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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 impressive 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 labour 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 wearisomeness 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 edification of the brethren all round. The same remarks apply to the festivities which follow labour, 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 per-

spicuity. 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 fulfil 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 convinced 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.

TRIVIAL APPEALS TO GRAND LODGE.

A GREAT deal might be said in regard to the frivolous appeals which are frequently submitted to the arbitration of United Grand Lodge, and which involve an expenditure of valuable time that cannot fail to be a source of annoyance and irritation to those who object to be mixed up in petty squabbles. Of course, when disputes of serious moment crop up, as they will do in any organisation where differences of opinion are allowed, Grand Lodge is undoubtedly the legally constituted authority by whom such questions should be decided; but it is deplorable at times to note what a quantity of "dirty linen" is submitted to that tribunal which might very well have been "washed at home." On a recent occasion, as we took the opportunity of pointing out, there were no less than five of these appeals, all of which—with the exception, perhaps, of one—might have been easily and pleasantly settled without wasting the valuable time and the patience of Grand Lodge. Even in that exceptional case the Brother, had he recognised the lawfully constituted authority, as he should have done, would not have aired his grievances in the manner which so vexed and infringed upon the forbearance of Grand Lodge. We venture to assert that the case would never have come before the Craft in its judicial capacity if the appellant had been actuated by a greater degree of common sense, and a recognition of that authority in which we, as Masons, are all bound to confide. Having gone so far as to admit that he was in the wrong, he should have gone a step further, and made the *amende honorable*; and Grand

Lodge should exercise great caution before it unduly binds itself to concede such an expenditure of time as these appeals incur. It was a question which might well have been brought before a judge in chambers, so to speak, rather than into open court, or before a corporate body, and the appeals entered a week or two ago lead us to an expression of these views, so trivial were they in their nature, and so full of transparent weakness. As each came on for hearing the verdict was "there is nothing in it," and this opinion was fully illustrated by the result. While the general body of Grand Lodge will always readily attend to any appeals of a serious character, they evidently felt on this occasion that they were matters over which a committee of the respective Lodges might exercise jurisdiction. In short, in none other but extreme cases can there be any justification in appealing to Grand Lodge. The cheers that were raised at one or two intervals during the inquiry were unquestionably ironical, but the appellant either could not, or would not, comprehend that such was the case, and that such exhibitions of feeling were only provoked by the weariness which had come over the assembly by the reiteration of such airy grievances. Instead of that, the appellant took it as a graceful compliment to himself, even after his admission that he had been hasty, if not rash, in his behaviour. The universal feeling undoubtedly was that the man had committed an indiscretion, and that instead of his posing as a martyr, Grand Lodge could but blame him, and he should have had the common courtesy to admit his fault at once. At any rate, it was a pitiable waste of time, which all regretted who were subjected to the infliction, and which we hope to see not soon repeated.

THIS GRAND EDIFICE.

An Oration by Right Worshipful and Reverend W. S. Hooper, before the Grand Lodge of Illinois, 8th October 1885.

(Continued from page 387).

IN thus tracing this thought we have upon one hand a legendary idea with some foundation in fact; upon the other, the blending of history through all these ages, and though it antagonizes our long-cherished thought, it presents a wonderful résumé of history which carries us back through all these ages of time into the past now hid from all but historic memory; away into the ages of the brightest intellect and of the grandest oratory, into those days of the sumblimest writing and of the greatest thought, and when art and architecture stood pre-eminent among men. Through the ages of chivalry, and again into the dawning of the light of the greatest age of earth; away through the ages when heathen thought marked the brow's of earth's great leading men, and when godly thought inspired the followers of the Divine. Through long periods of time after the birth and death of the founder of the new religious faith, on through all the periods of its growth, trials and triumphs. From the days when grand architecture was the aim of man, through its decline, fall and rising again. From the time when literature was the only high element of mental power, through its decline, and into the dark ages when men fell by death because of their belief in a given faith. Through the trials, falls and triumphs of early discoverers and inventors, until the present, when mental power and knowledge have brought man into the richest field of culture, knowledge and power ever known to man.

Through all of these, if of great, and most of them if of modern antiquity, has Freemasonry passed. She has seen the rising of Republics, and beheld their fall under the crushing tyranny of Empires. Empires and kingdoms have fallen from the power of their royal grandeur, only to give place to governments more kind and merciful than they. No institution, outside of the church, has seen more changes in the political and social positions of men than she. Nor have any outlived more of persecution and survived as she has to build herself into a grand and beautiful edifice, whose walls are as resplendent as the polished marble; as symmetrical as her prototype of ancient days. Yonder are her lofty pinnacles and massive towers; there her granite walls, whose niches are filled with the statues of her heroic dead; there a king, yonder a prince, there a warrior who, in time, wore the laurels of many a well-

earned victory; there a statesman whose voice was once heard ringing in sublime eloquence in the halls of legislation. The poet and the man of science stand side by side; the peasant from his plough, the mechanic from his bench, the labourer from his pick, all stand to do honour to their cause. This picture is but the fact of her internal character. The line of human distinctions has faded; the grand and humble, the king and subject, the rich and poor, all kneel alike beside her altar, and join their hands in one united brotherhood.

Within we look aloft; there, in her frescoed dome, gleams the All-Seeing Eye. Below, the lamb of innocence stands at our side. Jacob lies beneath the clouds, through whose rifted curtain there gleam the evening stars, while angels walk up and down the ladder, singing their songs of glory, and the anchor upon the rung holds out the thought of hope, and faith stands up as a shield of protection for man. Temperance, Purity and Justice stand proudly at our side, as our protectors from vice and wrong. Beneath our feet we tread the mosaic pavement, teaching us the frailties and the checkered scenes of human life. We stand beside her altars, between the burning lights, whose triangle unfolds the idea of the Divine. Her Holy Book lies open for us to catch the gleam of inspiration from its holy page, in the eloquence of the words and strains of the prophet, led by the idea of the Divine. Time stands with mowing scythe, while Virtue, at the side of the dismembered column, reads the records of our lives. Her walls have been squared, her pillars plumb, her floors levelled by the architects of the highest morality.

We admire her as the artist of taste and skill admires the statue in the palatial garden. In his admiration would he despoil that statue of a single member? Would he strike out the sightless eye, or knock away the defenceless arm of stone? No. And shall we tear away a single pinnacle from this grand temple? Shall a single column fall from her massive porch? A polished rock from her ornamental walls? No; strike down the arm that dare attempt the deed! Rather let her go on in her glory and her work, polishing and adorning more of the minds of men; lifting them into a realm of purity of thought higher than the common walks of men; on until the isles of the sea, the cities of the plain and the hamlets of the mountains shall rise to do her honour.

In this wonderful fabric are events from almost every age. Events when God dealt face to face with man; that of chivalry, when godless man dealt alone with self. Moral and material interests are alike among the rocks of her walls. Architectural plans and scientific truths adorn and enrich her structure. The bards give polish and beauty to her songs; morality gives power and grace to her working.

We speak and are taught of her basis upon the level and the square, but the great and fundamental base of these, the triangle, is forgotten. This is greatest because from it have grown the level, square and plumb. These are parts, that is the whole. With it all the rest of the work may be performed. With them, only their part. They are limited; it has no limit. The one represents perfection, the other but parts of man's work. There is more of this emblem throughout Freemasonry's work than of the former. It is of more value because of its greater teaching. The level and the square, the plumb and the gauge, are emblematic of the highest virtue of man; but the triangle the highest of the Divine, His eternity; hence we ought to look more at this thought, and it is indeed strange that this emblem has been lost sight of, when its importance and character so exactly conform to all the teachings of Masonry. Go where we will in the domain of Masonic work the triangle predominates as a silent, unobtrusive and almost unknown emblem. The form of the executive chairs of the lodge, the altar, the arrangement of the lights, the movement of the novice in his introduction, are all triangular. The triple degrees, words and grips bear this element. Take it away and we rob Freemasonry of her highest symbolism, her grandest idea of eternity and divinity, to which all Masonic minds should ever be turned as their greatest hope and the final destiny of man.

The temple idea of Masonry, and its foundation upon that grand building of Solomon, is that man is the living temple of God. The Apostle grasps this idea, as did, undoubtedly, the founders of our Order, and its symbolism is to teach that in man's heart is the dwelling-place of God, as was the holy of holies, where the fire of the Shekinah danced upon the altar as the sunlight upon the rippling

wave of the lake. Through her apartments she pictures the course of human life, from youth to age, indicating the trials and triumphs of human life, and impresses the thought of consecration to that God, as was the ancient temple.

"Oh! that Temple of God, from the House of the Past,
Shineth down o'er the centuried years;
And my heart, through the veil of the mysteries vast,
The voice of King Solomon hears,
Asking me with the sign of a Master,
Why my soul no Temple rears;
With the Three Great Lights ever shining above,
And the tools of my Craft at hand—
Why I build no fabric of prayerful love,
With the arch of a lifetime spanned;
And the wings of embracing cherubs,
O'erbrooding its altars grand?"

But why do you speak in symbols and parables? asks the objector. What better method outside of Divine revelation? How much quicker do men grasp ideas through parables and symbols than by argument, and how much more aptly do they apply the allusions to self than through the direct teaching? Were not the prophecies of old brought in parabolic language from the commissioned to the throned monarch? Did they not tremble beneath the power of the allegory, as they saw the sword of divine justice hanging over their heads? Did David ever tremble more? Did he ever see his sin more powerfully, or repent in deeper sorrow? Did he ever see the instability of his life more terribly than when he heard the words of Nathan, "Thou art the man?"

Allegories were used as the highest type of conveying thought in the early days, and as a fit memento of those days we use them in Masonry as in perfect harmony with the days we commemorate, and by them reach the highest type of moral truth.

In this résumé of Masonic lore we have set before us the argument of Freemasonry's antiquity; our reverence for her hoary hairs, silvered with the honours and the turmoil of her long and eventful life; the arguments and historic facts that lead to doubt as to her great age; the importance, beauty and power of her symbols, wherein there stands pre-eminent her bond of brotherly love; the binding obligations to our mighty God, here are the highest truths of her morality all before us. Then stands the question, which shall I, as a Mason, make the chief corner-stone of my reverence and love, the head gray with the marks of untold ages, or the grand and sublime teachings involved in her ritual?

Then last but not least, how do we fulfil our obligations taken at Freemasonry's altar? Do we appreciate their force in our daily lives? Do we realize the fact that in our obligations we were face to face with God? That as we go out into the world and forget their power we violate our trust to him, as well as falsify our vow? That the All-Seeing Eye, whose symbol hangs above our Master's arch, is ever upon us? That we are the marks and targets of men who decry our Order, and vilify our lives when we are recreant to our trusts? That our lives should be squared by the principles of our symbols, and that all our passions and dealings with men ought to be circumscribed by the teachings of the highest good?

"You wear the Square, but have you got
That thing the Square denotes?
Is there within your inmost soul
That principle which should control
Your actions, words and thoughts?
The Square of Virtue—is it there,
Oh you that wear the Mason's Square?"

"You wear the Compass! Do you keep
Within that circle due,
That's circumscribed by law divine?
Excluding hatred, envy, sin—
Including all that's true!
The Moral Compass draws the line,
And lets no evil passions in!"

Ah! brother, a true Mason should be a perfect man. He above all men outside the Christian church should be as "the city set upon the hill," or the lamp upon the mantel that giveth light to all. He should be a synonym of goodness as well as of philanthropy. His name should be a pillar of strength, and as he is the helper of the widow and the support of the orphan, he should also be a builder of morals where he lives. Were I to picture an ideal Mason I would rob him of all wrong—destroy all sin from his character; would purify his mind until its purity would only be equalled by the undriven snow. I would cleanse

his heart to saintly cleanliness. I would adorn him with the highest virtue, clothe him with the purest thought, fill him with the highest philanthropy, and thus clothed and adorned with the noblest virtues and the purest love, I would start him upon a mission of mercy that would entitle him in eternity to reign with the grandest sons of men whose souls had been washed white in the blood of the Lamb of God.

Yet the Order whose fundamental teachings would warrant these things is defamed by men because now and then a bad man creeps within her portals, and bows in unholy mockery at her shrine. But whatever may be said against her, however great the defamation, she stands defenceless, like the smitten maiden, repelling no attack. But unlike her it is not because she has no power of defence. But holding that power in abeyance, controlled by her mighty will and the teaching of her all powerful truth she moves on in her grandeur while men may decry as once they persecuted down to the death. Relying upon that truth and the Word of God as her great light, she tries to carry out that will; lifting the fallen brother to his feet; reaching her hand to the widowed mother in the hour of her distress; binding up the wounds of him who had fallen among thieves; touching the sorrow of the orphan and pouring the oil of mercy and love into their afflicted hearts; casting the mantle of charity over the faults and foibles of man; extending the hand of fellowship over the chasms of trouble; extending the arm of brotherhood over the ocean's vast expanse to the brother of the uncivilized world. She is a pillar of strength, a column of beauty, a fabric of grandeur. Her altar teems with the elements of mercy. Her symbols are the synonyms of love. Her olive branch is that of peace. She shakes hands with misery and sorrow and calms the woes of the afflicted, dispelling the misery by her help, calming the sorrow by her words of sympathy, and supplying the wants of the afflicted.

Her beauties are not to be seen as the tinsel ornaments of gaudy art, nor as the rosy hues of the evening clouds, but as practical exemplification of godly lives. Indeed, there seems to be no place or position occupied by man where she may not have a lesson of practical importance. Even from the entering step of the novice, clear through all her successive work to her highest degree, there are lessons fraught with sacred beauty. Now in poverty, without the means of provision for immediate necessity, the candidate is taught faith in God and His ability to provide for man in the hour of distress. That when earthly means have failed and he may be cast off by his fellow man, God will take him up. That we are to make a daily progress in the laws of our mental and spiritual being, and develop the sacred revelations existing between God and man. That we are to hold up the revealed will of the Almighty as the guide and lamp to our footsteps as we pass the journey of human life. That as we here enter the steps of life, uncouth and unpolished as the rough ashlar from the quarry, which by the hands of the workman becomes a smooth and polished stone in the temple, so we, by the preparation of truth, are to become polished stones in the living temple. That we are not to be swayed from our noble purpose by the plausible theories of sophistry, but to be guided by the grand power of truth that rises above all the finest arguments of theory.

We mingle in the busy crowd of men, who ought to be made better by our teaching and practice of the virtues taught at our altar. We ought to elevate the standard of moral purity and let our light shine as bright in the moral world as the sun does in the physical.

We are to cling to this mystic bond of brotherhood, wherein is taught that apostolic thought of brotherly love in all its sacred purity, and remember that we are not alone in this tie; but all along Freemasonry's history it has been the bond of men of great genius in the world of literature and art; of the great and heroic defenders of their country's right; of the pure arrayed in sacerdotal robes; of princes in their realms, and sceptred kings upon their thrones. That it has brought the general and the soldier, the priest and the layman, the king and the subject, all upon the same level, where they meet around one common altar and upon the square.

It teaches, again, the high principles of God, that in the highest realm of truth there are no distinctions among men; that there is an equality of value in the real man that even God does not ignore; that office, position, occupation and knowledge among men are no grounds for distinction as placing one above another, but that we are to

measure the real internal man, and as such meet him as a man endowed with the high qualities of soul that God gave him at his birth.

As we look upon this grand edifice, as we wander through all her apartments, as we see her beauties and her love, do we wonder that we love our Order, not for her age but for her inherent virtues? Would the right minded tear away a pinnacle or demolish a tower? Would he blight a picture in her galleries or mar the beauty of her altar? No! but rather would he say, go on in your grand work. Let your organ peal forth grander tones of harmonious music. Let your love shine with greater brightness, and let your mercy reach forth her hands to a grander work.

Ah! brother, let us cling to the beautiful tenets of the Order. Let us learn more of her truths and be better, and then in meeting in the Grand Lodge on high together we shall listen to the chorus of the angels sung as the glad welcome to the coming millions redeemed from the power of sin.—*Voice of Masonry.*

A ROMANCE OF LIFE; OR, THE ECHO OF THE BELLS.

THE wind howled and whistled round the old tower of Clan Macnois, and whirled the snowflakes up into fantastic wreaths, that Christmas morning, when a little knot of strangers entered the ancient and unkempt churchyard, evidently in search of an almost forgotten grave. Drearily the leafless boughs swayed to and fro, creaking and moaning in their weird uneasiness, and as the storm-clouds were hurried along by the gusts that swept over the weary wastes the snow gathered in the window sills and between the buttresses of the quaint old church, the ivy clinging to its walls being the only sign of life or animation to be seen.

"It was somewhere hereabouts," quoth Mr. Rupert McGee, as he buttoned his cloak still closer to his throat, "that the poor old man was buried, after that terrible night in Athlone, as you recollect very well."

"Yes," replied Mr. Patrick Murphy; it was, as you say, a terrible night, when the row took place over the stolen bells of the church Elise."

Mr. Murphy was engaged to Alice McGee, a darksome beauty in Athlone, and her brother Rupert, who was now Patrick's companion, naturally wished to go there in order that he might have an introduction to his prospective brother-in-law.

He had therefore applied to a friend of his in Dublin, who had an interest in the Midland Great Western Railway in Ireland, for a pass, which having been procured, he set out for Mr. Murphy's place of abode.

Rowing over the Shannon on such a wild and angry day was no pleasure, it may be assured, but Patrick always made it religiously a pilgrimage on Christmas morning to visit the grave of his old father, who had met his death under somewhat mysterious circumstances. And so the double purpose was served of welcoming the affianced of his sister Alice for the Christmas holidays, and of revisiting old scenes which were surrounded with so many happy and painful associations.

Masonic Lodges in this quarter of the globe were then a *rara avis*, and very few of the brethren assembled, though some of them had to travel many miles across bog and marsh in order to reach the rendezvous. It was a miserably stormy night as old McGee set out in his boat to cross the river for the little village in which the Lodge was held, but in spite of all, he was the Master for the year, and could brook no excuse for not meeting his brethren and neighbours at the appointed hour.

The journey was safely accomplished, though not without risk, and the old boatmen seemed to realize to the full their superstitious dread of the ringing out of the old bells which had been stolen from the church, and which were said to clang out on the air always on Christmas night, mingled with the cries and execrations of the robbers who had met their fate in the waters of the Shannon, where they and their sacrilegious booty were engulfed by a sudden storm.

The village hostelry was warm and light, as was its wont on "Lodge nights," and after sundry interchanges of fraternal greeting the brethren filed into the snug bar parlour, where the necessary fortification against cold and wet was promptly supplied by a genial host.

Bro. McGee was the most active and sedulous member of the Fraternity in these parts, and it was by his exertions mainly that the Shamrock Lodge had been kept from dying of inanition. However, the few who came were of the right material, bright and hearty, with souls in the good old cause, and the work went on briskly enough, especially at the supper which followed, and which was served in the rough and ready, though lavish, style for which our Hibernian host and his buxom spouse were proverbial.

There had been very little work on the "agenda," if it could be so styled, and this little had been rattled off with alacrity, so that the "boys" might have the pleasure of lingering for the longest possible time over the festivities of the fourth degree.

The meal was of the most miscellaneous kind, but the joints were ponderous and admirably cooked, while the "praties" and other concomitants of the feast were well served up; piping hot. Compliments and congratulations flew across the table as thickly as midges in the summer air, and amidst the clinking of glasses and the sounds of mirth the hours passed pleasantly enough until the time came to separate.

In the course of the evening, our Worshipful Master, with the ready wit of his race, recounted how that one day, when he was inspecting the big churchyard at Clan Macnois, the old hag whose perquisite it was to "show visitors over the place," pointed out to him a cross which she averred possessed a charm. On inquiring as to the peculiar nature of this talisman, she replied, with a sly twinkle of the eye, that it was supposed to have the faculty of delivering every woman of twins whose husband could span the stone. At which the company laughed heartily, and vowed that it might be both curious and dangerous to try such an experiment. Further, the loquacious dame pointed out the belfry from which the bells had been stolen, seven years before, on a Christmas Eve, and related how that the robbers in their retreat had been overtaken by a sudden squall, such as frequently occurs on the Shannon, and how they and their plunder had been engulfed in the black, angry flood.

"Every Christmas Eve, since then," she murmured, reverently crossing herself, "these bells are heard to peal mournfully above the roar of the wind and the rushing of the tide, mingled with the groans and shrieks of the wretched drowning men."

"Were the bells ever recovered?" we asked; to which she replied, "Oh! yes, yer honours, and they're a hung in the tower, yonder; still on each Christmas Eve the same sad clanging is heard, wafted over the waters of the Shannon, echoing in doleful cadences the cheery pealing of the tower bells."

It is unnecessary to pursue the loquacious dame's colloquy and the rambling accompaniments to her description of the old churchyard and its surroundings; but, returning to the subject of the charmed stone, she vaguely hinted that it had yet one other peculiarity which, if we would maintain profound secrecy, she would reveal to us. We of course promised on our Masonic honour; and giving a hasty glance around to assure herself that "they varmin't the Excise officers," were not on the alert, she proceeded to the stone, from an aperture behind which she produced a little of the "rale craytur," bidding us taste the "very best whisky in all Erin, be lad!"

We had been long away from home, and were at least seven miles from Athlone, our next resting-place, so that the proffered refreshment came in most handily; and as we pledged the old lady's health, and made her eyes twinkle with delight by placing half-a-crown in each palm, she became assured of her secret of the illicit still and the hiding-place of the "craytur" being kept a secret from the "varmin't" of the Excise.

With tongue loosened by a portion of the whisky she had so surreptitiously produced, she proceeded to point out to us the Castle hard by, which now belonged to the bravest man and fairest lady in the land. Bedad! yer honour, it was when the young Master Connor, whose father owned your castle, came home from Italy with his lovely bride, and when the old Squire declared that if he had married during his absence he should be disinherited, young Connor placed the fair young dove in yonder cot on Osborne Island opposite, where she remained four years, until the old man's death. At night the dear fellow would row across the river, to visit and solace his charming colleen; but after the death of the old squire he took possession of the castle and estates, and the little chalet on the island has since been set apart as a kind of *maison de reste*, where travellers and adventurers may call and obtain refreshment and retirement in the middle of their journeyings.

Ah! yer honours, and its wonderful how the place is appreciated. After refection the weary ones can draw out couches from the walls, like you might do drawers from a bureau, on which they repose with every comfort; and it is most peculiar that in the whole course of years the place has thus been at the disposal of strangers not a single article has been stolen from the house."

The young Squire, she continued, had a brother, a captain of militia in Mullingar, who was annoyed at the marriage, as it destroyed what little hope he might have cherished of inheriting the estates. So enraged was he, and so vengeful, that he set fire to the Castle, after having done which he rushed across the rafters to the tower, and having cut off all means of communication between himself and the blazing pile, like Nero, he gazed gloatingly at the mischief he had wrought. With a demoniacal smile he exulted in his vengeance, and as the flames towered high into the midnight air and cast their lurid glare over the dark waters of the Shannon, the incendiary shouted to the winds in mad delight. As soon as the conflagration had subsided an attempt was made to capture the wretched miscreant.

Instead of endeavouring to escape, however, the captain leaned over the battlements of the tower, and in accents such as madmen use, called coolly for a bottle of claret, in order that he might drink success to his handiwork.

"All right, captain," replied the sergeant of constabulary, "if you lower the bag you have on the top of the tower, we will put into it anything you require."

"I believe I can trust you!" roared the captain; and having lowered his bag by means of a rope, the sergeant put into it three bottles of claret and some provisions, which were brought by his sister-in-law.

The captain grinned sardonically as he hauled up his prize, and waving the police and stewards away, shrieked forth his supremacy over all he surveyed.

Three days afterwards the constabulary, in order to secure the lunatic, resorted to a strategem, by placing a ladder to the tower, whilst others sought to effect an entrance by the door below.

But the man was too artful, for by hurling bricks from the top of the tower upon each man who set foot on the ladder he effectually held the citadel from assault on the outside.

The sergeant and his men, however, succeeded in effecting an entrance from the basement, and ascending the rugged staircase, reached the roof, to which access was gained by a trap door.

The other police kept up a volley of blank cartridges in order to attract his attention, and to cover the advance of the sergeant; but no sooner had the trap door been uplifted than the man drew his sword, and cleft the sergeant's hat in twain with a desperate blow.

He fairly danced with maddened rage as he concluded that one pursuer at least had been killed, and heaping stones upon the outer part of the flap, he crouched down in a corner of the parapet, and glanced defiantly at the crowd below.

Days passed, and the tower appeared deserted. Men were sent to the top, and met with no resistance. The old tower was deserted!

"And what became of the mad captain?" we asked.

"May the Lord forgive me!" she replied, "but he was never seen again, and it is truly believed that he was spirited away by the Evil One, and that his ghost is to be seen at certain times and seasons, walking on the tower roof, sword in hand, and sounds of fiendish laughter ring through the air as though the spectre was still gloating over the destruction of the family mansion which he had coveted."

The brethren all applauded the strange and doubtful legend, and at the conclusion of the business and festivities of the Lodge they set out for home, the boat being ready on the shore, and old Brother McGee and party, as they were being rowed over the darkling waters of the Shannon, strained their ears for the weird echo of the bells, half superstitiously, half incredulously. But sure enough, as the midnight hour was chiming from the turret of the old castle, there came surging up from the black tide a mocking vibration of the glad some peal on shore, and stout-hearted as many of the party were, the words of the old churchyard hag came grimly vivid to the ears of those who had listened to the reminiscence of the Worshipful Master.

It was late when our friends arrived home, but the little place had been made bright and gleaming by the loving hands of Alice, the only daughter. The walls sparkled and glistened with the berried emblems of the festive season, and a merry party had been invited to partake of the Christmas entertainment. Hearty hospitality was the order of the next two or three days, in the course of which a trip on the water was arranged to a spot not far off, whence from the summit of a hill a capital view of the surrounding country could be commanded.

Among the merry guests who had been included in Farmer McGee's invitation was George Radcliffe, a handsome young fellow of about twenty-three, whose presence tended to arouse feelings of anything but the most friendly character in the breast of young Patrick Murphy, who could not fail to notice the effect which Radcliffe's attentions produced on his betrothed. This had the result of cutting the festivities shorter than they might otherwise have been, and the river trip was arranged purposely so as to cause a break in the cloud that had so unexpectedly arisen in the erstwhile happy company.

That there was danger lurking between the rival suitors for Alice's hand became now for the first time apparent, and the jealousy, ill-concealed by Patrick Murphy, assumed such a form as to give courage, rather than to damp the ardour of young Radcliffe, whose attentions were evidently not repulsive to the object of his affections.

It was well known that the engagement of Patrick and Alice was regarded with disfavour by her friends, who had discouraged it in every way possible, and it was with some degree of satisfaction they saw the preliminary signs of its being broken off.

Be that as it may, the boating party was thought likely to distract attention from one or two little embroilments that had happened, and all joined it except George Radcliffe, who declared that he would watch them from the South Cliff.

For a time all went well, until on the return journey, when close in shore, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall and its occupants were precipitated into the water. Alice called for help to her intended, but he seemed merely intent on saving his own life, and taking no heed of her appeal. He swam to the shore; while Radcliffe, recognising the danger of the woman he loved, sprang down the side of the cliff, and after the greatest difficulty succeeded in bringing her almost lifeless form ashore.

This decided the fate of the lovers, for ere the next Christmas Eve came round the story of an elopement rang through the vicinity of Athlone, as it was whispered that a belle of the adjacent village had clandestinely left the place with her preserver and lover.

The story is soon told. Radcliffe had obtained a special marriage licence, prior to making arrangements to rejoin his regiment in India, whither Alice had agreed to accompany him, and they were married aboard the steamer in which they made their voyage. So far from the affair causing any disappointment amongst her family and friends, they all declared she had escaped from a match which was regarded with dislike; and when the news of the romantic wedding reached home, Farmer McGee determined to set the bells a-pealing in real earnest.

The festivities of the season were once more in full swing in the little village Lodge-room, and the home of the McGees was bright as usual when the latter arrived; and as the tower bells were rung gladly forth, the echo from the depths of the Shannon seemed to rise and join once more with them in the merry music; though, strangely enough, from that night the weird dirge which had so puzzled and perplexed the residents of this locality for so many years was never again heard.

Sick Children: North-Eastern Hospital and also at Dr. Barnardo's Homes. In the Grand Christmas Number of the Little One's Own Coloured Magazine, entitled "Charts for the Robins" (price 6d), the publishers offer several valuable prizes for colouring outline books and dressing dolls. All contributions (after the prizes have been awarded) will be sent to the Sick Children in the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hatching Road, E., and the Infirmary for Sick Children, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 19 Propoy Causeway; thus enabling our Little Ones to join in making the poor sick children bright and happy in their sufferings.

GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE regular Quarterly Communication of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was held in Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, Philadelphia, on Wednesday morning, 2nd December, at 10 o'clock, Bro. E. Coppee Mitchell, R.W. Grand Master, presiding.

This being the time fixed by the "Ahiman Rezon" for the election of Grand Officers, to serve for the ensuing Masonic year, beginning on St. John's Day next, the following Brethren were re-elected:—

Bro. E. Coppee Mitchell, of Lodge No. 126, Philadelphia, R.W. Grand Master.

Bro. Joseph Eichbaum, of Lodge No. 219, Pittsburgh, R.W. Deputy Grand Master.

Bro. Clifford P. MacCalla, of Lodge No. 67, Philadelphia, R.W. Senior Grand Warden.

Bro. Hon. J. Simpson Africa, of Lodge No. 300, Huntingdon, R.W. Junior Grand Warden.

Bro. Thomas R. Patton, of Lodge No. 121, Philadelphia, R.W. Grand Treasurer.

P.G.M. Bro. Michael Nisbet, of Lodge No. 126, Philadelphia, R.W. Grand Secretary.

Trustees Grand Lodge Charity Fund—Bros. Jacob Laudenslager, Daniel Brittain, Edward Strickland, Alphonso C. Ireland and Daniel M. Fox.

Trustees of the Girard Bequest—Bros. Samuel C. Perkins, Charles M. Prevost, Azariah W. Hoopes, John L. Thomson and Alex. H. Morgan.

Reports were received from the Trustees of the Grand Lodge Charity Fund, the Trustees of the Girard Bequest, Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, the Committees on Finance, By-Laws, Temple and Library, all of which were eminently satisfactory, and prove the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania to be in a prosperous condition. There is now in the Sinking Fund the sum of 326,000 dollars. A communication having been received with reference to the sufferers by the late devastating conflagration at Galveston, Texas, the sum of five hundred dollars was unanimously voted for their relief. A resolution was adopted whereby a committee was appointed to inquire into the matter of the distribution of charity in this jurisdiction, and to report whether an improved system may with advantage be adopted. The committee on portrait of Bro. Stephen Girard reported that they had procured the painting of the full-length portrait of this distinguished deceased Brother of our jurisdiction, and that it had been appropriately framed, and was now on the south wall of Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, in view of the Brethren of the Grand Lodge. The painting is one of four on this wall, the other full-length portraits being those of Bros. George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Marquis de la Fayette, three of which are from the pencil of the same eminent Philadelphia artist, Mr. Frederick James. The new portrait, that of Bro. Stephen Girard, was much admired, and the galaxy of portraits of distinguished Brethren which now adorns the Grand Lodge Room, including besides the four already mentioned, that of "Bro. George Washington as a Mason," which is on the wall to the rear of the Grand Master's chair, are subjects of pride to the members of the Fraternity in Pennsylvania. An amendment to the "Ahiman Rezon" was adopted, providing that an oral objection shall have no more force or effect than a rejection by ballot, and shall be governed by the same rules and regulations as are provided for a rejection by ballot in sections 67 and 68 of the "Ahiman Rezon." A resolution was also adopted which provided that this amendment shall apply to oral objections heretofore made during the past three years. The entire Communication, both morning and evening, was a very enjoyable one, and closed at 9 o'clock p.m. The attendance of District Deputy Grand Masters and members throughout was large, and among the Brethren present was Bro. Judge Donaldson, of Pottsville, the oldest member of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.—*Keystone.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Liver, Lungs, and Kidneys.—Most diseases of these delicate organs arise from obstructions, over the removal of which these celebrated Pills exercise the most perfect control. A course of them is strongly recommended as a remedy for such chronic affections as liver enlargements, congestion of the lungs, torpidity of the kidneys, and other functional disorders which cause much present suffering, and if neglected lay the foundation of organic diseases. Holloway's Pills are especially adapted for the young and delicate; their gentle and purifying actions ranks them above all other pills and cures. In indigestion, nervous affections, gout, and rheumatism these Pills have achieved for themselves universal fame. They expel all impurities from the blood, and thus restore cheerfulness and vigour.

THE RINGING OF THE BELL.

'Twas about the time of Christmas, a many years ago,
When the sky was black with wrath and rack, and the earth was
white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at strife,
In her home by the sea, with her babe on her knee, sat Harry
Mildred's wife.
And he was on the waters; she knew not, guess'd not, where,
For never a lip could tell of the ship to lighten her heart's despair;
And her babe was slowly dying, the pulse in its tiny wrist
Was all but still, while its brow was chill, and pale as the white sea
mist.
The night grew deeper and darker, and the storm had a stronger
will,
And buried in deep and dreamless sleep lay the hamlet under the
hill.
The fire was dead on the hearthstone, within May Mildred's room,
But still sat she, with the babe on her knee, at prayer, amid the
gloom—
When a light leapt in at the lattice, sudden, and swift, and red,
Crimsoning all the whited wall, and the floor and the roof o'erhead.
It fell with a radiant glory on the face of the dying child,
Like a first fair ray of the shadowless day of the land of the undefiled.
For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start of a frightened hart up to her feet rose she,
And through the quaint old casement she looked upon the sea;
Thank God, the sight she saw that night so rare a sight should be.
Hemmed in by hungry billows, whose madness foamed at lip,
Half a mile from shore, or a little more, she spied a gallant ship
Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern,
There appeared no speck on all the wreck where the fierce fire did
not burn.
She looked aghast, till terror crept cold through every limb,
And her breath came quick and her heart turned sick while her sight
grew dizzy and dim.
Silent she stood, and speechless, with her babe to her bosom press'd,
Like a figure of stone, with stiff arms thrown, round a tiny form
at breast.
Rooted she seemed, till the angry noise of the winds and waves at
strife
Recalled again to her heart and brain the active thinking life;
And then there came the rushing of swift resolution made,
And her knee bent low with fervour's glow, and this was the prayer
she said,—
"Christ, who didst bear great suffering, but now dost wear a crown,
I, at Thy feet, oh! True and Sweet, wouldst lay my burden down.
Thou badst me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me.
I have kept Thy word, nor stepped aside from truly following Thee;
But, lo, the boy is dying, and vain is all my care,
And my burden's weight is very great; yea, harder than I can bear;
Still, Lord, Thou know'st what peril doth threaten these men's
lives,
A lone woman, weak and human, doth pray for their anxious wives.
Thou wilt not let them perish; up, Lord, in Thy might and save
From the scorching breath of this terrible death on the cruel wintry
wave.
Take Thou my babe and watch it, 'tis safe with Thee I know,
And I will try, with Thine aid, Most High, to rouse the vale below."
And thus her prayer it ended, and rising from the floor,
And faltering not, in his tiny cot she laid the babe she bore.
The light of an inspiration gleamed bright from her lighted eye,
And on lip and brow was written now a purpose pure and high;
With a last fond look at the cradle nook, where down she'd laid the
child,
She noiselessly lifted the latch, and sped forth in the night so wild.
And though her breath came quickly, and her heart was sore and
faint,
Still with mind possess'd with the strengthful zest and ardour of a
rapt,
She boldly faced the tempest, and bravely held her way,
By slippery deep and toilsome steep to where her sad goal lay.
Silent it stood and ghostly, amid its countless graves,
The old grey church, on its rocky perch, while below were the war-
ring waves;
And down beneath in the valley lay the hamlet calm and still,
For howe'er the sea and the wind might be 'twas quiet under the
hill.
The snow lay deep and drifted, far as the eye could reach,
Save where alone the dank weed strewn did mark the sloping beach.
The night was like a sunset, and the sea like a pool of blood,
And the rocks on the shore were bathed all o'er as by some gory flood,
But whether 'twas sea or sunset, or deeply drifted snow,
Or sky o'erhead, on all was shed the same fierce fatal glow.
With eager haste, all breathless, she reached the old church door,
But the oak was tough and had bolts enough, and her strength was
frail and poor;
So she crept through a narrow window, and climbed the belfry
stair,
And grasped the rope, sole cord of hope, for the mariners in despair.
But the wild wind helped her bravely, and she tugged with a
vigorous will,
And the clam'rous bell spake out right well to the hamlet under the
hill;
And it roused the slumbering fishers, nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet and eager feet were hurrying to the shore.
And then it ceased its ringing, for the woman's work was done,
And many a boat that was now aloft showed man's work had begun.
And the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope—the church bell rope—still in her frozen hold,
How long she lay it boots not, but she woke from her swoon at last,

In her own bright room, to find the gloom and the grief and the peril
past,
A sense of joy within her, and the Christ's sweet presence near,
And friends around and the cooing sound of her babe's voice in her
ear;
And they told her now the story; how a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check and reached the wreck, and saved the hapless
crew.
And how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair;
And of his fright, when cold and white, he found her lying there;
And how, when they had borne her back to her home again,
The babe she'd left with hope bereft, and bosom wrung with pain,
Was found within its cradle in a quiet slumber lain;
A peaceful smile on its lips the while, and the wasting sickness
stay'd;
They said, 'twas the Lord who had watched it, and brought it safely
through;
And she praised His truth and His tender ruth that had saved her
darling too.
Now, soon there came a letter, across the surging foam;
And next a breeze that over the seas brought Harry Mildred home.
And they told him all the story, which still their children tell,
Of the fearful sight on that winter's night, and the ringing of the bell.

Milford Haven.

PHILLIP WALKER-DUFF.

MARK MASONRY.

—:0:—

JORDAN LODGE, No. 319.

A REGULAR meeting of this prosperous, though comparatively
young, Lodge of Mark Master Masons was held on Wednesday
the 16th inst., at the Masonic Hall, Torquay, when there was a
gratifying attendance of brethren and visitors, under the presidency
of the Worshipful Master, Bro. W. Bradnee. The minutes of the last
regular Lodge having been read and confirmed, Bro. W. J. Hughan,
P.G.W. England, delivered an interesting address on recent historical
researches relative to the Mark Degree, in which he embodied much
information with reference to the new Mark Constitutions. The
subject was handled in a manner such as might have been expected
from Bro. Hughan's erudition and painstaking researches into all
matters appertaining to Freemasonry in all its degrees, and the fact
that the address was followed by inquiries and questions extending
over an hour was a sufficient proof, if indeed any were needed, of the
appreciation of the brethren of Bro. Hughan's intelligent exposition
of the subject treated of. At the conclusion of the meeting a hearty
vote of thanks was tendered to Bro. Hughan for his kindness in
delivering the address, and for his painstaking efforts to enlighten
the brethren upon many points of historical interest connected with
the Mark degree. It is to be hoped that our worthy brother will
have opportunity of repeating elsewhere the valuable address with
which he so delighted and edified the brethren of the Lodge in the
charming watering-place which he has adopted as his home.

The ceremony of installation will be rehearsed by Bro.
John Jacobs, W.M. 1614, at the Covent Garden Lodge of
Instruction, No. 1614, held at the Bedford Head Hotel,
Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, W.C., on Thursday evening,
the 31st instant, at eight o'clock.

Obituary.

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BRO. SAMUEL LAWTON P.M. 78.

It is with a deep feeling of regret we record the death of
Bro. Samuel Lawton, P.M. of the Imperial George Lodge,
No. 78, Middleton, Lancashire; which sad event occurred
at his residence, Birchwood, Middleton, on Tuesday, the
1st instant. Brother Lawton, who was in his sixty-first
year, had been in an indifferent state of health for some time
past. Our late brother joined the Imperial George in 1872,
and was elected W.M. in 1883. He took a lively interest
in all matters appertaining to Freemasonry, and to his
exertions the present prosperous condition of the Imperial
George Lodge is largely to be attributed. His funeral took
place on Saturday, 5th instant, and was of a very interest-
ing character. Upwards of twenty of his fellow members
(including the W.M. Brother Burtles, and the W.M. elect
Brother Withington) assembled at the Lodge room, and
proceeded to the residence of the deceased, and thence went
in procession to the Middleton Cemetery, where an im-
pressive service was conducted at the grave side, before a
large concourse of spectators, by the Rev. Adam Ruchton,
of Macclesfield, and Rev. W. Westall, of Middleton, after
which the brethren sang "Brief life is here our portion."
In due course the benediction was pronounced and the
service brought to a conclusion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

All Letters must bear the name and address of the Writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

—:o:—

THE GRAND TREASURER.

To the Editor of the FREEMASON'S CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I have read with great interest your article on the above. I trust, with you, that some arrangement will be come to so as to prevent a repetition of last year's proceedings. Considering the Indian and Colonial Exhibition is to be held next year at Kensington, under the presidency of our Grand Master, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, it would be a graceful compliment to our Indian Brethren (many of whom are expected to visit our shores during the coming year) if the worthy English brethren who have been nominated for Grand Treasurer would emulate the example of Brother Burdett-Coutts and retire in favour of our much esteemed Indian Brother, D-rabjee Pestonjee Cama, who has done so much for Masonry generally and our Masonic Charities in particular. Trusting so desirable an object may be attained.

Yours faithfully and fraternally,

P. PROV. G.D. MIDDLESEX.

21st December 1885.

THE THEATRES, &c.

—:o:—

Lyceum.—Few amongst the amusements which enter into the "round" at Christmas time will detract from the attractions of this favourite theatre, where on Saturday last Mr. Henry Irving opened with Goethe's drama of Faust. The various incidents of the piece have been admirably adapted by Mr. Wills, and the mounting is on a scale of magnificence and prodigality for which the greatest actor of modern times has become proverbial. At the opening on Saturday afternoon the house was literally packed, whilst hundreds were unable to obtain admission, even to catch a glimpse of the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, who occupied seats in the Royal box. It is unnecessary to recapitulate, even in outline, the features of the German poem, which are so familiar to modern playgoers, but it is universally admitted that for the realization of a grand conception all the resources of histrionic art have been brought into play. The wonderful imagination of the author and artist alike is to be seen only to be appreciated, and the enthusiastic applause with which Mr. Irving and his company were greeted was the best proof of the manner in which the piece in its present form is relished by the theatre-loving public. The terrible compact between the Philosopher and the Fiend, and the first meeting between Faust and Marguerite are included in the prologue, which occupies nearly three quarters-of-an-hour, and in this the compiler of the new adaptation succeeds in portraying that the character of Mephistopheles which is to destroy and blight whatever is created, while he taunts Faust with seeing the heart of things and then laughing at Nature. The follies and disappointments of life are emphasized with biting contempt and cynicisms by Mr. Irving, who adopts the traditional all-scarlet costume, and his old style of acting is brought into suggestive play as he shrinks at the joyous crash of the Easter bells. The love passages are charmingly written, and in contrast are the sharp, satirical utterances of Mephistopheles; and at the close of the first act the audience heartily applauded the four principals, while many wreaths were thrown to Miss Ellen Terry, who it is hardly necessary to say delineates the character of Marguerite to perfection. Her singular delicacy and tender grace are brought into full exercise in this role; while Mr. Conway, as Faust, and Mrs. Stirling, as Martha, all come in for a share of the plaudits of an admiring and appreciative auditory. We doubt whether even in the reign of Pantomime any counter attraction will be found to lessen the attendances at this now historic resort, where the most eminent members of the theatrical profession are engaged in so fine a representation of one of the most admired of adopted English plays.

Bro. William Hollaud, of Covent Garden Theatre, has received a very graceful and complimentary testimonial, signed by Mr. Thomas H. Staples, Honorary Secretary to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee, conveying to him their appreciation of the manner in which he carried out their wishes on the 9th November, in connection with the Lord Mayor's Show. This Committee express themselves as much pleased with the arrangement of the various trophies, the grouping of the artisans, the correctness of the costumes of the different periods, and the general artistic feeling displayed through Brother Lord Mayor Staples's civic procession through the City of London. We can add our testimony to that of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee as to the excellence of Bro. Hollaud's arrangements, the recognition of which by the Civic authorities and the Committee of Aldersgate Ward is no more than was eminently deserved.

United Mariners' Lodge of Instruction, No. 30.—A regular meeting of this popular Lodge of Instruction was held on Wednesday evening, at Bro. Pusey's, Lugard Tavern, Peckham, when Bro. L. Steingraber officiated as Worshipful Master, supported by Bros. W. Dutton as S.W., Acocks J.W., S. J. Lampen Treasurer, C. L. Tokely Secretary, W. Wimble S.D., D. Thomas J.D., Morgan I.G., Williamson, Amphlett, Marrell, Best, Axford, and others. Lodge having been opened in accordance with ancient rites, and the minutes read and confirmed, was advanced to the second degree, when the ceremony of passing was rehearsed, Bro. Murrell personating the candidate. Lodge was opened in the third degree, and closed to the first, after which the W.M. rehearsed the ceremony of investing the Officers, as at the installation rite, this portion of the business, as well as the rest of the work of the evening, being admirably carried out by Bro. Steingraber, who is the W.M. elect of the mother Lodge. Bro. Walter Martin officiated with his usual ability as Preceptor, and the whole of the work of the evening was carried out in a manner such as to afford most useful instruction and edification to the brethren present. The second section of the lecture in the second degree was then worked by Brother Martin, the Six Grand Periods being ably recited by Bro. D. Morgan. Lodge was then resumed to the first degree, and Bro. Acocks 879, who has returned to this country after a lengthened absence, was elected a member of this Lodge of Instruction. In returning thanks, Bro. Acocks said in travelling about the world one came across many brethren, under a variety of circumstances, some of which were of the most pleasurable nature. He had the happiness during his peregrinations to meet with many brethren in various parts of the world, and the experience was to him very interesting. He saw the other day that Bro. Colonel Sladen had gone up with the expedition to Burmah, and had secured King Thebaw and settled the Burmese difficulty without shedding a drop of blood. He had sat in Lodge with Col. Sladen in Burmah, where he was congratulated upon his working as S.W. of the Lodge there. On his last voyage he fell in with a brother with whom he had worked in Cardiff, who was now a Past Master in Buenos Ayres, whose Lodge he visited with a considerable amount of pleasure. Freemasonry was a principle which bound men together in every relation of life, and none knew that better than did a mariner. There was no distinction as to language or clime, and in whatever country he attended an assembly of the brethren he always received the same welcome and the grasp of good fellowship. That was his experience of Freemasonry throughout the world. The address of Bro. Acocks was received with applause, and hearty good wishes having been expressed, Lodge was closed, with the usual harmony, after the worthy Preceptor had wished the brethren "a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."

Langton Lodge of Instruction, No. 1673.—The regular meeting of this Lodge of Instruction was held on Thursday, the 17th inst., at Bro. G. Anderson's, the White Hart Tavern, Abchurch Lane, when there were present Bros. J. Langton P.M. Treasurer, T. Barne Secretary, H. M. Hobbs Preceptor, De Chapeaurouge, Ridpath, Fraser, Oates, Johns, Holden, J. C. Leaver, F. W. Leaver, Goode, Horsnail, and Dioker. Visitors—Bros. C. E. Ferry P.M. 65, Fox, Hawes, Jesse P.M., Gordon Smith, Ranson, and E. Hobbs. The ceremony of installing Bro. Ferry in the chair of K.S. was rehearsed by Bro. De Chapeaurouge. Bro. G. Anderson P.G.S. was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Lodge of Instruction, and after other business the Lodge was closed. The first meeting of the Langton Masonic Benevolent Association was then held, the chair being taken by Bro. J. Langton, President of the Association, supported by a goodly number of the Committee, Bro. H. M. Hobbs Treasurer, and Bro. W. G. Oates Hon. Sec. Eighty members having joined, two ballots of ten guineas each were drawn, Bros. Barnes and Collings being the successful members. The next meeting of the Lodge of Instruction will take place on Thursday, the 14th January, at 5.30, and of the Benevolent Association on Thursday, the 21st January, at 6.30, when new members will be enrolled.

THE FIFTEEN SECTIONS

WILL BE WORKED

At the New Finsbury Park Lodge of Instruction, No. 1695, Hornsey Wood Tavern, Seven Sisters' Road, on 29th inst., at 8 o'clock p.m. Bro. Gush W.M., Larchin S.W., Jenkins J.W. Second Lecture—Bros. Aynsley, Snelling, Fenner, Jenkins, Berry. Third Lecture—Bros. Oldis, Hill, Cross. Bro. Gush Preceptor, Berry Secretary.

FUNERALS.—Bros. W. K. L. & G. A. HUTTON, Coffin Makers and Undertakers, 17 Newcastle Street, Strand, W.C., and 7 Herne Villas, Forest Hill Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.

ENGRAVINGS.—GEO. REES, Cheapest House in London. The largest Selection of all the best Pictures on view.—GEO. REES, 115 Strand, near Waterloo Bridge. Established 30 years.

ENGRAVINGS.—GEO. REES, Cheapest House in London.—Sir F. Leighton's, P.R.A., "Wedded," "Day Dreams," "Winding the Skein," "Viola," "Moretta," &c., at 2s. "The Music Lesson." A few artists' proofs only.

ENGRAVINGS.—GEO. REES, Cheapest House in London. All Briton Riviere Engravings and Etchings on view—Sympathy, His Only Friend, Night Watch, Poachers, Cave Canon, and many others.

ENGRAVINGS.—GEO. REES.—Just Published, a fine engraving "The Day of Reckoning," by Walter. Prints will be 2s. Artists' proofs are now at a premium, two or three only left.

ENGRAVINGS.—GEO. REES, Cheapest House in London.—Large assortment of Engravings and Etchings, from 5s to 10s each. Our new Design Book for Frames, with instruction for making 6 stamps.

ENGRAVINGS.—GEO. REES, Cheapest House in London.—Job Lots, "Six" of Landseer for 2s. Also Ansdell Sets of Six Shooting, 15s. Ditto Staking, 15s.—GEO. REES, 115 Strand.

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ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

FOR

AGED FREEMASONS AND WIDOWS OF FREEMASONS,
 CROYDON.

—:O:—

Grand Patron and President:

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., &c., M.W.G.M.

—:O:—

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY, 24TH FEBRUARY 1886,

AT

FREEMASONS' TAVERN, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON,

UPON WHICH OCCASION

The Most Honourable the **MARQUIS OF HERTFORD,**
 R.W. SENIOR GRAND WARDEN,

has been pleased to signify his intention of presiding.

Brethren are earnestly invited to accept the Office of Steward upon this occasion, and they will greatly oblige by forwarding their Names and Masonic Rank, as soon as convenient, to the Secretary, who will gladly give any information required.

It is fraternally hoped that upon this occasion, owing to the large number of applicants and the few vacancies, Brethren will use their influence to obtain donations towards the funds of the Institution, which are much needed.

JAMES TERRY, P. Prov. G.S.W. Norths and Hunts,
 Secretary.

4 Freemasons' Hall London, W.C.

DANCING.—To Those Who Have Never Learnt to Dance.—Bro. and Mrs. JACQUES WYNNMANN receive daily, and undertake to teach ladies and gentlemen, who have never had the slightest previous knowledge or instruction, to go through every fashionable ball-dance in a few easy lessons. Private lessons any hour. Morning and evening classes.

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Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, ST. JOHN'S HILL, BATTERSEA RISE, S.W.

Chief Patroness:
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Grand Patron and President:
H.R. HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., &c., M.W.G.M.

Grand Patroness:
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Bankers:
LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK (Bloomsbury Branch), 214 High Holborn.

1413 Girls have been educated, Clothed and Maintained within its walls.

242 Girls are now receiving its benefits.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE NINETY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL,

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF

General J. S. BROWNRIGG, C.B., P.G.W.

Provincial Grand Master Surrey,

Will take place on WEDNESDAY, 19th MAY 1886.

The names of Brethren willing to serve as Stewards are earnestly solicited.

OFFICE—5 FREEMASONS' HALL,
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

F. R. W. HEDGES, Secretary.

Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, WOOD GREEN, LONDON, N.

Grand Patron:
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President:
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., M.W.G.M.

Vice Presidents (Ex-Officio):
The Right Hon. THE EARL OF CARNARVON, M.W. Pro G.M.
The Right Hon. THE EARL OF LATHOM, R.W. Dep. G.M.

Treasurer:
GEORGE PLUCKNETT, Esq., V.P., P.G.D.

Bankers:
LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, Limited (Bloomsbury Branch),
214 High Holborn.

1694 Boys have received the benefits of the Institution since its foundation in 1798.

230 Boys are now being Educated, Clothed and Maintained.

The Preparatory School Building will be opened in January 1886, in anticipation of which Fifteen additional Boys were elected in October 1885, making the total number 230. Further increase will depend on the amount of future support.

INVESTED FUNDS, £17,000.

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

(UNDER DISTINGUISHED PRESIDENCY)

WILL TAKE PLACE IN JUNE 1886.

The services of Brethren willing to act as Stewards are urgently needed.

CONTRIBUTIONS EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

FREDERICK BINGKES (P.G. Std.), V. Pat., Secretary.
OFFICE—6 FREEMASONS' HALL, LONDON, W.C.

ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

FOR
AGED FREEMASONS AND WIDOWS OF FREEMASONS, CROYDON.

Grand Patron and President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., &c., M.W.G.M.

Treasurer:
Major J. W. WOODALL, J.P., Grand Treasurer.

Bankers:
LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK (Bloomsbury Branch), 214 High Holborn.

Upwards of 1077 Annuitants have received the benefits of the Institution since its foundation in 1842.

190 Men and 206 Widows are Annuitants at the present time.

AMOUNT PAID ANNUALLY IN ANNUITIES, £13,804.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

Will be held on WEDNESDAY, 24th FEBRUARY 1886,

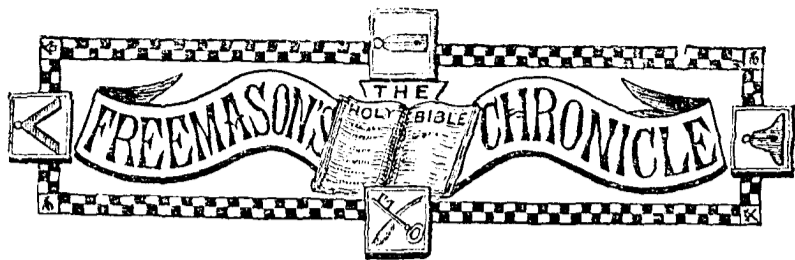
UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF

The Most Honourable the MARQUIS OF HERTFORD,
R.W. Senior Grand Warden.

Funds are urgently needed for the 130 Candidates seeking election.

Brethren are earnestly solicited to accept the Stewardship upon this occasion, and to forward their names to

JAMES TERRY (P. Prov. G.S.W. Norths and Hunts), Secretary.
OFFICE—1 FREEMASONS' HALL, LONDON, W.C.



MASONS WHOM WE HAVE MET.

No. VII.

IN the whole category of personages to whom we are glad to address a hearty "Hail! fellow, well met!" there is none more cordially welcome than he who pays us a visit at this season of the year. From time immemorial he has been a guest in every household, scattering brightness and happiness all around him wherever he goes. Ere these lines are read, perhaps he may have gathered up the folds of his royal robe, and departed, for though he "comes but once a year," his stay is as brief as his hospitality is lavish and impartial. When he rears in our hedgerows the sturdy heralds of his approach their magic meaning fills the inmost hearts of children, awakens the recollections of manhood, and carries solace to the minds of the aged. In no family circle, "be it ever so humble," is our silver-haired and bearded old Brother not hailed with deep and earnest welcome. In the homes of the rich, where the lap of luxury is always full, he heaps up additional plenty to the brim, until it overflows; he carries, maybe, a passing ray of contentment and forgetfulness of worry into the hearts of those who are beset with the cares and perplexities of everyday business life; and to the poor especially his genial smiles are as but the harbingers of the "good time," which seems so long a-coming. Let him cross the threshold amongst the frost and snow, as in the "old-fashioned" days, which seem to have almost died out of our remembrance, or with the hem of his garments dragging in the wet and mud, there is no difference in the old fellow's intentions of announcing "peace on earth, goodwill to men." He holds Grand Lodge in every sphere, and bids his Junior Warden raise his column and do his duty. In stately form he presides at a myriad banquet tables, shedding his benign influence over every assemblage, for while

"He's feasting all the rich,
• He ne'er forgets the poor."

What a flutter of interesting excitement when our Brother's advent is near! The shops and the markets blossom into a plethora of plenitude; even the costers' stalls in our side streets are transmogrified instantaneously into forests of blood-red berries mingled with the more delicate white—emblems of festivity, fun and frolic such as are witnessed at no other period of the year. See how the children flock home for the holidays, in anticipation of his arrival; hear how the joy-bells peal forth to welcome his brief presence; note how the lights glisten in every window and glint upon the holly and the mistletoe that darkle on the walls. Friends come trooping in to join in our congratulations upon the recurring event, and houses are filled with hearty noise, turning all their tidiness into a terrible chaos and confusion. Good-fellowship is the order of the day, at home and abroad, as though the spirit of universal brotherhood was moving over ordinarily darksome waters. The little folks close their tiny fingers with glee and happiness over the coins which are given them by our genial Visitor, to be dropped into their money boxes. But there is no greed in that joy; to them that money is but an innocent instrument by which the portals of a toy shop may be thrown back before them as with an "Open sesame!" Visions of puddings and mince-pies, cakes and fruit, rise up before them as they carefully pin the longest stockings they can find to the foot of the bed, to see in the morning what treasures Santa Claus will have deposited in them. To the youth in his teens the anticipation of pleasant parties, of dressing up and dancing, is scarcely less delectable; while games and the never-tiring Pantomime are objects of the most seriously agreeable contemplation. Nor is the presence of our annual Visiting Brother one whit the less interesting to "children of larger growth," for at any rate between the Eve of Yuletide to the close of the "seasonable" period of festivity, there is a continuous round of hearty good wishes passing

from lip to lip. Out of the frost and the fog, away from the counter and the desk, they flock into the snugly warm and cosily lighted rooms, where "friends in jolliest friendship meet," and where becoming mirth reigns supreme. Old acquaintanceships are renewed and strengthened, and new ones formed, under the broad smiles of our typical Mason, whose generosity is unbounded, and knows no discrimination amongst classes, provided they will use, and not abuse, his gifts. In the presence of this illustrious Visitor the work and labour of our accustomed Lodges cease, as we are summoned by his fiat to attend the levées in which there are no secrets or mysteries to be observed, and in which neither sex nor age is regarded as a coward or intruder. All are welcome within the portals when this most cosmopolitan of all Masons is amongst us; his ritual is in the carol and song; and his ceremonies are performed under hanging festoons of evergreens and garlands of flowers. Nor does our Worshipful Brother confine his munificence to the rich or comparatively well-to-do. He knows as well as we do that although there are ranged under the banner of the human brotherhood men of affluence and distinction, it cannot be concealed that there are others who from unforeseen circumstances of calamity and misfortune are reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and distress. To such he whispers the same accents of comfort and good cheer, and bids them, at any rate while he is fulfilling his mission of twice blessed Charity and Mercy, to make new resolves and to formulate better and nobler aspirations. He steals to the bedside of the sick and afflicted, and into his ear they may pour forth their sorrows, with confidence that he will assuage their distresses and ameliorate their wants. His exhortations to those who are disciples of his Craft is to practice that virtue which is the distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason's heart—to banish all thoughts and sentiments of unkindliness, and to put into full and genuine operation the principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. He would have us all, according to our substance, contribute just now to the necessities of those who are placed in less fortunate circumstances than ourselves, and Heaven knows how great their number in these days of universal depression and hard struggle for life. This year, more than any preceding one in the present century in this country, the bitter cry is going up of difficulty in making both ends meet; of trade being at a standstill, and of work being both scarce and unremunerative. But the charge delivered to us by our Brother is to strain every nerve to seek and to find those who are in straitened circumstances, and who deserve our sympathy and succour; and we are fain to believe there are none more ready to listen to such an exordium than those who are the truest disciples of our Ancient and Honourable Institution. Velvet is asked to extend its beneficence and benevolence to rags; affluence to relax the purse-strings to relieve the "old poor at our gates;" cheerfulness and contentment to bend in kindness and large-heartedness to those who have been overtaken with misfortune. And then, whilst our illustrious guest fills the cup of happiness to children, warms the impulses of youth and manhood, and smooths the declining pathway of old age, he is alike the benefactor of the poor, the halt, and the lame, who equally look out for his fraternal grip at this season of the year. Let it be recollected, therefore, as we think of the toothsome geese, turkeys, prime joints, erstwhile decorated on the butchers' board, the holly, the mistletoe, and the parcels and hampers which are now flying about in all directions, by road and rail, there are some to whom the Christmas dinner is the only luxury in the annual round, and that it is only then brought to their door by the lavish hand of the Brother who is now in our midst. His presence stimulates us to help those who cannot otherwise provide the "creature comforts" necessary to make Christmas "merry;" and we are sure there will be a hearty response to his exhortation to do so. Now, as in the olden times, there will of course be found grumblers and cynics who growl at the advent of Yuletide as but the shadow cast before it of tradesmen's bills overdue, of the "ills which flesh is heir to" by the fasting and carousing that mark the "merry" week; and who may even array an army of objections against Christmas boxes or presents. To all these grumblers King Christmas—rubricated of visage, and his honoured grey hair crowned with holly, being, like "King Cole, a merry old soul,"—can afford to laugh, for he goes on his way rejoicing. All the shafts that are levelled at him have fallen harmlessly, for there is no greater truth than that it is a poor heart that never re-

joices, and as the round of life prohibits such rejoicing every day, even with the rich, such an opportunity is not likely to be let slip. Coming primarily as a holy day, Christmas merges into a holiday, and as a festival uniting both it has come to be observed as a merry, joyous season. Church bells peal forth on the morning air the tidings of great joy, uniting the hearts of all Christendom; and the only reverse of the picture is when we find those appealing to us who are not warmly clad, who have no comfortable fireside or well larder'd kitchen whence proceed those odours of preparation which speak well for that Christmas dinner to come by and bye, and around which table there shall be a family reunion. Once more let us ask, in the language of our universal Brother, when the mind shall be carried to those homes where fuel is scarce, food not much more plentiful, and clothing but ill-adapted for the inclement weather, and say if what would be welcomed as a good old fashioned Christmas might not, in such a case, mean filling to the brim the cups of misery. Charity, no doubt, has been kindly at work, as of yore, so that none shall pine—if it be avoidable and the case deserving—in misery and want at the time of a festival whose chief characteristic is feasting and joy.

Our venerable Brother comes to us this year not in his traditional robes of snow, diamonded with frosted crystals; still he is an ever welcome guest. We will not spurn him because his beard drips with rain and his skirts are bedraggled in the mud, and though we can hardly see his genial face for the fogs that come between. No; we will rather heap up the Christmas fire, to "warm his good old nose," and draw the curtains close to keep out the wind and the drizzle, so that our hearts may realise once more the joys of Christmastide, such as we recollect in years gone by—we dare hardly say how many. In the midst of the "good cheer" which accompanies this great festival we are inclined to toss away our politics—to advise Lord Salisbury to shake hands with the "Grand Old Man;" to banish all recollections of the general election till the political snow-balling again begins within the walls of St. Stephen's. A fig for politics, say we, when the Christmas turkey and the plum pudding are engaging cookery's most serious consideration. In spite of troubles in the East, and the dulness of trade, our national prosperity is undiminished, and our finances are rich enough to furnish Christmas warts, dainties, and luxuries for all. Our Visiting Brother who is the subject of this sketch bids every man, woman and child who may read these lines to welcome his stay amongst them as a merry one—merry for the happiness it brings to us all—merry for its roast beef, its plum puddings, its mince pies, its snapdragons, and its general and universal jollification. If he had his way, it would be that every body should be happy during the time he remains with us, whether they will or no. He would have no gout or toothache at this season—no wry faces, no miserables—but all should be jolly and happy for once in their lives. He would that the four-leaved shamrock should be theirs. He would have every "brute of a husband" go on his knees this day, and beg his suffering wife's forgiveness for all the unkind words he has spoken to her. He would have every maid servant in the kingdom confess to her mistress on Christmas Day as to the candles and the coffee she had wickedly purloined, and then made the case worse by laying it on the tom cat. Society, to whom he with ourselves wishes so much happiness on Christmas-Day, is said by those who profess to be best informed on the subject to be composed mainly of fools; and some straight up-and-down men may ask if we wish the fools of society to be happy. Most decidedly we do, including those fassy old fellows who would begrudge a pauper an extra pint of beer to wash down his workhouse Christmas dinner. We call this a festive season, and truly it is so. The garments of happiness and cheerfulness are worn by all. Some may wear, forsooth, an under-jerkin of care and sorrow—but these are among the few; they form the hares and the snails of society—the many are ever happy at Christmas time. Our Brother would have joyous hilarity and flowing laughter in every home, and would preside over any number of distributions of Christmas boxes and evening parties. Let the visits of our good Brother stimulate us to form a resolution that shall never be broken. Who is the man whose every day of life is a day of Christmas happiness, whose memory is not crowded with phantoms of error and wrong, but whose every thought is clad with satisfaction. The road to

contentment and pleasure is not so difficult to tread as some people imagine. We may all be happy if we will. We may all make life as one long Christmas Day—if we will—by cultivating those precepts and practices of loving kindness which are the foundations of the Masonic Craft, which tend to make our happiness in this world perfect, and prepare us for a higher state of happiness in the world to come. In response therefore to our worthy Brother's standing toast,

"A Merry Christmas to all,"

we reply with the heartiest good wishes,—

"So mote it be."

UNDUE PUBLICITY.

IT is well to disseminate Masonic information through various channels. Important action taken by a Lodge, or any other branch of the Masonic organisation, may properly be published abroad when it relates to any public interest. There is no call for concealment as regards those transactions in which people outside the Fraternity may justly claim to have concern. Much that is said and done in the expression of Freemasonry, and in the administration of its affairs, can be made public without detriment to the Institution. Masonic periodicals have their uses, not only in discussing principles and enforcing moral lessons, but also in communicating a knowledge of what is going on within the lines of the various organisations. The daily papers and other publications not identified with the Fraternity may also rightfully present Masonic news of general interest. Of this no one has a right to complain. When, however, publication is made of the details of business transacted by a Lodge, the nature of the work performed, the names of candidates received, and other proceedings of a like character, is it not time to call a halt? Society gossip and matters of personal mention receive much attention in some of the Sunday papers, and these journals are well pleased to publish whatever may be reported to them of the doings of the various Fraternities. The less space that Freemasonry occupies in the "personal" columns and "society news" departments of such papers, the better will it be for the organisation.

But Masonic journals make the mistake sometimes, we think, of publishing too much relating to the work and business of the several bodies whose meetings they report. Thus matters which are of small account—which have only a local interest—or which had better not be made public, become widely known without in any way profiting those most concerned. So too we notice what seems to us an undue prominence given to persons identified with Masonic movements or services. These personal features may not be altogether omitted. We suggest nothing of the kind; but there is a wisdom of restraint in this direction that may well be observed.

There are foreign Masonic periodicals that make a practice of publishing the names of applicants for the degrees, giving the names of the Brethren proposing and the action taken on petitions. The names of candidates initiated, or advanced, are printed in full,—also the names of officers, regular or otherwise, performing the work, while the manner in which the ceremony was rendered is likewise described. Matters of ordinary business procedure are included in the published reports which sometimes read as though they were literal copies of the official records of Secretaries. This is what we call undue publicity—a practice alike unwise and un-Masonic.—*Freemasons' Repository.*

"Illustrations" is the title of a threepenny monthly magazine which, under the editorship of Mr. Francis George Heath, will commence in January. It is designed to occupy a position not yet filled by any existing journal, and will be a pictorial review of knowledge of all kinds, comprehending amusements, art, domestic economy, inventions, literature, and science. The publishers will be Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.

£20.—TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—An illustrated guide (110 pages) "How to Open Respectably from £20 to £2000." 3 Stamps. H. Myers & Co. Cigar and Tobacco Merchants, 109 Easton Road, London. Wholesale only. Telephone No. 7541.

DIARY FOR THE WEEK.

We shall be obliged if the Secretaries of the various Lodges throughout the Kingdom will favour us with a list of their Days of Meetings, &c., as we have decided to insert only those that are verified by the Officers of the several Lodges.

SATURDAY, 26th DECEMBER.

- 1182—Wharfedale, Rose and Crown Hotel, Penistone
- M.M. 11—Prince Edward's, Station Hotel, Stansfield, Todmorden

MONDAY, 28th DECEMBER.

- 4—Royal Somerset House and Inverness, Freemasons' Hall, W.C.
- 22—Loughborough, Cambria Tavern, Cambria Road, near Loughborough Junction, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 45—Strong Man, Excise Tavern, Old Broad Street, E.C. at 7 (Instruction)
- 171—Sincerity, Railway Tavern, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, at 7. (Inst.)
- 180—St. James's Union, Union Tavern, Air-street, W., at 8 (Instruction)
- 212—Euphrates, Mother Red Cap, High Street, Camden Town, at 8. (Inst.)
- 318—Wollington, White Swan, High-street, Dapford, at 8 (Instruction)
- 975—Rose of Denmark, Gauden Hotel, Clapham Road Station, at 7.30. (Inst.)
- 1115—Hyde Park, Porchester Hotel, Leinster Place, Cleveland Gardens, at 8 (Inst.)
- 1145—Prince Leopold, Printing Works, 202 Whitechapel Road, E., at 7 (Inst.)
- 1430—Marquess of Ripon, Queens Hotel, Victoria Park at 7.30 (Inst.)
- 1507—Metropolitan, The Moorgate, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., at 7.30 (Inst.)
- 1585—Royal Commemoration, Railway Hotel, High Street, Putney, at 8. (Inst.)
- 1598—Kilburn, 46 South Molton Street, Oxford Street, W., at 8. (Inst.)
- 1623—West Smithfield, Clarence Hotel, Aldersgate Street, E.C., at 7. (Inst.)
- 1625—Tredegar, Royal Hotel Mile End Road, corner of Barking Road. (Inst.)
- 1632—Stuart, Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell
- 1693—Kingsland, Cock Tavern, Highbury, N., at 8.30 (Instruction)
- 1891—St. Ambrose, Baron's Court Hotel, West Kensington. (Instruction)
- 1901—Selwyn, East Dulwich Hotel, East Dulwich. (Instruction)
- 48—Industry, 34 Denmark-street, Gateshead
- 62—Social, Queen's Hotel, Manchester
- 118—Lights, Masonic Rooms, Warrington
- 382—Royal Union, Chequers Hotel, Uxbridge. (Instruction)
- 724—Derby, Masonic Hall, Liverpool at 8. (Instruction)
- 827—St. John, Masonic Temple, Halifax-road, Dewsbury
- 899—Robert Burns, Freemasons' Hall, Manchester
- 1110—Tyrian, Aldredge Hotel, Eastbourne
- 1177—Tenby, Tenby, Pembroke
- 1189—Royal Military, Masonic Hall, Canterbury, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1477—Sir Watkin, Masonic Hall, Mold
- 1894—Herschell, Masonic Rooms, Slough
- R.A. 211—Friendship, Masonic Hall, Liverpool

TUESDAY, 29th DECEMBER.

- 55—Constitutional, Bedford Hotel, Southampton-buildings, Holborn, at 7 (Inst.)
- 67—Prosperity, Hercules Tavern, Leadenhall-street, E.C., at 7. (Instruction)
- 111—Palm, Victoria Chambers Restaurant, Victoria Street, S.W., at 8. (Inst.)
- 177—Domestic, Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell, at 7.30 (Instruction)
- 188—Toppa, Champion Hotel, Aldersgate-street, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 554—Yarborough, Green Dragon, Stepney (Instruction)
- 753—Prince Frederick William, Eagle Tavern, Clifton Road, Maida Hill, at 8 (Instruction)
- 820—Lily of Richmond, Greyhound, Richmond, at 7.30 (Instruction)
- 830—Daltonia, Sisters' Tavern, Pownall-road, Dalston at 8 (Instruction)
- 861—Finsbury, King's Head, Threadneedle Street, E.C., at 7. (Instruction)
- 1011—Wandsworth, East Hill Hotel, Alma Road, Wandsworth (Instruction)
- 1321—Emblematic, Red Lion, York Street, St. James's Square, S.W., at 8 (Inst.)
- 1349—Friars, Liverpool Arms, Canning Town, at 7.30 (Instruction)
- 1360—Royal Arthur, Rock Tavern, Battersea Park Road, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1381—Kennington, The Horns, Kennington. (Instruction)
- 1413—Mount Edgumbe, Three Stags, Lambeth Road, S.W., at 8 (Inst.)
- 1414—Islington, Chamion, Aldersgate Street, at 7. (Instruction)
- 1472—Hanley, Three Crowns, North Woolwich (Instruction)
- 1510—Chaucer, Old White Hart, Borough High Street, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1601—Ravensbourne, George Inn, Lewisham, at 7.30 (Instruction)
- 1625—New Finsbury Park, Hornsey Wood Tavern, Finsbury Park, at 8 (Inst.)
- 1747—Eleanor, Treaders, Broad-street-buildings, Liverpool-street, 6.30 (Inst.)
- 1919—Erixton, Prince Regent, Dulwich-road, East Brixton, at 8. (Instruction)
- Metropolitan Chapter of Improvement, White Hart, Cannon Street, 6.30.
- R.A. 704—Camden, The Moorgate, 15 Finsbury Pavement, E.C., at 8 (Inst.)
- R.A. 1612—Earl of Carnarvon, Ledbrooke Hall, Notting Hill, W., at 8. (Inst.)
- 211—Merchants, Masonic Hall, Liverpool (Instruction)
- 299—Eudation, Bail Hotel, Dartford
- 310—Unions, Freemasons' Hall, Castle-street, Carlisle
- 463—East Surrey of Concord, King's Arms Hotel, Croydon, at 7.45. (Inst.)
- 573—Perseverance, Shenstone Hotel, Hales Owen
- 1358—Torbay, Town Hall, Plaignton
- 1566—Ellington, Town Hall, Maidenhead
- 1636—St. Cecilia, Royal Pavilion, Brighton
- K.T.—Plains of Tabor, Swan Hotel, Colne

WEDNESDAY, 30th DECEMBER.

- 2—Fidelity, Alfred, Roman Road, Barnsbury, at 8 (Instruction)
- 39—United Mariners, The Lizard, Peckham, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 72—Royal Jubilee, Unity Tavern, Strand, W.C., at 8. (Instruction)
- 73—Mount Lebanon, Windsor Castle, Southwark Bridge Road, at 8. (Inst.)
- 133—Confidence, Hercules Tavern, Leadenhall-street, at 7. (Instruction)
- 224—United Strength, The Hope, St. John's Street, Regent's Park, 8 (Inst.)
- 511—La Faversham, Portland Hotel, Great Portland Street, at 8 (Inst.)
- 720—Penance, Batham Hotel, Batham, at 7. (Instruction)
- 781—Mendocino Lodge, Silver Tavern, Broad-street, E. (Instruction)
- 813—New Concord, City Tavern, Southgate-road, N. (Instruction)
- 817—W. Winton, The Lion, Bond-street, Fleet-street, at 8 (Instruction)
- 823—Companions in the East, 6 Newby Place, Piccadilly
- 922—Burgoyne, Victoria Hotel, Farringdon Road, at 7. (Instruction)
- 1011—Finsbury Park, Cock Tavern, Highbury, at 8 (Instruction)
- 1315—Peacham, Lord Wellington Hotel, 516 Old Kent-road, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1511—Duke of Cornwall, Royal Edward, Mark-street, Hackney, at 8 (Inst.)
- 1604—Wanderers, Adam and Eve Tavern, Palace St., Westminster, at 7.30 (Inst.)
- 1682—Benevolent, Clapton, Arch Street, Walthamstow, at 7.30 (Inst.)
- 1681—Londesborough, Berkeley Arms, John Street, My Fair, at 8. (Inst.)
- 1722—Earl of Lathom, Station Hotel, Camberwell New Road, S.E., at 8. (Inst.)
- M.M. 177—Sincerity, Union Tavern, Air-street, Regent-st., at 8 (Instruction)
- R.A. 211—Jurie, 202 Whitechapel-road, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- M.M.—Thistle, Freemasons' Tavern, W.C., at 8. (Instruction)
- 163—Integrity, Freemasons' Hall, Cooper-street, Manchester
- 304—Philanthropic, Masonic Hall, Great George-street, Leeds
- 439—Scientific, Masonic Room, Bingley
- 574—St. Augustine, Masonic Hall, Canterbury. (Instruction)
- 806—Soudes, Eagle Hotel, East Dereham, Norfolk
- 1083—Downing Park, Brunswick Hotel, Piccadilly, Manchester
- 1085—Harrington, Masonic Hall, Gower Street, Derby. (Instruction)
- 1210—Strageways, Masonic Rooms, King Street, Manchester
- 1241—Ryburn, Central Buildings, Town Hall Street, Sowerby Gai Ltd
- 1511—Alexandra, Hornsea, Hull (Instruction)
- 1959—Prudence and Industry, George Hotel, Chard, Somersetshire

- R.A. 226—Benevolence, Red Lion Hotel, Litchborough
- M.M. 21—Howe, George Hotel, Melton Mowbray
- M.M. 171—Athol, Masonic Hall, Severn-street, Birmingham
- R.C.—Stanhope, Queen Hotel, Chester

THURSDAY, 31st DECEMBER.

- General Committee Girls' School, Freemasons' Hall, at 4
- 27—Egyptian, Hercules Tavern, Lundenhall-street, E.C., at 7.30 (Instruction)
- 87—Vitruvian, White Hart College-street, Lambeth, S.E. (Instruction)
- 117—Justice, Brown Bear, High Street, Deptford, at 8. (Instruction)
- 435—Salisbury, Union Tavern, Aldersgate, Aldersgate, W. at 8. (Inst.)
- 704—Camden, Lincoln's Inn Restaurant, 305 High Holborn, at 7. (Instruction)
- 749—Belgrave, The Clarence, Aldersgate Street, E.C. (Instruction)
- 754—High Cross, Coach and Horses, Lower Tottenham, at 8. (Instruction)
- 879—Southwark, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Warndon St., Rotherhithe New Rd. (In.)
- 901—City of London, Jamaica Coffee House, Cornhill, at 4.30. (Instruction)
- 1158—Southern Star, Phoenix, Stangate, Westminster-bridge, at 8. (Inst.)
- 1185—Lewis, Kings Arms Hotel, Wood Green, at 7. (Instruction)
- 1278—Burdett Coutts, Swan Tavern, B. and Green Road, E. 4. (Instruction)
- 1306—St. John, Three Crowns Tavern, Mile End Road, E. (Instruction)
- 1339—St. Andrew, Cook Tavern, Kennington-road, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 1426—The Great City, Masons' Tavern, Avenue, E.C., at 6.30. (Inst.)
- 1558—St. Ann's, Palmers Green Arms, Grosvenor Park, Chesham-road, at 8. (In.)
- 1692—St. Michael, White Horse Tavern, Liverpool Road (corner of Theberton Street) N., at 8. (Instruction)
- 1614—Covent Garden, Bedford Head Hotel, Maiden Lane, W.C., at 8. (Inst.)
- 1622—Rose, Stirling Castle Hotel, Church Street, Clerkenwell. (Instruction)
- 1673—Langton, White Hart, Abchurch Lane, E.C., at 5.30. (Instruction)
- 1677—Crusaders, Old Jerusalem Tavern, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, at 9. (Inst.)
- 1744—Royal Savoy, Yorkshire Grey, London Street, W., at 8. (Instruction)
- 1791—Creton, Wheatshaf Tavern, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush. (Inst.)
- 1950—Southgate, Railway Hotel, New Southgate, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- R.A. 753—Prince Frederick William, Lord's Hotel, St. John's Wood, at 8. (In.)
- R.A. 1471—North London, Alayne Castle Tavern, St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, at 8. (Instruction)
- 111—Restoration, Freemasons' Hall, Darlington
- 286—Samaritan, Green Man Hotel, Baeup
- 651—Brecknock, Castle Hotel, Brecon
- 857—Cabbell, Masonic Hall, Theatre Street, Norwich
- 904—Phoenix, Ship Hotel, Rotherham
- 966—St. Edward, Literary Institute, Leek, Stafford
- 1313—Fermor, Masonic Hall, Southport, Lancashire
- 1580—Cranbourne, Red Lion Hotel, Hatfield, Herts, at 8. (Instruction)
- R.A. 57—Humber, Freemasons' Hall, Hull
- M.M. 31—St. Andrew, Freemasons' Hall, Cooper-street, Manchester

FRIDAY, 1st JANUARY.

- Metropolitan Masonic Benevolent Association, 155 Fleet-street, E.C. at 8.30.
- Education Lodge of Improvement, Freemasons' Hall, at 7.
- 25—Robert Burns, Portland Arms Hotel, Great Portland Street, W., at 8. (In.)
- 114—St. Luke, White Hart, King's-road, Chelsea, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 507—United Pilgrims, Surrey Masonic Hall, Lambeth-road, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 706—Florence Nightingale, Masonic Hall, William Street, Woolwich
- 766—William Preston, St. Andrew's Tavern, George St., Baker St., at 8. (In.)
- 730—Royal Alfred, Star and Garter, East Bedford. (Instruction)
- 834—Ranelagh, Six Bells, Hammersmith. (Instruction)
- 933—Doric, Duke's Head, 79 Whitechapel-road, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1059—Metropolitan, Portugal Hotel, Fleet-street, E.C. at 7. (Instruction)
- 1159—Belgrave, Jermyn-street, S.W., at 8. (Instruction)
- 1293—Royal Standard, Alayne Castle, St. Paul's-road, Clerkenwell, at 8. (In.)
- 1335—Clanton, White Hart, Lower Clanton, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 1612—E. Carnarvon, Ladbrooke Hall, Kottling Hill, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1789—Ubique, 79 Ebury Street, Pimlico, S.W., at 7.30. (Instruction)
- 1815—Penge, Thicket Hotel, Anerley
- R.A.—Panmure C. of Improvement, Stirling Castle, Church Street, Canonbury
- R.A. 3—Fidelity, Freemasons' Hall, W.C.
- R.A. 79—Pythagoras, Portland Hotel, London-street, Greenwich. (Inst.)
- R.A. 14—9—Ezra, 91 Ball's Pond-road, N.
- M.M.—Old Kent, Crown and Cushion, London Wall, E.C. (Instruction)
- M.M. 355—Royal Savoy, Moor Gate Tavern, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., at 7. (In.)
- 41—Friendship, Freemasons' Hall, Cannon-street, Manchester
- 81—Doric, Private Room, Woodbridge, Suffolk
- 127—Union, Freemasons' Hall, Margate
- 219—Prudence, Masonic Hall, Tedmorden
- 242—St. George, Guildhall, Doncaster
- 306—Alfred, Masonic Hall, Kelsall-street, Leeds
- 375—Lambton, Lambton Arms, Chester-le-Street, Durham
- 453—Chigwell, Public Hall, Station Road, Loughton, at 7.30. (Inst.)
- 521—Truth, Freemasons' Hall, Maxwell-street, Finsbury
- 574—Loyal Berkshire of Here, White Hart Hotel, Newbury
- 601—St. John, Wrekin Hotel, Wellington, Salop
- 680—Sefton, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool
- 709—Invicta, Bank-street Hall, Ashford
- 837—De Grey and Ripon, Town Hall, Rintou
- 839—Royal Gloucestershire, Bell Hotel, Gloucester
- 1096—Lord Warden, Wellington Hall, Deal
- 1333—Atelstan, Town Hall, Atherstone, Warwick
- 1387—Chelton, Masonic Rooms, Chorlton Green, Chelton
- 1393—Hamer, Masonic Hall, Liverpool, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1528—Fort, Masonic Hall, Newquay, Cornwall
- 1557—Albert Edward, Bush Hotel, Hexham
- 1561—Moroccan, Masonic Hall, Edward-street, Morriston, Durham
- 1648—Prince of Wales, Freemasons' Hall, St. John-street, Bedford
- 1664—Gosforth, Freemasons' Hall, High-street, Gosforth
- 1725—Douglas, College Gateway, Maidstone
- General Lodge of Instruction, Masonic Hall, New-street, Birmingham, at 7
- R.A.—General Chapter of Improvement, Masonic Hall, Birmingham
- R.A. 359—Peace, Freemasons' Hall, Albion Terrace, Southampton

SATURDAY, 2nd JANUARY.

- 179—Manchester, Yorkshire Grey, Lambton, Tottenham Court Road, at 8. (In.)
- 198—Penny, Jolly Travellers, Victoria-street, at 8.30. (Instruction)
- 1275—Star, Five Bells, 155 New Cross-road, at 8.30. (Instruction)
- 1361—Earl of Zealand, Royal Hotel, Chesham-road, at 7. (Instruction)
- 1772—Camraron, Albion Tavern, Aldersgate
- 1622—Rose, Surrey Masonic Hall, Great London
- 1624—Beckton, Crown and Anchor, 79 Finsbury Lane, at 7.30. (Inst.)
- 2012—Chiswick, Ye Old Tabard Inn, 20 Ford Lane, Burnham Green, at 7.30. (In.)
- Simon Chapter of Improvement, Union Arms, at 7.30. (Instruction)
- R.A. 820—Lily of Richmond, Grosvenor, Richmond, at 8. (Instruction)
- 1362—Royal Albert Edward, Market Hall, B. Hall
- 1453—Trash, Private Rooms, Conservative Club, Newmarket, Manchester
- 1466—Hora, Ecclesia, Old Ship Hotel, Brighton

The following Festivals were held at the Freemasons' Tavern during the week ending Saturday, 26th December 1885 :—

- Monday—Grand Master's Lodge, British Lodge, A.aph Chapter.
- Tuesday—Commercial Travellers' School.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CALLENDER LODGE, No. 1052.

A REGULAR meeting of this Lodge was held at the Masonic Rooms, King Street, Manchester, on Tuesday, the 15th instant. The Lodge was opened in the form, and with solemn prayer at 6 p.m., by the W.M., Bro. R. Walker. After the minutes of the last regular meeting had been read and confirmed, the ballot was brought into requisition and it resulted in favour of a joining member. A proposition for a candidate for initiation having been handed in the Lodge was closed in solemn form by the W.M., at 6.15. At seven the brethren re-assembled, with their wives and lady friends, when all sat down together to a splendid repast provided by Mrs. Edwards, the courteous wife of the popular Secretary of the Lodge, whose arrangements were such as to conduce to the entire comfort and enjoyment of the numerous party, and elicited unbounded expressions of satisfaction. At the conclusion of the repast the Worshipful Master, in a few well-chosen sentences, congratulated the company upon the happy auspices under which they had met, and though it might be considered by some an innovation that the fair sex should be admitted to a participation in Masonic festivities, yet he was of opinion that the result of that evening's reunion was a happy one, and he hoped it might be repeated in years to come. It afforded him and the brethren unusual pleasure and gratification to see the festive board graced and enlivened by the bright smiles of so many of their lady friends, and it was peculiarly gratifying that they had kindly condescended to honour the Callender Lodge with their presence on this auspicious occasion. The Worshipful Master's remarks were received with quite a flutter of approving smiles, after which, in discreetly appropriate terms, he proposed "The Queen and the Craft," alluding to her Majesty as the Patroness of the Masonic Fraternity, and as setting a bright example to her sex as a Queen and mother. The toast was received with every expression of loyalty and enthusiasm, not only by the Masons but the ladies also; and Bro. S. Weigley S.W. sang the solo parts of the National Anthem in excellent voice, the chorus being heartily taken up by the whole of the company present. The W.M. then gave the toast of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Rulers of the Craft, Present and Past; in doing which he incidentally alluded to the Prince as the personification of an English gentleman, and to his illustrious consort as the most beloved of English ladies. The sentiment was greeted with unbounded applause, and Bro. J. Jordrell J.W. sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales," in a manner that was much appreciated. The next item upon the list was that of the Prov. Grand Master, Col. de George Stanley, and the rest of the Prov. Officers, Present and Past, in doing which the W.M. referred to the ability and zeal with which they each discharged their duties to the Craft, and to the Province in particular. The toast was cordially received, and was followed by a brilliant fantasia for the concertina and piano-forte, by Bro. Capri's Pasquarama and Bro. T. Carter P.G.O. East Lancashire. Bro. Walker then proposed, in felicitous terms, the health of the Ladies, whose presence had such a lustre over the exceptionally agreeable proceedings of the evening, and congratulated the brethren present upon the happy idea they had conceived of inviting the fair sex to a year's celebration in the new hall, which Masons were so delighted to allude to with pleasure. He referred to the ladies as the noblest members of those who are interested in promulgating the highest and purest principles of Freemasonry, and spoke of their ever increasing influence to the loftiest efforts of the Order to which they were also proud and happy to be associated. The toast was received with cheerful cheering, and Miss M. Ivor Jones, R.A.M., sang in a rich soprano voice, of full compass and under perfect control, "Oh, say not woman's heart is bought." The song was rapturously applauded and encored, and Bro. Jones, in appropriate language, responded to this toast on behalf of the fair ones, when the members of the Lodge were delighted to welcome on that interesting occasion, and assure them of the heartiest welcome at the hands of the Lodge under which they were now assembled. The toast was followed by the song, "In Cellar Cool," admirably rendered by Bro. O'Voss, and in response, brief but suitable speeches were delivered by Bros. Hurst, Derbyshire, Cobell and Wright, all of whom acknowledged the hearty and genial hospitality which had been extended the Visitors by members of the Callender Lodge. The health of the Worshipful Master was then proposed in complimentary terms by Bro. Stant, who spoke of the zeal and ability with which Bro. Walker discharged his duties, and generally pronounced the best interests of his Lodge. Bro. Walker had gained the affection and esteem of the whole body of the members of the Lodge, who were proud to have him in their ranks, and esteemed their duty to be for their private and Masonic worth. The toast was received with a splendid hurrah, and was followed by a duet by Miss M. Ivor Jones, Bro. S. Weigley S.W., and Bro. J. Jordrell J.W., rendered with the utmost fluency and taste. As an encore Miss M. Ivor Jones sang, by the familiar title "Sally's Song," which was much heartily applauded. Bro. T. Fiddler P.M. in suitable terms then proposed "The Cherry Tree," after which Bro. Skinner sang the highly popular "The Pine Tree Song," with all the regular "yew" and other characteristics of this popular ditty. One or two other complimentary toasts were given interspersed with singing and instrumental music. Amongst those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Bros. J. Campbell, S. Smith, Harold, Barwick, J. A. Cress, Emphraim, and O'Voss, and Miss Jones. All through a most agreeable and harmonious evening was enjoyed, and it was the universally expressed opinion that the *celebration* had been characterized by the most unqualified success throughout.

GREAT NORTHERN LODGE, No. 1287.

AN important meeting of this Lodge was held on Thursday, the 17th instant, at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street. Business was commenced shortly after 6 p.m. by the W.M., Brother Thomas Ellis Bathard, who was supported by Bros. R. Cane S.W., Lancaster J.W., S. Webb P.M., Treasurer, J. H. Sutton P.M. Secy., Edgar S.D., Hemming J.D., Rev. J. H. Rose Chaplain, Brooks I.G., Paul D.C., Charles K. Mpton I.P.M., and the following Past Masters—T. H. Reed, Edwin Lancaster, P. Jupp, Thomas Owen, and W. Cleghorn. The business of the evening consisted of reading and confirming the minutes of the last lodge meeting; to ballot for Mr. David Scobie McLaren, C.E., who was proposed as a candidate for initiation by Brother E. Lloyd and seconded by the S.W. This proved to be unanimous in the candidate's favour. The bye-laws were next read, and then the brethren proceeded to elect a W.M. and Treasurer for the ensuing year. Brother Cane, by the unanimous voice of the Lodge, was elected to the office of Worshipful Master, and Brother S. Webb P.M. was re-elected Treasurer (for the fifteenth time). The Tyler was also re-elected. The names of two candidates were proposed for election at the next meeting. Bros. Cross and Myatt were proposed and accepted as Auditors. Then came the consideration of the notice of motion by Bro. Flint, "that that portion of the minutes relating to the presentation of a Past Master's jewel to the I.P.M. should be confirmed." This had been proposed by Brother Powell and seconded by Brother A. C. Doughty, on 15th January last. This proposition was eventually agreed to. A jewel was also unanimously voted to the retiring W.M., Brother Bathard. All other business being ended, Lodge was closed and the brethren retired for refreshment. Dr. Corrie Jackson P.M. 534 and Bro. Hill were present as Visitors.

EBORACUM LODGE, No. 1611.

ON Monday, the 13th inst., this Lodge met in its Hall, St. Saviour-gate, York, for the transaction of business. Bro. A. T. B. Turner W.M. presided, and there were also present Bros. T. B. Whytehead P.M., G. Simpson P.M., J. T. Sellar P.M., G. Balfour P.M. Treasurer, W. Brown S.W., G. Chapman J.W., and other officers and brethren. Successful ballots were taken for Bro. T. J. Clough I.P.M. 660, and for two candidates. Several presentations were made to the Lodge, including a pair of handsomely carved oak chairs for the Deacons, which were given by Bros. E. Thackray and S. J. Dalton. These have been made in harmony with the three Principals' chairs, and are upholstered in crimson velvet, and bear the emblems in silver in the back panel. The old furniture of the Lodge is now placed in one of the large rooms on the ground floor, and is used for the Lodge of Instruction now held in connection with the Lodge. After business the brethren assembled as usual in the smoke room, and passed a fraternal couple of hours. Before the close of the Lodge a congratulatory telegram was despatched to Bro. J. S. Cumberland, a P.M. of the Lodge, who had that day been installed first Master of the United Northern Counties Lodge in London.

THE ABBEY LODGE, No. 2030.

AN ordinary meeting of this Lodge was held on the 14th instant, at the Town Hall, Westminster, when there was a large attendance of members and visitors. Bro. Baker, the W.M., had before him a full agenda paper, involving the working of the ceremonies in the three degrees. Bros. Salway, Hankin, and Shrivens were raised to the sublime degree of M.M.; Bro. Thomas H. Gannon was passed to the degree of Fellow Craft, and Mr. David de Pinna, Mr. John Jacob Geisell, and Mr. Augustus Hoffmann were initiated as Entered Apprentices. The work was well done by the W.M., who was ably seconded by his principal Officers, and by Deacons who thoroughly understood their business. After the above ceremonies had been completed, Bro. Bull P.M. brought forward a motion, of which he had given notice, for raising the initiation fee to fifteen guineas, and the joining fee to ten guineas, and supported his proposal by the argument that the Lodge was becoming numerous, and expressing his opinion that very large Lodges were not desirable. Bro. Sugg S.W. reminded the brethren that the Abbey Lodge was in fact a resurrection of a Lodge which was held for six hundred years in the Chapter House at Westminster, and he thought that under the circumstances they ought to be careful in doing anything which might prevent Westminster men from entering the Lodge. They had ninety-six members in all, which he did not consider at all excessive; he himself belonged to one (the Donatic) which numbered one hundred and thirty members, in which no inconvenience was experienced on this account, as the members who actually attended fell very far short of the number on the roll. Bro. Burdett-Coutts I.P.M. said he should like to say a word on this proposition. Not only the Master, but all the brethren would, he was sure, understand that nobody could doubt his fidelity to Freemasonry, or his love to the Lodge; there could be no one who could have the interest of the Lodge more deeply at heart than himself. He confessed that in view of the circumstances under which the Lodge was founded, and the position it now held, he did not recognise the advantage of restricting it to a small number of members. His own view was, that it should become a great and representative Lodge of Freemasons in Westminster. He felt a personal interest in the Lodge, and so far as his own influence went, it would be directed towards such a fulfilment of the future of the Lodge that it should become large and representative; because on account of its neighbourhood and surroundings there was a dignity attached to it which took it out of the ordinary category of the Lodges of the metropolis. As Westminster was a peculiar part of the metropolis, he thought the

Abbey Lodge should be a peculiar Lodge, and he did not know how its peculiar position could be better maintained than by making it very large and very representative. For these reasons he should be inclined to raise his voice against the proposition that had been brought forward. He did not doubt that the promoters sincerely thought that what they proposed would be for the welfare of the Lodge, but he thought it rather premature, though it might be necessary at some future period. If any alteration were to be made, he thought it should not be by making initiation more expensive, but rather by laying a somewhat heavier tax upon those members of other Lodges who wished to avail themselves of the privileges of the Abbey Lodge. Brother Bull said possibly his motion had been a little premature, however inevitable it might be at some time in the future, and after the expression of the opinion of the brethren which the proposal had elicited, he would, with the W.M.'s permission, withdraw the motion. A proposal by Bro. Shand, Secretary, for raising the visiting fee to a guinea on installation nights, and fifteen shillings on other nights, was agreed to. Before the closing of the Lodge, Bro. Baker informed the brethren that he had consented to accept a Stewardship for the next Festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, and upon the motion of the I.P.M. a sum of ten guineas was voted from the Lodge Funds in aid of that Institution. After the dinner which followed the closing of the Lodge, a number of Loyal and Masonic toasts were proposed from the cross table, and in proposing the health of the M.W. the Grand Master, and the rest of the Grand Officers, Bro. Baker reminded the brethren that the 14th of December was an eventful day in the Royal Family, because it was on that day of the year that the father of their illustrious Grand Master died: it was on that day of the year that he lost his sister the Princess Alice, and it was also on that day of the year that occurred the turning point in his own severe illness which occasioned such acute, such intense anxiety to the whole body of the English people. After referring to the rest of the Grand Officers who had been associated in this toast, Bro. Baker said that they were represented on that occasion by Bro. Simpson P.G. Chaplain, who he would ask to respond for them. In replying, Bro. Simpson said that the Worshipful Master had referred to the fact that their I.P.M., Bro. Burdett-Coutts had had the honour, at last Grand Lodge, of proposing the re-election of the Prince of Wales as Most Worshipful Grand Master, but he confessed that he took a deeper interest in another incident that occurred at Grand Lodge, which was that a brother made an *ex tempore* proposition that the I.P.M. of the Abbey Lodge should be elected Grand Treasurer of England. But whether it was *ex tempore* or not, he would venture to say that the reply was one which conferred great dignity upon their I.P.M.; it was an answer given with wisdom, strength, and beauty—wisdom for obvious reasons—strength, because however strong Bro. Burdett-Coutts stood as Past Master of that Lodge, he would stand still stronger after that reply—and in beauty, because nothing was more graceful than true humility. In proposing the health of the Master, Bro. Burdett-Coutts said that Bro. Baker was well able to fill his position with credit to the distinguished surroundings of the Lodge, and he asked the brethren to drink to their Worshipful Master's health with enthusiasm. Referring to what had fallen from Bro. Simpson, he said that he fully recognised the good feeling displayed in the incident alluded to, and he was very grateful to the distinguished brother who made the proposition for the honour he had designed to do him. Without taking credit to himself for wisdom, strength, or humility, he had done what as a Mason he thought to be right, and his decision had been justified by the kindly approval which had been given by Grand Lodge. When, in declining that intended honour, he had stated that his only claim to distinction as a Mason was, that he was the one who had first held the office of Master of the Abbey Lodge, the name of the Abbey Lodge was received with cheering throughout Grand Lodge, and therefore he thought he might say that the appreciation of the Abbey Lodge had gone beyond the members, and beyond the visitors, and into the dignified and sacred precincts of Grand Lodge itself; and in order that that feeling might be maintained they (the brethren of the Lodge) would render themselves worthy of it and of their Lodge, and he thought they could not take any step more conducive to that end than by their taking care in the future that their Masters were men who would maintain the character of the Lodge. Their present Master was fully fitted to maintain with credit, and he might say with lustre, the high reputation which the Abbey Lodge had attained, and he hoped that he might be succeeded by a long line of men who would do their utmost to keep up the high reputation of the Lodge. Bro. Baker having returned his acknowledgments for the manner in which his health had been proposed by the I.P.M. and received by the brethren, proposed the health of the Past Masters, which included Bro. Spinks, the first acting Past Master, which received a very hearty response from the brethren; and Bros. Burdett-Coutts and Spinks spoke at some length in reply. Several other toasts were proposed, including the Initiates, the Visitors, the Masonic Charities, the Treasurer and Secretary, and the Officers. There were eighty-five Visitors present, several of whom replied to the toast of their health, including Bros. Austin, Walker, Germaine, Roberts, S. Hunter and Newman.

ERRATUM.—In our report of the meeting of The Great City Lodge, in last week's impression, a strange inaccuracy crept in. In the course of the few observations made by Brother Keeble, the Secretary, wherein he spoke of his duties, it is reported "he had to wait upon the Master and to keep him up to his post." Now, almost all our readers know that The Great City Masters need no spur; if, therefore, they will substitute the word "printer" for "Master" the apparent inaccuracy will be remedied.

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| 5 A CORNER STONE. | 21 A PILLAR OF MASONRY. |
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BRO. FRANCIS HARPER,
(AGED 64 YEARS),

Who was initiated in the

ST. MICHAEL'S LODGE, No. 211,

On the 18th April 1856, and remained a subscribing member thereof for nearly twenty years—to December 1875. In 1868 he became a joining member of the

ROYAL UNION LODGE, No. 382,

And subscribed to it for three years. Is afflicted with severe disease of the eyes, which incapacitates him from following his profession—that of a Dentist. He is now dependent on friends.

The case is recommended by the following members of the St. Michael's Lodge :

Charles Greenwood P.M. Treasurer, 61 Nelson Square, Blackfriars, S.E.
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Any of whom will be pleased to receive proxies.

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BRO. JOHN SMITH,
(AGED 60 YEARS),

Who was initiated in the

ROYAL UNION LODGE, No. 382,

On the 21st January 1878, and remained a Subscribing Member till the present year; but, through illness, he has been left too infirm to follow his employment, and is now entirely without means. Moreover, some twelve months since applicant's wife was stricken with paralysis, and she is now a confirmed invalid. He is, therefore, compelled to seek your valuable assistance.

The case is earnestly recommended by Bro. Smith's Lodge, and by the following Governors, P.M.'s, W.M.'s and Brethren:—

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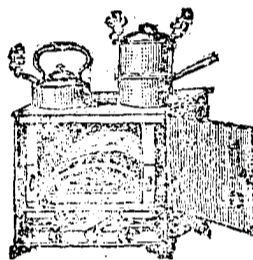
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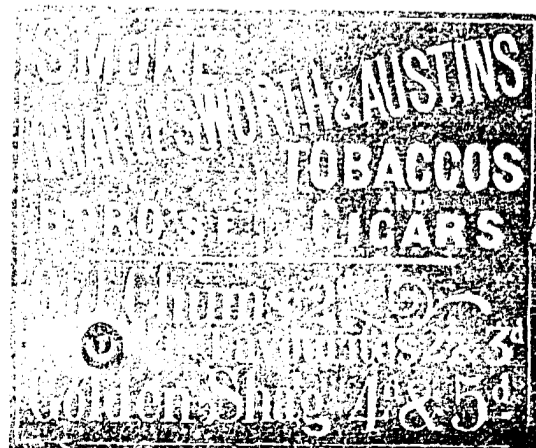
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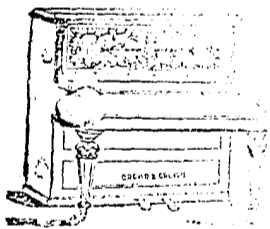
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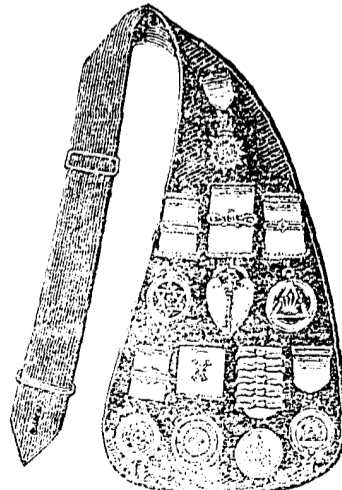
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