

casion of his approaching marriage. Mr. J. R. Hayward presided, his Lordship the Bishop and the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., being present. At the conclusion of a pleasing musical programme, contributed to by Mrs. A. Mead, Mrs. Bell, Misses Harper, M. O'Connor, and Foley, Messrs. T. O'Connell, Maindonald, G. Hayward, Healy, and J. Foley, Mr. J. R. Hayward spoke in grateful terms of the opportunities enjoyed by the choir under the direction of Mr. Bunz and the excellent progress made since he assumed charge. All connected with the choir admired the energy and perseverance that Mr. Bunz brought to bear to attain a creditable measure of efficiency. The members of the choir were unanimous in thus seeking to do honor to one through whose tactful and patient tuition each had benefited. On behalf of the choir he extended the sincerest good wishes to Mr. Bunz for happiness and blessings in the marriage state.

His Lordship Bishop Grimes, in presenting Mr. Bunz on behalf of the choir with a handsome silver entree-dish and spirit lamp, said he always looked upon it as a pleasing duty to do any service for the choir, and especially so on the present occasion, the importance of which was to express appreciation of services diligently and faithfully rendered to the Cathedral. When an event similar to the one they were anticipating centred round one of the gentler sex it invariably happened that a severance with the choir resulted, but he was pleased to say he had an assurance from Mr. Bunz that it was his intention and desire to continue his duties. It was a privilege, continued his Lordship, to express the esteem and regard felt, and endorse the sentiments animating the members of the choir to their leader, and also towards his intended wife—an estimable young lady and a member of one of the oldest and best Catholic families in the city. He (the Bishop) warmly approved of the step being taken by Mr. Bunz, and as he had before said, wished there was more marrying and giving in marriage among our young people. He had travelled the world over, and could safely say that a fairer body of young ladies than those of the Dominion did not exist in any country, hence he could not understand the evident aloofness of the male sex.

The Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., said he could not allow the opportunity to pass without paying a tribute to the careful faithfulness with which Mr. Bunz carried out his duties. He, too, deserved their generous thanks, for in the midst of his private duties he did not spare himself in his efforts to promote successful entertainments when called upon in the interests of the Church. In entering the marriage state Mr. Bunz was entering the oldest institution known to man, and he (the speaker) prayed that the union would be a happy one—a happiness that would deepen as life went on.

Mr. Bunz thanked very sincerely his Lordship the Bishop, the other speakers, and all who had assisted in promoting the enjoyable gathering, and expressed gratitude for their valuable gift, which would prove an enduring memento of the greatest event of his life. He spoke at length on the beauties of the Catholic Church music, and the impression left on his mind by hearing in the Emperor's Chapel at Vienna the majestic music of the Mass. He traced the events leading up to his acceptance of a position in the Christchurch Catholic Cathedral choir, which led also, as it had done in many similar instances, to his entrance into the fold of the Church itself.

CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

THE CRAFT THERE AND HERE: A BIG DIFFERENCE

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The Masons are having a glorious time of it in Spain and Portugal just now. Masonry is a big thing over there. The lodges can humble Archbishops, expel Cardinals and Nuncios, dictate to Governments, frighten generals and admirals, and point out to Prime Ministers the way they should go. Why, the G.M.'s can tell kings to be off with themselves—they need their palaces! That is just what happened to Manuel the other day. The G.M.'s who constitute the provisional Government at Lisbon have gone and taken up their quarters in the Royal Palace! A big change for street brawlers. The 'advantages' and 'benefits' to be got by joining the lodges in Spain, Portugal, and France are not mere empty sound. Those Masons yonder seem to be fully conscious of their bigness. Imagine the lodge 'Balearic' offering Señor Canalejas the help of 'the enormous and universal influence of this indestructible organisation'! Why, sir, the G.M.'s of that lodge must feel like Jupiter wielding his thunderbolts and shaking high Olympus with his nod.

In comparison with European Masonry our colonial affair is a poor thing. Just fancy its 'advantages'—a hope of the patronage of the brethren to your shop if you be a grocer, or to your saloon if you be a barber, or to your bar if you be a publican, or to some easy billet if you don't care to work. The hope of these things, crossed by the competition and jealousies of other brethren, is not,

so I think, worth the initiation fees. Then look at all you have to submit to—all the dodder and tom-foolery—the bandages and gropings and flashings of swords—not to speak of the goat—and the grips and scratches from thumb-nails and index-fingers. All this is poor and mean when compared with the high, herculean work of knocking off royal crowns and dictating to Governments.

Though the 'advantages' of joining the neighboring lodge have been eloquently put before me, I think I'll wait till better days—something like what they have in France, Spain, and Portugal—come around. I don't care to expose myself to the grippings and ticklings above referred to. I don't care to be thumb-nailed by my 'brother,' a muscular blacksmith, with four noblers in him. Besides, there is another disadvantage, which a Sydney ex-Mason, writing to a local paper, puts rather forcibly—namely, the disadvantage of having too many 'brothers,' with the liability, of course, of some of them turning out seedy. Thus writes our Sydney neighbor:—'I am a Mason—for "Once a Mason always a Mason." An elderly man—hitherto my friend—made me his unrelenting foe a few years ago by badgering me into taking on this insane game. . . . The oldest aforementioned—my quondam friend—grappled with me one afternoon in a train. He said: "As one who knows and likes you, and who knew, liked, and revered your parents, let me implore you to join my lodge. It is the most aristocratic lodge in Australia. The benefits that will accrue to you from joining it are incalculable, though at present unnameable. You will for ever bless the day you join my lodge. I am the Worshipful G.M. of it. Join it, I implore, for your dead parents' sake, for your own sake, for my sake, for all our sakes." He went on like this for about an hour, at the end of which time I wilted and said if he put it as strongly as that I would. An appointment was made, and one dreadful night I attended at the lodge to be initiated. I will not disclose the asininity that went on, for I took an oath I wouldn't. When it was over a thick bandage, which had been wrapped round my eyes and head, was removed, and I discerned, massed together before me in a small and stuffy room: (1) My aged friend, looking unspeakably foolish in a garb that would embarrass a Central African savage, and with a bared sword in his hand (he is a produce merchant and a confirmed bowler in private life); (2) my bootmaker, who ceased sending me "to account rendered" missives, some months ago, and instead took to despatching insulting and threatening demands for immediate liquidation of my account; (3) the father of a young woman with whom I had been friendly the previous year—he had warned me that if I came near his house again, or spoke to his child or to him or to any member of the family, he would direct his bloodhound to tear me to pieces; (4) about two score of unknowns. The next thing I knew, a horde of total strangers was surrounding me and wringing my hands, and saying, "Welcome, Brother Singemoine, welcome to the Lodge." Only the bootmaker and the father stood aloof, glowering savagely. Speeches followed; drivelling, doddering speeches about Masonry—which is to say, about nothing. Then came a supper of lager beer and cold beef, and more speeches, more drivel, more dodder.

Two days later I was walking in the street. A bleary-eyed fellow accosted me. "Good-day, Brother," he said, warmly, gripping my hand significantly the while. "I will come to the point quickly. As a fellow-Mason, I may speak plain. I am in urgent need of a sovereign. May I ask you as a Mason to oblige?" I compromised for 10s, and hurried on. The next day I was intercepted while entering my office by another Mason. He demanded in the name of the craft 30s. I gave him 12s 6d, and fell blasphemously upon my daily labors. A week passed, during which I disbursed a further £2 5s to indigent Masons, and then arrived a bill from the lodge for £12 12s for "dues." I sat cataleptic for some 15 minutes staring at the outrageous thing, and then I took a cab to the home of the old ruffian who had brought this sorrow upon me. The law forbids the publication of the words I said to him. I wound up thus: "And now I wish to know if there is any way short of suicide by which I may get out of your lodge. If so, I will do it, no matter what it costs." He seemed surprised; in fact, paralysed. "You take it very badly," he said weakly. "Don't you like the lodge?" "Like it!" I thundered. "Where's the SENSE in the confounded thing? Do you take me for a Benevolent Asylum? Do you imagine that I'm going to disburse quantities of good gold to see a few of you make unmitigated idiots of yourselves in the presence of a herd of chronic tappers?" It seemed to convince him. Anyhow, he said I might resign, and so avoid further lodge meetings—though he explained that I couldn't cease being a Mason, and that I would have to stump up the £12 12s for my "dues." I paid the money, sent in my resignation, and received my release. When such sense of the ludicrous as I possess becomes totally atrophied; when I have hours to spare for the practise of unprofitable tomfoolery, and when my yearly income is thrice what it is at present, I may consider the question of going a-Masoning once more. Till then, certainly not.

I purpose following the suggestions of our Sydney neighbor; at all events, until something like the Hispano-Portuguese Masonic glamor reaches this part of the world. When that day comes, I'll make a rush for the nearest lodge, in the hope of changing my little shanty for apartments in some Bishop's or Governor's palace.—I am, etc.,

November 28.

TONSOR.

DEAR ME

Forgotten that SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE! Whatever shall I do? Call at the nearest store and ask. They all keep it.