



Grand Lodge Bulletin

Editor: SAM HARRIS, P.G.M.



New Year's Greetings



My Brethren:

May I, through the kindness of our Editor, express to you the supreme satisfaction that is mine and the deep sense of thankfulness I feel in that the Almighty Architect has safely restored me to the land I have learned to love so well.

I landed in a blizzard and the plane I had hoped would waft me speedily to sunny Alberta found the necessity to rest in several places, but the warmth of welcome extended to me has amply compensated for major chills and minor inconveniences and, already, I am at peace, happy to be back "on the job".

I regret that I could not attend the District Meetings, at Edmonton on November 28th and Medicine Hat on December 5th, but there were thousands of Canadians with a prior claim upon limited transportation over the Atlantic and I am specially fortunate and favoured in being permitted to travel when I did.

My visit to the Old Land was crammed with interest. I was confronted with scenes mutely eloquent of the terrors that destroyed and which have left our kindred poignantly sad, many scarce daring to hope for but a semblance of the merrie England of yore. Courageously uncomplaining, they still endure acute shortages, irritating restrictions and heavy burdens of taxation, prayerfully looking to the future that may bring real peace and tranquility to a bewildered and distressful world.

Of my visits to Masonic gatherings I hope to tell, when, from time to time I meet you in our temples, but this I must convey to you here, that the

name of Canada never stood higher in the estimation and affection of Britons than it does today, and in the hearts of our Brethren "over there" the kindly generous help accorded the distressed by the Grand Lodge of Alberta remains a perpetual cause for the highest fraternal esteem and heartfelt thankfulness.

With this issue of *The Bulletin* we usher in a New Year and it is my privilege to offer to every lodge and every brother my congratulations that our Order has experienced, in our jurisdiction, a year of laudable expansion and, I believe, commendable usefulness. And for the coming year which we now embark upon I wish for you every one, peace, happiness and brotherly love.

We are all greatly privileged by our membership in the Craft, and ever more privileged in our citizenship of a country which, by steady development and settled conditions of life, afford freedom and protection to all within her borders.

These privileges carry no less important responsibilities, and, as in Freemasonry, we are taught the path to happiness is created by communicating happiness, so we can only maintain that freedom and protection for all by each of us assuming the responsibility of helping to adjust the lives of those now returning from the great upheaval in Europe, preserving the character of our sons and brethren to face the changed conditions of our daily life that we and they may exemplify the high ideals of our ancient and honourable institution.

M. W. Bro. Rev. Canon CRANE-WILLIAMS

Grand Master.

THE TRESTLEBOARD

DEAR BRETHREN: It is now many years since I became a Mason and through those years I like to think, at least, that through the help of good brothers and friends I have learned something about the Order and what it stands for. I know that I am a long way from knowing all, but there is some satisfaction and much of value in learning even a little.

And that brings me to a short discussion of the Trestleboard. Perhaps you, like myself, in the beginning thought of the Trestleboard as a device used long ago by Master Craftsmen upon which were laid out the designs by which the Temple was built. It is a natural assumption and probably almost every beginner in Masonry feels the same way. Unless he happens to be a draughtsman or an architect it is likely he never saw a Trestleboard and has little real knowledge of what it was or what it meant.

As we progress in Masonry, however, most of us reach a better understanding of what the Trestleboard meant then—and means now. In this little talk I wish to speak of what it means NOW, rather than in the past.

As we have noted, the Trestleboard, each day, bore upon it the designs which were to be completed as parts of the Temple. That was a necessary part of Operative Masonry. But now we work as Speculative Masons and we are building a Spiritual Temple. What part does the Trestleboard play in that?

As we have learned, most of the terms and operations of Operative Masonry have been translated into the work we do as Speculative Masons. Therefore the Trestleboard is of very great importance.

No longer do we draw designs upon a physical board because lines, angles and circles can not express the spiritual work we are to do. At best they can be only symbols. Yet, each of us, as a Master Mason, has a Trestleboard and each of us, whether we know it or not, daily presents a design which will have some effect upon the great Temple we are building.

Long after I became a Mason a good brother pointed out to me what that Trestleboard really is. I confess the knowledge came as somewhat of a shock. It was a new idea—and a potent one. Then and there I learned that Masonry really is a progressive science in which there is something new to learn each day. In our conversation on Masonic subjects, something came up about the Trestleboard. Briefly, here is what that older brother told me:

"Your Trestleboard, brother, is your life. So long as you live you cannot escape making some design upon it. It may be worthless. It may be good. All depends upon how you apply yourself, how much you learn of the Masonic way of life, how you conduct yourself among men and brothers. But make no mistake—every day a design will be there. It is your part in the building of the spiritual Temple

toward which we all journey. You are a Master Mason—therefore you must draw designs. Yourself, your brothers, the entire order may be judged by what you produce. It is a sober business. Therefore take good heed of the lessons you have learned and make the designs upon your life's Trestleboard such as will do credit to yourself, your brothers and the whole order itself."

Many times since I have thought of that explanation of the meaning of the Trestleboard. Many times it has saved me from actions which would not look well there and would have to be discarded as worthless in the building of the Temple.

I pass the thought on to you, brethren, as something that may be of benefit to you as it was to me. Remember it next time when in lodge mention is made of the Trestleboard. But more important, remember it when you are alone or in a place where true Masonic actoin is needed.

Every day you draw a new design and each day you will be judged by it. If all of us present each day a worthy production upon our Trestleboard of life not only will we prosper but the order we love so much will increase in power and strength and usefulness.

Editor—*Masonic Chronicle*.

HOW OLD IS MASONRY!

According to John O'Hart, eminent Irish historian, regular Masonic meetings were held in Ireland 3,200 years ago.

A brass square was found in the foundations of an old bridge at Limerick, Ireland. It was dated 1507 and carried the inscription, "I will strive to live with love and care upon the level by the square."

When the obelisk known as Cleopatra's needle was moved from its base in Egypt, where it had stood for 2,000 years, for the purpose of being shipped to New York, a square and a compass were found inscribed upon the base. This obelisk may now be seen in Central Park, New York.

Frescoes on the walls of the Temple of Rameses II, at Babel Molank, in Egypt, represent scenes in Masonic initiations. The Temple was built in 1920 B.C.

—*Masonic Journal*, Illinois.

When a man is received into Masonry and goes digging into its mysteries and beauties, studies its aims, inspirations, ethics, traditions, legends and history, and finds, as he must do, what Masonry really is and makes it his own, then he becomes indeed and in truth a Mason. And such a Mason will never leave the Fraternity nor can he be driven from it.—*Selected*.

THE RETURNING SOLDIER A CHALLENGE TO MASONRY

ON DISPLAY in almost every Lodge room in this Grand Jurisdiction is an honor roll on which are inscribed the names of our brothers who have answered the call to service in our armed forces. Some have been gone for many, many months and are undergoing the strife, the turmoil, and the nerve racking experience of war. Others have been returned for hospitalization or for a few days' rest back home among familiar surroundings. Others have been discharged from duty.

Although they realize there is a job to be done, yet the thought uppermost in the mind of everyone is of home and the desire to return as soon as possible to the family and friends, to old pursuits and familiar scenes, and to life as it was when they left it.

But—when they return, they will not find life as they left it. All will be strange and changed. It will be small and smug and matter of fact. There will not be the indication of sacrifice and unselfish devotion to service they had expected to find. There will be musts and must nots that are new and foreign to their recollection, a careless disregard for those ideals and principles that are and have been sacred and a public eager to show the way to light and careless living.

They will grope about in their minds to find the things for which they have longed and for which they have dreamed. Their families await with open arms and will surround them with all the welled up love and admiration and sympathy that their devotion has made. The church will open its arms to them as returning heroes and acclaim them, and we thank God that these are never changing ideals of our Americanism. But, to grown men who have known the heat of battle and are firmly grounded in the principles of our Order, this is not enough. There must be a brotherhood, a fraternal tie, a place where man can meet man on an equal level and fraternize in that great spirit of fellowship in the common cause of fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

And where should our Masonic brothers find this fellowship than in their own Lodge and among their brothers? Here those great landmarks are as they left them. Here the true light of faith, hope, and loving kindness still illuminates our lives. Here the Great Light of Masonry radiates its beams of beneficence as a guide to all who would be masters and labor to discover the true word and a new name.

So, as Master Masons we should recognize the duty we owe to our returning brothers who have sacrificed so much and be prepared to render the greatest possible service to them by seeing to it that they are returned to their usual places in the Lodge and surrounded with all the familiar scenes and customs dear to the heart; that they would know that

THE DEGREES OF MASONRY

WHO COMES HERE? A poor fellow-man walking a lonely road, foot-sore and weary, hoodwinked by the darkness of the world, and held by a tether to the earth, as a child to its mother. Free-born yet not free, save in my will to seek the light, feebly I grope my way, oppressed by the dread. I fear to go, yet dare not stay, lest I die without ever having lived. Through scenes unknown I journey in a shadow-land, losing my way but for the touch of a brother-hand.

WHENCE CAME YOU? Thou askest what I seek to know, not having learned the import of my days and years, whence I came or wither bound. A pilgrim, I humbly follow whither I am led, trusting a Hand to lead me in a way I know not nor cannot see. Yet am I troubled by a dim dream of a City four-square, and a Temple vast and white, in which wanderers are welcomed and seekers find the light. Lead me thither where I seek to go, and in wisdom show the way.

IN WHOM DO YOU TRUST? In God over all, within all, everywhere and everlasting, the Master Builder of a City that hath foundations, in Whose great Hand we stand. He hath made us and not we ourselves; in His law is our life, in His will our peace. Other foundation can no man lay than that laid in His righteousness. Eternal God: guide me through this night, guard me with Thy might, and lead me step by step, into the Light.

WHY CAME YOU HERE? To seek the Good that makes us Men and the Love that makes us Brothers; to build my life on simple faith and the eternal law of right; to learn the Truth which none may learn for another and no one may learn alone; to do justly by the Square, to walk uprightly upon the Level by the Plumb, within the Compass of a Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth—a Brother and a Builder in love of Man and the service of God.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

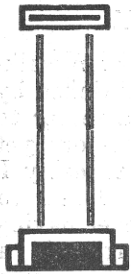
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100 PER CENT ATTENDANCE

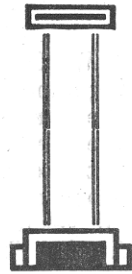
At the last meeting of Calgary Lodge, No. 23, a presentation was made to Wor. Bro. C. Westmore, the occasion being the 25th Anniversary of his joining the Lodge. During all of this time Bro. Westmore has attended every meeting of the Lodge. Bro. Westmore's loyalty to the lodge was suitably recognized. S.H.

here was that of which they had dreamed; and that here they would find that precious spirit of fraternity and brotherhood and life as they had left it.

Millard D. Thomas, Senior Grand Warden
Courtesy of *Grand Lodge Bulletin* of Iowa



Between the Pillars



What Will You Get From Christmas!

THE FEASTING will soon be over. The Christmas tree, in the living room, stands shorn of its brightly coloured presents. The Christmas message will have been retold in song and story. The bells are now silent. Our friends have come and they have departed. "The shouting is over, the tumult dies away."

What did you get for Christmas? There are as many answers to that question as there are individuals. Some article of wearing apparel we are proud to display, a neck-tie of green, red and yellow which we carefully hide from the gaze of the misunderstanding multitude, something useful for the home of which we have three already. The countless little presents whose value can only be measured by the depth of the love which incited them. What did you get for Christmas?

What did you get FROM Christmas? As we look at the day now past, what are our impressions? There is the sense of Getting, but how soon it wears away with the hour, leaving a dissatisfied void. There is a sense of disillusionment which accompanies aching bones and tired spirits. For some there is indigestion. For others, the sense of giving provides a rich glow. Friendships have been renewed, love rekindled, the light of happiness brought to the eyes of children. There is a sense of sweet repose for all has been well.

Unless we receive more than this, we will have missed the meaning of Christmas. "The shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for the things they had heard and seen." A sense of wonder filled their hearts as the sky was lighted by the Angelic Host and the Song of the Angels brought them the message that the Saviour was born. A great wonder and awe filled their breasts as they stooped at the manger to behold the Babe who was God come to dwell among men. The people round about wondered at the things told them by the shepherds. Mary wondered at the words of Simeon when he said, "This Child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel."

Let us never lose this sense of wonder. That God through Christ should come into the world in such a humble way, identifying Himself with the poor, the common, the ordinary, lifting them up into His Divine purpose, is a cause for perpetual wonder. That God should desire to dwell with us, share our burdens, our toils, our joys, our sorrows is a great

and glorious mystery. That God should so love that He took upon Himself our flesh with its possibility of work and pain, just in order that He might be near us, that we might know Him and love Him, is the greatest of all wonders. This is a glorious fact in the Christ of Bethlehem. Let us too return with wonder.

The shepherds returned filled with a gladness that could not be contained until they shared their experience with others. There is so much to cause our hearts to grow cold this Christmas—the uncertainties of war, the empty place at the table, the wounds of the heart, loneliness. The supreme joy of Christmas is God's gift of His Son who fills the empty place with His abiding presence, dispels all uncertainties with His pervading Peace and binds up our wounds with the balm of loving friendship. The coldest heart can glow with the warmth of His fellowship this Christmas season. Gather around the hearth, read the marvelous story again of how the Christ Child came to live with you.

The shepherds returned praising and glorifying God. They had seen the Hope of the world; come to free all men from oppression. They had beheld the Prince of Peace who would make all wars impossible. They saw in Him the one Power that could create good-will among all men. Why shouldn't they shout for joy in the midst of their slavery and oppression?

Did you see this Christ at Christmas? Then why don't you shout for joy, praising and glorifying God? Christ the Hope of our New Order is here, Christ your personal hope is even now at your door. In Him our problems are already solved. Why shouldn't we glorify God?

What will YOU get from Christmas? Can we not catch the wonder of the Babe in the Bethlehem Manger, and the radiance and fragrance of His presence with us throughout the whole of life? This is the Meaning of Christmas.

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Thamesford, Ontario.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER RECEIVED BY THE GRAND SECRETARY FROM ENGLAND

"The Masonic Lodge in Guernsey, Channel Islands, is again in full sway. The Germans took everything portable to Germany where it was exhibited. Royal Gloucester Lodge No. 130 of Southampton is replacing some of the small furnishings of the Lodge. In this connection, the Ashlars are being fashioned out of stone from the foundations of the building (destroyed November 30th, 1940) where Lodge "130" used to meet over 100 years ago.

The present Masonic Hall, which was built on the top of the Old Walls of Southampton was undamaged—whilst all around was destruction. It was truly providential, and we are very grateful to the G.A.O.T.U."