Officers and Members of the Encampment of St. John:—

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 23, 1886.

DEAR FRATRES,—The Eminent Commander of St. Omer Commandery once more felicitates us two Commands upon the close and harmonious relations which they bear.

To the Frateres of the Encampment of St. John the Sir Knights of St. Omer send this Christmas greeting. Though distance stretches between—though the climate is chilling, with its icy blasts—no distance can in truth divide, or cold, freeze the genial current of our hearts, each for the other.

We lift high our glass and drink deep to the happiness of all.

Sincerely and courteously,

CHAS. E. PIERCE,

Eminent Commander.

Hearty cheering followed, and the Eminent Commander coupled with the toast the names of Past Commander T. Nisbet Robertson and Sir Knight Harris, of St. Omer, both of whom responded, and extended a hearty welcome to all pilgrims of the Encampment of St. John who came near their Asylum.

The following letter was then read:

To the Noble and Eminent Commander, Officers and Members of the Encampment of St. John, etc:

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 19, 1886.

DEAR FRATRES,—Thinking that you might deem a message from the absent not inappropriate on the occasion of your Christmas festivities, we hereby transmit our fraternal greeting.

Did leisure permit, distance would not prevent our joining you on that happy anniversary, and around the triangle of our Encampment to drink with you the health and prosperity of every Frater of St. John, and the increasing glory of our noble Order.

Christmas! What a talismanic charm in the holy word! What wealth of sacred memories cluster about its hearthstone, and shed their mellowed influence on the golden circle. How it brings back the precious name of Him who proclaimed tidings of glad peace and sanctified the thorny path of human life with blessed feet. How men and women, too, at such a time, carrying in their hearts the incense of fragrant memories, return to old scenes and live anew the life of long ago.

In this spirit do we ask to be remembered as we mingle mutual congratulations.

In this spirit we say, "God's blessing for you each and all, and a thousand happy Christmas benedictions on St. John and St. Omcr, whom love has joined and none can ever separate."

Courteously and fraternally,

CHAS. J. NOYES,
CHAS. E. PIERCE,

Hon. Members Encampment of St. John.

Another round of cheers was followed by the singing of an ancient refrain.

Frater Harris Allan spoke commendatory of the labors of Eminent Commander Walker, and proposed his health, which was drunk with all honors, and Commander Walker happily replied. Past Commander Fleming spoke of the Encampment in its younger days, and then Past Commander Ellis offered the sentiment, "The continued prosperity of the Encampment of St. John." In proposing the toast, he alluded to the struggles that the Encampment had had after its foundation, for existence, and paid a warm tribute to those who had labored so zealously in maintaining the interest among the members. He felt thankful that they had overcome all obstacles, particularly that of the past year, and it was matter for congratulation that they were now so prosperous and destined to continue so. The sentiment received due honor, including a trio of cheers, and the pleasant re-union was brought to a

close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the members clasping hands and forming the circle of affection.—
St. John Telegraph.

R. A. PRESENTATION.

Doric Chapter, No. 60, R. A. M., G. R. C., Newmarket, Ont., at a recent meeting, installed the following officers:—

P. Z.—Very Excellent Comp. A. Borngasser.

Z.—E. Comp. Thomas Kestliff.

H.—E. Comp. J. W. Allan.

J.—E. Comp. J. E. Holliv'gshead.

S. E.—Comp. W. A. Ewing.

S. N.—Comp. T. T. Bailey.

P. S.—Comp. J. R. Mader.

S. S.—Comp. W. H. Bentley.

J. S.—Comp. R. W. Prest.

Janitor,—Comp. J. E. Hughes.

At the close of the proceedings, R. E. Comp. Dr. J. H. Widdifield, in the name of the chapter, presented the retiring Principal, V. E. Comp. Borngasser, with a Past Principal's sash and apron, of beautiful design and excellent workmanship, accompanying the presentation with a short extempore address, in which he spoke in the highest terms of the valuable services Comp. Borngasser had rendered the chapter during the two years he had filled the chair, and the debt of gratitude due him from Doric Chapter. The Companion replied in his usual affable and pleasing style, and spoke feelingly of the pleasure he had experienced in the position. He thanked the Companions for their appreciation of his services, and for the tangible expression of it that they had given. The chapter was then closed, and the Companions adjourned to partake of a plate of oysters, as a fitting wind up to the evening's proceedings. Following is V. E. Comp. Borngasser's reply:—

EXCELLENT PRINCIPAL AND COMPANIONS.—Two years have now elapsed since you elected me as 1st Principal of this Chapter, thereby entrusting me with the management of its affairs,

and I make bold to say that it has been my constant aim to prove myself worthy of that confidence reposed in me. I have endeavored to discharge the duties of that high and exalted position as well as my humble abilities have enabled me. Although, on many occasions, when I found myself at a loss how to combat with difficult matters, I always received valuable assistance from those who were possessed of brains more fertile than I could boast; and, although the distance which exposed me on many occasions to travel through many tempests and unfavorable roads, I was always amply repaid by the kind and welcome reception awarded to me by the companions of this chapter.

The various officers, with whom it was my good fortune to dispatch the business of this chapter, were of the most cordial relation, having the same inspiration to promote the interest and prosperity of the chapter. No matter how efficient the presiding-officer of an organization may be, if his assistants fail to perform their respective parts, he can never achieve any great success.

If our chapter has not boomed as well as we could have wished, still we have many reasons for being encouraged. The late acquisition of some of the most energetic business-men of this town, will no doubt prove to be a great advantage and improvement; and I may be pardoned if I indulge in the hope of a brighter future for our institution.

The annual report of the Grand Superintendent, R. Ex. Comp. Patterson, of Toronto, clearly indicates that this chapter has a reputation that its officers were fully competent in the performance of their duties, and I have no hesitation to say, that they rank well beside those of former years. We have, therefore, no cause for repining, and plenty of cause for rejoicing. This being true, it still becomes my duty to enquire if there

is not yet room for improvement and advancement.

May not this good state of the chapter be bettered, and I beg leave to make a few suggestions which might be followed with advantage.

The suggestion I am about to make cannot, if followed, have other than beneficial results. It is in relation to the election of officers in a chapter. The officers selected govern the chapter; they control its actions; they are the ones from whom the outside world judges our sincerity and standing; they compose the representatives of the Grand Chapter, and thus guide and direct the course of Royal Arch Masonry in this jurisdiction. Consequently, the officers selected by the Masonic bodies should be their best members, not necessarily the most perfect ritualists but those who, in addition to being ritualists are men of ability and mark. Who are Masonic students and jurists, who bring to their offices standing and character, and who are the most zealous Masons. The members who combine the most of these qualities, and in the highest degree, are those to be selected as standard-bearers. Poor officers mean poor work; a lack of interest, infrequent meetings and slim attendance. Not only that, but the outside world will judge of the chapter by its officers, and the petitioners will eventually nearly all come from that class of Masons to which the officers belong.

I beg leave to point out to the members of this chapter to particularly consider and digest that portion of my address referring to the selection of officers. It is a practice too common within the lodge and chapter to elect brethren and companions to positions, who are ill-qualified if not unworthy to fill the place. I have frequently observed that our annual elections bring out members whose presence at meetings is of an annual character only; but their presence at an election of officers often proves detrimental, from the

fact that they care but little as to the fitness of a candidate for the office, to which they lend their aid in electing. They attach no importance to the matter of qualification, and care less as to the disastrous result of their heedless conduct; and I emphatically assert that the less a lodge or chapter has of such membership the better it is for it.

And now let me say in conclusion, that as my successor is well known to be a zealous and industrious student of the Order, I hope he will receive at your hands that loyal devotion and good fellowship due to his exalted position as the presiding-officer and 1st Principal of Doric Chapter.

MASONIC BALL AT McLEOD, N. W. T.

The Masonic Ball, for which invitations were issued some time ago, and which has been looked forward to as the first of the winter season, took place on the 27th December, in the Town Hall. For the week previous, the weather had been stormy, and considerable snow had fallen. It was feared that this might interfere to some extent with the success of the ball, by preventing people from the outside from coming in. But the people in the far west do not mind a few miles travelling, even in the most stormy weather, and this proved to be the case last night. While some did not come, with whom in any case the weather would have made no difference, there were others, both ladies and gentlemen, who braved the perils of the stormy prairie, and came many miles to attend the first Masonic ball ever given in Macleod. By half past nine o'clock, the ball room was just comfortably filled, and the Circassian Circle was the commencement of a programme which would have lasted until four in the morning had everyone remained to the end.

There were just enough ladies to make the race for dances keen and exciting. The ladies were besieged

at the door by an eager crowd, and not many of them had very many dances to spare by the time they reached the upper end of the room.

And this seems an opportune time to try and dispel the prejudice which some have regarding the use of programmes at such balls. It is claimed by them that the use of programmes discriminates unfairly against those who are not accustomed to them. This is a mistake. If there is no regular programme, there will always be a number who will carry private cards, and engage dances the whole evening ahead. Those who do not make use of programmes which are open to all, will scarcely think of using the private ones, and will therefore be disappointed when they find that all the dances are engaged. Regular programmes give a fair and equal chance to all, and the only fair way to conduct a dance is by using them.

The ladies last night looked at their very best, and many of them were charmingly and handsomely dressed. Macleod, and we would add Lethbridge and Pincher Creek, have every reason to feel proud of the beauty and grace of their ladies.

The ball room looked very pretty, and the well waxed floor was in excellent condition for dancing. The walls were trimmed with festoons of evergreen wreaths, and festoons of colored cloth were hung from the walls to the chandeliers. On one wall was "W. D. A., W. M., and on the other "Alberta Lodge, A. F. and A. M.," with the usual Masonic emblem. Altogether the effect was very pretty, and those who had the decorations in hand deserve every credit for the appearance of the ball room.

The supper was given at the Macleod Hotel. The tables groaned under their heavy load, and the supper was quite up to the well known high standard of the Macleod Hotel.

The music was furnished by a few instruments from the Mounted Police band, under Staff-Sergt. Davis' lead-

ership. When it is considered that this is the first time they have played at an affair of this kind, they did remarkably well.

The ball broke up at about half past two, and was pronounced on all hands a most decided success.—*Mac-leod Gazette.*

BANQUET IN HONOR OF GRAND MASTER ROBERTSON.

On Friday evening, December 10th, a complimentary banquet was tendered to M. W. Bro. Henry Robertson, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, by the officers and members of Manito Lodge, Collingwood, Ont., to celebrate his being elected to the very distinguished position of Grand Master.

Besides the members of the lodge, there were present the following officers of the Grand Lodge:—R. W. Bro. W. S. Broughton, D. D. G. M. of the Georgian District; R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, D. D. G. M. of the Toronto District; R. W. Bro. R. L. Patterson, P. G. S. W., and R. W. Bro. Judge McPherson, of Owen Sound, P. Grand Z. of the Grand Chapter; as well as a number of brethren from other lodges in the District. At eight o'clock the brethren met in the lodge room, where the following address was presented:—

*To Henry Robertson, Esq., L. L. B.,
Grand Master of the Grand Lodge
of Canada, A. F. & A. M.*

M. W. SIR AND BRO.—The officers and members of Manito Lodge, No. 90, in tendering you a banquet this evening, as some slight token of the high estimation in which your mother lodge holds you, as well as of the high honor conferred upon you, and through you upon the lodge, when the brethren assembled in Grand Lodge elected you as Grand Master, cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing their happiness that one of their most esteemed brethren has been deemed worthy to occupy so exalted a position in Masonry. While

doing so, they do not hesitate to place on record their firm and united belief that one more deserving of the honor could not have been selected. For we know your Masonic history. How that while yet one of the youngest members you became the Master of Manito Lodge, and by indefatigable exertion, and the assistance of those you inspired with a portion of your own enthusiasm, you gave Masonry in Collingwood an impetus which your successors in office have ever since maintained.

These achievements, together with your unceasing devotion to the interests of Masonry in the many positions of trust in which the brethren have placed you, have resulted in your obtaining the highest honor in the gift of the Grand Lodge.

We would, therefore, as brethren, one and all, tender you our sincerest congratulations, and assure you of our gratification that the Grand Lodge has recognized your worthiness by conferring upon you its highest honor.

In conclusion, permit us to wish you continued life and health to devote to the good of the Order, and to enjoy the honors that have been bestowed upon you by the unanimous consent of the brethren.

Signed on behalf of the lodge.

G. M. AYLSWORTH,
W. WILLIAMS,

Committee.

F. B. GREGORY,

P. M., Master.

To which M. W. Bro. Robertson replied:—

*To the Officers and Members of Manito
Lodge, No. 90, G. R. C., A. F.
& A. M.*

DEAR BRETHREN,—For the complimentary entertainment with which you have honored me this evening, and for the very flattering address you have been pleased to present, I desire to return my most cordial acknowledgments.

Manito Lodge has always had a

first place in my affection and regard. That this feeling is reciprocal is evidenced by the many acts of kindness I have continuously received at your hands. You have now added another proof, if that were necessary, of your confidence and esteem, and your appreciation of my endeavors to discharge my duties as a member of the lodge and a Freemason.

My connection with Manito Lodge dates back over a quarter of a century, and I cannot now recall a single circumstance on the part of any member of the lodge during these years, that has not evinced a friendly and fraternal spirit.

You have been pleased to allude to my service as Master of the lodge. Certainly, the lodge from that time exhibited a marked improvement, but a great part of the credit for this fact is due to the hearty and efficient cooperation of the officers and members, who ably assisted my endeavors to improve its condition and establish its reputation as one of the best working lodges in the jurisdiction.

Your commendation should also be extended to my successors in office, whose faithful and earnest labors have so efficiently contributed to sustain and extend that reputation.

By your kindness I was enabled to become a member of the Grand Lodge, and since then I have endeavored to fulfil my Masonic duties in that enlarged sphere of labor to the best of my ability, and without expectation of reward.

The honor I have received at the hands of my brethren has been very gratifying, and the more so as they were unsought. You have been indulgent enough to say that they were not undeserved, but certainly both you and they have been actuated by those generous sentiments that characterize the true Freemason.

My Masonic labors have been to me a pleasure. The interests of the Order have been to me as dear as those more personal, and they have elicited my best efforts for their ad-

vancement, and for the preservation of that good feeling and harmony which should at all times exist among brothers of our Mystic Tie.

The jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada is large and important, containing many well skilled, intelligent, able and learned Masons, and to be selected as Grand Master by such a body, is indeed a very high honor, and obtainable by only a limited number. The annals of Masonry contain no greater triumph, and as a member of Manito Lodge, I am proud that it enjoys the distinction of having a Grand Master on its roll.

The kindly sentiments contained in your address, and the fraternal expression of your gratification at my election as Grand Master, awaken within me the warmest emotion, and I can but feebly convey to you my gratitude for this mark of your esteem and regard.

Brethren, I wish you all the greatest comfort and happiness that Providence can bestow; and Manito Lodge will always have my sincerest wishes for its continued success and prosperity.

Among all the honors and offices I have held, and greatly as I esteem the distinguished position of Grand Master, I can truly say that I have never been so grateful or so proud of my success, as when I was first elected as Worshipful Master of Manito Lodge.

After these ceremonies were completed, all adjourned to the Central Hotel, where they sat down to probably the finest spread ever placed before any gathering in Collingwood. When the rich and well-served viands had received ample attention from the assembled guests, R. W. Bro. John Nettleton, P. D. G. M., who occupied the chair, rose to propose the "Queen and the Craft."

After this toast had been right loyally drunk, "The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada," was proposed, and most enthusiastically responded to. Bro. J. C. Morgan,

M. A., of Barrie, followed with a song, "Health to Scotland." Grand Master Robertson, in replying, said:—He felt embarrassed by the very heartiness with which the toast had been received, and warmly thanked Manito Lodge for the honor done him. He was the fourth Master of Manito Lodge. He had been initiated in 1861, elected Secretary in 1862, and again in 1863; elected Junior Warden in 1864; Master in 1865, and re-elected in 1866. On retiring in 1866, he was presented with a Past Master's jewel, which he has worn with pride ever since. Masonry had always had a fascination for him. Its history, its working, its development, its symbolism, had been a life-long study, and it was most gratifying that his devotion to it had been so abundantly rewarded. Until very recently he had never once ventured to hope to occupy any exalted position in Masonry, not to speak of the Grand Master's chair. That he had been raised to this high position by the choice of the brethren was pleasing to him for the sake of Manito Lodge, as well as for his own. As he was at home he hoped he would be indulged as a guest and not expected to speak at great length. He was gratified to see present so many Grand Lodge officers, men on whom the success of Masonry so largely depended. In resuming his seat, he again expressed his gratification at the honor done him, and prayed Manito Lodge to accept his thanks for the cordial reception given him.

When the prolonged cheering that followed M. W. Bro. Robertson's reply had subsided, the chairman rose to propose the "Past Grand Masters of the Grand Lodge," coupled with the names of R. W. Bro. McPherson, P. Grand Z. of the Grand Chapter. Bros. Morgan and McVittie followed with a well-rendered song, after which R. W. Bro. McPherson rose to thank the brethren for the hearty reception of the toast. He had attended, not to make a speech, but to do honor to

Grand Master Robertson. He remembered the time when in company with Bro. De Grassi, he had visited Manito Lodge, many years ago, and recognizing in Bro. Robertson superior Masonic instincts, he had laid hold of him, and he thought inspired him with some of his Masonic ambition. He had been with Bro. Robertson all the time, he had watched his arduous labors in Grand Lodge, and could assure all present that he fully deserved the high position he to-day occupied; and it was a great pleasure to congratulate him and his Lodge on the honor they had attained.

In response to the toast "Tho D. D. G. M. of the Georgian District," Bro. Lawrence gave a song, and R. W. Bro. W. S. Broughton, of Bradford, who at present occupies that position, briefly replied, thanking the brethren, congratulating the Grand Master, and expressing his pleasure at being present. He was followed by R. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, D. D. G. M. of Toronto District. He could not get his mind made up to come on the cannon ball train that leaves Toronto before 12 o'clock and arrives here about 6, so he must apologize for being somewhat late. It was a pleasure to him to be present and do honor to one so richly deserving as Bro. Robertson. In visiting Lodges as D. D. G. M., he had often replied to the toast of the "Grand Master," and when in doing so he said a good thing, he always credited it to J. Ross Robertson, but when a poor thing, to the Grand Master himself. He found that the Grand Master had an excellent record all over his district, and he believed that the revival of interest in Masonry throughout the country, was in no small degree due to the enthusiasm that emanated from the present Grand Master.

V. W. Bro. Gregory then proposed "The Grand Lodge Officers, past and present," coupled with the names of R. W. Bro. Paterson, P. G. S. W., of Toronto. After a brief speech, in

which he referred in eulogistic terms to the Grand Master, Bro. Robertson, he gave a humorous recitation, and being encored, gave a second. After the visiting brethren and a volunteer toast proposed by Bro. J. C. Morgan, one of the most pleasant Masonic gatherings ever held in Collingwood, was brought to a close by drinking the Junior Warden's toast, which was ably proposed by Bro. G. M. Aylsworth, J. W.

SEEING THE UNSEEN.

Any fool can see that which stands out objectively and plainly before him, but it requires a wise man to see the unseen. All Freemasons should be wise men, and many of them are. Their ability to draw aside the veil which separates between the appearance and the reality of things, to enter into the secret crypt and discover long lost truths, is proverbial. Freemasonry itself is a mental telescope, designed to assist the spiritual sight of the immortals who are its initiates. By its aid, under its instruction, they learn the sublimest truths of the here and the hereafter. They learn these truths symbolically, according to a system which is peculiar to itself. All of these truths are old, for there is nothing new in Masonry, but some of them are so old as to be regarded as out-of-date by the profane. Not so by Freemasons. Truth is always truth, and never becomes superannuated. The old truths constantly need to be made new to popular apprehension—as a thoughtful writer has forcibly phrased it, so as to become “truth out of truth, a thousand times reverified, self-illustrated, made self luminous.” This is what Freemasonry strives to do, to make real the old ideals, to so clothe the eternal verities as to render them tangible to the senses, visible to the eye of the mind, attractive to the imagination, so that the intellect may comprehend them, the heart feel them, and the whole physical and

spiritual entity of man be made subject to their sway. Our fraternity is a rendezvous for thinkers, a republic of initiates who have inherited Masonic Light and knowledge, and who are willing, nay anxious, discreetly to communicate it to those who seek it and are worthy.

We “let light into the nature of things.” As the sun in the heavens, when it sheds its effulgent rays, clothes the earth with a garment of light, so Freemasonry when it speaks to its initiates by sign and symbol, makes clear to their understanding some world-truths of priceless worth. By its aid they rise to new life, lift the veil, enter the crypt, and see the unseen. Happy the brother who “marks, learns and inwardly digests” the rich mental food offered him by the Masonic fraternity. Such a brother is a true “son of Light;” in him is no darkness at all.

Is there any brother that glances over these paragraphs who has eyes which have seen not, and ears which have heard not, the secrets of Freemasonry which are hidden in its symbols? Has he seen the objective, without apprehending the subjective? If so he has failed to see the unseen, failed to be a true Freemason. Each Masonic jewel, each implement of our craft, each piece of furniture in the lodge room, each symbol, each official title, each Masonic ceremony, from the least to the greatest, is an object-lesson to Craftsmen, a truth-teacher. They point Godward, Masonward and selfward. They teach us our obligations to the Grand Architect of the Universe, our Maker; to our brethren, our equals; and to ourselves, of whom alone we need to be afraid. We should love our Maker, love our fellows, and fear only ourselves.

Could the world well dispense with this race of Masonic seers? We trow not. At all events the world has never in all of the ages been without exemplars of the fraternity which teaches its initiates to see the unseen. How little do we actually see even

of material things—how much we are compelled to take upon trust. We dwell upon a great habitable globe, only a speck of which is familiar to us. We live in a human period which includes some six thousand years, and yet a mere span of this time is known to us personally. We are compelled to see, if we see at all, the unseen in time and space through the eyes of history and biography, of chronology and geology. And then what is our tiny globe to the myriad hosts of heaven—the sun and moon, the stars and planets? And what is time to eternity, and earth to heaven? Do we not need to learn how to see the unseen? Should Freemasons not avail themselves of their manifold opportunities for grasping hidden truths, for learning Masonic verities, for comprehending the here and the hereafter? Does an honored member of our fraternity, rich in years and abundant in labors, with his work squarely done, pass from our sight through the portals of the grave—how we should realize, as we have never done before, the divine reality, the priceless value, of the great Masonic doctrine of the immortality of the soul! He has gone from the Lodge below to the Lodge above, from the presence of the Grand Master on earth into the presence of the Grand Master of the Universe. We shall follow him. His time measures our time; it may be, has exceeded it. We shall meet him, and shall meet each other, hereafter. Here we are taught by our fraternity to see the unseen. If we have been diligent students of Masonry, have tasted the flavor of its kernel and not merely toyed with its shell, have peered through the symbol and seen the truth typified, then we shall not be surprised when the King of Terrors overtakes us, shall not fear to leave the lodge below, shall thereafter boldly knock at the portals of the Lodge above, and having the true word and the true work, shall find an abundant entrance and a fraternal greeting in the Lodge

above. Welcome the unseen here, apprehend it, comprehend and love it, as unfolded by Freemasonry, and you shall be welcomed by it hereafter, when time is past and eternity present, and the unseen shall have become the seen.—*Keystone.*

Miss Priscilla's Folly.

CHAPTER I.

"I consider your conduct so foolish as to be inexcusable," the rector said severely.

This from Mr. Hornby was scathing censure, and as Miss Priscilla heard him her sobs increased.

"I am very sorry," she murmured heart-brokenly. "If I had known you would have cared so much, I should not have dared to do it."

"As if my caring mattered!" he said to himself with despondent amazement. "Why, you poor foolish creature, what can it matter to me except for your sake? But to think that you have beggared yourself—literally, actually beggared yourself, and at your age, too!"

"I am only a little over 40," Miss Priscilla ventured with meek protest.

"But 40, and penniless and incapable of anything!"

Miss Priscilla made a faintly rebellious movement.

"I mean to teach," she said, with wavering confidence.

"Teach! Why, you are years behind the time. Nowadays girls learn astronomy, and chemistry and Greek, ma'am—Greek!"

Miss Priscilla sobbed again.

"And for a young scapegrace who never was worth his salt. And all that money in 8 per cents., too! Oh, I have no patience with it all!"

Miss Priscilla rubbed her eyes, and looked up at him pitifully.

"Would you have had me let him go to prison?" she asked.

"I would." Mr. Hornby closed his mouth determinedly as he spoke. "In this world whoso sins should bear the punishment."

"He was Letty's son," Miss Priscilla said, "and Letty was more to me than ever sister was before. How could I let him be ruined, just that I might fare sumptuously and live at ease?"

"Of course you felt that," the rector admitted, reluctantly; "but, all the same, he was a criminal, and as such had a right to bear his own punishment."

Miss Priscilla rose to go.

"If the Deity you preach were as merciful as you are, it had been a sad thing for the

world," she said. "I told you his sin, poor boy, because I wished to have nothing secret from you, for the sake of your old friendship, and you only taunt me with it. Oh, you are very cruel!"

He put out his hand to stop her.

"You must forgive me if I have spoken harshly," he said. "I am only harsh because I feel so much. What do you mean to do? This is a hard world for women who are penniless."

"The Lord takes care of fools and children," Miss Priscilla answered with a break in her voice.

"Are you angry still?" He extended his hand as he spoke. And Miss Priscilla took it, her heart softening.

"We have been friends always, and I should not like us to quarrel now at the last," she said.

"At the last?" he echoed, looking at her inquiringly.

"Of course I must leave the village. One does not live as I have done hitherto, on nothing."

"Nothing! And is it as bad as that?"

"I have a couple of hundreds left and the furniture," she answered, smiling at him faintly.

"You have not told me how it came about—the necessity for your sacrifice, I mean," he said.

"I do not know all the particulars, but I can guess." She shivered slightly as she spoke. "There was an extravagant youth, and a position of trust, and temptation and a fall and ruin, unless a miracle interposed."

"And you wrought the miracle!" Mr. Hornby said, with a rather uncertain smile quivering about his lips.

"I did all I could to save him from the consequences of his deed."

"And was the—the deficit for a large sum?"

"For £3,700. Had it been for much more, I should have been powerless."

"In your place, I should not have interfered," Mr. Hornby said, sighing. "The very magnitude of the offense shows a hardened nature."

Miss Priscilla was weeping bitterly now.

"It is too late to think of that," she said.

"The thing is done and irrevocable. I did not tell you before, lest you should try to hinder me. He has gone abroad to make a fresh start and to do well, I trust and believe. He was Letty's son."

"And you mean to teach?" looking at her pitifully.

"It is all I can think of."

"But it is such a hard life, and so difficult to find a place in even, nowadays, without a special training."

"No matter; I can only try my very best." She held out her hand to him. "Good-bye," she said; "don't fret about me; I am more hopeful than you are. I have good health

and all my wits about me, and I am ready to do my best at anything that offers."

She shook hands with him, the perturbation in his eyes meeting the striving smile in hers, and then she went out, and down the rectory lawn, and through the little gate that led into the village street.

It was a beautiful sunny June day. From hill-top to hill-top the light seemed suspended in gossamer webs, and the slumberous peace that stretched over land and sea was too perfect for common sounds to break. In Fairview village drowsy quiet was paramount. Even the roses growing in front of rustic porticos, swayed their languid heads in the faint breezes somnolently. A few children busied with dust-pies in the shadow of the houses smiled at Miss Priscilla as she passed; a few rustics loitering in the thoroughfare touched their forelocks with slow civility.

All the neighborhood knew Miss Priscilla, and knowing her knew all her history. She had lived among them always. She was Squire Compton's only surviving child, and she was reputed fabulously wealthy here, where money was so rare. It did not matter that Squire Compton had been held poor enough in his day, and that all he left had been divided equally between Priscilla and Edward Glynn, his grandson. Miss Priscilla must be wealthy, judged by her large benevolences. Of course money does accumulate in the hands of women, and Miss Priscilla was economical in her personal expenditure, and beside, did not the way of life of Mr. Edward Glynn prove how much wealth must have fallen between them?

It was not often that Mr. Edward Glynn had chosen to honor Fairview with his presence, but from the few occasions when it had been favored, it retained a vivid memory of his elegant bearing, his costly equipments, and his general suggestiveness of luxury and ease. Fairview was quite proud that such a distinguished gentleman owed his origin to it, however remotely, though a few of the oldest inhabitants did venture to whisper among themselves that Mr. Edward Glynn was very like his father, and that his father had been only a curse to every one who had ever trusted him. Of course they would not have said this to Miss Priscilla for the world, and they only breathed it to each other in confidential moments, for Miss Priscilla was a kind of little Providence in the neighborhood, and a word against aught belonging to her was disloyalty.

As she passed down the still street that calm June afternoon, one and another offered her a friendly greeting; and, observation being none too acute here, no one noticed with what a frozen smile she answered. She was almost at her own door when a little girl on crutches hobbled after her and put a rose into her hand.

"It is off the bush you gave me," she said.

and then Miss Priscilla drew down her veil and hurried on, weeping. How was she to leave these hearts that loved her and the happy home in which she had spent her entire lifetime?

Her little maidservant opened the door for her without waiting for her knock and took her bonnet and shawl and brought her slippers and a cup of tea. Miss Priscilla drank the cheering beverage to give her courage, and then she went into the little kitchen where the little maiden sat sewing by the hearth.

"Jane," Miss Priscilla said, clearing her throat, "Jane, I wish to say that at the end of the month you and I shall be obliged to part."

Jane's face assumed an expression of dismay, but she only said "Lor!" She felt at that moment a whole volume of things, but being an uncultured person she only said "Lor!"

"It is no fault of yours, Jane," Miss Priscilla continued with painstaking precision; "I have found you everything that a girl should be, and I only part with you because I have decided to leave Fairview."

Jane sighed faintly, and her round eyes grew rounder.

"I can not tell how soon I may leave the village," Miss Priscilla went on, "but in any case you will have your month's wages."

"I don't want no wages but what I've earned ma'am," Jane answered with severity.

"I would take you with me if it were possible," Miss Priscilla ventured explanatorily, "but it is quite out of the question."

"Don't mention it, ma'am; it's no matter, I'm sure, though I have served you faithful." And then Jane clattered among the fire irons, and hunted the cat from his cozy nook by the fire, with muttered exclamations of contempt for his laziness, and finally drove Miss Priscilla from the kitchen, thus depriving both of them of the solace of mutual sympathy.

Miss Priscilla was disappointed in Jane, but Miss Priscilla's ideas on many things were likely to suffer metamorphoses. It was only now that this quixotic lady was beginning to realize the entire consequences of all she had done for the sake of Letty's boy. When danger and disgrace had loomed large and terrible above him, her only thought had been: Was there time to save him, and would the sacrifice of her whole fortune be enough? But when the deed was done, when the culprit had sailed scathless away, and when she was left to break to her friends the story of her changed fortunes, then she realized the import and consequences of her action.

The old life, the life of prosperous, easy independence was over; she was a beggar, or but little better—one who fronts the world to ask something at its hands. Her small stock of powers and possibilities was now to

be brought to judgment—and what were her powers and possibilities? Old-fashioned accomplishments, antiquated erudition, half forgotten sciences, whose very outlines later developments had obliterated. As Mr. Hornby had said, she was ages behind the times. But it was too late to think of all this now; too late to remember her shyness, her spinster timidity; too late to regret her quiet life, and simple pleasures and small sphere of usefulness. She had sacrificed all this to Letty's son, who, perhaps, scarcely thanked her, and she had no alternative now but to accept the consequences of her action.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Thomas Hornby sat at breakfast in a large, luxurious dining-room; and Mrs. Thomas Hornby looked large and luxurious herself. She wore a gown of conspicuous pattern, and had bits of color interspersed in the laces of her cap, and many rings on her plump hands.

Opposite was her husband, the rector's brother, a man who asserted himself seldom. On either hand were the young Hornbys, who asserted themselves often.

The silver urn was hissing vigorously, and the other pieces of plate caught the sun's rays as they came broadly through the open window. Mr. Tom was reading the newspaper; Mrs. Tom was giving lessons in deportment to her offspring, who received instruction as reluctantly as is the wont of youth. It was only as Mr. Tom was about to take his way toward the omnibus that would bear him to the city that his wife addressed him.

"I have had a letter from your brother George, to-day."

Mr. Tom stopped in mid-career.

"Indeed! George is not a great correspondent."

"So; but like other people, he can write when he wants anything."

"Has he been begging of you, for another pet hobby?" Mr. Tom smiled faintly, as people do with whom smiles are rare.

"Not this time, but he has some woman on his hands, and he wants me to dispose of her."

"A woman, George?"

A flicker of amusement played over Mrs. Tom's face.

"Some person in his parish has got into trouble; a lady, he says, who has been comfortably provided for, but has chosen to bestow her fortune on a worthless relative, and so finds herself, in middle life, at the mercy of the world. Serves her right, say I. I can do nothing for her."

"Now, I wonder who that could be? There are not many moneyed ladies in Fairview." Mr. Tom looked reflective.

"Let me see. He gives her name. Compton—yes, Miss Priscilla Compton."

"Priscilla Compton." Mr. Tom sat down and let his particular omnibus follow its predecessors. "Why, she is our oldest friend. It was her father's influence that got George Fairview. What can have happened to her?"

"He only says that she has sacrificed her independence to the needs of some undeserving relative, and now wishes to work for her bread. Such folly, as if the world could find work for a woman grown old in idleness!"

"Priscilla Compton working for her bread! Dear, dear! I remember her, a pretty girl that held her head as high as any one. Why, once upon a time George worshiped the very ground she walked on, and now to think of him trying to get her a situation! Well, time does work wonders."

"Your brother loved her?" Mrs. Tom said, looking at the letter with new interest.

"Yes, though I would not venture to say that he ever told her so."

"Yet he married another?"

"Yes; men do so sometimes, when an energetic woman catches them on the rebound." He looked at her, and uttered a little cackling laugh, that came awkwardly as though ashamed of itself.

"I suppose he is free to marry his first love now, if he will," Mrs. Tom said coldly.

"And he'll do it—as sure as I live he'll do it!" Mr. Tom struck his hands together as he spoke. "Now that things are at a crisis with her——"

"You would like it—I do believe you would like it though you know that our children are his heirs."

"Oh, hang it, Rebecca! Our children will be as rich as Jews, and why should we grudge him a fragment of contentment in his old age?"

Becoming suddenly conscious of the passage of time, Mr. Tom made his exit hastily, and his wife was left alone to ponder.

The rector was a widower and childless, his parish was a good one, and as he had always lived economically, he must have a goodly store of accumulations now. Mrs. Tom liked money, and Mrs. Tom had managed to make many indirect streams trickle into her own pockets ere this through management. Mrs. Tom would not have been guilty of a criminal action for the world, neither would she permit herself any course that might seem like scheming; but in her time Mrs. Tom had known the value of many artfully simple little dodges, and the chief of these was to remove temptation when she knew it might be formidable.

Mrs. Thomas Hornby had as many annual thousands as her husband's brother had hundreds, but what did that matter? Business was uncertain, said prudence; who could tell what a godsend the rector's savings might prove one day to her poor children? If she could help it, she would not permit this second marriage.

Mrs. Tom discussed the matter with herself, pondered on the possibility of circumstances playing into her hands, and finally decided that it was safest to rely only on herself. She sat quite still for half an hour, and then she rose with a rustle expressive of decision, and took her way up the wide, softly carpeted stairs.

Fine rooms opened on either hand, fine pictures smiled down on her from the walls; but Mrs. Tom went on to her room at the end of the corridor, and opened the door.

A pale woman, who stood buttoning her gloves by the window, started and looked up timidly as Mrs. Tom sailed in.

"Are you going out, Miss Spence?"

"Yes; the children have asked for an early walk since the weather has grown so hot, and so I have taken them to the park for the last week after breakfast."

"You should have consulted me about it," Mrs. Tom said coldly.

"I did not think it mattered," the governess answered, shrinking a little. "They are to have a walk, and when they get it at the best time——"

"The best time is questionable; in any case, you should have consulted me."

Miss Spence did not answer that. Addressing this large, prosperous, self-assertive woman was an ordeal from which she shrank.

"Indeed, I have often thought lately that you assume too much," Mrs. Tom went on. "You are too independent in your ways, too confident of your own infallibility." Miss Spence looked up at her with the soft, pleading eyes that were the sole beauty in her pale, plain little face. Mrs. Tom did not care to meet them as she continued: "And so I have decided that it would be better for us both to make a change."

"Very well, Mrs. Hornby."

The little governess accepted the fiat calmly, for the absence of hope teaches endurance; and then she went out with her pupils and paced the park, where the glory of the sunlight was falling like a benediction, and wondered why she had ever had the burden of life cast on her.

Meantime Mrs. Tom, indifferent to the fact that she had pushed heaven further into the background of a desolate life, was writing a gushing letter to her dear brother at Fairview.

It was a hot afternoon in early July; there was not a cloud in the lofty dome of the sky, and the few trees dotted along the dusty highway stung dense shadows here and there, while in the distance the heat seemed to set the landscape dancing to a measure of its own. Mr. Hornby sighed several times as he went down the Fairview street, and more than once he frowned, as people do to whom, either in suggestion or in reality, something unpalatable has been offered. Perhaps the heat oppressed him, perhaps the dust annoy-

ed him. For surely there could be nothing in the cheery letter folded in his breast-pocket that could vex any one.

"Is Miss Priscilla at home?" He had stopped by the little oak door over which the roses and honeysuckle clustered so lovingly.

"Yes, sir." Jane had appeared in answer to his knock, and he noticed that she had lost the brisk, complacent bearing of former days.

"Then tell her I am here, please."

Mr. Hornby entered and seated himself on one of the pretty, chintz-covered chairs in Miss Priscilla's cool, fresh little drawing-room. How pretty everything was, from the handful of roses and ferns in the glass dish to the light curtains swaying in the breeze! But how could any adjunct of Miss Priscilla's ownership be other than pretty? And to fancy her toiling for a pittance in his brother Tom's household! Again the disgusted look spread itself over his countenance, and this time it could not be due either to the dust or to the sun.

"Have you heard of anything?" he said, anxiously, as Miss Priscilla entered.

"No; but you have." She wore a snowy cap and a gown of some soft stuff, and she was smiling at him, although there were troubled lines about brow and eyes.

"I Oh, no; it is worth nothing; only a letter from Tom's wife."

"And is she like all the rest, anxious to help and so sorry—so very sorry, that she knows of nothing suitable just now?"

There was a little anger in the smile that played over Miss Priscilla's lips as she put her question.

"No; she does not write that exactly." He rose hurriedly, and went to the window, and stood looking out at the honeysweet blossoms of the woodbine that pressed against the panes.

"Then what does she write? It is very important to me."

Mr. Hornby groaned.

"You will believe that I have done my very best for you?" he said anxiously.

"Yes, yes; but what is it?"

"Mrs. Tom Hornby wants a governess for her five children, and because I know you and recommend you she will engage you if you wish."

"Oh, how good you are—how grateful I am!" Her lips quivered as she spoke, but she could not let the tears fall, though they nearly blinded her.

"And you would think of it?" looking at her mournfully.

"Of course I would; beggars must not be choosers. There are not likely to be many people eager to engage an old woman brought up to no employment. Besides, I want to ~~earn~~, and I am very glad that I can make my essay in the household of a friend of yours."

"I do not hold myself responsible for Mrs. Tom," he answered.

"You mean to say she is not perfect? Well, neither am I, so we are likely to suit each other. Will you write to her, and ask her to let me know all she requires?"

"I can not bear it. It hurts me horribly," the rector said with needless warmth.

"Don't be so foolish. I have brought it all on myself. It will be time enough to pity me when I begin to complain."

"You would never do that—not if things were killing you."

"Possibly not. I was always better at scolding other people than at speaking of myself. But never mind me now. What will you say to your sister-in-law?"

"I shall tell her to come and meet you at my house, and make all her own arrangements, since you are willing to accept her offer."

Miss Priscilla looked at him with a little scorn.

"Mrs. Tom has been the first to offer me tangible help, and you will kindly write and say that I am very grateful, and that I await her orders."

She was more like her old self as she spoke than she had been since the hour of her sacrifice.

"I shall write to her that you will meet her at my house any time she wishes to see you," Mr. Hornby answered doggedly.

"But what will she think of that when my own house is here? Remember that she is my future employer, and that I want her approval in everything."

"But she is my sister-in-law, and a domineering woman, and I want her to understand what I think of you, and what place I wish you to take in her household."

Miss Priscilla looked at him doubtfully.

"If only you don't make a mess of things after all," she said.

He stared a moment, then a change came over his countenance, and he sat down and fairly roared with laughter.

Concluded Next Month.

THE Grand Lodge Library of Iowa, located in the Library building at Cedar Rapids, has inspired the editor of the Cedar Rapids *Republican* to prepare a series of articles explanatory of its literary riches, the first of which is devoted to the volumes respecting Mythology and Religion. Every effort to call attention to the great libraries of the craft will accomplish good. Books are to be consulted and read, not to be food for moths.