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# THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## MASONIC RECORD.

J. B. TRAYNE, P.D.D.G.M.,  
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### BENEVOLENT WITHOUT OSTENTATION.

In the estimation of many Freemasons, Masonry is nothing if not charitable. Charity is both the corner-stone and cap-stone, the alpha and omega of the fraternity. Its treasury exists for the sole purpose of aiding the distressed, and to use it otherwise would be to misuse it. This is an extreme view, but its foundation is laid in truth and justice. The corner-stone of Freemasonry is charity, but its cap-stone is not—charity is the foundation, but not the super-structure, of our institution. Freemasonry is a composite, a many-sided society, an out-growth of the ages. There is nothing narrow about it. First of all it is charitable, but after that it is much besides. It is supported by three columns, Wisdom, Strength and Beauty—the Wisdom of Truth, the Strength of Charity, the Beauty of Brotherly Love. Its Truth is God's truth, revealed truth, the truth we find in the First Great Light in Masonry. Its Charity is its own charity, dealt out not by measure, but with the freeness and fullness of a brother's love. Its Beauty is likewise emphatically its own—the beauty of fraternity, of complete sympathy, of sincere friendship, of mutual and convivial enjoyment. We have to consider now, however, only its strength of charity.

Masonic charity embraces the ideas both of benevolence and beneficence—it wishes well to its brethren, and

it does well for them. It suits the action to the word. It does not say to the distressed, "Be ye fed, or be ye clothed," but it feeds the hungry and clothes the naked. It is nothing if not practical. The beautiful sentiments which are aired by Masonic orators on St. John's Day, are exemplified within the tyled lodge. No deserving brother is sent empty away. The charity of Masonry is personal. It never deals with masses, but with individuals. It benefits hosts of individuals, who may have suffered from the same cause, at the same time, but it does for each one in turn, on his own merits—it is a personal gift. There is nothing mechanical about it. If it errs at all, it is in relying too much on the individual, and taking much that he says to be absolute verity. Freemasons are taught to trust each other, and the brother who is well-to-do, does not believe that his unfortunate brother has forgotten to tell the truth.

We know the nature of much of the so-called charity of the world. It may be liberal, but it too often suggests the giver. Ostentation is the chief characteristic of profane charity. Does the fashionable world wish to contribute to a benevolent object, it adopts as a means a charity ball. In other words, it enjoys itself first, and gives to the poor afterwards. Not so with Masonry. Not that it is entirely forgetful of itself, but it

thinks of every interest. The indigent are cared for, always; the fortunate brother, who is always present in lodge, is also ministered to with Masonic offices; so that the unfortunate and the fortunate rejoice together. The sowing and the reaping are performed side by side.

To him who appreciates the beauty of not letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth, one of the most admirable features of Masonic charity is its unostentatiousness. It has nothing of parade about it, nothing of self gratulation, nothing of publicity. It is done in a corner, and is rarely brought to light. The craft knows it, or rather a small portion of the craft, but the outside world is entirely ignorant of it. Sometimes, even the members of a lodge, when they vote money, do not of a certainty know who its recipient is to be. The committee on charity sometimes merely report that an old and estimable member of the lodge is in temporary distress, and needs fifty or a hundred dollars. It is at once voted, without question, without prying into any of the facts, and without lessening the self-respect of the brother who has been unexpectedly reduced to need. This is Masonic charity, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, endureth long, and is kind. Where is the brother who would not accept it, if he needed it; where the brother who would not bestow it, if he deemed it merited?

Masonic charity once was exclusively secret, and given after a purely Masonic manner; but in our era it has gone beyond the lodge-room, and become in a degree objective. This, however, was of necessity, not of intention. Time was when brethren in distress were few, and their distress short-lived; but since the fraternity has become so widely dispersed, and so numerous in membership, there are always many cases of need, and some of them continuing. The result has been the erection of Masonic Homes, devoted exclusively to minis-

tering to the comfort of aged and indigent Freemasons, who might otherwise be left to the cold charity of the world. Masonry has expanded its charities with expanding time and circumstances. The method of dispensing these charities is not a landmark: we may do good and distribute after any approved manner—not giving up the custom of assembling ourselves together, and in the good old way aiding brethren in distress. That, after all, is the least ostentatious and the most purely Masonic, but it does not exclude the other, which is farther reaching, more complete, and supplementary to the time-honored method of dispensing charity in open lodge.—*Keystone.*

#### SUBDIVISION OF CEREMONIES.

When we consider how much depends on the manner in which the ceremonies of Freemasonry are carried out, we are surprised that greater efforts are not made to render them even more impressive than is at present the case. There are many points in our ritual to which attention might advantageously be devoted, not so much with a view of attaining perfection in the mere delivery of the words, as to acquire something like effect in the manner in which they are rendered. Our Lodges of Instruction are excellent schools, so far as they go; the work of their Preceptors is to teach the ritual of Freemasonry; and we think that few of them lay claim to teaching more, even if any general attempt on their part to do so would not be rejected by their pupils. The improvement to which we refer must first be looked for from the pupils, rather than from the teachers, and it is therefore to those who are actually in office, or who are working for office, that we now address ourselves. We would ask each Worshipful Master to study, not only what to say, but how to say it, and in order to make the ceremonies even more im-

pressive than is usual at the present time, we ask them to seek the co-operation of the Past Masters and officers of their lodge.

One of the most radical changes we should like to see, is a subdivision of labor in the rendering of the various ceremonies, so that the monotony of lodge-work, which oftentimes proves wearisome to the majority of listeners, may be in a measure relieved. There is an old truism that "variety is charming," and nowhere would the aphorism better apply than in a Masonic lodge. For example: we should like to see the Master, instead of taking the whole of the initiation ceremony, or that of passing or raising, follow up to a certain point, and then permit his principal officers, or others in the lodge, to "take up the wondrous tale," thus relieving the monotony of the Master's voice, which, however eloquent and impressive, may, and often does, prove irksome to some of his listeners. This, we urge, would tend to make the ceremonies of the lodge more impressive and interesting to the general body of the members; moreover, it would create a stimulus in the minds of all who attend to emulate the example of others, and to embrace the opportunities for advancement offered to them. To the candidate this subdivision of work would be of the utmost interest, for, instead of listening to the "parrot rote" of perhaps an inefficient Worshipful Master, prompted by a veteran on his left, he would then discern that unity and co-operation which are amongst the highest and most laudable of the tenets of our Order. We care not how able or competent a Master may be, or how desirous of displaying his erudition before his lodge, there is at times a weariness in the recapitulation of sentences with which all intelligent Masons are conversant; and to vary the routine, by calling in extraneous assistance from those who would only too gladly render it, would be to the advantage and edifi-

cation of the brethren all around. The same remarks, apply to the festivities which follow labor, and in which the post-prandial business is invariably left in the hands of one or two individuals. Every Mason who attends a banquet, and glances over the toast list, is able almost intuitively to gauge the calibre of the speeches to which he is about to listen, unless, indeed, the Worshipful Master be a man of more than mediocre perspicuity. It may be that there is a certain laudable ambition on the part of a Worshipful Master to impress upon the brethren his ability to do all the work efficiently; but it would, in a majority of instances, be more conducive to the comfort and enjoyment of the brethren to diffuse the amenities of the festive board over as wide an area as is compatible with courtesy and the usages of the fraternity. Thus the whole of the work, both in the lodge and at the subsequent festivities, would go more smoothly and regularly, to the advantage, we consider, both of the Master himself, his officers, and all who share in the subordinate ranks. Of course, such a programme could not be carried out without natural ability and an intelligent conception of the sublimity of the teachings of the craft; but on that very ground we see in the aspirations of the brethren who were called upon to fulfill their parts, an incentive would be found to break fresh ground, and thus the after-dinner proceedings, instead of proving, as they too often do, a mere repetition of that which we have heard too often before, would be brightened by thoughts and sentiments which are frequently promised in the lectures,—“should time permit.” If the matter was thought out, and acted upon in a spirit of unity and good understanding, the work which is now painfully confined to two or three speakers, might be agreeably subdivided amongst half-a-dozen or more of the members of a lodge, and we feel it would tend not only to enhance the pleasures and

enjoyment of the brethren, but would stimulate inquiry and research, and a desire for perfection in all branches of Masonic work, which is at present lamentably unknown.—*Freemasons' Chronicle, London.*

### ENGLISH VIEW OF THE QUEBEC DIFFICULTY.

It is well occasionally "to see ourselves as others see us," especially with respect to our American brethren and companions, whose minds are so much exercised in relation to the action taken by the Grand Chapter of Quebec. From the earliest times to the present, since the formation of the Grand Lodge of England, and the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, we have never, either as Grand Lodge or a Grand Chapter, withdrawn any warrants, save for disobedience of the laws. We, however, give the lodges and chapters full liberty to please themselves as to remaining under our jurisdiction, in the event of a Grand Lodge being formed for their province or district. If they elect to join, we wish them every prosperity. On the other hand, if they desire to continue on our roll, we raise no objections. Why should we? Certainly not because some Grand Lodges and Chapters (several being but of yesterday) support Quebec. It will be as well for the Grand Lodges in America to understand our position, and recognize our custom, of so venerable an age; as also to quote the name and the time when any really old Grand Lodge called upon any of their subordinate lodges to return their warrants unless guilty of wrong. Have England, Ireland, or Scotland, ever done so, from whom all the Grand Lodges in America, directly or indirectly, emanate? We know not.

As the Grand Z. of England, H.R. H. the Prince of Wales, through the esteemed Grand Scribe E., declined "to withdraw all warrants of subordi-

nate chapters" on our roll existing in the Province of Quebec (which was the mild request of the Grand Z. of Quebec on October 29th, 1885), M.E. Comp. John P. Noyes, has issued an edict commanding that "all companions and members of the Grand Chapter of Quebec and its subordinate chapters, hold no Masonic intercourse for the future with any companion, in obedience to said Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England." The Grand Chapter of Louisiana has most unwisely issued an edict to the same purpose, and thus identified itself with Quebec. However, our Grand Chapter, beyond courteously acknowledging the receipt of the missives, decides to take no further notice of their communications.

\* \*

In the proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Quebec, now issued, for January 26th, 1886, in many respects a most able and readable volume, prominence is naturally given to the difficulties between it and the Mark Grand Lodge of England. In its summary of the matter, we find that no less than thirteen Grand Chapters have passed resolutions forbidding all intercourse with the "Mark Grand Lodge;" two have decided to recognize Quebec Mark certificates only, six others have endorsed the action of Quebec, seven have requested the Mark Grand Lodge to withdraw their warrants, and others have not yet intimated their decision thereon. It will thus be seen that the large number of twenty-eight Grand Chapters have, so far, supported Quebec, and doubtless "there's more to follow," a result much to be deplored, and one there surely should be a speedy remedy for. Let us remember "we are brethren."—*London Freemason.*

The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, of Louisville, Ky., has at present 188 beneficiaries, viz., 14 widows, 92 girls, and 82 boys.

## SYMBOLS.

Let us look now at our symbolism, my brothers, and let the truth suggested lie down close to our individual lives. To the uninitiated, the Master's carpet, or chart, with its apparently incongruous assemblage of emblems, is a meaningless thing; and it has occurred to me that we who are within the mystic circle, do not all duly appreciate the lessons hidden beneath our beautiful system of hieroglyphics.

Enshrined within these significant symbols dwell together, shrouded in mystery, the genii of poetry and music. Void and voiceless to the outer world, to us, if we indeed have ears to hear—to us, if the soul listens—they are vocal with lessons of wisdom and melody almost divine.

To the world that rough ashlar is but the figure of an unhewn stone; to us it is a human soul, fresh from the quarry of the infinite, to be by us carved and polished into beauty. The gavel and the gauge to eyes yet hoodwinked, are only the tool where-with the mechanic plies his vocation. To us, the one represents a perfect rule by which to divide and use the hours allotted to us here, and the other suggests the myriad agencies by which the sharp angles and inequalities of our humanity are to be chipped away, and the rough ashlar cut to a plan laid down upon the trestle-board of God.

The plumb and the square are to the stranger without, only the builder's implements, and have no significance beyond their material form and ordinary use. To us, these things, so common-place, are teachers; and, with a voice which challenges attention, they tell of that stern uprightness which should ever characterize a true manhood; of that right and exact virtue which should govern the life and make it beautiful; and of that earthly plane along which we are passing swiftly and surely, towards that goal where uprightness and vir-

tue, obliquity and vice, shall find their due reward.

The compasses lie with the square, and to us they signify the control of bodily desires and appetites within the circumference of a pure and virtuous life. That isolated point within the circle is inappreciative. It means you, my brother, and me; and that circle means the bound which we may not pass without sin. The twin tangents on the right and left are holy men, whose lives are worthy our imitation, and upon the boundary line above rests heaven's holy will, revealed to man.

Therefore, we may not burst these bonds without trampling upon the example of the good and great of the past, and more than all, treading beneath our feet the authority of Almighty God.

The three steps, the pot of incense, the bee-hive, the anchor, the ark, the hour-glass, and the scythe, the trowel, the spade, the coffin and the sprig of acacia, and above them that all-seeing eye, that eye of God, all these are replete with suggestive moral lessons, and they demand from every brother not only thoughtful attention, but an earnest struggle after that purity of life towards which these symbols point as the climax of human excellence.—  
*Rev. Geo. F. Huntingq.*

## PERFORM YOUR WORK WELL.

Much depends upon the manner with which the work is performed, what value can be placed upon it when completed. If carried out in a careless way, the marks of imperfection will soon become apparent on the material, even if at first they be covered with a gloss which hides them from the casual glance.

From the first moment the novice enters the ante-room until he signs the by-laws of the lodge, due consideration should be had for the solemn compact he is about to engage in. Too often, far too often, there is a tendency to frivolity in the

ante-room, which, harmless elsewhere, often results injuriously to the young Mason. Men of refinement dislike it, while those of less discernment, fancy that in joining Masonry, they are connecting themselves with some rollicking club or society. The Directors of Ceremonies should perform their duties with seriousness, and allow no one to interfere with them, even by their presence. When first received in the lodge, the candidate should be made to feel that the work in which he is engaged requires his whole fidelity, and that the lessons which are being inculcated are meant with all seriousness. Every officer should consider well the part he has to take in the work, and perform it to the best of his ability. And when the candidate is to be instructed in the lesson of charity, or any other of the virtues, he should be made to feel that the teachings are for him alone—that is, “he should be talked to.” Too often are these lessons given in the same way a boy would recite his task at school, and with many references to a monitor. It is only within comparatively a few years that these assistants to the lazy have been brought into use. The attentive ear only received the sound. When a candidate notices that the Master, who should be a perfect workman, reads out of or refers to a book, he naturally loses interest, as he fancies he “can read for himself at some future time.”

Then as the candidate advances step by step through the various degrees, it should always be borne in remembrance that he is like soft clay, easily moulded; but that his mind, like the clay, will become hardened in time. The first impression which he may receive will be left for good or evil. As the work becomes completed, so will it permanently retain the marks of those impressions made at the outset. The candidate should be taught the “essentials” in a perfect way; the instructor ever remembering what they are, and why they

are employed. The novice may easily learn what is right; but it is not so easy to make him “unlearn” what he may have acquired wrongfully.

Then let every officer feel that it is his bounden duty to perform his share of the work well. Every Master should also consider that it is a part of his obligation to teach his apprentice properly, so that he may be turned out a skilful workman, always entitled to his full wages, no matter in what part of the civilized world he may be called upon to travel during the period of his existence.—*New York Sunday Times.*

### A HANDSOME GAVEL.

An exquisitely wrought and finished gavel was exhibited in the *Bulletin* office this morning by Mr. V. V. Ashford. The workmanship and polishing of the article enlisted the services of three first-class artificers. It was cut out and constructed by Mr. Green, turned by Herriok, and polished by O'Tremba. The handle is composed of orange, lemon, algaroba, and cocoonut woods. The head consists of puhala, koa, kou, sandal, milo, and kauwila, so that the whole implement contains ten varieties of native woods. The handle is also finished at the end with a neatly wrought piece of walrus tusk from the late Queen Emma's effects. All the islands in the kingdom were laid under contribution to provide the several pieces. One piece comes from near the site of Captain Cook's monument, another from Kailua, the first seat of missionary operations, a third comes from the King's grove at Waikiki, and the rest from other points of historic interest. The gavel is intended by Mr. Ashford for presentation to Occident Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Toronto, Canada.—*Honolulu Bulletin.*

Fifty-six lodges of instruction were held in Michigan last year.

### SIR CHARLES NAPIER ON MASONRY.

The following interesting remarks by this distinguished brother, were made at a banquet, given to him on October 1, 1849, by the brethren at Simla, in India:—

*“Worshipful Master and Gentlemen,*  
—I return my cordial thanks for the honor you have done me. I should not myself have inclined to admit that I merit the compliments paid me, but introduced as they have been by Colonel Curtis, and acknowledged in the manner you have been pleased to receive them, I suppose I must believe I am, in some measure, deserving of them. Few Masons can say that they owe as much to Masonry as I do; I am an old, and, I fear, a good-for-nothing Mason. I have been for forty years a Royal Arch Mason, and yet I fear I could not work myself into a chapter of that high degree; but, with the aid of my friend, Col. Curtis, I hope to rub off the rust and be able to do so. As I said before, probably no man present can say that he is under the same obligations to Masonry that I am; and I am always glad of an opportunity of acknowledging the same to the craft. I was once a prisoner without the hope of being even exchanged, and expected to be sent to Verdun, to which place in France all prisoners were consigned; for, at this time, the two governments of France and England were so exasperated against each other, that their anger fell on individuals, and there was no exchange of prisoners; a man who was taken lost all chance of promotion; or of ever seeing his friends again. In this state of despair and misery, knowing that my family must have believed me to have been killed, I was casting about in my own thoughts for some way in which I could communicate with my family; it came into my head that I was a Mason, and I contrived to poke out a brother. He

was a French officer of the name of Bontemps, I think, and a very good name it was, for, like a good and honorable brother, he managed to send a letter for me to England—by no means an easy matter in those days, for there were no railroads, or steam-vessels, or steam-engines then to carry letters like lightning everywhere. Besides, it was at this time, an extremely dangerous and hazardous undertaking for a French officer. But my honest and good brother did it for me, and within three months my family knew I was alive. I have acknowledged to being but a bad Mason, but I will not add to this by being a bad companion, and inflicting a long speech on you. I shall, therefore, only again thank you, and wish you all health.”

### FREEMASONRY A MANLY INSTITUTION.

This great institution of ours is pre-eminently a manly organization. We never receive young women or old women, of either sex, into this society, knowing them to be such. We want only men of individuality, of character, men who are willing to learn the lesson of obedience to lawful authority, and it is that which gives us power in this country of ours, and throughout this broad world; for no human organization ever did exercise the influence among men that this institution of ours to-day is exercising, silently, unobtrusively, but none the less powerfully, influencing the mind of this great nation. In the future, when socialism and communism, and all the various isms which are struggling to the forefront, and seething and boiling under the current of our society to-day, come bursting upon us with their waves, seeking to break all bounds and overwhelm our national life, I believe that Freemasonry will stand forth; and if this country is to be saved from anarchy and confusion, Freemasonry will do more to save it and perpetuate



to coming generations this grand republic, our American country, than any other power. There is but one thing for us to do. If we who live to-day are true to the principles of the craft, I feel assured the future of Freemasonry will be, beyond all peradventure, rising higher and higher, until humanity shall have been lifted up, and man, who was created in the image of God, shall at last behold that reality in the beatific vision of the lodge above.—*Grand Master Klapp, of Rhode Island.*

### AN EVENING IN THE LODGE.

The spending of an evening in this consecrated place, in the enjoyment of brotherly love and concord, is infinitely preferable to passing it in frivolity and idleness. Here one retires from the noise and conflict of life, and is refreshed by the rich lessons our ritual presents. The carpet, canopy, altar, lights, furniture, with the ever-impressive ritual, pour unmeasured benefits into the receptive mind. The past with its history, written and unwritten, the present with its opportunities, responsibilities, and promises, and the future with its hopes, are here unfolded. Symbols, that generations of mankind have venerated for centuries, here disclose their hidden truth. The great drama of human life—youth, manhood and age—passes in tenderness and power, teaching the frailty of the flesh, and the hope of immortality. Is it not beneficial to enlarge and stimulate the mind by teaching these truths? Is it not beneficial to soften the heart and increase human sympathy by teaching such lessons? Like other sources of great good, Masonry is too often neglected. Its opportunities are too often unheeded, its responsibilities shunned, and thereby its benefits lost. Yet in its truth there are supreme possibilities. It will despoil old habits, conquer vice, allay strife, build manhood. It stands as a beacon-light on the shore of time,

casting its beams over the dangers around us and through the darkness before us, lighting up the pathway that leads to health and happiness, peace and love.—*Grand Master Howland, of Massachusetts.*

### DUTY OF MASONS.

Any Order, to become prominent, must practice what they preach. Of these, there can be no better choice than the Masonic Order. We are taught to be just to all men, to do good to one another, and have a generous and due regard for the happiness and welfare of others, while seeking to promote our own. We are enjoined to practice self-denial without self-abnegation; to relieve the distressed without privation and injury to those who are dependent upon our exertions. In fact, the Order of Masonry, as the handmaid of religion, is well designed to assist the pilgrim of life in contending against the trials of mortality, and accompanies him to the very threshold of whatsoever temple he may deem best suited to the worship and praise of our Father and our God. The very basis of Masonry is brotherly love, relief and truth, and "to do unto others as we would they should do to us." The true Mason's trust is in God, and to the man who finds it possible to entertain this hope, how different an aspect the world wears—casting his glance forward, how wondrous a light rests upon the future; the farther he extends his vision, the brighter the light—animated by a hope more sublime than wishes bound to earth ever before inspired—he feels armed with the courage to oppose surrounding prejudices and the welfare of hostile customs. No sectarian advantage, no petty benefit is before him; he sees but the regeneration of mankind. From the disease, famine and toil around him, his spirit bursts into prophecy, and dwells among the eternal and everlasting ages. Then let us practice what we preach, ever

bearing in mind this, our first duty to each other, whether assembled in lodge, or scattered abroad in the various walks of life.—*Thos. H. Douglass, Portsmouth, Va.*

**MASONIC COURTESY.**

Brethren, on entering the lodge-room and finding a strange brother present, it is your duty to go at once and take him by the hand, and in a fraternal manner make his acquaintance. How often brethren neglect this duty. Some come into the hall, and seeing a stranger present, pass over to the other side, often without even giving the visitor a cold nod. Such treatment and manners are decidedly boorish, and only becoming to the backwoods greenhorn—this class of brethren are not to be found in the country lodges in particular, but many are guilty of this habit in the large cities. Our lodge is our house, and to treat a stranger at our home, as they are often treated at lodges, would be an insult never to be forgotten or forgiven.

**MASONIC ITEMS.**

Michigan has 110 Chapters.

The San Francisco Board of Relief last year paid out \$9,778.50.

Last year the Grand Lodge of Georgia paid to its members for mileage and per diem the sum of \$8,447, an amount exceeding its debt, which is \$8,000. The annual dues of the preceding year amounted to \$11,709, and the debt was decreased \$1,500, leaving it \$8,000, as stated above.

The Grand Lodge of California recently appropriated the sum of \$1,200, to be paid in monthly installments of \$100, to one of its Past Grand Masters, who, in his old age, has been overtaken by misfortune. Who will say, after this, that the Masonic Fraternity is not a noble charity?

The Grand Lodge of Nebraska has raised \$15,400 for the Orphans' Educational Fund.

Pennsylvania Masons are raising a fund of \$25,000, to pay off the mortgage on the Philadelphia Home.

California inscribes under the flap of the lambskin apron the date of the initiation, passing and raising of its members.

Under the G. L. of England there are 48 Provincial and 28 District Grand Lodges. The subordinate lodges number 2,059.

Michigan has 110 chapters with 8,528 affiliated companions. During the year just passed, 220 demitted, 106 died, 70 were admitted, and 469 were exalted. Net gain 218.

The best Masons are those who have the biggest hearts and souls within them. They are those who are ready to sacrifice something for the good of the Order. The real power of Freemasonry consists of the amount of heart and soul to be found among its members.

Bro. Oliver Gerrish, of Portland, Me., a Past Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Maine, and Chairman of the Finance Committee, is over ninety years of age, but was present on May 4th, at the Annual Communication of Grand Lodge at Portland, in the active performance of his duties.

The Grand Lodge of Virginia, at its recent session, appointed a committee to visit the principal Masonic Temples throughout the country, and inquire into their construction, &c., with a view to the building of a new Masonic Temple at Richmond in the near future. The points to be visited by the committee are Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, New York, Providence, and Boston.

## BRIEFLETS.

Masonry is a school of moral discipline and virtue.

The daughter of a deceased Mason has been adopted by Blair Lodge, Chicago, who for years has assumed the entire care of the little lady.

The *Masonic Herald*, Calcutta, East India, has been compelled to suspend. The usual reason—lack of support.

Freemasonry proposes to take man in his rude, unshapely state, and mould him for nobler destiny.

Eminence in Masonic distinction, if reached by purity of purpose, is excelled by grandeur of character.

The precepts of Masonry, if obeyed, will make any man a good father, faithful husband and affectionate son.

A bad man will never make a good Mason, nor thoughtless brethren ever reach a point of excellence by indifferent work.

Masonry inculcates love to the human species as the certain indication of uprightness; it teaches that without this love we are nothing.

To make Freemasonry prosper, let every brother show the world how good a man he can be. A man is judged by the company he keeps; so let our actions be our good examples.

One dollar, taken from the pocket and cheerfully handed to a brother in need, will go further than all the talk a balloon full of lung pressure can create. Under such circumstances the purse is mightier than the mouth.

“Not to give more wages to any brother or apprentice than he really may deserve. This applies to that strict sense of duty which equal justice demands at the hands of a Master, that favor is not to bias or influence him in any manner in the administration of the affairs of his lodge, and whereby one brother may receive favor to the detriment of another.”

There are 682 Chapters under the jurisdiction of the G. C. of England.

England claims that the “York Rite” should be called the English Rite.

The Grand Chapter of England has 682 chapters scattered over the world.

The Grand R. A. Chapter of Massachusetts was organized in Boston, March 13th, 1798.

During 1885, the English Masons contributed over \$112,000, for benevolent purposes.

The Grand Lodge of Maryland has just concluded the ninety-ninth year of its independent existence. Its centennial will be celebrated next year.

To understand Masonry properly, we must carefully analyze each principle. We will then discover beauties which we did not see before. These do not appear by seeing the work exemplified, but by study.

FREEMASONRY, in its deep underlying principles, is essentially different from all other human organizations. We are not only a society, but our craft is a grand old historic institution; and it is important that we should ever bear in mind this great truth: that human institutions, unlike those of Divine origin, are not made, but grow. The germs of Freemasonry are of the highest antiquity. As these germs found congenial soil in the wants of our common humanity, they gradually developed under the moisture and sunshine of Divine favor, until this strong, sturdy oak of Freemasonry stands to day with its roots reaching so far back into the past, that neither the storms of adversity nor the sunshine of prosperity can do more than break off a few decaying branches, or wither and dry up some of those superfluous leaves which flutter in the passing breeze. —Grand Master Klapp, of Rhode Island.

## MARRIED FOR FUN.

"What has been planned for to-morrow evening?" cried a chorus of voices, as a small company of young people, camping out among the New Hampshire mountains, were about to separate for the night.

The question brought two or three early birds, who were hastening to their tents, back among the rest of the company to discuss some new pleasure or sport for the next evening's entertainment. Several plans were suggested, but none of them met with the approval of the whole party.

"Mr. Carlson, you have as yet suggested nothing. What do you think it would be pleasant to do to-morrow night?" asked one of the young ladies.

"I, Miss Mary?" answered the young man addressed, who until this moment has been leaning indifferently against a tree. "I am going to the village to-morrow, and probably will not return until the following day."

The faces of the whole party fell, while it was evident from their tones of regret that Mr. Carlson was a great favorite in camp.

"Mr. Carlson must have found some modern Maud Muller, who offers attractions much superior to ours, else he would not make such frequent journeys to the large metropolis of Meadville." This remark was made in a very sarcastic tone by a young lady who was stirring the dying embers of the camp-fire, thereby causing a shower of sparks to fly around her.

The blood mounted high into the face of the gentleman addressed, and, reaching out his hand to brush off a spark which had fallen on the young lady's dress, Mr. Carlson said in a low tone: "Miss Thurston, what matters it to you if I go or stay?"

But before his question could be answered, Carlson's sister cried petulantly: "O, friends, let him go. He told me he had a business appointment, and Arthur will never break an appointment, no matter how trivial, unless, perhaps, for a wedding or funeral."

"Well, a funeral we will not have, even to keep your charming company, Art," cried a boyish voice. "We might have a wedding," the owner of the voice continued; "I wouldn't mind being party to that myself," and the speaker looked mischievously at one of the ladies, who colored deeply and walked away in seeming anger.

"Here! here!" cried all the gentlemen, laughingly, "who will volunteer to have a wedding on Carlson's account?"

The boyish voice spoke again:

"No one loves you well enough, Art, to be married for you but me, and I suppose I can't be a wedding all by myself."

"I will help you out in that, Cousin John," gayly cried Miss Thurston; "I have been meditating marriage for some time, and this is the first opportunity—well," she said, rather hesitatingly, "this is the first opportunity which I have cared to embrace."

"But, Margie," replied her Cousin John, as if greatly perplexed, "you see, not anticipating this event, and never having been encouraged by you to consider myself a candidate for such honor, I have spoken to another girl upon the same subject."

Every one joined in the laugh at Miss Thurston's expense but Arthur Carlson. "Miss Thurston," he said, when the laugh had subsided, "you have been jilted, allow me to offer you reparation. If it is only the opportunity you care to embrace, a change of groom can make but little difference. If you will be first party to contract I will agree to be second, and will return to-morrow evening, with all necessary preliminaries, in time for our wedding."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Carlson," replied Miss Thurston haughtily. "People who are so generous seldom expect their generosity to be accepted, but I shall surprise you by agreeing to your proposition."

"I was in earnest when I made the proposition, Miss Thurston."

"And I in earnest when I accepted it, Mr. Carlson."

These two were ever at sword's points. They had quarreled together since babyhood, and although, up to this time, each had guarded the secret jealously from the other, yet it was evident to most of their friends that the two were dearer to each other in their quarrels than many other people in their friendships.

The party now separated for the night, elated at the prospects of the next evening's entertainment, but that the jest would become reality never entered their thoughts.

When the party breakfasted next morning Mr. Carlson was already on his way to the village. It was agreed

that part of the day should be spent in preparing a place for the mock ceremony. Miss Thurston was the gayest of the gay, and peals of merry laughter awoke answering echoes from rock and cliff. Only, once or twice, when alone in her tent, her cheeks paled as she wondered what Arthur Carlson would do, for he had looked determined the night before.

"Well," said Miss Thurston to herself, "your word is given now, Margaret Louise Thurston, and a Thurston was never known to break the word."

In the late afternoon her friends came to dress her for the wedding. They draped her in some fluffy, white dress, which filled out the girlish white form to the best, coiled the luxuriant brown hair around her head, and placed a bunch of simple mountain flowers at her belt. Never before had she looked so beautiful nor so defiant. A commotion outside the tent announced Carlson's return, and Miss Thurston, surrounded by laughing friends, went out to meet him.

"Margie," said her cousin John, striding up to her angrily, "this farce has gone far enough. Carlson is certainly demented. He has brought a full-fledged parson with him without even mentioning that this is all jest. You must put a stop to it at once, for it is a downright shame to trifle with such serious things to this extent.

At these words Miss Thurston grew very pale, but her friends laughed and said: "Of course he is not a real minister, John Shepherd. This is only part of the joke."

"Yes, he is a real minister," was the reply, "for I heard him preach in the village only last Sunday."

At this moment Mr. Carlson came up. He, too, was pale, but his dark eyes burned with an intense fire.

"Miss Thurston," he said, "I was in terrible earnest when I said what I did last evening. In proof of which I have procured license and minister. Will you be my wife?"

Those who had been most forward in urging on the joke were now most earnest in dissuading their friends against such a highly-improper proceeding, but Carlson's intense eyes were upon Margaret's face, and his voice said: "You and I have lived for fun all our lives; let us now be married for fun."

The very demon of recklessness took possession of Miss Thurston's spirit.

If Carlson had asked her there, before them all, to marry him for love, she would have turned away, shocked and grieved—but for fun; yes, she would dare as much as he, and she immediately stepped to Carlson's side, remarking, in a laughing tone: "Yes, Mr. Carlson, I will marry you for fun."

"Margie, this cannot go on. What will your father say and feel?" and her cousin stormed up and down before the tents, appealing first to one and then to the other, but all to no avail.

At this moment the minister, whom Mr. Carlson had secured, stepped out of his tent, and the young people took the places which had been prepared for them when a mock ceremony had been in view.

A silence fell over the little group as the solemn words of the beautiful Episcopal service fell upon their ears. Then rang out the responses: From the bride, low and defiant, from the groom, clear and determined.

"That ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting." Margaret never forgot these words. In coming days she repeated them over and over to herself until she almost prayed to have them blotted out from her memory.

By the time the ceremony was finished the audience had concluded that the affair had been planned beforehand in secret, and that they were the dupes of the joke. Accordingly, never was company gayer than theirs that night, and the merrymaking was continued into the morning hours.

The camp broke up in a day or two, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson parting from their friends in apparently high spirits. Arrived at their home, where the news had preceded them, the culprits were received with real forgiveness, for, undoubtedly, the match was a splendid one. Judge Thurston's family had been known and honored in the community for years; while Mr. Carlson was the junior member of a large and wealthy firm dealing in fine imported goods.

Two weeks passed after their return in which Arthur saw but little of his wife. Judge Thurston's summer-residence was a number of miles from the city, and the gentlemen could only run down over Sunday. On these days the two were as uncomfortable as possible in each other's presence and avoided being left alone together.

One quiet Sabbath evening Arthur

came out of the Judge's library with a pale face and set lips. Ascending the stairs with faltering steps, he sought wife's room and knocked at the

"Come in," said a low voice. Entering, he saw Margaret sitting in a low chair with her light brown hair falling around her shoulders in great profusion. He had never seen her so before, and some great mental emotion prevented his noticing the look of glad surprise which flashed into his wife's face as she perceived who her visitor was. Mr. Carlson checked the impetuous words which rose to his lips, and spoke in a voice of strained coldness. "Margaret," he said, advancing to her side, "I desire a few moments conversation if it will not inconvenience you."

The light died out of the bright face at these seemingly cold words.

"You have occupied my time so little of late that I can give you a few moments without great inconvenience," she replied, without rising. "You and I have made a great mistake, Margie," her husband continued sadly. "I take my due share of the blame; but even I would never have dared do this if I had not thought—but no matter what I thought. We were married for fun, of course, and now we do not find it so much fun as we anticipated. I have been speaking with your father. He will not hear to a divorce, nor is there sufficient grounds for one if we desired it. But he agrees with me, that you and I cannot live in this mutual state of unhappiness. I would give anything if I could undo the past, but that is impossible. It is necessary that one member of our firm live abroad. I consider the necessity very opportune, and shall have all my arrangements completed by next week to sail for Europe. This is not so hard for me, for I am a man, but for you—God forgive me for what—"

"You mistake, Mr. Carlson," interrupted his wife icily, "it is the easiest and most appropriate thing that could be done."

Arthur looked down at the figure before him. The darkness and the wavy masses of hair hid her face, else he surely would have seen the white lips and burning, tearless eyes.

"I do not blame you, Margie," he said gently, but sadly. "I only wonder that you can bear me here at all. I crave your forgiveness, and I pray God that I may not utterly blight your happy life."

Arthur waited a moment as if to hear one word of farewell, but the figure before him never moved or spoke. Then, gazing intently at his wife, to imprint upon his mind a picture that he never forgot, he turned and left the room.

All night long Margaret sat in the little, low chair where Arthur had left her. Only once she stooped to pick up a crushed flower, with which he had been playing, and pressed it passionately to her lips.

Two years now passed away, and the following winter found Judge Thurston and his daughter under the gentle skies of Florence. The Judge was suffering in health, which, some said, was due to Margaret's unlucky marriage. However that was, the two were very dear to each other and were rarely seen apart.

Several days after their arrival in Florence, Margaret met her landlady in the hall, who, with a tray in her hand, was just coming out of the room opposite. Stopping to inquire if any one were ill, the kind but gossipy little landlady began to tell in broken Italian, of the young foreigner who had come to her a few weeks before, and who, shortly after, had been taken ill with fever, and now was very ill indeed. She said the young man had no friends, and that the good doctor often came away looking very grave indeed. After that day, many a dainty bouquet or basket of luscious fruit found its way to the sick man, while the landlady often told the young gentleman of the tall, sad-faced lady who had sent the gifts. One day, as this same lady stepped out of her room prepared for a drive, she met the doctor returning from a visit to his patient. The doctor advanced toward her hesitatingly.

"You are an American, miss?" he said at last.

"Yes, sir."

Margaret answered so pleasantly that the doctor continued with more assurance, at the same time waving with his hand to the room he had just left:

"There is a young gentleman in there, miss, who is not long for this world. He is an American, also. It is very hard to die so, miss—so great distance from one's people, and with no kind friends."

"You are right," Margaret answered.

ed, gravely. "It is indeed hard. My father spoke yesterday of going in to see the gentleman. He is out just at present, but if I may I will go in now."

After a moment's absence the doctor returned and conducted Margaret into the room. The curtains were closely drawn, and coming from the light into the darkness she was blinded for a moment. Not so with the sick man. Looking up to greet his visitor he uttered a sharp cry and the one word "Margie!"

Margaret stood as if stunned, and then, advancing rapidly to the bed, she kneeled down beside it and buried her face in the pillows. The poor doctor, with a confused look, turned and hastily left the room. There was a moment's stillness, broken only by Margaret's low sobbing. The form before her seemed to be the wreck of a once strong and beautiful manhood. The sick man was Arthur Carlson. He raised his thin, wasted hand and tenderly stroked the bright locks on the pillow beside him. "Poor little Margie," he said faintly, "you will soon be free now."

Then, Margaret never knew how, she forgot everything connected with the past, she only remembered that the man lying there, sick unto death, was her husband. At last the proud spirit was humbled and she confessed what she had kept so jealously guarded in her own breast for so long. "O, Arthur," she cried in her agony, "O, my husband, only forget the past and try to live for the future. God helping me, I will yet win your love."

The white face on the pillow lit up like the countenance of the dying who see heavenly visions. The excitement of the moment gave Arthur back his strength. Raising himself on his elbow, he lifted the bright head beside him until he could look into the lovely eyes. In one moment they read the mistake of those years in each other's face. Each had loved, each had misunderstood. "Great God! is it possible——" but the momentary strength forsook the frame of the sick man and he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

The doctor, still much confused, had waited in the hall, from which he was now swiftly summoned to the sick room.

For many days the flickering flame of life burned low, but it was fed from the fountain of love in the breast which

now so often pillowed the weary head. The kind old doctor worked, and watched as he had never done before, and he and the little landlady held many a whispered consultation in the hall about the turn which affairs had taken.

At last death was conquered. But it was not for many weeks—not until Arthur was strong enough to ride out by the sparkling blue sea—did the two speak of the past. Then, when they had put it away forever, Arthur drew his wife to him very tenderly and said: "Our love was born so long ago, that it almost had no beginning, and now, thank God, it will never know an ending."

### ELSIE'S LOVER.

"I suppose it isn't right to say such a thing," said winsome Elsie, with a plaintive sigh, to her friend and confidant, old Nurse Barnes; "but I often wish I'd never been born. Nobody knows what to do with me, and I certainly don't know what to do with myself."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what are they going to do with you?"

"I don't know," said Elsie sadly. "Uncle Joseph wants me to go and work in the factory. He thinks I might earn twelve shillings a week, after I had had a few weeks' practice."

"It's not hard work," said Mrs. Barnes. "You'll soon get used to it, my dear. One can get used to anything."

"And Aunt Betsey wants to send me up to the Manor House to help Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper," went on Elsie. "I was there a week in the spring. Oh,"—with a long breath,— "it is the prettiest place! One room all full of books, don't you know, and a hall where they hang nothing but pictures. I used to creep all over the place, when the squire was gone out on horseback, and Mrs. Perkins was taking her after-dinner nap. I used to sit down in the silk chairs, and fan myself with the big scented fans, and make believe I was a great heiress, with lots of servants to order about."

"Oh, Elsie! that was making very bold," said Mrs. Barnes, with an awe-stricken shudder.

"Yes, I know," confessed Elsie; "but it was only making believe, after all, and nobody knew. But I saw Mr. Raven twice, and he talked to me just

as kind—oh! a deal kinder than Uncle Joseph does. And he told me the names of some of the rarest flowers, and offered to lend me books out of the grand library. But Mrs. Perkins told Aunt Betsy that I am too idle and awkward for service. So now I don't know whether I am to be bound to Miss Miggs, the dressmaker, or sent to learn the artificial flower trade."

"It's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mrs. Barnes, looking sympathizingly at Elsie. And just then, as she surveyed the large dark eyes, the cheeks glowing scarlet under their stain of gypsy sunburn, the

lithe, graceful figure in its outgrown gown, the fancy suddenly crossed her mind that, under some circumstances, Elsie Linn might be almost handsome.

"You see, I have no one really belonging to me," said Elsie, sighing. "Even Uncle Joseph was only my mother's half-brother. And they don't know what to do with me."

"What would you like best to do?" said Mrs. Barnes, who was paring potatoes for the one o'clock dinner.

"I should like to be an authoress, and write books," said Elsie, with kindling eyes.

"Bless me, child!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what do you know about authoresses?"

"Nothing," confessed Elsie; "that's the trouble. Or I should like to paint pictures, and to be famous; or be queen of a country that was at war, and lead the soldiers to victory, mounted on a coal-black horse; or do something very great and grand, so that people might never forget my memory."

Mrs. Barnes first started and then sighed. Pour soul, there was perhaps a time when she, too, had her wild dreams and impossible imaginings.

"Such things don't happen nowadays, Elsie," said she. "Women have to scrub, and wash and sew in this country, not ride to battle or paint grand pictures. Better leave off thinking of such a fate."

"Yes," cried Elsie, with a start, as the clock struck twelve. "And Aunt Betsy will be wanting me to set the table. I must hurry home. How she will scold to be sure."

But to Elsie's infinite relief, when she reached home, Aunt Betsy met her with no frown.

"Come in quick, child," said she, "and change your frock. Mr. Raven is here."

"Oh!" cried Elsie, with a skip over

the door-step, "am I to be Mrs. Ferkin's maid?"

"We don't know," said Aunt Betsy mysteriously. "Time will show. Don't jump about, my child. Try to take short steps, and be a lady. And, oh; what a dreadful tear that is in your dress. Never mind now. Run quick and change it as soon as ever you can, and then come down to the best parlor."

But long before Elsie Linn's simple toilet was made, an awful fear took possession of her that Squire Raven had come to tell Uncle Joseph of the big bunch of hot-house grapes which she picked, *sub rosa*, last spring and gave to little Billy Sniffen, in the road, the last day she was at the Manor House.

"There were such lots of them," she argued with herself, "hanging there in the sunshine, all purple and fragrant, and Billy had just got over the scarlet fever—poor little mite!—and did long for them so. I knew it was wicked, but the temptation came over me so suddenly that I couldn't help it. And now if Mr. Raven has told Uncle Joseph, and Uncle Joseph is going to scold me—"

Elsie drew a deep inspiration of horror at this idea, but she must face her fate, and endure it as best she might. And in her best frock, which was scant and faded enough in all conscience, she descended with a heavy heart to the "best room."

"Bring her in! Bring her in!" said Uncle Joseph with a chuckle. "I never yet sold even a yearling calf without giving the purchaser a chance to look at his bargain—ha, ha, ha! And if you really want the child, Squire—"

Mr. Raven rose courteously and put a chair for Elsie as she entered, with drooping head and cheeks aflame.

"We are old friends," he said; "are we not?"

At the sound of his gentle, measured accents, the prickings of Elsie Linn's conscience became intolerable. She lifted her large startled eyes to Mr. Raven's face.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said she. "Please, I'll never do it any more."

"Do what?" said Uncle Joseph, staring.

"I am quite at a loss to understand you," said Mr. Raven courteously.

"The grapes, please," faltered Elsie, getting redder and more confused than ever. "I didn't pick 'em for myself; it was for little Billy Sniffen, and—"

"Never mind the grapes, Elsie," said



**Mr. Raven.** "Let me see—how old are you?"

"Seventeen, sir," said Elsie in a low voice.

"And I am seven-and-thirty!" said Mr. Raven slowly. "Do I seem like a very old man in your eyes, Elsie?"

She shook her head, and then, emboldened by the fact that Uncle Joseph had disappeared, and Aunt Betsey was drawing water at the well, she added:

"When I write my novel, I shall make the hero just like you. I won't call him Raven, lest people should find out; but Ravenburn, or Belraven, or some such name. You won't mind, sir, will you?"

Mr. Raven smiled a strange, serious smile.

"Elsie," said he, "would you like to come and live at the Manor House?"

Elsie's dusk face brightened.

"Oh, so much!" she cried. "But Mrs. Perkins don't want me; she says I'm too flighty and too young."

"Elsie, you misunderstood me," said Mr. Raven, with another smile. "I don't mean as Mrs. Perkin's assistant—I mean as my wife.

A sudden crimson flooded Elsie's face, neck and throat. All of a sudden the scales seemed to fall from her eyes; the world stood before her in its true colors. She was a maiden out of the pages of romance. Robert Raven was her lover. He took her hand tenderly in his.

"Elsie," he said, "could you teach yourself to love me? For I love you with all my heart."

And she cried, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and laid her flushed face across on his shoulder, and wept and smiled in turns.

She had entered the room a child; she went out a woman, leaning on her lover's arm. Even Uncle Joseph noticed the change, and Aunt Betsey vaguely wondered what had come to "our Elsie."

So Elsie's problem was solved. She went to be lady at the Manor House, to gladden the heart of this modern King Cophetua who had fallen in love with the nineteenth century Beggar Maid. And as her dark beauty bloomed out into perfect loveliness, people wondered that they had been so blind.

But Mr. Raven said quietly:

"I knew it all along. When first I saw her picking daisies in the park, I knew that she was the most beautiful creature in all the country. I fell in

love with her then, and I have been in love with her ever since."

But to Elsie the whole thing seems like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.

THE triennial conclave of Knights Templar of the United States, will open its session in St. Louis on September 21.

"The principles inculcated in our system of instruction, when respected and adhered to in our intercourse with each other, must strengthen the bond of union, increase the ties of fellowship, command the respect due to our position, promote the harmony of the Order, and thereby render honor to the Fraternity."

ATTRACTIVE LEGEND.—"Apprentice Pillar" is the so-called and well-known pillar in the Chapel of Rosslyn Castle, with which an old Scottish Masonic legend has long been linked. The pillar has been described as a fluted shaft, with a floral garland wreathed around it. The legend is as follows:—"The Master Mason had to go away, some say to Rome, for some purpose connected with the plans of the building. During his absence, which was prolonged, a clever apprentice, a widow's son, either from the plans, or by his own genius, carved and completed the pillar out of the solid stone. When the master returned and found the pillar erected, he was so jealous of the success of his apprentice, that he killed him with one blow on the forehead by a heavy setting maul. To prove this legend to be a fact, visitors to the spot are still shown three carved heads in the eastern part of the chapel, the master's, the apprentice's, with a mark on his forehead, and the mother's. Some, however, believe that these three heads are mystical, and are meant to point to a well known legend of our Order, familiar to our Master Masons. If so, this is an undesigned evidence to the antiquity of Freemasonry and its traditions."

**The Canadian Craftsman.**

*Port Hope, May 15, 1886.*

**PETITIONS FOR AFFILIATION.**

The Grand Master of Iowa gives this ruling in regard to the rejection of a M. M. in good standing, who wished to affiliate with a lodge, but was rejected. The question asked, was "How often can he petition?" "Can he petition again the night of rejection," and "Can he keep one constantly before the lodge?"

"A brother petitioning for membership in a lodge, has a right to present his petition as often as the lodge will receive it. But it seems almost a farce to receive such a petition on the night of a rejection, as all rejections are presumed to be for valid reasons, and no lodge has a right to presume otherwise, or inquire into the reasons for such rejection. The right to cast the black-ball is absolute; and no brother may legally inform others that he has done so, nor have others the right to assume that he has, or impugn his motives in so doing. He is the sole arbiter of the question, restrained only by that vow, which answering his expressed desire, gave to him further light. It may be written as an unfailing rule for you, and every Master, that when the question is presented or considered in a lodge, 'Was the rejection of the applicant right?' then the lodge is wrong. And the Master who permits it is deserving of censure, if not of public discipline. Now, I believe that the law should be that every resident non-affiliate in good standing in any local jurisdiction, should have the absolute right of membership in any lodge therein. But such is not the law, and I give it to you as it is. And the law, whether agreeable or not, should be observed. I have said this much, because I see by your letter that your lodge is in a wrangle over this ques-

tion. To others I have said, 'When there is a rejection of an applicant, treat it for the present as conclusive, and pass the question without note or comment.'

**EDITORIAL ITEMS.**

THE outlook for Quebec is encouraging, and the American Grand Lodges must promptly protest against English interference in the Masonic affairs of this continent.—*Corner Stone.*

By resolutions passed at the last session of the Grand Lodge of Maine, any one hailing from the Province of Quebec, and claiming to be a Mason, shall not be recognized as such, unless he hails from a lodge under the obedience of the Grand Lodge of that Province.

THE Grand Lodge of Virginia has decided "that a fellow-craft, made such in a lawful lodge after he had lost his left arm, could not be allowed to take the Master's degree—if for no other reason, because nobody could rightfully confer it."

THE Order of Grand Cross, etc., has been conferred on M. W. Bro. Daniel Spry, of Canada, by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; an honor well deserved. We tender congratulations to our distinguished Grand Representative of Kentucky near the Canadian Grand Lodge.—*Masonic Home Journal.*

WE are required to give instruction to younger brethren, inexperienced in their work, that the craft may not suffer for want of skill and experience in their judgment; but that, through our own skill and experience, they may learn the requirements of the art, to possess that knowledge whereby our interests become strengthened, and the bonds of mutual brotherhood reciprocated in its duties, as justly due to each other.

THE Zuni Indians were a singular tribe inhabiting New Mexico, U. S., whose mystic services have attracted the attention of Masonic scholars, in consequence of their similarity to those in vogue by the Masonic fraternity. These Indians have a formal religious initiation, in which the suppliant kneels at the altar to take his vows, after being received upon the point of an instrument of torture to the flesh. Among their forms and ceremonies are, facing the east, circumambulation, tests of endurance, and being peculiarly clothed. Incense is burned, and the sun worshipped at its rising.—*Hebrew Leader.*

LET the possessor of the secrets of Freemasonry be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned; let him be stripped of everything he has got in the world, these credentials remain. They have stayed the hand of the destroyer; they have softened the asperities of the tyrant; they have mitigated the horrors of captivity; they have subdued the rancor of malevolence, and broken down the barrier of political animosity. On the field of battle, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, and in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made friends of the most hostile feelings.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

FREEMASONRY is not to be regarded in a narrow way, as though its mission began and ended with the organization itself. There are two functions appertaining to the Masonic institution—first, internally, in relation to its own members, for their fellowship, comfort, and mutual helpfulness; and secondly, externally, to apply the principles of the craft in all departments of related life. The world at large is benefitted as the Masonic spirit is diffused and has prevailing power. Let us not forget that it is one part of the mission of our great brotherhood to minister to the public welfare—to advance the rule of “sweetness and light” among men.

THE Grand Master of Texas rules as follows, in regard to physical disqualification:—

“The loss of an eye, and half of the second or middle finger, I have decided to be such physical defects as disqualified applicants from being initiated. These questions about physical defects have been so often determined by this Grand Lodge, it is surprising that any decision in relation thereto should now be invoked.”

THE Grand Lodge of New Jersey adopted the following resolution:—

“Resolved,—That no officer, member, or visiting brother, or other person, shall communicate to any reporter, editor, or other person connected with any newspaper, any fact, circumstance, or other matter that may be presented to or acted upon by the Grand Lodge, except such information be furnished by the Grand Secretary, with the approval of the M. W. Grand Master.”

“I HAVE NO TIME TO READ,” is the most frequent excuse given for declining to subscribe for a Masonic periodical, and it is the reason often assigned for discontinuing a subscription. Ought such a statement to be made by the average Mason? Ought not the Masonic fraternity to include a class of members, who, for the most part will have time to read? Is it not needful that they should, if possible, take sufficient time to read articles that will make them better acquainted with the character and work of the organization into which they have entered? Bro. James W. Stanton, of Kentucky, in a recently published letter, says:—“The truth is, there is too little reading done by Masons of all classes, hence their general ignorance as to the affairs of the Masonic world. No man can be posted and intelligent on any subject who does not read, and Masonry is no exception to the rule.”

The lodges of California must be in a flourishing condition. The Grand Secretary reports "there is not a lodge in the jurisdiction which owes a dollar to the Grand Lodge."

The following resolution was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence, at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Washington:—"Resolved, That it shall be a Masonic offence for a member of a Masonic lodge in this jurisdiction, to enter a place where intoxicating liquor is sold, and drink the same, under penalty of expulsion."

The committee reported as follows:—"The resolution is one that deserves proper consideration by every good Mason, whether he can reconcile the morality of encouraging liquor saloons with the acknowledged impropriety of such saloons. But Freemasonry is not a temperance society, any more than a church society, and in the opinion of your committee, it would be improper to legislate thereon; and we therefore recommend that the resolution be laid on the table." The report was adopted.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana, which resorted to biennial sessions a few years ago, as a means of paying off an oppressive debt, has now attained the desired result. The end came on the 24th of March, when the Grand Treasurer drew his check for \$4,000, to take up the last remaining bond for that amount for the Masonic Temple. The craft in Indiana now own their Temple free of encumbrance, and the brethren throughout the country will rejoice with them in their deliverance. The Grand Lodge will now return to annual meetings, and probably make a reduction in the annual tax. The fraternity in Indiana will undoubtedly profit by the limitations of the past, and all the more appreciate the worth of that institution for whose welfare they have made some sacrifices.

The Proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Michigan is an elegantly printed volume. Over six pages are devoted to the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, principally quotations from M. E. Sir Knight Moore's address.

The Grand Lodge of Maine evidently does not believe in dancing. The following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved,—That while the Grand Lodge does not desire to interfere with the rights of the fraternity as individuals to attend or promote balls and dancing—the lodges are forbidden to connect with the lodges, or use the name of the lodges in reference to Masonic balls, so-called, or to advertise them or sell tickets for admission thereto."

The Committee on Jurisprudence, of the Grand Lodge of Texas, reported as follows on a proposition to amend the Constitution, and "make it express that physical qualifications of candidates shall be left to the subordinate lodges to judge and determine upon:—

"The settled policy of the Grand Lodge has always been to leave the subject of physical qualifications of candidates where the founders of Masonry placed it. At various times efforts have been made to modify or qualify the ancient regulations on this subject. The Grand Lodge has always set its face against such attempts, and has required the lodges to adhere strictly to the letter and the spirit of the ancient charges. Your committee can see no necessity for any additional legislation on the subject. The lodges now have the same right to determine whether a candidate is maimed or crippled, as they have to judge whether or not he is a minor, a madman, or a fool. Your committee see no necessity for either increasing or abridging their authority in this respect. They therefore recommend the rejection of the proposed amendment."

THE Committee on Jurisprudence, of Arkansas, answered no to the following question:—

“A man has had his right thigh broken, from the effects of which he is still a little lame, but walks without crutches or stick; performs all kinds of manual labor that is usual for a farmer, but has not the full sense of feeling in his right foot. Is he physically disqualified?”

In his address, the Grand Master of the District of Columbia says:—

“In July, a petition was received by Lebanon Lodge, No. 7, and being in proper form was referred to an appropriate committee. Soon thereafter, it was discovered that the applicant had suffered the loss of the thumb of his right hand. Regarding this as sufficient disability to disbar him from the benefits of Masonry, I directed the return of the fee and the withdrawal of the petition. There can be little excuse for a brother who would receive a petition from an applicant suffering from a disability of this character. He surely must not only have lost sight of the thumb, but of certain indispensable essentials of Masonry.”

THE Grand Master of Iowa was notified “that a lodge had conferred the first and second degrees upon a candidate with only one arm, and were about to advance him to the third. He at first issued an order staying advancement, but after a full consideration of the matter, and the fact that the candidate was an innocent party to the transaction, having been accepted with a full knowledge of his physical condition, he revoked the order and the lodge was permitted to proceed. He should have arrested the charter, but for the fact that he learned of other instances of like character in the last few years, and it might seem like unjust discrimination to assail that particular lodge.”

THE Grand Lodge of Wyoming unanimously adopted the following addition to its by-laws:—

“It shall be unlawful for, and constituent lodges are hereby prohibited from initiating or admitting to membership in their respective lodges, any person engaged in the manufacture, sale, or importation of any spirituous or malt liquors as a beverage, either as proprietor, clerk, or otherwise, and if any person shall, after becoming a member of any lodge in this jurisdiction, violate the provisions of this section, he shall, upon conviction thereof, be liable to expulsion.”

“WHEN *Corn* is alluded to in Masonic instruction, or used symbolically in the ceremonies of the craft, to what special grain is there a reference? What meaning does it have as thus used?”

The word *Corn*, in the Biblical use of the term, signifies a variety of cereals. The Hebrew word *dagari*, meaning increase, can properly be rendered “grain,” “corn,” or “wheat.” The word in the original is sufficiently comprehensive to include not only all the proper cereals, but various kinds of pulse and seeds of plants that are not now considered as belonging to “grain” products. It is generally held that Indian corn, or maize, was anciently unknown. The evidence is not conclusive on this point. M. Rifaud claimed to have found under the head of a mummy at Thebes, not only grains but leaves of Indian corn. If this product was known to the Egyptians of Pharaoh’s time, it was probably introduced into Palestine at an early date. As wheat was one of the most common and important of products coming under the name of corn, it would seem that this kind of grain has special appropriateness in Masonic symbolism. As thus used, it has more than one mystical explanation. It signifies nourishment and increase; and in a broader sense, may be regarded as a token of the

resurrection and life immortal.—  
*Freemasons' Repository.*

At a Conclave of Palestine Commandery, No. 18, Knights Templar, of New York city, May 8, 1886, Sir J. W. Bowden was re-elected Eminent Commander. An interesting circumstance occurred. It was the presentation to the commandery of a set of resolutions, handsomely framed, by a commandery of Louisville, Kentucky, as a recognition of Palestine's kindness and courtesy to a Past Grand Commander of that State.

GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.—Since the period of December 27th, 1818, termed by Bro. Hughan the "Blessed Union," there have been 2,058 lodges, making, with those in existence, a grand total of 2,707. The rate of increase per year has been some 12 lodges from 1814 to 1832; exactly 22 lodges from 1833 to 1869; but from 1864 to 1885, it has exceeded 52 per annum. During this period there have been many erasures, arising out of financial and other means, especially the formation of new Grand Lodges; but notwithstanding these heavy reductions, there are still on the roll the very large number of 1,451 active lodges scattered over the four quarters of the globe.—*Freemason.*

THE Grand Master of Washington has given this decision:—

"A Mason, a member of the lodge, objected to sitting in his lodge with a brother Mason, not a member of the same lodge. The objection was made to the Master immediately before opening the lodge. Notwithstanding, the Master permitted the objectionable brother to remain. Did he do right?"

"The Master did not do right. A Masonic lodge is like a family. It is in a measure exclusive. In order to have peace and harmony in the Masonic family, all Masons not of that family, who for any reason are objectionable to members of the family,

should be excluded. This should be done by the Master in a gentle manner, so as not to give offence; and a Mason should always be well satisfied that he was justified in the act, before insisting on the enforcement of this rule."

THE Templar difficulty in New Brunswick will come to an end whenever the Scottish Encampments in St. John and St. Stephen can be persuaded that it is for their welfare, and for the general good of Templary, that they should become allegiant to the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada. Convince them that their best interests will be promoted by such identification, and it will soon be brought about. Then it would not matter much what may have been the wrong methods pursued in organizing the Great Priory, or the unwarranted assumption it has set forth. These things, with all the technical difficulties in the way of union, would be overlooked, if the bodies referred to were but persuaded that by becoming allegiant to the Sovereign Great Priory they would augment their prosperity and that of the Order. They cannot be forced to such release from their vows of fealty to Scotland, and to cast in their lot with other Templar bodies of Canada; but perhaps they can be persuaded to take such a step.—*Freemasons' Repository.*

AMONG the numerous notices of meetings of Masonic bodies that we receive, none is more welcome than that of Palestine Commandery, No. 18, New York city. It constantly reminds of times past, and always pleasant relations with our fratres of New York. The monthly notice is of beautiful and chaste design, and contains a brief synopsis of the business to come before the body. In General Orders No. 1, Em. Com. Sir James W. Bowden thanks his fratres for their past support, and requests their hearty co-operation during the present Templar year. Accompany-

ing the notice is an address by the Em. Commander, reviewing all the interesting events of the commandery during the year just closed, with a full statement of the business done during the year, including membership, receipts and expenditures of all kinds in detail, and the present status of the commandery. This we think is praiseworthy and commendable, and a proper course to be followed by all Masonic bodies, as it gives the entire membership information of their exact condition.—*Keystone.*

Among the decisions given by the Grand Master of New Jersey, was the following:—

"A dimit was granted to a brother on his application. He failed to call for it for a year or two, remaining in the mean time in the jurisdiction of the lodge. During this time the Secretary offered the brother his dimit, which he declined to take, saying, 'just let it remain; I may become a member again.' He finally asked for the dimit, and the Worshipful Master ruled that he was not, under the circumstances, entitled to it without paying up all dues which accrued during the period he had failed to demand the dimit. I decided the Worshipful Master ruled correctly."

The Committee on Jurisprudence reported:—

"Decision number fourteen we disapprove. Your committee are of opinion that the dimit passed beyond the control of the Master when the lodge voted it."

Grand Lodge sustained the committee.

The Grand Master of Montana gives this explanation, in reply to a brother who ridiculed the Bible:—"In the broad light of the civilization of the nineteenth century, it seems foolish to be called upon to define the relation that the Holy Bible, as one of the great lights, holds to Masonry. It has been established as the 'Book of the Law,' and among our first les-

sons in Masonry, we are taught that 'it is the inestimable gift from God to man as a rule and guide for our faith and practice,' and I cannot conceive how any Mason can cast reproach upon, or bring into ridicule God's Holy word. No matter whether it is formulated as our Bible or the Koran of Mohammedan, so long as it is recognized as a book of the law, and is regarded as the essential law of a nation or people. We do not, in fact, teach any religion, but that of Masonry; but a belief in God is an indispensable requisite to a man's being made a Mason. This must carry with it a belief in God's law. Far be it from me to impugn any one's conscientious motives, nor do I desire to look upon this matter than from a Masonic standpoint. A man has a right no doubt to be an Atheist or an Infidel, but he cannot be both and be a Mason. We place the Bible upon our altar; upon it our obligations are taken, and we are taught that it is one of the great lights in Masonry."

THE FREEMASONS AND THE POOR OF MARGATE.—March 23rd, the Union Lodge, No. 127, Margate, entertained about two hundred of the aged and deserving poor of the town to dinner and tea in the Foresters' Hall. The idea of giving the treat originated about two months ago at one of the meetings of the lodge, and it was heartily endorsed by the Freemasons of the town, who, in token of their approval of such a step being taken, subscribed liberally towards defraying the expenses which it would involve. As a preliminary step, a certain number of tickets were sent to the vicars and ministers of the various denominations in the town, upon whom devolved the duty of selecting from among their parishioners and congregation the most deserving cases. A list of names were sent in from the various sources, and they were afterwards scrutinized by the Managing Committee. This was a task of no-

ordinary kind, and it is almost needless to add that if twice the number of tickets had been available, they could have been easily disposed of. The dinner consisted of roast beef, roast legs of mutton, roast veal, ham, Christmas pudding and mince pie, and there appeared to be an abundance of everything.—*London Freemason.*

It is one thing to be recipients of good; it is quite another matter to be doers of good. One class of material is attracted to the Masonic organization by the thought of what shall be gained by connection with such a society. The motive is that of selfishness, which may be of a lower or higher grade. Another class is influenced, at least in part we hope, by the thought that if they take their place in an association which stands for morals and benevolence, they will be able to do more in the discharge of the duties of related life. It is their desire to be of service to others, and they seek admission to the Masonic lodge, believing that thus the door of opportunity will be opened for a wider and more blessed service.

It appears that there are craftsmen who do not understand that the Masonic ballot is to be secret and inviolate, nor that when a candidate has been declared rejected, all discussion of the matter must stop. No one then has any right to declare how he balloted, nor to try to discover how any one else balloted, nor to assume that any improper motive caused the rejection. For an improper rejection there is but one legal remedy, and that is to wait the constitutional time, then repetition for the degrees, let the matter take the usual course and abide the result, whether it be favorable or unfavorable. It must be remembered, also, that all jurisdictions respect a rejection for one year at least, and some perpetually, and that any attempt to attain the degrees surreptitiously, is almost certain to be discovered and punished.

"CAN THAT MAN BE A MASON?" was a question we heard asked not long ago, when the character of a cold-blooded and hard man, whose selfishness made him an object of general remark, was under consideration. His membership in the Masonic fraternity had to be admitted, albeit he was said, by those who know him best, to be self-willed and arrogant to an extraordinary degree, and almost wholly wanting in any feeling of regard for others. This man had never been made a Mason in his heart. Only in a technical sense could he claim to be included among "Brothers and Fellows." If he had been wrought upon and moulded by the principles that give character to the organization, he would have been delivered, at least to some good degree, out of his selfishness and hard ways of life, and would have shown more of that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

#### A BROTHER VOUCHED FOR.

Among the thousands of Masters of lodges on this continent, it is a reasonable supposition that there are many now invested with power to preside for the first time, and it cannot be amiss to call their attention to the words forming our caption, which in the course of the year now passing, they will frequently hear and be expected to act upon. Among all the duties of the Master, none can rightly be considered as of higher importance than the admission of strange brethren, and none should be more scrupulously guarded from careless execution than this. Every presiding officer should understand the authority with which he is clothed, and the obligation he is under with regard to visiting brethren, and while he receives the truly worthy with proper courtesy, let him refuse all who may be open to suspicion with unbending firmness. He has agreed, in the most solemn manner, that no visitor shall be received into his lodge without



due examination, and producing proper vouchers of their having been initiated into a regular lodge, and he will prove faithless to his vow if he allow the somewhat loose system of modern avouchment to prevail under his administration.

The simplest announcement of Bro. A, vouched for, is a very frail warrant for the admission of a person we have never seen or heard of before to a participation in our mysteries. We should know who is his sponsor and on what grounds he assumes that responsibility. It is the undoubted right of every brother in good standing to vouch for another, but it is equally the duty of the Master to be satisfied that this important privilege has not been lightly exercised, before accepting it. There are so many ways in which the best-intentioned brother may be deceived, that there should prevail a wholesome caution in accepting any but the most irrefragable testimony. The brother who vouches should know for a certainty that the one for whom he vouches is really what he claims to be. He should know this, not from a casual conversation, nor a loose and careless inquiry, but from strict trial, due examination or lawful information, these being the three requisites which the landmarks have laid down as being essentially necessary to authorize the act of vouching,

The constitution of 1798, provides that you are "cautiously to examine him (a foreign brother or stranger), as prudence shall direct, that you may not be imposed upon by a pretender, whom you are to reject with decision, and beware of giving him any hints; but if you discover him to be true and faithful, you are to respect him as a brother." By strict trial, is meant that no question or answer that may be required to convince you that the person examined is what he claims to be, should be omitted. You can carefully take nothing for granted, nor allow shortness of memory to fill up an incon-

venient blank. If the would-be visitor has paid so little heed to his first instructions, or so little attention to the claims of the fraternity as to become rusty, he must go where he is known for the information he requires, and be disappointed if he expects to pick it up from an examining brother or committee. In this we would be understood as referring to those important matters that are indispensable, and not to some of the minor details, that only a bright Mason could be expected to have at his finger ends.

The particulars of an examination cannot, of course, be detailed here; but we may say, in general terms, that the errors or inadvertencies of the visitor should not be corrected, for that would be giving him the hint we are warned against. With an aged brother, or one who has long been debarred the privileges of the craft, by journey or sickness, patience is to be commended. If he has ever received the true light, the spark, though dimmed, will eventually brighten up by his own unaided endeavors, and one such trial will always serve to remind him of the necessity of keeping his treasures where he can find them when wanted.

But it is not so much from any carelessness in regard to examinations that we have to apprehend danger, as from the uncertain application of the third point in the landmark referred to—that is, lawful information. The Tyler's voucher is very often an uncertain guide; for he may be deceived by great similarity of personal appearance, or from a certain conviction of having seen the person applying somewhere, and hence jumping to the conclusion that it was in a lodge; or the Tyler may have known that a person was a member of a lawful lodge, but not that he had since been put under discipline; other instances could be cited, were it not that they will readily suggest themselves to the brethren.

It will be a step forward, when Masters cease to admit brethren on the Tyler's endorsement. The examination of an inexperienced or unskilled brother, can afford no just grounds for avouchment, because he cannot be supposed to have the ability of detecting error, or the judgment necessary to avoid conveying information which should be withheld.

If a brother vouch for another on the ground of having sat with him in a lodge, he should also be able to state positively that it was a Master's Lodge, duly and legally constituted, and not a lodge of Entered Apprentices or Fellow Crafts. Written vouchers, though indicted by your nearest friend, are of no positive value. They cannot lawfully contain any of those things which it is indispensable the visitor should know; can afford him no assistance when put to the ordeal of strict examination.

Personal avouchment from one brother to another may be accepted, but no further, and then only when the brother vouched for is in the presence of the one giving the information, and the one receiving it, and then it must be given with the intent of being used Masonically, and be full, explicit, positive, and based on actual knowledge of a lawful Masonic character. But if Bro. White tells Brown that Bro. Black assured him that Bro. Green was a Mason, the information becomes too loose to have a lawful value, and must be discarded.

We trust enough has been said to put our worshipful brethren on their guard, and that they will assist in bringing about more rigid requirements in the matter of responding for the Masonic standing of unknown brethren. No good brother will object to it, and the opinions of the other class are of no importance. All will, we think, agree that it is better to refuse ten brethren who had a right to admission, than to admit one who, from the want of proper

qualifications, may bring disgrace on the lodge and its Master.—*Masonic Record.*

### A BRIGHT MASON.

To very many of the fraternity the height of their ambition as Masons, is to become bright in the work and lectures. Often has the remark been made in our hearing, that time, and even money, would be no object could they but arrive at this distinction. Certainly this is a laudable ambition, and worthy of encouragement. When listening to such remarks, we have pondered upon their meaning, and endeavored to draw our conclusions as to their conceptions of the meaning of the term "bright Mason," and of the motives actuating them. To become thoroughly skilled in the ritual is essential, and a necessary qualification for a good workman, but this alone will not make of him a bright Mason in the true sense of the word. It may make of him a machine Mason, a mere parrot in the work; but to our mind very much more is required to become an efficient workman. He should, in addition to a knowledge of the ritual, be conversant with its history, its symbolism, its law and usages, and the landmarks upon which they are based. He should be able to look beyond the mere forms and grasp their inner and true meaning. He should be a Masonic student, intelligent upon all matters relating to the good of the Order and the prosperity of the craft. In short, he should enter into the spirit of our solemn ceremonies, and understand the full import of all our symbols. Then, and only then can he claim the noble name of Mason. Then and only then will he be enabled to fill any station he may be called upon to occupy, with credit to himself and advantage to his brethren, and justly claim the proud title of a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.—*Masonic Tidings.*

## OUR AMERICAN INDIANS AS FREEMASONS.

Not only according to the views of the romantic Cooper, but also those of the matter-of-fact Heckewelder, the aborigines of America possessed and exemplified many noble qualities, and had this not been so there could have been no Indian Masons, or Masonry. There are not only numerous well-authenticated instances of Indians having been made Freemasons in the Masoric lodges of their pale-faced brethren, but there is also considerable evidence which goes to prove that there was a native Freemasonry among the aborigines, kindred to our own. In a chapter upon the "Native Priesthood," by Dr. D. G. Brinton, in his readable "Myths of the New World," this scholar says, that the American Indians had their "Mysteries," with their appropriate esoteric teaching." The priests formed societies of different grades of illumination, only to be entered by those willing to undergo trying ordeals, whose secrets were not to be revealed under the severest penalties. The Algonquins had three such grades, the *waubeno*, the *meda*, and the *jossakeed*, the last being the highest. To this no white man was ever admitted. All tribes appear to have been controlled by these secret societies." The Chippewas had a kindred fraternity, known as the "Meda Craft." A Mohawk chieftain, the Rev. J. J. Kelvy, in an address delivered in Philadelphia, in 1883, said: "Masonry had been known among the Indians long before the arrival of the whites." The late Bro. Cornelius Moore once met with a tribe of Wisconsin Indians, who, to the best of his knowledge, after a careful examination of several of their number, had what appeared to be a Masonry of their own suggestive of ours. Bro. De Witt Clinton, of New York, made a similar assertion with regard to the Iroquois. In consequence of these various tribes keep-

ing no permanent records, all knowledge on this subject must be traditional. But of this there can be no doubt, since the records are in our own custody—there are many instances of Indians having been made Masons in our own lodges. We shall refer to a few of the best authenticated of these, on account both of their interest and value.

The famous Shawnee warrior and orator, Tecumseh, on more than one occasion proved his knowledge of and faith in Masonry by his works. In the war of 1812, the mystic cry of a Mason and a brother, often saved the life of one who would otherwise have been the victim of the tomahawk. And Tecumseh is said to have been made a Mason in Philadelphia. Past Grand Master Scott, of Virginia, in an address before the Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction in 1845, related several Masonic anecdotes, he said, were "well authenticated and vouched for by several living witnesses." The "Percy Anecdotes" record several other instances of his fidelity to his Masonic obligations.

Joseph Brant, the Mohawk brave, was another example of a faithful Indian Freemason. At the battle of the Cedars, near Montreal, in 1776, he saved the life of his prisoner, Bro. Capt. McKinstry, when he was about to be burned at the stake. The Mason's mystic appeal was sufficient to move the heart and stay the hand of his Indian captor.

Bro. B. T. B. Kavanaugh, in an address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Indiana, in 1847, told of a chieftain of the Miami tribe traveling all night to put a Masonic brother on his guard, prior to a general attack that was about to be made on a settlement by the Indians. "The attack was made, and the chief's mystic shield guarded in safety the head of his brother."

Bro. Col. P. P. Pitchlynn, a chief of the Choctaws, in 1854, was present at the annual communication of the

Grand Lodge of Georgia, and delivered an address that was not only interesting and eloquent, but gave evidence of the fact that he fully comprehended the great principles of our fraternity. In 1857 he visited the lodge at Alexandria, Va., over which Washington once presided as W. M., and on the same evening P. G. M. Bro. Rob Morris, of Kentucky, and Grand Secretary Bro. A. T. V. Pierson, of Minnesota, were also present as visitors. Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," makes mention of this famous Indian.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Masonic Review*, some years ago, gave a very touching account of the relief of an Indian brother who was in distress, in one of the Western States. His white brethren knew no north, no south, no east, no west, no nationality, no color—they only knew Masonry, and they relieved the distress of "Lo, the poor Indian," with the same kind of fraternal pleasure that they did that of their own most valued member under similar circumstances.

In 1851, in Valley Lodge, No. 109, of Rochester, N. Y., two worthy Ojibbeways were initiated, and in 1852, another was made a Mason in Harmony Lodge, No. 52, Philadelphia, receiving all three degrees on the same evening. Red Jacket's grandson, General Parker, who was a member of General Grant's staff during the war, was a Master Mason, a Royal Arch Mason, and a Knight Templar. These are a few of the many examples on record of aborigines of America who have illustrated the Masonic profession, and proved their worthiness as brethren of our universal craft. When the history of the American Indians comes to be fitly written, their own Masonry, and the individual examples of Indians who have been made Masons in our lodges, will both tend to elevate their character for probity and fidelity, and cause sympathetic tears to be dropped to their memory.—*Keystone.*

## FRACTICAL MASONRY.

It is when the public heart is deeply touched by some great calamity, or moved by some extraordinary blessing, that Masonry finds a meet and opportune occasion in which to apply its practical precepts and enforce its wholesome lessons.

We are also taught to restrain our passions, to put a bridle upon our tongues, and to be circumspect in our demeanor, to the end that we may never needlessly offend a brother by the undue exhibition of any feeling in which he cannot wholly participate.

It is not to be expected of Masonry that it can change the conditions of human nature and divest the heart wholly of its evil passions and tendencies; but what it can do and ought to do is to so cultivate the higher attributes and better instincts of our nature, that we may learn to be tolerant of each other's opinions, forbearing of each other's faults, forgiving of each other's wrongs, and, above all things, to practice the great Masonic virtues of charity.

Of all institutions, human or divine, Masonry is the most tolerant of freedom of opinion in all matters not involving articles of fundamental faith and opinion. In religion we exact only a belief in Deity; in politics, only allegiance and loyalty to government; in all other matters, absolute freedom to think and act as one's own judgment and convictions may dictate.

It matters little, however, how eloquently we may preach up the doctrines of Masonry, and expatiate upon the beauty of its precepts, as, unless we carry them into practice in the business transactions and social relations of our every-day life, they become, as St. Paul says of faith without works, mere sounding brass or tinkling cymbals.—*M. W. John J. Sumpter.*

### THE BANKER'S MISTAKE.

My profession isn't a popular one; in fact, there is considerable prejudice against it. As for myself, I don't think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that has nothing to do with my story.

Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say.

We struck a small country town. I ain't a-goin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name of it was. There was one bank there. The president was rich and old; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't another officer but the cashier, and they had a boy who used to sweep out and run errands.

The bank was in the main street, pretty well up one end of it—a nice snug place at the corner, with nothing very near it. We took our observations, and found out there wasn't no trouble at all about it.

There was an old watchman that walked up and down the street at nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron, and had a three-wheel combination lock; the inner door was no door at all—you could pick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fire-proof, and it wasn't even that.

The first thing we did, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door.

This was our place: After the key was fitted, I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When anyone passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I was to douse the glim and lay low. After they got by I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see.

Well, the night we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right with a slide lantern, a breast-drill, a steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys, and a green baize bag to stow the swag. I fixed my light, and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheel combination lock has the three wheels in it and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock.

Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this, but if you don't, you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door, and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I may make myself clear.

I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough, only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by.

By-and-by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim, so to speak, whistle again.

I stopped, and pretty soon heard footsteps outside, and I'm blamed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key work in the lock.

I was so dumbfounded when I heard that, that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president!

Instead of calling for help, as I thought he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me.

I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark, as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something's the matter with the lock."

By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I touching my cap. "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this

morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't be too particular, about avoiding the very suspicion of evil," he goes on, coming round by the door.

"No, sir," says I, modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I, "but I rather think it's a little worse on account of not being oiled enough. These locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I am here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can I help you—hold your lantern or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned round and says:

"How do I know you are the president? I have never seen you before, and you may be trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a remarkable degree of discretion in you. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you it is all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," I said, rather surlily.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you'll see the same on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat pocket.

I suppose I ought to have gone on then; but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I said:

"You might have got these letters to put up a job on me."

"You are a very honest man," he said; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it

—I like it!" and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now, here," he said, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of one thousand pounds in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry those round with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night, on my way home, to place them in the vault; and I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn rather red when I saw those bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" he said.

I told him I was, thoroughly. And so I was.

So I picked up my drill again, and gave him my lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I nearly burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside.

I worked away, and kept explaining to the president what I was trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knew that I was a man well up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me.

I turned round once in a while and looked at him sitting there as solemn as an owl, with my dark lantern in his blessed hand; and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to halloo right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," said he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he as he swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim whistle, and I guessed the watchman was coming up the street.

"And," said I to the president, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra look-out to-night."

"I will," said he, and we both went to the front-door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," said he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp look-out to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," said he, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim—so called—in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," said I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff the bonds into the bag. There were some boxes lying around, and a safe I should have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we had had.

I looked at my watch, and saw it was just a quarter past twelve. I put my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds, and walked out of the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't think I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," I said. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right," said the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," I said.

"No, I will not," he said. "I'll stay about here all night."

"Good-night," I said, as I shook hands with him, and Jim and I—Jim was not his right name, you understand—took the half-past twelve express, and the best part of that job was, we we never heard heard any more about it.

It never got into the papers.

## A GREEN-COATED SOLDIER.

Many a long year ago, three or four regiments of Russian soldiers were encamped on a flat, sandy plain upon the shore of the gulf of Finland, not far from a new town which had just been built at the mouth of the river Neva, and called St. Petersburg. The sun was beginning to set; and the men, having finished their marching and exercising, were having a rest after the day's work, or beginning to get their supper ready.

Most of them were strong and sturdy fellows, who looked as if they could

stand a good deal of hard work, and hard fighting, too, before giving in. But they certainly did not wear a very soldierlike appearance, for all that. They moved heavily and clumsily, and handled their muskets as if they had been more used to plows and spades than weapons of war.

Awkward though they seemed, however, these very men were to be able, only a few years later, to give King Charles, of Sweden, (who was then thought to be the best soldier alive) such a beating that neither he nor his army ever meddled with Russia again. But, as they were now, they made a poor figure enough; and so, no doubt, thought a big, red-haired man in Russian uniform, who, with his arms folded on his broad chest and a scornful smile on his face, was watching half a dozen of them light a fire.

"Pretty fellows you are to call yourselves soldiers!" cried he, in broken Russian, "when you can hardly tell the butt of a gun from its muzzle, and don't even know how to kindle a fire yet. We manage things better in Silesia, where I was born and bred!"

"Well, if your country is so much better than ours, why didn't you stay there?" asked one of the Russian recruits, sulkily.

"Because I was wanted here to make you Russian lubbers into soldiers," answered the Silesian, fiercely; "and a mighty hard job it is."

The recruit muttered something between his teeth, but did not venture to make any direct reply; for this Silesian, Michael Kratsch, was a noted bully, and the strongest man in the regiment, and any one who tried to argue with him generally ended by getting a broken head for his pains.

While Kratsch was still fuming at finding no one to vent his anger upon, a little drummer-boy, coming past with a pan of water much too heavy for his thin arms, stumbled against him by accident. Like lightning, Big Michael faced round and dealt the poor little fellow a kick which sent him to the ground, screaming with pain, and causing him to spill every drop of the precious water that had cost so much trouble to bring.

An angry murmur ran through the group of Russians, and the Silesian turned savagely upon them.

"What are you growling at, dogs? If you have anything to say to me, say it out. You ought to know by this

time, I should think, that one honest Silesian is a match for half a dozen such as you."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked a deep voice behind him.

The new-comer picked up the little drummer-boy very tenderly, refilled his can from a bucket that stood near, and sent him away rejoicing. Then he came slowly up to the tall Silesian, and looked him full in the face.

Kratsch eyed the stranger, from head to foot, and did not altogether like the looks of him. His dress was nothing very grand, to be sure, being simply the plain green coat of a Russian private, so soiled and threadbare that an old-clothes man would scarcely have taken it as a gift. But he was as tall as Big Michael himself, while his huge limbs and brawny chest made such a show of strength that most people would have thought it much better to shake hands with him than to fight him.

"So," said the green-coated man, quietly, "one Silesian is a match for a half dozen Russians, eh? Well, I can see that he's their match at bragging, anyhow?"

The Russians chuckled at this unexpected hit, and one of them laughed outright. Kratsch's face flushed purple with rage, and for a moment he seemed just about to fly at the speaker's throat. But there was something in the stranger's bearing, and in the calm steadfast glance of his keen, black eye, which cowed the fierce soldier, who drew back with a sullen growl.

"Well," said the Greencoat, quietly, "the Russians have a saying that corn doesn't grow by talking. If you are a match, as you say, for any half-dozen of us, let us see what you can do?"

"Could you throw that stone further than I can?" asked the Silesian, pointing to a heavy stone at his feet.

"I can better answer that when I have seen you throw," said Greencoat, as coolly as ever.

Michael Kratsch threw off his coat, and baring an arm as thick as an ordinary man's knee, hurled the stone seven good yards away.

The unknown threw, in his turn, so carelessly that he seemed hardly to exert himself; yet the stone fell more than a foot beyond Kratsch's mark.

The Russians raised a shout of triumph, and Michael's face grew black as midnight.

"Are you as nimble with your feet as with your hands?" growled he, through his set teeth.

"Try," said Greencoat simply.

Kratsch pointed to a broad ditch a little way behind them, and, taking a short run, shot through the air like an arrow. The ditch was fully fifteen feet wide from bank to bank, yet he alighted several inches beyond it.

"Pretty fair," said the unknown, smiling; "but I think I can match it." And so he did, for his leap overpassed Kratsch's by six inches at least. At the sight of the heavy Russian facing grinning from ear to ear over his discomfiture, the Silesian's eyes flashed fire.

"You haven't done with me yet," he roared, "smart though you think yourself. Dare you wrestle a fall with me?"

Without a word, the stranger threw off his coat and stepped forward.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the two giants strain their mighty limbs and seize each other with their iron arms, both faces growing suddenly hard and stern as they grappled. Every man among the lookers-on held his breath as that great struggle began.

Thrice did the Silesian make a tremendous effort to throw his enemy with a strength that seemed able to tear up an oak tree by the roots. But the Russian, though shaken, stubbornly kept by his feet, until Kratsch paused, breathless and utterly spent.

Then the watching eyes all around saw the stranger's arms tighten suddenly, and Big Michael's huge, broad back bend slowly in. Furiously, he struggled against the overmastering clutch, but he had no more chance than an ox in the coils of a boa. At last the unknown lifted him fairly off his feet, and hurled him backward with such force that he fell with a dull crash against a large stone behind him, and lay stunned and motionless.

Just then was heard a cry of "There he is! there he is!" and several richly dressed men, running up to the spot, bowed reverently to the green-coated soldier.

"We have been looking for your majesty," said one of them, "to give you these dispatches, which a courier has just brought from Moscow."

At the word "majesty," the Russian recruits all fell on their knees, considerably startled to find that this shabby-coated private was no other



tan thhe czar himself, Peter the Great, of Russia.

"Up with you, lads!" cried Peter. "Kneel to no one but God. You are Russian soldiers, and I'm your general—that's all."

Then he turned to Kratsch, who lay groaning on the ground, with his left arm broken.

"I'll forgive thee this time, fellow," said the czar; "but if I ever catch thee ill-treating a child again, look out! As for these soldiers of mine at whom you laugh, within five years they shall be the wonder of all Europe."

And so they were. —*Harper's Young People.*

### CORN, WINE, AND OIL.

Corn, wine, and oil, are the Masonic elements of consecration. The adoption of these symbols is supported by the highest antiquity. They were the most important productions of Eastern countries; they constituted the wealth of the people, and were esteemed as the supports of life and the means of refreshment. David enumerates them among the greatest blessings that we enjoy, and speaks of them as "wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart"—(Psalm civ., 14). In devoting anything to religious purposes, the anointing of oil was considered as a necessary part of the ceremony—a right which has descended to Christian nations. The tabernacle in the wilderness and all its holy vessels were, by God's express command, anointed with oil; Aaron and his two sons were set apart for the priesthood with the same ceremony, and the prophets and the kings of Israel were consecrated to their offices by the same rite. Hence Freemasons' lodges, which are but Temples to the Most High, are consecrated to the sacred purposes for which they were built, by strewing corn, wine and oil upon the "Lodge," the emblem of the Holy Ark. Thus does this mystic ceremony instruct us to be nourished with the hidden manna of righteousness, to

be refreshed with the Word of the Lord, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable in the riches of divine grace. "Wherefore, my brethren," says the venerable Harris:—"Wherefore do you carry corn, wine and oil in your procession, but to remind you that in the pilgrimage of human life, you are to impart a portion of your bread to feed the hungry, to send a cup of your wine to cheer the sorrowful, and to pour the healing oil of your consolation into the wounds which sickness has made in their bodies, or affliction rent in the hearts of your fellow-travellers?" (Discourses iv., 81). In processions, the corn alone is carried in a golden pitcher, the wine and oil are placed in silver vessels, and this is to remind us that the first, as a necessity, and the "staff of life," is of more importance, and more worthy of honor than the others, which are but comforts.—*The Liberal Freemason.*

### TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

Foot to foot, no matter where,  
Though far beyond my desired road,  
If brother needs a brother's care,  
On foot I'll go and share his load.

Knee to knee, no selfish prayer  
Shall ever from my lips ascend,  
For all who act upon the square  
At least henceforth my prayer shall bend.

Breast to breast, and this I swear,  
A brother's secrets here shall sleep,  
If told to me upon the square,  
Save those I am not bound to keep.

Hand to back, O, type of love,  
Fit emblem to adorn the skies;  
Be this our talk below, above,  
To help poor falling mortals rise.

Cheek to cheek, or mouth to ear;—  
We all like sheep have gone astray.  
May we good counsel give and hear,  
Till each shall find the better way.

ONE dollar taken from the pocket and cheerfully handed to a brother in need, will go further than all talk a ballon full of lung pressure can create. The purse under circumstances of distress, is far mightier than the mouth.