

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have very little to report on Masonry at home or abroad.

THERE has been a most numerous meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire, under its most distinguished chief, the Marquess of Ripon, K.G., our excellent G.M. Like all West Yorkshire Meetings, the gathering was characterized by much Masonic earnestness and heartiness.

A NEW lodge has been opened and consecrated at Penistone, West Yorkshire, called the Wharnclyffe Lodge, No. 1462, on January 17th, of which Bro. Wm. Smith, P.M. 139, Huddersfield, is the first W.M., and of which Lord Wharnclyffe is the Senior Warden.

A NEW Chapter has been duly opened—"The St. Marylebone Chapter," No. 1305, in connection with the St. Marylebone Lodge, by M. E. Comp John Hervey, Grand Scribe E, of this chapter; G. Foxall, A. J. Codner, and I. J. Pope, are, respectively, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Principals.

WE also have an interesting account of the opening of a new Masonic Hall at Timaru, New Zealand, of which the foundation stone was laid April 14th, 1873, by Bro. G. H. Wildie, W.M., and that the building has been completed in eight months, without a hitch or accident of any kind. The account of the Hall, architecturally, is very good, and we congratulate the Masons of Timaru, in having so successfully achieved so praiseworthy an undertaking. The ceremonies of the day of opening seem to have been most completely per-

formed, in the presence of a large number of brethren, by acting District G.M. Bro. Thompson, assisted by his proper officers.

THE first anniversary meeting of one of our great Masonic Charities has taken place, namely: that of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, on Wednesday 28th, under the presidency of Lord Waveney. The gathering was large and zealous in the good cause of charity, and all seems to have passed off most pleasantly and enjoyably. Bro. Terry announced, at the close of the meeting, the large sum of £5,063 11s., with 13 lists yet to come in. This is a very good beginning of our Masonic Charitable efforts for 1874.

THERE is very little other news to record. The Irish Constitutions are still "sub-lime," but we hope, before long, to report a satisfactory result by the deliberations of the Irish Grand Lodge.

THE Archbishop of Malines has thought well to ex-communicate all the Freemasons, high or humble, in Belgium, but, we hope that the Belgian people are far too practical, and sensible, to mind any such childish proceeding. Happily, for human progress and civilization, the days of anathemas and interdicts are over. They were never defensible on any true ground of christian ethics, and, now-a-days, they are simply ridiculous. Meanwhile, Freemasonry is flourishing universally, and "extending her stakes" on every side; may she go on her peaceful course, avoiding idle questions and foolish pretensions, intent on her simple and truer duty of kindness and goodwill, and benevolence to all.

THE EDITOR.

February 4th, 1874.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Though we do not profess to chronicle any events in the Magazine, except those purely Masonic, as loyal Freemasons, and Freemasons are, and always have been pre-eminently loyal citizens of our great free monarchy, and united to the members of our Royal family by close Masonic ties as well, we think it well just to note "en passant," this most interesting event to all loyal Englishmen.

Our sailor prince, as some like to call him, has quite recently been married to the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia—the Grande Duchesse Marie—and the nuptial ceremony has received the blessing both of the Greek Church, and of the Church of England. Most of our readers have probably read the long and gorgeous accounts alike, of the Religious and State ceremonies, and of the national rejoicings in both countries, with which the "Times" delighted its many readers, and therefore we need not further allude to them. We will only say this, that we trust, as we feel sure, that this marriage of affection will result not only to the lasting felicity of the august couple, but to the increased happiness of the Royal Family, and the friendly union of two great nations.

The ancient feuds are all forgotten now, the struggles of war passed away, and henceforth let us trust that happier and more gentle influences will bind both Russia and England in the fraternal harmony of peace and good will. Sure we are, that, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and his accomplished Bride land upon our shores, a great national welcome awaits them of hearty sympathy, interest and affectionate regard.

In this act of loyal and patriotic duty, Freemasons will not we feel assured be behind hand or wanting; and we believe we express the unanimous feelings of our always loyal Craft,

when we offer our heartfelt aspirations, that, all happiness may attend the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess, and that prosperous gales may speed them happily on in their life voyage of loving union and heart affection.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA, JANUARY 23RD, 1874.

The Rite is all but over in that far land,
Before that foreign shrine we see them kneel,
Two loving hearts, all fondly side by side;
Both in their happy youth. A gallant
sailor he,

And she, they say, as gentle as she's good.
But soon from all that gorgeous ceremony,
From mystic symbols and that beauteous
fane,

And grey-haired prelates in their bright
array,

That courtly group, but that most happy
Family,

They wend their way in that august pro-
cession,

To where in simple form, yet tranquil grace,
The cherished ritual of our English Church
Is read in all of earnest eloquence.

At last they are One, One henceforth in this
world,

One in all heart affection, all true love,
All gentle sympathies and intellectual aims;
And in the even tenour of their onward
life,

All happy, trusting, and serene,
May all of good attend them.

May earthly happiness indeed be their's,
In all its fullest measure.

And with them grow as years succeed to
years,

Those gentler hopes which blossom in our
spring

And bear for us a full luxuriant blossom,
In the ripe moments of our after life.

May theirs be peace and joy unbroken,
And may they find in their own happy
home,

The brightest hours of this earthly scene.

A. F. A. W.

BISHOP HOPKINS AS A MASON.

It is not probably very generally known to our readers that the late Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, LL.D., the distinguished and learned Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, like the late bishops Griswold, Randall, and many others of the leading prelates of the Episcopal Church in this country as well as in the older protestant countries of Europe, was, during life, a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and contributed of his large ability and influence to the promotion of its welfare and prosperity. It is indeed a significant and interesting fact in the history of Masonry, that from the earliest days of Christianity, it has found among the clergy of this denomination, a larger proportion of friends and advocates, than among those of any other of the numerous religious sects into which the primitive Church has been cut up and separated. This may perhaps be accounted for in some measure, by the striking similarity which the forms and ritualistic ceremonies of Masonry bear to a similar association which is known to have existed among the Christian fathers in the early days of the Church. It has been claimed, with a reasonable show of authority, by many of our best and erudite Masonic scholars, that the first Christians and founders of the Church were themselves Freemasons, — using the term in the sense in which it is applied to the Essenian Associations of that period, and of which St. John is supposed to have been a member. That they had among them a “*secret society*” bearing a strong resemblance to Masonry — if it were not actually Masonry in its ethical and higher form — is a fact well known to biblical scholars and readers of general history. Clement, the follow-laborer of St. Paul and St. Peter, tells us that persons initiated into this society, were required to be “irreproachable and well reported; of a sound mind and body, having no blemish or defect, neither maimed nor mutilated;” and Minucius Felix, who wrote a

learned and eloquent defence of the Christian religion, which Dr. Lardner thinks was published about A. D. 210, also tells us that “the Christians know one another by secret signs, and love one another almost before they are acquainted.” Tertullian, who wrote in the second century, after repelling the accusations brought against the society by the Gentiles, says “because they know little or nothing of our principles they despise and condemn them, and endeavour to blacken that virtue and goodness which are so conspicuous in us, with imagined vices and iniquities; whereas, it would be more just to judge of our *secret* actions by those that appear, than to condemn what is evidently good and praiseworthy upon suspicion of private faults.”

We have here a description of a secret society among the early Christians, so remarkably striking in its analogies to the Masonic society of the present day, as to warrant a strong belief that they were, at the time referred to, one and the same. But however the fact may be, these analogies, even if the relation be denied, may perhaps, as before suggested, in some measure account for the greater degree of kindly feeling and sympathy with which the clergy of the Episcopal Church, as compared with other evangelical denominations, have ever regarded the Masonic Society. There are of course exceptions, and we have no desire to conceal the fact that there are Episcopalians, and some holding high official relations in that Church, who are opposed to Freemasonry on purely religious grounds; but the number is comparatively small, and so greatly overbalanced by those who are friendly, as to restrain them in any open manifestation of opposition to it.

Bishop Hopkins, the subject of this notice, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 30th, 1792, and died at Rock Port, Vermont, January 9th, 1868. He came to America with his parents in 1800, and having received a classical education, commenced the study of

Law, but soon relinquishing his purpose in this respect, he entered a counting-house in Philadelphia, where he remained about a year, and while there assisted Wilson, the ornithologist, in the preparation of the plates of the first four volumes of his great work. In 1817 he resumed his professional studies, and was admitted to the bar in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, taking a high stand in his profession. In 1823, he again gave up his law pursuits, entered the ministry, and in the following year was ordained Rector of Trinity Church in that city. A new Church edifice being soon required for the accommodation of his increasing society, he became its architect, studying Gothic architecture for the purpose. His labors here were attended with so much success, and his popularity as a preacher had become so well established and widely known, that in 1831 he received and accepted a call to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister. A theological seminary was at the same time established in the diocese of Massachusetts, in which he was appointed to the professorship of systematic divinity. In October, 1832, having resigned his place in the seminary for the purpose, he was consecrated the first Bishop of Vermont, and at the same time accepted the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Burlington. He, however, resigned this latter appointment in 1856, that he might devote himself more unrestrainedly to the work of his Diocese, and the building up at Burlington, of the "Vermont Episcopal Institute."

He was distinguished for his great versatility of talent, learning and extensive reading, and contributed largely by his pen to the literature of the Church. Besides pamphlets, sermons and addresses, he published a series of essays and works of more comprehensive interest, among which were "Christianity Vindicated;" "The Primitive Church compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the present day;" "Essay on Gothic Archi-

ture;" "The Church of Rome in her Primitive Purity, compared with the Church of the present day, (1837);" "Twelve Canzonets," words and music; "Causes, Principles and Results of the British Reformation;" "The American Citizen—his Rights and Duties;" "Church History in verse (1867);" which we think was the last he published. He took a prominent part in the famous Pan-Anglican synod at Lambeth, and received from the Oxford University one of its highest honorary degrees,—a compliment paid to but few American scholars.

He entered Freemasonry in the first year of his residence at Pittsburgh, and the first public act was at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Episcopal Church there, on which occasion he delivered the address. It was the first time that so much pomp and ceremony had marked the laying of any corner-stone in Western Pennsylvania; and the Address opened with a keen and unanswerable vindication of the use of a gorgeous ceremonial in the worship of God. Its being "uncommon" and "of no use to the building itself," he proved to be no objection. In regard to any such ceremony, he says: "Before we object to its introduction amongst ourselves, let us first ask, Can it do any harm? and if, to say the least of it, it is innocent, it may be as well, and certainly as charitable, to let it pass without any unfriendly observations." The real use of it all is, he says, "to show the interest which we feel in the subject of it, or, in other words, to express the emotions which ought to attend the establishment of everything connected with religion."

His son, the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., who has recently written an interesting biography of the Bishop, tells us that he ever cherished a sincere regard for Masonry, and could not see, as some others pretend to do, "that it was in any way opposed to Christianity." By its recognition of the Bible, and by reason of the many

remains of the original working system, he regarded it as a worthy and estimable benevolent society, which implicitly required its members to become full and positive Christians, not to say Churchmen. And in after years he often said, that since the *Romanists* and some of the Protestant denominations had both run amuck at the Freemasons, *the true policy of the Church was to meet them with open arms*. So deeply was he interested in the Order, that he not only delivered an address, which was printed, but he also began a poem entitled "Freemasonry,"—the longest and most elaborate work that he ever wrote in verse. The object of it was to illustrate, in a tale of varied and striking incident, the beneficent workings of the order, *its close affiliation with pure and true religion, and its incompatibility with Romanism*. The hold which this theme had obtained upon him may be inferred from the fact that this poem was completed many long years after he had ceased all practical connection with the Order. His kindly feeling continued strongly during his whole life.

Such is the testimony which one of the ablest Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America bore, while living, to the purity and usefulness of Freemasonry as practised within his own diocese, and by the worshippers of his own Church. We lay it before our readers as a complete and sufficient answer to the accusations and slanders of the clerical fanatics at the West, who are doing their utmost to organize a religious opposition to it.

The poem above referred to, consists of seventeen cantos, and would make, if printed, about two hundred and fifty pages. We are told that it is an interesting story, with the necessary changes and action in the plot to give it life and animation, and would probably prove remunerative if published in a style worthy of its merits.—*Boston*

Freemasons' Monthly.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our outward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, their Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! Oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience wait the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on;
Was it not joy, when every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then, pitying, spake, "Give Me the little lad;
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring hi-n with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he, too, must share!"
Or, rather bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death has made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down--
Take up the songs where they broke off the strain
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—*New York Dispatch.*

FUNERAL LODGES IN SCOTLAND
HALF-A-CENTURY AGO.

By D. MURRAY LYON, P.M. & P.Z.

The ceremony of funeral lodges at Scotland half a century ago differed in some respects from that which is now observed by the Craft. The lodge having been opened in the third degree, deputations from sister lodges were received, the brethren (the lodge being still on *labour*) were served with bread and wine, and the presiding officer proposed certain toasts, which were followed by appropriate music by a band of instrumentalists, who also played accompaniments to the anthems that were sung. At an early part of the proceedings the master, sometimes the chaplain, pronounced the funeral oration, in which he eulogised the subject of it, reminded the brethren of their Masonic, social, and religious duties, and urged the necessity for a preparedness for death. On the termination of the more solemn services of the communication, the brethren were called to *refreshment*, and the lodge being reduced to the first degree, to afford the master an opportunity of paying his respects to the visitors, harmony common to ordinary occasions was engaged in. An excerpt from the minute of a communication in honour of a Past Master of the Lodge of Edinburgh may possess some interest to the present generation of Craftsmen:—

“Edinburgh, St. Mary’s Chapel Lodge, May 27, 1813 . . . The following are a few of the toasts which were proposed from the Chair, and drank with that solemnity due to the occasion:—‘The Holy Lodge of St. John.’ (Honours by three.) ‘Light to those who sit in darkness.’ (Honours by three.) ‘The King and the Craft.’ (Honours by three times three—band playing ‘God Save the King.’) ‘May the Brother that feels for the distresses of others never shed tears for his own.’ (Tune, ‘I’m wearin’ awa’ Jean.’) The R.W.M.

then proposed, after a short eulogium on the merits of the late Past Master, ‘The Memory of the deceased as a man, as a christian, and as a Mason.’ (Dead March, by the band.) Toast: ‘May the virtues of our deceased brother live in the recollection of and be exemplified in the practice of his friends and the Craft, but may his infirmities be buried with him.’ [The Chaplain here pronounced an oration, eulogistic of the deceased.] Toasts: ‘Our worthy Chaplain, and may his flock always receive his pious instructions with the same satisfaction as we have done.’ ‘While we live in the prospect of approaching death, may we never treat with indifference the duties of life.’ ‘At what time soever our dissolution arrives, may we meet death disarmed of its sting, and the grave divested of its terrors.’ ‘When we stand on the brink of eternity and behold her immeasurable prospect opening up before us, may we be able to look back with pleasure upon a well spent life.’ Anthem:—

“When the last trumpet’s awful voice
This rending earth will shake,
And opening graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake;
Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.”

“Toasts: ‘When the last trumpet’s awful voice shall rend Nature, may all present meet parents, children, and friends in the mansions of peace.’ ‘May we be often employed in numbering our days, and employing our minds to the acquisition of wisdom.’ Anthem:

“O happy is the man who hears instruction’s
warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes his early
only choice,
For she hath treasures greater far than east
or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are than all
their stores of gold.”

“Toasts: ‘May virtue ever direct our actions with respect to ourselves, justice to those with whom we deal, mercy, love, and charity to all mankind.’ ‘May the con

versation of the brethren be such that youth may therein find instruction, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.”

With a vote of thanks to the Chaplain for his “pathetic exhortation,” the funeral solemnities terminated.

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From *Keystone.*)

CHAPTER I.

The daylight was gone and the gloaming coming on; the gloaming of an early February afternoon, which had been dull, gray, and cheerless. Rookstone Priory, buried deep among the lurking shadows, was looking as lonely as it was wont to do; a lonely, silent, leaf-grown old country mansion, with not a sound or echo breaking the stillness which reigned about it.

The park: green, undulating, and expansive; by which it was surrounded was densely, darkly wooded, the tall spreading shrubs and moss trunked trees growing so near to the house itself that the rooms inside were far more gloomy than the architect of Rookstone could ever have meant them to be. Nevertheless it was a dear, peaceful old place, in spite of its rather melancholy appearance; and the owner thereof was very fond of it, boasting sometimes, with justifiable pride, that Rookstone Priory, since the days of England's maiden queen, had ever been the possession of a loyal and honourable Forrester. The Priory had been a gift from capricious Elizabeth to a certain knight of her court, a young favourite, Marmion Forrester, who in distinguishing himself had pleased her Majesty at one of the royal tournaments, and from that time forth a Forrester of Rookstone had always been the master of the leaf-grown gabled Priory, the chief charm of which lay in its utter peaceful solitude and indescribable air of ancient nobility which seemed to prevail in every low-ceiled room and silent paneled corridor of the rambling old house.

Yet not always had it been so still; not always had silence reigned therein. Sorrow or trouble will cast a shadow over the brightest domain in the land. Only of

late years had the timber spread unchecked; only of late years had the cloud of desolation and sadness hovered over the roof of Rookstone Priory. Still its inmates were not unhappy; for it does not follow that one toiling under the stroke of a bitter misfortune should be for ever weeping and wailing. In time the heaviest burthen grows lighter.

Six o'clock on this February afternoon, or rather early evening, and the first dressing bell was ringing out from the cupola half-hidden by the clustering ivy. The dinner hour was seven.

Enter the library. Commodious and comfortable was the Rookstone library; a comfortable room, and thoroughly homelike. Half way up the walls went the stout oak panelling, the other half being papered with a warm flock paper, of a dark crimson colour, with a sparse sprinkling of gold. At the farther end was one large deep long window, across which, to exclude all draught, a sweeping crimson curtain was closely drawn. Three sides of the room were lined with bookshelves, the odour of the Russian leather binding of the books mingling in soft fragrance with the wood-fire scented atmosphere. In the middle of the floor was a luxurious Turkey carpet, on all sides of which, and dancing in the firelight, peeped forth the bright gleaming polish of slippery oaken boards.

By the fireside sat a white haired lady, reclining in the easiest of low easy chairs, and fast asleep. Evidently she had not heard the dressing-bell.

In age she was about sixty, or perhaps a little over, with a pleasing and fair though not by any means handsome countenance, and a world of tender goodliness about the corners of her placid mouth. She had, too a clear, bright complexion that was strikingly beautiful in so old a lady, and hands the shape and whiteness of which a much younger woman might have envied.

This white-haired old lady was Mrs. Lorrimore, aunt and lady house-keeper to the owner of Rookstone Priory. She was the widow of the younger brother of Lowndes Forrester's father. Lowndes Forrester was the lord of Rookstone, and, save for the presence of Mrs. Lorrimore, he lived there alone.

Mrs. Lorrimore slept on, and the book on her rather capacious lap dropped unheeded with a bump to the floor. A

quarter-past six chimed from a little clock on the mantelpiece. The library door opened, and a gentleman entered cautiously. He came forward slowly towards the table, and felt for the moderator lamp; having found it, he turned up the light brightly, the sudden glare and his footsteps awaking Mrs. Lorrimore with a start. Opening her eyes gradually, she stared in mild, dazed wonderment.

"Why, Lowndes, is that you?" she said. "How you startled me, to be sure. What is the time, my dear? I've not been to sleep, you know."

Mrs. Lorrimore was one of those easy-going, pleasant-tongued old bodies to whom "my dear" comes as natural as the air they breathe. This dropping off to sleep at all hours in the day was a well-known failing of hers; but she would never own it.

"Oh, no, you have not been to sleep," answered Lowndes Forrester, laughing quietly, "it is a quarter-past six, aunt Jem, and time for you to see about dressing." He came and stood in front of her. "Have you forgotten Miss West?" he added.

Standing in the full rays of the lamp and the firelight, Mr. Forrester's tall figure was very clearly defined. There was a slight stoop in the broad stalwart shoulders that made him appear older than he actually was, and the shining of the crisp dark hair, waving from the temples of his wide white forehead, also favoured the idea that his years were more than they were; there were lines, too, above the strongly marked brows which told of the furrows that care will sometimes make. Like nearly all the Forresters of Rookstone, his features were strictly aquiline; and the clear-cut mouth and firm square chin were entirely covered by the long soft beard. Perfect, almost, as was the face of Lowndes Forrester, at a first glance one saw that something yet was sadly wanting in it—that something was not as it should be in the expression of the dark and dark-lashed eyes, the eyes that were sometimes open and sometimes tightly shut as if in the direst pain. Yes, he looked older than he really was; yet had scarcely attained his one-and-thirtieth year.

To Mrs. Lorrimore—or, as Lowndes always called her, "aunt Jem," which was an ugly abbreviation for the name of Jemima—there was nobody in the world

so good, handsome, or noble, as the master of Rookstone Priory. She had lived there ever since his mother had died, six-and-twenty years before. She loved him now as though he were her own son. And when death came to Lowndes' father, she still lived on at Rookstone as housekeeper to her nephew.

Often and often did Mrs. Lorrimore wonder if Lowndes would ever marry. He himself declared that he never would, and tender-hearted aunt Jem would cry to herself when she heard him speak so in his bitterness. She knew too well why he said that he could never ask a woman to be his wife.

As usual, the moment that aunt Jem saw Lowndes standing near her, her countenance brightened. She took off her spectacles and began rubbing them with her pocket-handkerchief.

"I really have not been to sleep," she said again, looking up at Lowndes with her pleasant loving eyes.

"Oh no!" he returned good-humouredly. "Have you forgotten—"

"Miss West?" interrupted aunt Jem. "No, my dear, I've not forgotten her. I suppose she will soon be here."

"The carriage has gone already."

"Has it? Well then I must make haste;" and Mrs. Lorrimore rose from her cosy seat by the fireside rather reluctantly, and moved towards the door. Then she stopped short, and, turning, spoke to Lowndes Forrester, who had not moved from his position by the fireplace.

"Lowndes, dear boy," said aunt Jem, with a tinge of anxiety in her voice, "are you quite sure you don't mind her coming?"

"I was just wondering what she would be like," returned he smiling.

"Yes, but, Lowndes, are you sure you do not repent having given me leave to have her here at Rookstone? I could have got on very well alone, you know. Although," added aunt Jem, with a dolorous shake of her head, "I am getting an old woman now, and am not so active as I was once."

"Oh no! I was only thinking how dull she would be, and wondering, if a lively sort of a girl, how in the world she would manage to live her life in this quiet old house of ours. We, you see, are used to it, aunt Jem."

"She can go away again if she doesn't like it," said Mrs. Lorrimore, who thought quaint old Rookstone the dearest spot on earth; "but then I think she will. Poor child, when I engaged her in London last week, she seemed glad enough at the idea of coming to the country. Such a sweet face, Lowndes; such a sweet sad face!"

"Has she?" answered Mr. Forrester, in a low, pained voice.

"Yes, dear boy," said aunt Jem, gently, seeing the shadow on Lowndes' brow, and knowing the reason of its being there; "and you will like her manner. It is as sweet and irresistible as her beautiful face. She is a perfect lady, and we must treat her as one."

"Yes, of course," returned Mr. Forrester, gravely. "And did you tell her; did you make her understand that, owing to my misfortune, society at Rookstone is a thing unknown?"

"My dear, I told her everything that was necessary."

"And she was willing to come?"

"More than willing to come."

"Well, aunt Jem," Mr. Forrester observed, smiling his rare sunny smile, and the cloud vanishing, "I wish you and your young companion joy with all my heart. Don't let her die of *ennui* if you can help it."

"There is no fear," replied Mrs. Lorrimore, as she opened the door to depart. "Alice West will know when she is well off. You are not dressed, either, Lowndes. I don't see why you should have hurried me so."

"I only want ten minutes," laughed he. "You, aunt Jem, are always so long. I strongly suspect that you devote part of the dressing-time to 'forty winks.' Is it not so—eh?"

Mrs. Lorrimore laughed too.

"You are very impudent, Lowndes," she said, as she closed the library door, and, crossing the hall, went up the wide staircase to her rooms.

Left alone, Lowndes Forrester fell into a reverie, leaning against the marble of the mantelpiece, and resting his head upon his hand.

"It will be a great change to have a stranger at Rookstone Priory," he said to himself. "Alice West—a pretty name. But what a life, poor girl—shut up in this sober old house, alone with aunt Jem and

me! I can hardly realize that a visitor—a stranger—a companion for Aunt Jem, is coming to live at Rookstone. It is quite an event in the quiet annals of our existence; and it will certainly be a treat for Aunt Jem to have some one, young and bright and beautiful, about her after all these years of quietude and my dull companionship. Moreover, she is, as she says herself, getting old. It's time that she had somebody youthful to help and cheer her. Shall I live, I wonder, to be as old as Aunt Jem? It will be a long time to wait," he almost cried, "for release—and I have borne it nine dreadful years already. I have tried not to complain or murmur, but it is very hard to be so terribly helpless and unlike other men. Oh, Alec, I hope I have forgiven you!"

A footstep crossed the hall, a gentle tap came at the door. It roused Lowndes Forrester from his gloomy meditations. "Come in," he cried.

A gray-headed man, who had known Lowndes Forrester from his earliest boyhood, made his appearance. His name was John Barnes, head-butler, or house-steward, as he styled himself, in the household at the Priory.

"I was waiting for you to ring, Mr. Lowndes, sir," said John, respectfully, "It is nigh upon seven o'clock, and I thought perhaps you had forgotten the time. Will you go to your room, sir?"

"I was just thinking about it, John," said his master.

So the old servant came forward, and held out his arm. The master of Rookstone took it, and together they moved slowly from the library. Carefully John Barnes led Mr. Forrester across the hall, carefully he piloted him up the broad shallow staircase, half way down the wide dusky corridor, and safely to the haven of the warm lighted dressing-room. Ever since the trouble which had fallen upon Lowndes, marring and darkening his life and manhood, John Barnes had appointed himself Mr. Forrester's special attendant. If any one else assisted or attended to the master whom he loved and served so well, the faithful old retainer was more than jealous and angry. No sooner had Lowndes and his guide reached the dressing-room, which was built partly over the stone portico of the Priory, and commanded a view of the shady moss-banked avenue leading up to

the house, then the sound of approaching wheels was heard in the darkness without.

"Hark?" said Mr. Forrester. "What is that, John?"

"The carriage, sir, returning from the station with Miss West."

Lowndes heard the rustle of a silken gown sweeping past in the corridor outside his door. Mrs. Lorrimore had gone down stairs to receive her young companion. Mr. Forrester, hastening his toilet in the room above the portico, could plainly distinguish the tones of aunt Jen's pleasant, cordial voice, as she bade Miss West welcome to Rookstone Priory.

"Poor child," murmured Lowndes, compassionately, "she will be buried alive here! I wonder what she is like."

And for the second time that evening the shadow stole over his face. Ten minutes later the last dinner-bell rang out from the cupola, echoing over the woods and breaking the solemn stillness.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLAR OF BEAUTY.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!

By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer's hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home!
Let the pure and the fair and the graceful there
In the loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about the earth its germs
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starreth th' uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod:
When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry
And curv'd each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll.
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about this path
In Paradise shall bloom.

—Keystone.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE.

Poets have sung and philosophers have moralized, and many worthy folks have complained, perhaps somewhat prosily, of the disappointments of life, and no doubt the well-known words of a good man of old, have often been echoed from saddened human voices, in the long history of the world, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Indeed, even the most light-hearted of our readers will, we think, be ready and willing to confess that the whole experience of life is at the best but disappointing, and that the chant of the dead generations of mankind has ever been on the whole a mournful one. For though it is no doubt true, that, happiness and disappointment seem ever to flow from a mingled chalice now, and though it is undeniably the fact, that, there is ever at work a counterbalancing and compensatory process in the great machinery of this complex existence of ours, whereby evil is always overshadowed so to say, by good, yet on the whole I fear there is more of shade than sunshine on the great highway of this world of ours.

Now I do not think, that, this is a subject ever sufficiently realized by ourselves to-day, as we form part of the giddy and noisy, thronging crowd, pushing on so impatiently in the ardent struggle, or if we do realize it for a moment, we are always hoping that tomorrow will be finer for us than to-day; and above all, that the years yet to be will come laden to us with the favouring breezes of contentment, comfort and repose. Now, I will not say that this is altogether a delusion, because you will not believe me, if I do say so, but I will try and exemplify what I mean, by a few familiar and forcible illustrations. Great then, I repeat, are the disappointments of life. Our school or college clam, for instance, whom we liked so highly and trusted so entirely, how greatly has he disappointed the hopes and expectations of buoyant

youth. We were Pylades and Orestes we were always together, we shared the same "sock" we played in the same eleven, we rowed in the same boat, we agreed in everything, we had the same likes and dislikes, the same political opinion, the same Brittanic prejudices. But how is it now ?

Life has passed on, we have found that we do not agree on many points, to say nothing of the politics of the hour, or the religious controversies of the season, and we especially divide about Ellen Dansey, and so we meet each other carelessly in the "Forum," or greet each other distantly at the "Reunion," and think and talk of each other with much of cold constraint.

We, indeed, console ourselves by saying that ours are necessarily different ways of life now, different habits of thought, differing tastes and sympathies and aims. But yet, alas ! how disappointing it is to witness such a blight gather over the glowing friendship of earlier and happier years. Or that fair cousin of ours with whom we had such cheery rumps, and walks, and rides in "life's young morn," such scamperings overhedges, and ditches, and rural stiles. Well we had an intense sympathetic feeling between us, which the cold world could not, and would not understand, and of which our prudent parents so entirely disapproved. How odd it is, that we met that once merry lass with the dishevelled hair, and those eyes of hers with the long lashes, that depth of gaze and sentiment, poetry and pathos, in all her looks and motion, a stout, fat, good natured, motherly, elderly woman the other day, with a daughter just coming out, and a son who has volunteered for the Ashantee War. How disappointing is this realization of a passed primeval dream.

Or again, there is that old neighbour and crouy of ours, whom we have known so intimately for so many long and happy years, "good old Jorum," as he was called at school, at college, and still is termed by many admiring mates. How often have we stretched our legs

under his hospitable mahogany, and he under ours, for we have been fast friends through life. Nothing about him that we did not and do not think admirable, nay, deeply respect ; whether it was his Cook, or his Champagne, his old Port or his hand at whist. And what pleasant bachelor days were ours, and what a comfortable bachelor's house was his. And there, he's gone and married a most charming person indeed, very young, very pretty, very clever, very decided, and who does not very properly, as her dear mother says, "mean to allow any more bachelor ways, for my Louisa Jane has been better brought up." And our good old friend looks on us when we meet, which is seldom now, with a rueful face, as much as to say, "Behold, old boy, my infatuation, be warned and wiser than poor old Jorum."

And then the wife of our bosom, our own admired and adored Emily, she who when we married was the gentlest of beings, the most sympathetic of turtle doves, whose only wish, as she bleated continually in our entranced ears, was to please her dear Ernest Sigismund. There she is—we hear her voice at this very moment, though at a considerable distance, we can swear to it under any circumstances, we know it immediately ; there's no mistaking it—that elevated key-note, and that shrillest of all bronchial utterances. What good lungs that woman has, and bless her too, what a very decided will and way of her own ! And so we might go on in this way, through the various lots of us all, and depict the many disappointments which await us all.

Is not public life, for instance, full of disappointment, nay for the matter of that, is not private life too ? Yes, indeed must be our answer, for many are the petty cares and childish inanities, the "petites miseres de la vie humaine," which cast a shade of dejection on many a honest heart of us all, and throw a colouring of disappointment over the outer broadway of society, and the inner "règime" of the family circle. Now do not suppose that I wish to be

set down as a grumbler, or as a disappointed man, a "Peter grievous," because I say all this. No, I wish simply to give some good and honest advice to others, founded on some little personal and practical experience.

The writer of that excellent little work, "L'Art de se tranquilliser dans tous les Evénemens de la vie Humaine," tells us amongst much other sound advice to seek always to rise above adverse circumstances, and to meet the disappointments of life, many though they be, with calmness and constancy of mind and will. And so I, who am now passing gradually far across the tumultuous sea of life to-day, would say to all who may at times regret the disappointments of life, the passing away of faded dreams, of hopes, or ambition, or happiness, let none of these things move you or depress you, but pass on confidently and lovingly through your life-long voyage. You will see land at last, you will reach port safely, if only you steer a right course, if only your observations are to be depended upon, if only your reckoning is correct. Therefore never let any disappointments affect you too much, or above all, too long.

You may deplore, as all have to do, the breaking down of some fairy building, the crumbling away of some clever castle in the air, the overthrow of some cherished plan, but do not forget that the disappointments of life are meant to teach us all sobriety, and moderation, and wisdom, and resignation, and self-knowledge, and self-control.

Never, therefore, brood over the disappointments of yesterday, or the griefs of to-day; but learn to take life as it comes to you, and meet alike its difficulties and disappointments in a calm, and cheerful, and trusting, and courageous spirit. Like one of old, I think I may say to all who peruse these humble words of mine to-day, by way of parting exhortation,

"O Socii pejoraeque passi,
Nil desperandum,
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

A MASONIC PHILOSOPHER.

A CURIOUS PAMPHLET.

The following curious and interesting little pamphlet seems to be generally unknown to my brethren, and so I venture to reprint it, for their information in the pages of the Magazine. It has apparently escaped the notice of Dr. Oliver, and seems to have been unknown to Kloss.

A. F. A. WOODFORD.

THOUGHTS ON MASONRY.

(Continued from page 252.)

Cases have happened, and may occur, where it may become needful to dispense with these rules, such cases the proper exercise of discretion will point out, but it is needful to observe, that discretion is not the free exercise of the will from any motive that cannot produce a reason for its action. If you infringe the law by virtue of the power delegated, that power will require the cause why it is so done; that cause must be consistent with the duties done from the master to the brotherhood; if it is done to oblige an individual, this may be called polite accommodation, but not masonic propriety; in short, any motive that has not the good of the craft in view, is caprice, and not discretion. It is the duty of a mason to argue LOGICALLY; his skill in defining this science will not recommend him more than the exercise of it for the good of the craft.

Masonry is founded upon a model of the most exact proportion in all its parts, and so material is the connexion of the chain by which it is supported, that the false arrangement of a single link will throw the whole into confusion. Order, regularity, and exact proportion, are material to its operative powers, and these requisites are equally necessary to produce a well regulated rule of action in an art, where the principles of the man are the only ingredients from which the mason can be formed. If music enquires into the nature of concords and discords, so may it in masonry be applied scientifically; for as by the former nothing can charm the ear of taste, but the coinciding powers of corresponding harmony, so in the latter nothing can conciliate the principles by which we are united, but a regular,

unanimous, and universal observance of the real duties of masonry.

To describe the attributes of masonic excellence, I have chosen a passage from the late Mr. Justice Blackstone, it is what I call an elevated and refined opinion of the English laws, and perhaps not improperly applied to the subject in its purity.—To masonry it is particularly applicable, if by degeneracy and negligence it is not too soon rendered rather a compliment than a tribute of justice: "It is the science which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practise the cardinal virtues of the heart."

It was in this language the author thought proper to address the vice chancellor and gentlemen of the university, of which he had the honour of being a member, to impress them with a becoming opinion of the dignity of the study, upon which they were about to enter; from such an example I wish to impress, not only on the students, but the professors of the masonic art, with a proper idea of the importance of their trust.—Interest! sordid interest! and the base perversion of its purposes, have sufficiently lessened the dignity of the former; the latter will be poisoned by the same destructive weed, if it is suffered to take root.

The earth is continually labouring for our support, but according to the husbandry, so will be its produce; to it we shall in due time be consigned, leaving only of our freedom traces in remembrance of our conduct, and the brighter they appear the more illustrious will be our memory.

If we do that which is lawful and right, it will require a minuter attention than we usually pay in matters of much less moment than masonry, and if this attention is required from us as men, in our common and less important concerns, masonry requires still farther of us; by the former we are at liberty to exercise our free will, and for our errors answerable to Providence; by the latter we take upon us a profession, the derivating from, or trifling with which, renders us in a more serious degree, accountable for our actions. We ought therefore to consider, that no motive of policy will excuse us in the application of divine precepts to sordid purposes, when so many subjects of diversion may be found, without poisoning divinity and morality with

subtle arts, to evade our own institutions. We shall never by such conduct be brought to those ethereal mansions, which were not formed by hands, nor must we seek thus to trifle with that eternal truth, by which we shall never be deceived.

In the conduct of this subject, I use every freedom that my feelings teach me becomes a mason; I would, however, keep myself so circumscribed within the CIRCLE of propriety, as to avoid any error by which offence might be taken. I am not in the habit of giving cause of displeasure to men, however I differ from them in opinion, and am too sincerely attached to masons to have such an intent; here my purpose carries with it its motive, and I hope by the friendly reception of the brethren, their application will render it fit to strengthen the interest, and cement the friendship of an institution which has every qualification regularly can boast for its support, and only stands in need of real prudence and circumspection for its conductors.

Thus far I have endeavoured to treat the subject in a stile as explanatory as the nature of it will permit me, and I trust it will be as perfectly understood by the fraternity, to whom alone it is addressed: my inducement to the act was the very shameful negligences I have seen in lodges, but I do not feel myself warranted in relating any particular case to illustrate my observation. In every lodge I have been admitted to, I consider myself the confident of its conduct, however I might have been inclined to condemn it, I must not violate my own sincerity to expose the weakness of others; it is my wish to support a goodly fabric, to which should I be in any sort instrumental, my reward would result from my own feelings.

The many excellent qualities that unite in forming the accomplished mason, on some occasions, insensibly draws us into a system of politeness, rather than strict propriety, and hence it may be inferred arises a conduct which is very incautious, and sometimes extremely indiscreet, with respect to visitors; vouchers that they are masons are oftener received, than proofs arising from their abilities, that they are deserving such a rank, and infamous apostacy has attempted to qualify a stranger to pass upon an unguarded lodge.

Here I hardly know how to dress my language in a garb suitable to the attention of a true mason, and I must either extinguish the rays of truth, or openly declare, however unseemly such a declaration may be, that inattention frequently arises from a desire to render the list of visitors more numerous, and to increase the bill of a publican or tavern keeper, whose ideas are capable of no expansion, but that which is produced by the intoxication of the senses, and the profit produced by nocturnal revels, which though they may be suitable enough on some occasions, by having been long sanctioned by custom, proceed wholly from appetite, and are no attendants on masonic meetings; masons are to enjoy refreshment the temperature of that refreshment gives pleasure to the craft, and profit to the master. I fancy I shall not escape sarcasm for this sort of rigid doctrine, but let it be considered that my particular application is to what are called working lodges.

Upon this foundation I maintain my principles, that masonry and excess are terms of such material distinction, that no reasoning can reconcile their union upon the basis of propriety, and those who attempt to effect so unnatural a purpose, are a disgrace to the fraternity. To lodges of ease, who chuse to dispense with the constant duties which should regularly be attended to, I am content they should enjoy the interim which passes between their opening and their closing, with that jocularity which would become men in any other place; but let uniformity prevail, nor utter that with your lips which the conduct of the evening shall violate: as much caution should be used among our associates in masonry, as ought to be attended to with those about to be introduced into the art, and was the first more critically attended to, we should not invest so many with the title of brother, and so soon be ashamed of our kindred. Men who really mean to link themselves together by an indissoluble tie of sincere affection and desire to promote the interest, and rejoice at the welfare of each other, will I am certain, be very cautious in forming their connexions, and establishing their friendships; and as common civility, as well as established formality, will not permit us to reject the company of a brother who duly proves himself so, by correcting the

abuse I at first allude to, we shall be the less likely to be intruded upon by one whose visit may be disagreeable. Should a visitor, when called upon to prove his title to the name of brother, answer, "It is long since I was made a mason, and I really am at a loss," I would reject him, as his regard must be very slender indeed for a brotherhood, who cannot produce one family token of his relationship, or recollect a single ornament in the family mansion of his ancestors; but so liberal are some of us in admitting doubtful claims, that the true principles which ought ever, and can only give a proper distinction to the craft, are forgotten in favour of a mistaken civility to strangers.—Policy, the local exigence of the lodge, or any other fancied necessity, cannot apologize for a breach of decorum among masons; uniformity, regularity, and exact propriety, unite their efforts in our happy distinction, and were our numbers reduced so that but seven existed upon the whole globe, the union can only be compleat by the sacred observance of our principles,

There is a custom prevails in many lodges, and by some is established as a bye or extra law, that if any person under the description of a visitor, shall become doubtful on his examination, rather than his visit shall be rejected, the doubt shall be purged by the administration of certain ceremonies, by which his present suspicious appearance shall be done away, and his future integrity be secured: how does this accord with any one principle upon which masonry is founded? or how does it operate to establish truth, integrity, or virtue?—Will the man who is mean enough to intrude himself upon the serious meeting of the fraternity as a brother, being only a base pretender, become more worthy by the application of any ceremonial we can adopt? No. He who has so far set at nought the principles of honour as to attempt so gross an imposition, is but a worthless object, and reformation has but little to hope for in his amendment. I must here expect to meet many objections on the ground of its being rude and uncharacteristic, either too scrupulously to doubt the integrity, or hastily reject the good intention of a visitor, and again must I repeat my former observation on this subject. The general good requires a strict observance

of rigid discipline; by a regard to proper conduct, those who have the welfare of masonry in view will quickly qualify themselves to overcome a difficulty, so easily to be surmounted.

The sensible and prudent will admire the policy that secures his sacred rights; the heedless trifler may frown, but his frown will be as little regarded, as his approbation will be valuable.—There are some existing instances of our ill placed confidence particularly applicable to my purpose, and which, could I address myself to the brethren alone, would have their weight in addition to the arguments I have endeavoured to submit to their consideration: I have already said as much as is necessary to the well informed mason, and as much as I can with propriety commit to public inspection, on such a subject; but there is one impropriety exists, and in the metropolis more particularly of which it is my duty to take notice, because though the intent may be good, it certainly carries with it so puerile and insignificant an appearance, that it tends rather to bring the craft into a contempt, from which its venerable antiquity will hardly be able to raise it, than to inspire the world with those sentiments to which it is truly entitled: I mean cards of invitation to masonic duties, which publish not only to masons but to the world, such duties, under the ridiculous title of a *school of instructions*. Surely I need not alledge the imprudence of this plan, or reason upon what is so obviously objectionable, especially considering the freedom with which these cards are circulated: would it not be more judicious, and more applicable, to substitute the words, *a masonic meeting*?

A little recollection will furnish the brethren with many reasons which ought to exist in their own breasts, for the observance of these seeming trifles; and if there be any who have not yet accustomed themselves to this mental kind of argument, let me invite them to a banquet perfectly masonic, and assure them, that the mind can enjoy no treat so delicious as that of reasoning with itself on the propriety of the various operations of human life.

I shall now conclude a task, which, though it may be ill executed, is well meant; with a wish springing from one

of our best sentiments, That however the gait of mankind, or the immorality of the times, may damp the principles of honour and virtue, they may still be found resident in the breast of a mason, there seated unmingled with those little mercenary arts which shake the stately edifice of generosity, they may not fail to enliven those moments which all must arrive at, and which, illumined by a serene tranquility, will well repay us for the most rigid observance and faithful discharge of the various duties of humanity.

FINIS.

TRUE COURAGE.

Those who are in the habit of declaring, every month or so, that this is the age of selfishness, will find it difficult to reconcile their opinions with the actions of the men and women who, not long ago, left comfortable homes and pleasant associations to do battle with the yellow fever and tend its victims in Shreveport and Memphis. These volunteers would have incurred no penalty had they failed to go. No one would have questioned their benevolence or their courage, and, more than all, no one would have occasion to fear and pray for their safety. In spite of considerations of this kind they gathered contributions for the sufferers, and boldly entered the most infectious districts of the plague-stricken cities. The first to engage in this work came from the ranks of the Howard Association of New Orleans. When the announcement was made by telegraph from Shreveport that trade was paralyzed, the "river-falling," and connection with the outside world cut off, the Howard Association responded with an alacrity worthy of all praise. From the 7th of September, to the present time the members, from the president downward, have laboured with an earnestness that increased in proportion to the increase of the epidemic. It is certainly an honour to the South to have such a society. The Brotherhood of Telegraphers can pride itself on having produced some heroes, but we doubt if any were as worthy of the name as those noble fellows who fell, instrument in hand, at Shreveport. Mr. B. T. M. Jackson and Mr. Rae, the former an operator and the latter the Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Office, died at their posts, as did also Mr. Alfred Saville, the successor of Mr. Jackson. Mr. H. C. Davis, an operator of New Orleans, immediately volunteered to fill the gap made void by poor Saville's death, and Mr. William Bernard, an operator of Cincinnati, went forward with eagerness to

bear him company. These two brave men have since, by order of Mr. President Orton, forwarded, free of cost, all despatches relating to the sufferers. Telegraph companies have often given us cause to be displeased with them, but this act of one of their number compensates for many defects. It is but right to say that operators went from Louisville and other cities whose names have not so far been published, although they are as highly to be commended as Messrs. Davis and Bernard. The Sisters of Charity engaged in the work with their accustomed unselfishness. Three have already died—Sister Mary Joseph, formerly superioress of St. Agnes Academy, and Sisters Magdalen and Maria, of La Salette Academy. Clergymen of all denominations have practised in Shreveport and Memphis what they preached elsewhere. The Episcopalian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Unitarian, Universalist, Congregationalist, and Roman Catholic met on one common ground, and united in one common work—the work of humanity. All differences of opinion were for the time being forgotten. The Rev. W. E. Paxton was prostrated with the disease in the midst of his labours, as were also the Rev. Dr. Carmichael and the Rev. Messrs. Leo and O'Shea. Among those who died of it were the Rev. Messrs. Biles, O'Brien, Gand, Levsont, Gorgand, M'Cloud, and Quemerais. The editor of the *Shreveport Times*, we are glad to say for the sake of journalism, likewise proved himself to be a hero. The *Southern Telegram* suspended publication on the seventh day after the President of the Board of Trade had telegraphed to New Orleans that business was paralyzed and communication with the outside world cut off. The *Shreveport Times* held on, notwithstanding the loss of Mr. C. W. Lewis, its business manager, all its advertisers, had at least two-thirds, if not more, of its readers. Some days its only news was the death record. The editor clung to his pen and his office, and still survives. The *Shreveport Times* has a claim on Shreveport that should long be remembered to its credit. Mayor Johnson, of Memphis, performed his duty with exceptional bravery. From the outbreak of the fever until he was seized with it he worked in the most energetic manner. We trust he may survive to be publicly thanked by his grateful fellow-citizens. Mr. Vincent Collyer, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who recently left this city for Memphis, has also shown exceptional courage. Now we come to the doctors of medicine. Although the period of epidemic is popularly supposed to be their harvest-time, it would be unjust to deny them a large share of praise for their work at Shreveport and Memphis. Most of them, without any hope of pecuniary reward, have put their shoulders to the work like heroes. Drs. Willetts, J. A. Richardson,

Wise, T. P. Hotchkiss, John Smith, and Mrs. Dr. Coleman were seized with the disease and all died, with the exception of Dr. Willetts. —*New York Times*.

ODE ON THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

[At an influential meeting of North of Ireland Freemasons, lately held in the arch-Episcopal city of Armagh, for the purpose of launching a movement for the building of a Masonic Hall in the province, an ode was rendered by the musical brethren, which had been written by one of them, and set to music by Bro. Marks, Mus. Bac. P. G. O. The following are the words of the ode. They convey sentiments relative to the Grand Master which will strike a chord of sympathy in every Masonic heart wherever the name of the Duke of Leinster is known, and that is in every Masonic Lodge in the universe.]

The grand old lights of Masoury
 Still guide us on our way—
 Though rugged be the path we tread,
 And gloomy be our day;
 So still we hail with welcome shout
 That good old charter cry,
 And drink to Leinster's honoured name,
 With glass uplifted high.

For we are all true Masons,
 Good Masons every one;
 Gathered here for pleasure,
 When our work is done.

Here's to our good Grand Master—long may he live.

For many a year he still has been
 Our sure and trusty friend—
 For many a year we wish him spared,
 Our ancient Craft to tend;
 With him we'll work in "peace" and "love,"
 In "harmony" be blended;
 And sorrow deep shall fill our breasts
 Whene'er his days are ended.
 For we are, &c.

As Masons, then, we proudly claim
 The Duke as "one of ours"—
 Long may he lead a happy life
 'Mid Carton's lovely flowers;
 And when Acacia branch is reared,
 Where cold his ashes lie,
 May he have joined that Lodge above
 Where brethren never die.
 For we are, &c.

Masonry inspires its members with the most exalted ideas of God, and leads to the exercise of the most pure and sublime piety.

THE MASONIC CHARITIES.

[By Bro. Watson's kind permission we are permitted to print for the information of the brethren of our Order, his most lucid and effective statement, with respect to those excellent institutions. No words of ours are required to urge its careful perusal and we trust, that, it will have the effect our able and benevolent brother intended, by its careful preparation. Ed.]

MASONIC CHARITIES.

A Paper read by Bro. HENRY WATSON, S.W., 1386, on Wednesday, 22nd October, at the Saint Hugh Lodge, No. 1386; and on Monday, 10th November, 1873, at the Witham Lodge, No. 297; in the Masonic Hall, Lincoln, in support of the Charity Appeal to the Province by W. Bro. SUGLEFFE, P.M., P.S.P.G.W., the elected Charity Steward; also, in the interest of the three great Charities of the Order, and in proof of their economical and efficient management.

Although we have, individually, been instructed in the three great and abiding principles of Freemasonry—"Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth"—yet the extent of the existing practical manifestations of these great principles is not fully known to all, more especially not to the newly initiated into our order. Should those who are uninitiated into our mysteries, and who presume to form an estimate of the Craft, ask, where our proof of these professed principles is? can we not consistently and truthfully answer by stating, that our real defence and the truest ornament and representation of our principles are to be found in our Charities, which, with profession and practice, linked hand-in-hand, distribute extensive and habitual relief to the reduced and indigent of our brethren and their families, giving them the means of subsistence and comfort in old age, educating the orphan and the sons and the daughters of our deceased or helpless brethren, so that they may be enabled to enter upon the great scene of this world's warfare and this world's duties. Such, indeed, is a faithful illustration of our great

principles, and I now, in accordance with your wishes, proceed to give a concise statement of the three great Charities in connection with the Craft.

The first established was—

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS.

It was founded March 25th, 1788, for the purpose of educating, clothing, and maintaining the orphan daughters of our brethren, or of those whose reduced means prevented them affording their children a suitable education.

Its first local habitation was in 1793, in a school erected near the obelisk, St. George-in-the-Fields. In 1851, the lease having expired, the School was removed to a site of three acres of Freehold Land, on the high ground of Battersea Rise, adjoining Wandsworth Common, where it has since continued to increase in efficiency and utility year by year.

The Receipts for the first year amounted to 664 guineas; the amount realized at the 1873 Festival was £7500, being £2000 over any preceding year.

From its foundation up to the present time 987 girls have been received into the Institution, and it has now 109 scholars. The wings of the main building are being extended to provide additional dining-hall, school-room, and dormitory accommodation, and will be completed by January next, when 21 additional girls, who have already been duly approved or elected, will be received. The total numbers in the Institute will then be 130; and received from the commencement, 1008.

The Funded Property of the Girls' School is represented by the following Amounts:—

Invested in Government 3 per cent.	
Consols on General Account	£28,000
Invested in Government 3 per cent.	
Consols on Building Sustentation and Improvement Fund Account ...	1,950
Cost of Freehold Land and Institute Buildings, all of which are paid for	30,062
Total	£60,012

The 1872 Statement of General Accounts shews:—

RECEIPTS.		£.	s.	d.
Balance in hand from 1871		2,690	7	11
Deposit of 1871 withdrawn from the Bank		3,000	0	0
Dividends on Government Stock		840	0	0
Donations, Subscriptions, &c.		5 871	16	4
		<u>£12,402</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>
EXPENDITURE.		£.	s.	d.
New Building Account		4,872	5	0
London Office Expenses for the Year: Secretary's, Clerk's, and Collector's Salaries; Stationery, Advertisements, Rents, Rates, Election Expenses, &c.	870 9 9			
Institute Expenses for the year Matron's, Governesses', Teachers', and Chaplain's Salaries	421 10 0			
Household and Gardener's do.	108 5 0			
Maintenance Expenses	2,790 16 5			
	<u>4,191 1 2</u>			
Bills contracted to Christmas last, on account of the present year's expenses, the school year terminating Sept. 30, 1872	1,200 18 6			
		<u>10,264</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>8</u>
Balance in hand		<u>£2,137</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>7</u>

The salaries of the Secretary, Clerk, and Collector are $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the gross receipts.

The present Secretary is paid by a fixed salary, the commission system being abolished, which will result in a benefit to the Institution of say £200 per annum in the present and future years, and would reduce the above calculation on the 1872 gross receipts from $9\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The London Office Rent, Rates, Stationery, Advertisement, Election, and other expenses are $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the gross receipts.

The average cost per head of the girls in the Institution for the past year is £37 16s., including all expenses.

The second established was—

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

It was founded 3rd July, 1798, under the name of The Institution for Clothing and Educating the sons of deceased and indigent Freemasons. In 1868, its name was changed to its present designation, "The Royal Masonic Institution for Boys." In 1811, there were 48 boys clothed and educated, which number slowly increased to 65 in 1831, and to 70 in 1851. These boys were, at the option of their parents, sent to schools situated near to their residences, which arrangement was considered most defective in itself and insufficient as an educational effort, therefore in 1856, a house and 10 acres of freehold land were purchased, for £3,800, at Wood Green; in 1857, the building having been altered, was opened as a school, when 25 boys were admitted to receive the benefit of a complete education, and the comforts of a home, the remaining boys being placed in other schools as heretofore.

In 1862, owing to the defects of the old building, and the increasing demands for admission, it was determined to build an entire New School on the same site, and in 1865, the present school was opened, for the reception of 80 boys, and it has since been enlarged, so that in 1872, there were within its walls 144 boys, which, with two educated out of the school, made a total of 146 then in the enjoyment of the benefits of this Charity.

Early in the present year the Committee, in consequence of the great number of applicants (69 applying in April last year, of which number only 19 could be admitted) determined to increase the dormitory accommodation by an outlay of £2,500, so as to enable them to receive 28 more, and make the total number 174 boys; 14 were to be elected in October last year, and 14

in April this year. The election has already taken place, and it is with satisfaction we heard that our Lincolnshire candidate was amongst the successful ones. There were 49 applicants, 16 were elected in consequence of 2 death vacancies, hence 33 are left out in the cold.

Up to the present time 1221 boys have been admitted to the benefits of the Institution, and 16 more will be admitted in January next, when the total number will be 1237.

The cost of the buildings, which are constructed so that they can be adapted to receive 200 boys at a comparatively inconsiderable outlay for additional dormitory accommodation only, was, with the lodges and freehold on 31st December, 1870, £47,116 6s. 4d. The whole of which sum, with the exception of £4,000 part of a loan from the bankers, has been paid by the munificent charity of the Brethren.

The 1872 Statement of General Account shows:—

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.
Balance in hand from 1871	...	916	14	5
Donations, Subscriptions, &c.	...	7,894	15	2
Purchased Admissions, Presentations, &c.	...	1,952	17	0
		<u>£10,764</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>
EXPENDITURE		£	s.	d.
Paid to Bankers in reduction of Loan of £6,000	...	2,000	0	0
Paid to Sustentation and Improvement Fund	...	1,100	0	0
Purchase of Land	...	284	9	11
London Office expenses: Secretary's, Clerks', and Collector's Salaries; Stationery, Rent, Rates, Election Expenses, &c.	...	830	16	2
Establishment, Wood Green.				
Salaries of Masters, Doctor, Chaplain, &c.	...	847	0	0
Household, Lodge, and Garden	...	235	12	9
Provisions	...	1,439	13	10
Clothing	...	986	19	5
Household	...	901	11	3
		<u>5,341</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>5</u>

Extraordinary Expenses		£	s.	d.
Interest to Bankers on Loan Advances, &c.	...	187	18	10
Secretary's Annual Grant, Travelling Expenses, Collector's Commission, University Fees, Summer Fete, &c.	...	411	11	10
Gratuities and Grants to Boys on leaving the Institution	...	119	0	0
Votes of Thanks to Stewards for 1869, 70, 71, and 72	...	30	0	0
		<u>757</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>8</u>
		£9,483	14	0
Balance in hand	...	£1,280	12	7

The Salaries of Secretary, Clerks, and Collector, are 7 per cent., and the London Office Expenses, Rent, Stationery, &c., 4 per cent. on gross receipts.

The yearly cost per head of boys, as given in the School Report for 1872, is as follows:—

	Total Cost.	Per Boy
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
School Salaries	847 0 0	7 3 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wages	285 12 9	2 8 5
Provisions	1,489 13 10	12 12 6
Farm and Garden Expenses	3 2 0	0 0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Clothing	986 19 5	8 7 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coals, Gas and Water	389 4 1	3 5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
School Stationery and Books	60 2 11	0 10 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rates and Taxes	163 15 11	1 7 9
Petty Expenditure, Wood Green	78 6 0	0 13 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Educating of Boys out of Establishment	21 1 11	0 3 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Incidental Expenses	65 1 0	0 11 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Furniture, Lincn, &c.	120 17 5	1 0 6
	<u>£4,510 17 3</u>	<u>£38 4 6$\frac{1}{2}$</u>
General Office Expenses	830 16 2	7 0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total as per "Ordinary Expenditure"	£5,341 13 5	£45 5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$

To this add the division per head of extraordinary expenses not included in the above amount, viz: £411 11s. 10d., in order to show the total gross expenses, and the entire cost of working the Charity ... 3 9 10
 Also 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Buildings and Freehold, as a rental charge ... 14 0 0

Which makes a total, per boy, of ... £62 15 2

Having thus arrived at the maximum cost per head, I now, in order to enable a comparison to be made with the amount any one of us would have to pay at a private or a public school for a boy from ten until he was sixteen years of age, deduct the following, namely:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
				62	15	0
For extraordinary expenses	3	9	10			
Office expenses	7	0	10			
Clothing	8	7	4			
Stationery and Books	0	12	3			
Drawing Materials	0	2	6			
Hair Cutting, Brushes, &c.	0	3	3			
Medical	0	11	5			
Chaplain's Salary	0	13	7			
				21	1	0
which leaves				£41	14	2

for a sound commercial education, with the addition of French, drawing, music, and drill; and in the upper division classics and advanced mathematics.

Even this sum of £41 14s. 2d. may be further reduced when we take into consideration that it is customary in schools to have about twelve weeks' holiday per annum, whilst in these Charities the children have the option of staying the whole year at the school, which will necessarily increase the item of maintenance by, say one-fifth, and, for comparison, this one-fifth should be deducted from the above amount.

The calculation of interest as rent of schools, &c., averages £14 per head. This is a large item, and, I would ask, can we find a private or public school where the rent approaches anything like that sum, so, for comparison, this should be reduced. With reference, however, to this amount, I would state that it includes infirmary, gymnasium, farm and out-buildings, drainage, laying out and formation of grounds, roads, &c., in fact, the re-construction of the estate.

The annual expenditure per head of the Boys' School is, necessarily, greater than that of the Girls' School, because a much more expensive educational staff is required, and the boys, unlike

the girls, do not reduce the clothing and household expenditure by their individual assistance.

The Boys' School stands *alone* in the Charities in *not* having any funded amount to fall back upon; such a fund is essentially requisite, for, should, at any *future* time, the receipts be less than the expenditure, there will be no reserve to meet the deficiency.

The third established was—

THE ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION FOR AGED FREEMASONS AND WIDOWS OF FREEMASONS.

It was founded at a Grand Lodge, held on the 2nd March, 1842, and was established for granting annuities to males only. The annuities then granted were—

From 60 to 70 years of age	... £10 to £20.
„ 70 to 75	... £15 to £20.
„ 75 and upwards	... £20 to £30.

In 1867 this scale was abolished; a uniform payment was made to the men of £26, which has been increased this year to £36.

In 1849 the Widows' Fund was established, and annuities similar to the above scale were granted, but in 1867 this was altered to one of £25 per annum, and increased this year to £28.

At the first festival, in 1847, the amount realized was £819 16s. 0d., with 40 stewards, while in 1873, with 185 stewards, the large sum of £6866 16s. 0d., was received, being £3,000 more than was received at any preceding festival.

In 1842 there were 15 male annuitants, there are now 115; each year showing a gradual increase.

The number of female annuitants elected in 1849, was only five; there are now 82 widows on the fund, and 11 receiving half their late husband's annuity.

The Asylum at Croydon contains apartments for 33 annuitants, who enjoy the privileges of the house in addition to the annuity, and, through the liberality of the Grand Lodge, they are also

provided with coals during the winter months.

The total number of annuitants in both funds is at present 197, besides 11 widows on half allowance. Owing to the increase of the annuities, an additional annual expense of £1,150 on the Male Fund, and £246 on the Widows' Fund, is involved, which, last year, precluded the Committee from augmenting the number of recipients, but it is hoped that in this and in future years an increase will be made.

The MALE FUND has £23,700 invested in Government Stocks.

	£.	s.	d.
The Accounts for the past year show the permanent Income, including Dividends on the above Government Stocks and Annual Grants from Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, to be	1,299	15	0
Donations and Subscriptions for the year	3,891	9	3
Balance in hand, 31st March, 1872	1,727	15	1
	<u>£6,918</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>4</u>

<i>Disbursements.</i>			
Annuities	2,800	10	0
Asylum Rates, Taxes, and Maintenance	163	3	8
Salaries to Secretary, Collector, and Messenger	371	6	2
Office Expenses, Stationery, &c., Election Expenses, &c.	150	4	8
Purchase of £250 Stock	232	3	9
	<u>3,717</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>3</u>
Balance in hand	£3,201	11	1

The Salaries are bare 7 per cent., and the London Office Expenses, Rent, Stationery, &c., are 3 per cent. on gross receipts.

Of the above balance, £1,150 is condemned by the increased annuities of the present year.

The FEMALE FUND has £14,200 invested in Government Stocks.

	£	s.	d.
The Accounts for the past year show the Permanent Income, including Dividend on the above Stocks and Annual Grants from Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, to be	764	15	0
Subscriptions and Donations for the year	2,760	6	0
Balance in hand March, 1872	1,001	6	10
	<u>4,526</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>10</u>
<i>Disbursements.</i>			
Annuitants	£1,979	10	0
Salaries to Secretary, Collector, and Messenger	£328	0	2
Office Expenses, Stationery, Election Expenses, &c.	145	16	6
	<u>473</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>8</u>
Asylum Rates, &c.	90	3	6
Funeral Expenses	11	2	0
Purchase of £250 Stock	232	3	9
	<u>£2,786</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>11</u>
Balance in hand	£1,739	11	11

The Salaries are 9½ per cent., and the London Office Expenses, Rent, Stationery, &c., are 4 per cent. on the gross receipts.

Of the above balance, £246 is condemned, by the increased annuities of the present year.

The present Secretary is paid by a fixed income, so that in future the payments made to him will be less than under the old system of salary and commission, and considerably reduce the above percentage.

The percentage of the official, collecting and election expenses, consisting of Secretaries, Clerks, and Collectors Salaries, London Rents, Rates, Taxes, Stationery, and all other payments incidental to the working of the General Office of each of these Charities, stands thus for the past year as regards their respective gross receipts—

Girls' School	13	⅔
Boys' "	11	⅓
Aged Male	10	⅓
" Female	13	⅓

The percentage in the present and future years of the Girls' School and the Aged Male and Female Charities, will be reduced by about 3 per cent., in consequence of the present Secretaries being appointed at a *fixed* salary *without* commission.

One of the acknowledged best worked public Charities is the Asylum for Idiots, and its expenses are, as compared with ours, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. ; but in its case the printing, and other work is done by the inmates, were it not so the percentage would be greater

The Commercial Travellers' School shews a percentage of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and this is considered a closely worked and economical charity ; both these Charities are exceptional cases. I could name many other cases where 20, 30, and even 50 per cent. of the gross receipts are swallowed up in working expenses.

As it is usual to give at least 5 per cent. for the mere collection of rents, and paying, in addition thereto, all charges for books, papers, travelling and other expenses. I consider that the above rates speak most favourably for the economical working of our Charities, and fully substantiate my remarks made at the last Lodge.

Having thus given a concise history and particulars of each of the three great Charities of our Order, I now proceed to show you the amount required annually to enable the beneficent work to be carried on as heretofore, and, in doing so, I would remind you that these sums do not allow or admit of any extension or expansion of the Charities, *hence they are the minimum and not the maximum amounts* required. And shall we in this age of progression and advancement, "rest and be thankful?" I think not, Brethren, for, whilst we have the will and the means, let each of us individually feel that the great work of the Craft is our work, and try to swell this majestic ornament of the Order by making the Receipts of each year exceed that of the preceding one.

The estimated requirements for the present year are—

For the Girls' School	£5,800
" Boys' "	6,800
" Aged Males	4,824
" " Females	3,080
	£20,504
Add for Building extensions in progress—	
For the Girls' School	2,100
" Boys' "	2,500
" " " Balance of Banker's Loan to be repaid	4,000
	£29,104

Seeing there are 1366 of the 1463 Lodges on Grand Lodge Books in active operation, the amount to be realised makes a divisional sum of £21 6s. 2d., for each Lodge, and such fact shows clearly the necessity for holding Annual Festivals for these Charities, for it is by such means the bulk of the donations are secured.

The Freehold Land Properties and Funded Stocks of these three Charities represent the following grand sums, namely—

Girls' School, say	£60,012
Boys' " "	47,000
Aged Males "	23,700
" Females "	14,200
Asylum at Croydon for Aged Males and Females	5,000
	£149,912

A truly noble sum, raised entirely by the munificence of the Brotherhood, in excess of the yearly maintenance and expenses of these three Charities.

In conclusion, let me add that there are other Benevolent Funds belonging to the Craft, notably the Grand, Provincial Grand and Private Lodges, which swell the amount of our Charities and illustrate the true teaching of our good old Order. The Grand Lodge alone, from its Benevolent Fund, gave away last year £2,858.

Finally, let us hope our Charities may yearly expand and long endure, and that each one of us may retain the position to enable us to practice with sympathy and good-will that brightest of jewels—CHARITY.

MS. MASONIC CONSTITUTIONS
(OR CHARGES) No. 5.THE "ALNWICK MS." (MS. R., HUGHAN'S
CATALOGUE) A.D. 1701.[Transcribed from the original by Bro. W. J.
Hughan, P.M., &c.]

THE MASONS' CONSTITUTIONS.

(Continued from page 255).

Right soon after the decease of St. Albon there came great Warrs intoe England of Divers nations soe thatt good rule of Masonry was destroyed unto the time of King Athelstone thatt was a worthy King in England, who brought the Land intoe great rest and peace, and builded many great works of Abbeyes, Castles, and many other buildings, and he loved Masons well. And he had a Sonn that was named Edwine; and he loved Masons more then his Fathe did, for he was full of Practice in Geometrie wherefor he drew him to common Masons to learn of them their Craft and after for the love he had to Masons and to the Craft he was made Mason himself, and he gott of his Father the King a Charte and Commission to hold every year an Assembly wherever he would within the Realm, and to correct within themselves faultes and Trespasses thatt were done within the Craft, And he held an Assembly att **York**, and there he made Masons, and gave them charges and taught them the manne of Masons, and commanded that Rule to be holden for ever hereafter: and to them he gave the Charte and commission to keep and make ordinances thatt should be observed from King to King when this Assembly was gathered togethe he made a cry that all Masons both young and old thatt had any knowledge or understanding of the charges thatt were made in this Land, or in any other Land thatt they should shew them forth; and there was found some in Greeke, some in English, some in French, and some in othe Languages; and the Intent thereof was found and commanded thatt it should be read and told when any Mason was made, and to give him his Charge, and from that Day untill this present time Masons have been kept in thatt form and order; as well as men might govern it. And furthermore at diverse Assemblies there hath been putt and added certaine charges more and more

by the best of advice from Maste and Fellows.

Then shall one of the most ancient of them all hold a Book that he or they may lay his or their hand or hands upon the said book, and these precepts following ought then to be Read.

Every man thatt is a Mason take heed right well of this charge. If you find yoeself guilty of any of these, thatt you amend you again, and especially yee thatt are to be charged: Take heed thatt you may keep this charge for it is a great Perill for a man to forswear himself on a Book

Edwine's The First charge is Thatt you Charge. shall be a True man to God and his holy Church and thatt you use noe heresy nor error to your understanding, or to desert discreet or wise men's Teaching, Alsoe you shall be a true Liege man to the King without Treason or falshood, and thatt you shall know noe Treason, but thatt you mend it and you may, or else warne the King or his Council thereof: Alsoe you shall be true one to another (that is to say) to every Maste and Fellow of the Craft of Masonry thatt be Masons allowed. Thatt you would do to them, as you would they should doe to you. Alsoe thatt every Mason keep true Council of Lodge of Chambe, and all other Council, that ought to be kept by way of Masonry:

Also that noe man shall be Thief, nor Thief's see soe far as you shall know. Alsoe thatt you shall be true to yoe Lord and Maste thatt you serve, and truely to see his Profit and Advantage. Alsoe thatt you shall call Masons yoe Fellows and Brethren; and by noe other Foul Name, nor you shall nott take yoe Fellows wife in Villany, or desire ungodly his daughte or his servant to his villany, Alsoe you shall pay truely for yoe Table and meat and drinke where you go to Board, and alsoe thatt you doe noe Villany in thatt house whereby the craft should be slandered, These be the charges in Generall that a Mason should hold both Mastes and Fellows.

Rehearse I will now other charges singular for Masters and Fellows. First that noe Maste shall take any work of a Lord, or any other work butt thatt he know himself able and cunning to performe the same, soe thatt the craft have noe disworship, but thatt the Lord may be well

and truly served; Also that noe Maste take any work, but that he take it reasonably, soe thatt the Lord may be truly served with his own goods, and the Maste to live honestly, and pay his Fellows truly their pay as the manne of the craft doth require; Alsoe thatt noe Maste or Fellows subplant others of these works (thatt is to say) if he had taken a worke or stand Maste of a Lord's work; you shall nott putt him out, if he be able and cunning of craft to end the work; Alsoe thatt noe Maste or Fellows take noe Apprentice to be allowed his Apprentice butt for seaven yeares, And thatt Apprentice be able of his Birth and Limbs as he ought to be. Alsoe thatt noe Maste or Fellows take noe allowance to be made without the assent of his Fellows, and thatt att the least Five or Six. And thatt he thatt shall be made Mason be able over all Sciences—(thatt is to say) thatt he be free born, and of good Kindred, and noe Bondman, and thatt he have his right Limbs, as he ought to have: Alsoe thatt noe Maste putt noe Lord's work to task, thatt was wont to goe to Journey.

Alsoe thatt every Maste shall give to his Fellows, butt as he may deserve, soe thatt he be not deceived by false worke. Alsoe thatt noe Fellow slander one falsly behinde his back to make him loose his good name or his worldly goods.

Alsoe thatt noe Fellow with in the Lodge nor without misanswer another neither ungodly or irreverently without reasonable cause. Alsoe thatt mason prefer his Elder and put him to worshipp. Alsoe thatt noe Mason should play att Hazard or any othe unlawfull game whereby they may be slandered: Alsoe thatt noe mason be a common rebell in leachery to make the craft to be slandered and thatt noe Fellow goe intoe the Town in the Night time, where is a Lodge of Fellows, without a Fellow thatt may bear him witness thatt he was in an honest place: Alsoe thatt every mason and Fellow come to the Assembly if it be within Fifty miles about him; if he have reasonable warning and stand there att the award of Maste and Fellows: Alsoe thatt every Maste and Fellow if they have Trespassed one to another shall stand the award of Maste and Fellows to make them accord if they may; and if they may not accord, then to goe to Common Law; Alsoe thatt noe

masons make moulds, Square or Rule to any Rough Layers, Alsoe thatt noe Mason sett any Layer within a Lodge or without to Hew or mould stones with noe mould of his own making—Alsoe thatt every mason shall cherish and receive strange Fellows, when they come over the country and sett them on work as the manne is (thatt is to say) if they have mould stones in place, he shall sett him a fortnight att the least on work, and give him his hyre: And if there be noe Stones for him to work, he shall refresh him with money, to bring him to the next Lodge. And alsoe you and every mason shall serve truly the workers, and truly make an end of your work, be it Task or Journey; if you have your pay, as you ought to have.

These Charges thatt we have reckoned, and all other thatt belongeth toe Masonry you shall truly keep and well observe, so helpe you God and Holydoome; and this Book, to the uttermost of your Power.

FINIS.

Gra: Loquitz: Lo: vera docet: Rhe: verba solorat: Mu: canit. Ar: Numeratt: Ge: Ponderat

Ast: capit Astra.

THE FADED SHAWL.

By H. ASHLAND KEAN.

A threadbare, dingy thing at best,
Soil'd and torn and fray'd;
I take it gently from the shelf,
Where kindly fingers laid,
Ah! years ago, the relic quaint,
And with a sigh recall,
The dear old face which smiled on me
Above this faded shawl.

The wrinkled face, so mildly sweet,
And yet so grandly wise;
The thin, pale lips, so tremulous,
The meek and tender eyes;
The loving voice, whose gentle tones
Stilled many a childish brawl,
And the tender arms that nestled me
Upon the faded shawl.

I live again my boyhood's days,
I drift across the years,
And am the dreaming lad whose life
Was half sunshine, and half tears;
Thrice hallowed memories, tearful, sweet,
God bless them, each and all!
And bless the dear old shoulders
That wore the faded shawl!

Rebels.

The History of Masonry, from the building of the House of the Lord, and its progress throughout the civilized world, down to the present time, by J. W. S. Mitchell, M.D., S.G.M., Missouri. Published by the Author, Griffin, U.S.

Nothing is more remarkable in the progress of Freemasonry, than that intellectual movement which began in Germany, and carried on in England, is now receiving such fostering encouragement and support in the United States of America. It was not very long ago that it was our privilege to review a very interesting volume, by Bro. Steinbrenner, which, belonging to the Masonic critical school, was characterized in our humble opinion by most praiseworthy evidences of accurate investigation and dispassionate enquiry. Based no doubt mainly on Bro. J. Findel's more elaborate work, it yet reflected no little credit on Bro. Steinbrenner, for the simple, yet effective and original dress, as regards his statement of facts and evidence, in which he submitted it to the studious and lenient consideration of the Craft.

In the views which Bro. Steinbrenner put forward we mainly agree, and think that, in the operative character originally of Freemasonry, we find the true solution of our history in the past, and up to the present hour. Bro. Mitchell's elaborate history of 740 octavo pages is based on an entirely different foundation. This goodly volume—goodly in size and appearance, is devoted for somewhat more than half of it to the history of Masonry generally; the remaining portion contains the history of Masonry mainly in America. We propose, however, on the present occasion, only to deal with that portion of the book which relates to Freemasonry generally. We have said before, that Bro. Mitchell's history rests upon a basis different to that, on which Bro. Steinbrenner builds up his Masonic historical superstructure. Bro. Mitchell assumes the connection of Freemasons with the building of King Solomon's Temple, as an undoubted, nay, an historical fact, relying, no doubt, on the uniform legends and traditions of our Order to this effect. And though this view is not so fashionable just now as it used to be, though on the

sterner sifting of legends and myths, and the connecting ratiocination of cause and effect, many now would take a much more matter of fact view of our history, and discard what they consider as purely legendary or sentimental, yet, we think it right to say, that we do not see why both explanations may not be true.

The fact that speculative Masonry is the successor of the guilds of working Masons may be true, but that, by no means, shuts out the older theory, that, the mediæval guilds are the continuation of the Roman guilds, and that all the early building colleges, and sodalities, were bound together by one common tie of outward marks and organization, and by an inner secrecy of ritual and recognition. The Tyrians, the Egyptians, the Etruscans, were the great builders of antiquity; all their arts and sciences, and colleges and corporations, passed on to Greece and Rome, and we think it right to say that, as there is no à priori reason, evidently, why our old tradition on this head should not be true, all subsequent evidence seems to point to a community of aim and brotherhood among the early building fraternities of the world, whatever be their special name or actual country. Hence then, our brother Mitchell's view is, that, we may date back Freemasonry to the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, and that it subsequently flourished as an operative fraternity under high and distinguished patronage. Bro. Mitchell assumes we note without question, the Masonic legend of the York assembly under Edwin, the meeting at Canterbury under Archbishop Chicheley, and the existence and authenticity of the Locke MS.

With regard to the assembly under Edwin, we fear that cannot be any longer upheld historically. The tradition is either a perversion of an historical event, namely, the advent of Edwin or Eadwin, King of Northumbria, to York, and his baptism there, and the building of a stone church by Masons who came from Rome,—or it is an allusion, to the probable fact that Athelstan gave a charter to the operative Masons, among other guilds, to whom he is also said to have granted a charter. In the Masonic Poem there are, no doubt, some lines which seem to refer to what was said at the meeting in the "Sytè," and Dr. Oliver may be correct, after all, that we

have in that Poem a record of some of the old resolutions at that assembly. That the "Sytè" alluded to by the Poem, and Matthew Cooke's MS., is meant to be York, we think may fairly be assumed, though it is noteworthy that the actual mention of York as the Sytè, so far, does not date from earlier than the 16th century. The tradition, however, of Freemasonry, is so unwavering and uniform on the subject, that we do not in any way, we think, lay ourselves open to the charge of uncritical acceptance of tradition, if we express our belief, that York was the place of the general assembly for the most part, at any rate, of the north of England, and that an assembly was really held there in the time of Athelstan. With regard to the lodge under Archbishop Chicheley, in King Henry VIII's time, no evidence of such a fact is so far known to be in existence. There is evidence of a lodge being attached to the Christ Church Convent, Canterbury, in Wm. Molash's time, the members of which received "Livery," or "Murrey Cloth," annually from the Convent. Chicheley's name, curiously enough, stands at the top of the page as "Armiger," and receiving the same "Livery." The names of the Master, "Magister," two Wardens, "Guardiani," eight Masters, Magistri, and five apprentices, apprenticii are given. The lodge is called "Le Loge Lothomorun." And, lastly, with reference to the Locke MS. it is not now generally accepted. If it does exist in MS., that MS. is very late, and the original story of it was, that it came from a pamphlet printed at Frankfort, which pamphlet has never yet been found. Its first appearance was in the Gentleman's Magazine, the language of the document itself is very suspicious, and seems to be unreal. The archaisms are unnatural, and do not even represent the age to which they are said to belong. And lastly, Mr. Locke's letter is not now accepted as genuine. We think that, if Bro. Mitchell's work reaches a 2nd edition, he should allude to the doubtfulness of these documents and statements, as from nothing has Masonry more suffered, than a too hasty acceptance of the statements of other writers, and a quiet handing on of the same without the slightest critical study, to later generations.

Wm. Preston's history, admirable as it is, is not altogether free from these blemishes,

and some of his statements, as to the age of certain documents, have not yet been verified by later researches. Take, for instance, the record said to have been made in the time of Edward IV. That short notice seems to be mainly taken from "Guillim," and, probably, refers to the simple fact that, a grant of arms was made by Clarenceux, King of Arms in the 4th year of the reign of King Edward IV, to the Mason's Company in London. But here we must stop to day. We feel bound to add, in conclusion, that the work reflects the greatest credit on our able Bro. Mitchell, that the style is clear and forcible, and that, we have no doubt, this last addition to our historical authorities will find many readers—especially in America, where so much of the work refers, to the actual history of American Freemasonry. That such a work should be published at all, is, in our opinion, a very healthy sign of the present Masonic age.

Irish Freemason's Calendar and Directory.

We are glad to receive and to peruse this useful Directory of the Irish Craft. We have often thought, that, it is a great pity we do not know more of our Irish Brethren, and of the proceedings of the Irish Grand Lodge than we do; but we trust, that, there is a better time coming.

The "getting up" of the "Irish Masonic Calendar and Pocket Book" is very creditable to all concerned, and it deserves the support of all original and affiliated members of the Irish Grand Lodge.

Jahr Buch für Freimaurer.—Bro. C. Von Dalen.

This useful little book, edited by our well-known Prussian brother, C. Von Dalen, and published by Bro. J. Findel, is a very useful epitome of German Freemasonry, in that it sets before us the various governing bodies, and also the various lodges and their Masters in Germany. It gives also an account of the "Verein Deutscher Freimaurer," with its active and Honorary members, as well as a list of Masonic worthies and brethren past away, and an interesting reference to Masonic literature.

As a little Pocket Book, an "aide-memoire" day by day on Masonic matters, this useful and unpretending publication must be most valuable; and we are glad to have been privileged, both to receive it and to read it

carefully through, which we have done with sincere gratification.

Loomis's Musical and Masonic Journal is published at Newhaven, Conn, U.S., and is certainly a very interesting publication. It is not the first time that music and Masonry have gone hand-in-hand, and, just at this time, our brethren seem to be paying great attention to Masonic melody.

Indeed, it is a remarkable fact in our history how many old Masonic tunes exist; and we would venture to suggest to the editor of *Loomis's Journal*, the propriety of printing from time to time purely Masonic music. We can commend the musical portion especially of the "Journal" to those fair sisters of ours who rejoice our ears with the sounds of harmonious cadence, or the magical manipulation of chord and note.

Church Sermons by Eminent Clergymen.
—Reeves, Son & Co.

Though we do not profess to review "Sermons" in the Magazine, as we have nothing to do with theological questions, no more than with political, we think that we may fairly commend these two volumes to the notice of our readers. Well printed, and the productions of some of the ablest preachers of the Church of England, they deserve, both, to be carefully read, and calmly thought over. The publication reflects all credit on those who brought it out; and we trust that it may be favoured with the "popularis aura" of support and approval.

The Rationale of Freemasonry. An Oration by the Rev. Daniel Ace R. Spencer, P.G.C., Lincolnshire.

We have read this able little "brochure" with much pleasure. It expresses clearly, and forcibly alike, the views of the writer, and the teaching of Freemasonry. Indeed, the "Rationale of Freemasonry," as the writer would say, or if he does not say it, as "Artagnan" says, in the *Trois Mousquetaires*, "he ought to have said it," leaves no further grounds, indeed, for the unreasoning cavils and complaints of uninformed opponents.

We commend this little "Oration" to the perusal of our brethren in Masonry.

The Story of Aristæus and his Bees, by R. M. Millington.—Longman & Co.

This, though not a Masonic work, commends itself to all educated Freemasons, as it is, indeed, a true rendering, in blank verse, of the fourth *Georgie* of Virgil. The translation is easy and natural, and does full justice to the original, and it has given us great pleasure to read over the well-known utterance of the Mantuan bard, clothed in such expressive and well-chosen words. Indeed, one is taken back, through a long array of years, to an old school, and old teachers, to the "junior-fifth up at books," to pleasant memories of kindly teaching, of old familiar faces, and to subdued associations of the "Prefect of school," and of classical apple twigs.

How time does pass. It is but yesterday, as it were, we were repeating in sonorous cadence, full of youth, fire and hope,

"Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilisoti:
Carmina qui lusi partorum audaxque juventa,
Tityre, te patula cecini sub tegmine fagi,"

and here we are, old, and cold, and worn, to-day, stooping and grey-haired, with all the symptoms of, nevertheless, let us hope, a "blanda senectus."

W.

THE HEART-CURE.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Arthur Latour, at the age of four-and-twenty, was about as low-spirited and discontented as a man could be; and yet his fair-weather friends accounted him the "most fortunate dog in existence." He had only himself in the wide world to care for, and his store of material wealth was more than he could ever fairly spend. He had been an only child, and his parents had died when he was a boy at school, leaving him a fortune of hundreds of thousands. The guardian appointed to care for the heir and for the property had been faithful, and at the age of one-and-twenty the youth, fresh from college, stepped into the life of manhood and into full possession of more than half a million of dollars. Those who had known with what honor Arthur graduated at college predicted for him a useful and manful life; but he had sadly disappointed them. He had not been seriously dissipated, nor had he been criminally reckless in any direction. He had sought

pleasure in the glare and glitter of fashionable society—he had given himself to the work of gathering joy from the fleeting hours of trivial amusement—and in the end he had become heart-sick and melancholy, with no new joy at hand, and with an utter disrelish for the old ones.

Only three years of this bewildering, encraving life, and we find Arthur Latour completely miserable and dejected—not physically prostrate, but mentally broken. He sat in his sumptuously furnished apartment of a private hotel where he had taken up his head-quarters—sat in dressing-robe and slippers—thrown back in a great rolling chair with his head resting upon his hand. He had a handsome face, and the broad, full brow, with its crown of clustering nut-brown curls, was indicative of more than common intellect. His frame was not robust, but it was manly, and of faultless proportions. As he sat thus a rap sounded upon his door, and he bade the applicant enter.

“Well, well, my boy,—how do you find yourself to-day?”

It was a cheerful voice, mellow and hearty, and a new light and warmth seemed to pervade the room as its owner entered. He was a portly, pleasant-faced man, with the silvering of three score years upon his head, and the stamp of a broad experience in look and bearing. It was Doctor Samuel Tapely. He had been the family physician in the elder years—he had been Arthur’s guardian during his minority—and he had ministered to the needs of the youth since, when called upon.

“My dear Doctor,” said Arthur, raising himself to an upright posture with an effort, “I’m glad you’ve come. I am growing worse.”

“What is the matter now, my boy?”

“The same as before, only more of it. You told me, two days ago, that you would find a new tonic that would give new tone to my depleted system. Have you found it?”

Dr. Tapely sat down, and regarded his patient awhile in silence. When he spoke there was seriousness in his look, but the voice was kindly and cheerful.

“My dear boy, I have been on the lookout since I saw you last, and I think I have found an application which will be of benefit to you.”

“Have you brought it with you?”

“No—you must go with me and receive it at head-quarters.”

“Goodness, mercy, Doctor! You would not take me to a hospital!”

“Bless your soul! no. I would take you to a friend. Will you trust yourself in my hands?”

“Is it far away?”

“No—not so far as I wish it was.”

“You are a riddle, Doctor.”

“There is a riddle in your life, my boy, which I propose to solve if I can. Come—will you go with me?”

“Do you really think I shall gain help?”

“If I did not I would not ask you to go.”

“Is the carriage waiting?”

“I want you to walk, Arthur. The air is pure and bracing, and the exercise will do you good. Come—if you wish me to help you, you must place yourself wholly for the present, at my direction. Will you go with me?”

This last was spoken with a firmness and decision which indicated pretty plainly to one who knew him, that Dr. Sam. Tapely desired no more argument.

“Yes, yes,” said Arthur, slowly arising from his chair—“I will go with you. It can but kill me; and I might as well die as live, if I must live at this poor suffering rate.”

It was a bright, cool October day, and Arthur’s first emotion, upon emerging into the open air on foot, was of fear and trembling; but with cheerful conversation the doctor brought him out of the shuddering slough, and after a time the youth’s blood began to circulate more freely and he breathed more easily.

“Where in the world are you going, Doctor?”

They had turned down from Broadway, and were entering upon that slum where once was Collect Pond.

“To find a friend, Arthur. Be not alarmed. Surely you should feel safe with me.”

“But this place,—O, it is awful! Where are we?”

“This is what is called ‘The Five Points.’ Were you never here before?”

“Never.”

“Then you have missed a great study.—Here,—step carefully.”

“But—Doctor,—you are not going in here?”

"Yes. Don't be alarmed. Follow me. I promise you that all shall be well."

It was through a narrow, dark, dirty alley, up a flight of rickety outside steps, in by a broken doorway, then up dangerous stairs, then through a gloomy, reeking passage, and finally they had entered a square chamber, with blackened walls and ceiling, in which was one bed upon a bed frame, another bed upon the floor, and a small charcoal furnace in the narrow fireplace. There were two or three stools, and two old boxes which might serve as seats.

The light struggled in through a window, half the panes of which were of paper, and revealed upon the higher bed a man wasted almost unto death with consumption; by the side of the bed a woman sitting; and upon one of the boxes two children, a boy and a girl.

For a time Arthur Latour was like one paralyzed. It was to him as a pest-house, and he felt as one might feel who had suddenly trodden upon a deadly serpent.

"Well, well," broke in the doctor's cherry voice, "how is it to-day?"

"Ah, good sir, dear kind friend, the end is nigh." It was the woman who answered.

"A better end than I can know in life," whispered the man upon the bed. The whisper was hoarse and hollow; and the effort produced a spasmodic cough.

The doctor approached the bed and the woman made way for him.

"You are not gaining strength are you, Eben?"

"No, Doctor. I can't deceive myself any more, I know I am dying. But who came with you? Didn't I see another?"

Meantime the woman had met the doctor's companion, and at this moment had recognized him.

"Arthur Latour," she exclaimed in glad surprise. "God bless you, sir, for coming to us in such an hour!"

Arthur beheld a woman yet young and comely, though pale and hollow-eyed, and poorly clad; and when she had spoken he recognized her. He remembered in his college days, a young man who had built boats for the students, and who had piloted them in their fishing voyages upon the coast. That man was Eben Burroughs. And he remembered Eben's wife, Sarah, then fair-faced and buoyant, who had in those other days, entertained him often at

her frugal board when a day's sport had kept him at the river. And he remembered how kind the boatman and his wife had always been to him, and how many times they had done their best to please him.

And one thing Arthur Latour remembered. He remembered a golden-haired, violet-eyed, sunny-faced maiden, a relative of Sarah's, whom he had met at the boatman's cot, and who had shined upon his path like a star that gleams with heavenly influence.

And this woman was Sarah Burroughs, and the man upon the bed was her husband. The children he remembered, one as a prattling urchin, and the other as an infant in it's mother's arms.

"Arthur Latour!" echoed the sick man, making an attempt to raise himself upon his elbow.

"In mercy's name," cried Arthur, when he could find speech, "what's all this? Mrs. Burroughs! Eben! O, my soul! what does it mean?"

"My friends," said Dr. Tapely, "Arthur didn't know whom he was to meet when I brought him here. This is the first knowledge he has had of your misfortune."

"In heaven's name," pleaded Arthur, grasping the woman by the hand, all his manliness of heart and soul coming to the surface and showing itself in word and look, "how has this come to pass? Why do I find you thus?"

He sat down upon one of the stools, and Sarah Burroughs told him the story. Her husband had received an offer which had induced him to come to the great city. In time, the party for whom he worked failed, and at about the same time his own health broke down. Since then they had struggled on. Eben had sank gradually and surely beneath the fell disease, and they had been reduced by degrees unto their present condition.

"And only yesterday," said Dr. Tapely, "I found them. I thought, Arthur, you would blame me if I did not give you a share in this work."

There was a strange meaning in the expression of this last sentence, and only Arthur understood it. He understood it fully, and accepted it gracefully. His heart was in healthy tune now, and its throbbings were strong and true. He knew exactly why the doctor had brought him, and he accepted the situation.

"Take heart," he said, holding again the woman's hand. "I will do all for you that can be done."

And he spoke cheering words to Eben; and he went away, promising to come again on the morrow.

On the morrow Arthur Latour visited the place without the doctor, and on this occasion he ventured to speak of Ellen Wilton, the sunny-faced maiden whom he had met at their cot in the happier times.

"My sweet cousin, bless her!" returned Mrs. Burroughs. "She does not know of this. I have not dared to write. I would not bring her here, and I would not beg of her father."

Arthur provided every comfort possible; but there could be no earthly help for Eben Burroughs. In a few short days he sank into the sleep that knows no earthly waking; and when the mortal remains had been borne to rest in the old village churchyard by the river, Arthur removed the widow and her two children to a comfortable house in a respectable portion of the city.

And then Sarah Burroughs wrote to her cousin Ellen, and asked her to come and see her. And Ellen came, a bright, buoyant, happy girl, large-hearted and lovely, and her presence was like sunshine in the shadowed home.

And Arthur met her there; and when she knew what he had done for her kindred she blessed him in her heart, and blessed him in word.

Only a month had passed from the day on which Dr. Tapely found Arthur Latour dying of inanition, and yet what a change had been wrought. Under the influence of this blessed labor for the suffering ones his heart had regained its pristine strength and vigor, and the world looked once more bright and promising. He needed but one thing more to insure his happiness for the coming time; and one evening he stated his need to Ellen Wilton.

"It is for you to say," he concluded, "whether my heart-cure shall be complete, and my life be joyous from this time forth." And she rested her head upon his shoulder, and spoke to him the word of promise.—*Exchange.*

Masonry's laws are *reason and equity*; its principles, *benevolence and love*; and its religion, *purity and truth*. Its intention is *peace on earth*, and its disposition, *good will towards men*.

Our Archæological Corner.

THE SEVEN MASONIC LOCALITIES OF THE HOLY LAND.

I. TYRE.—Out of Tyre, which was then the queen of the world in commerce and the arts, went forth Hiram, the Pillar of Strength, and that other Hiram, the Artificer, the Pillar of Beauty. To Tyre were sent King Solomon's messages, with their notification of the royal purpose to build a temple, and soliciting cedars and workmen for the undertaking. Tyre was the capital of the Phœnician Empire, known and felt in every part of the civilized world. Therefore Tyre is, beyond controversy, entitled to the first rank as a *Masonic locality*.

II. GEBAL.—Out of Gebal, then the school of the most renowned artificers, and the seat of the most widely-extended Masonic mysteries of the ancient world, went a band of skilled artists, styled "The Gibbites, or Stone squarers," whose fidelity, experience, skill, and all artistic acquirements, are commemorated in Masonic traditions, particularly in those of the Past Master, the Select Master, etc., as well as in many a structure, whose ruins yet excite astonishment and awe. Therefore Gebal is justly entitled to the name of *Masonic locality*.

III. MOUNT LEBANON.—Out of these noble heights went the precious cedars used in the construction of the Temple; materials whose costliness and durability are commemorated in many a Masonic legend. Therefore Lebanon is justly entitled a *Masonic locality*.

IV. MASONIC BAY (near Beyrout).—Out of this beautiful crescent, carved from the roots of Mount Lebanon by the Working Tools of the Grand Artificer himself, went the rafts of cedar beams prepared in the heights above, and freighted for Joppa, for the mighty erection at Jerusalem, This was the chief timber depot of all this region, and justly merits the title of *Masonic locality*.

V. JOPPA.—Through this ancient port, as the place of transit, went all the supplies of materials and of workmen needed in the immortal structure going up some thirty miles to the eastward. In all Masonic traditions Joppa is emphatically a *Masonic locality*.

VI. THE CLAY-GROUNDS.—From the Clay-grounds between Succoth and Zeredathah went all the holy vessels and the brazen pillars J. and B. For here the foundries were established in which they were cast. This, therefore, is a *Masonic locality*.

VII. JERUSALEM.—It needs no proof that Jerusalem is a *Masonic locality*.

—*Light in Masonry.*

KING PRIAM'S TREASURE.

The *Builder* says:—"Dr. Schliemann was on the point of giving up his excavations, and of quitting the Troad, perhaps for ever, when a lucky prod of the pickaxe revealed treasures as welcome as they were unexpected. In a small quadrangular space were found lying vases and other objects in metal, all bearing marks of fire, and sometimes even soldered together by the fierce heat. The quadrangular space had once contained a wooden box, which had been so completely burnt up as not to leave a trace behind. This glorious find consisted of vases of gold and silver, head-dresses, earrings and bracelets of gold, and copper weapons of war. . . . With this treasure was found a large copper key bearing a close resemblance to the key of a modern strong box. There are fragments of swords and implements of war, fourteen axes, seven double-edged daggers, and thirteen copper lances. Next follow a silver dish and two small silver vases, which the discoverer calls magnificent in their workmanship. There are also a silver goblet and three large silver vases, which all possess the peculiarity of being rounded at the base, and therefore could not be stood upon the table. Next follow six large blades of an alloy of gold and silver, and well wrought with the hammer. A similar mixture of gold and silver occurs in a small goblet seventy grammes in weight, provided likewise with a stand so shaped that the goblet could not rest upon it without being reversed. The gem of the collection is the *depos amphikypellon*—the drinking-goblet to which we have already referred. It weighs 600 grammes, and is all of pure gold. The treasure likewise contains a globe-shaped bottle weighing 403 grammes, and a goblet weighing 226 grammes, both of pure gold. Then there is a copper plate to which is fastened a silver vase by the

effect of intense heat; as well as a copper vase, kettle, and shield. Outside the box or rather the quadrangular space it is supposed once to have occupied, a helmet, a silver vase, and a goblet were picked up. The discoverer conjectures that the helmet belonged to the person who had deposited the box, and who was endeavouring to escape the conflagration. Dr. Schliemann has just now given to the public a most interesting account of his three years' exploration. The treasures, disinterred from a site upon which the explorer insists Troy once stood, are second in importance to none of a similar kind. Mr. Gladstone, who was favoured with a view of the photographs previously to publication, has expressed an opinion as to the exceeding importance of the collection to the archæologist, the philologist, and, indeed, to every lover of the *Iliad*." The *Athenæum* says:—"Through the courtesy of Sir John Lubbock we have seen a letter from Mr. Calvert, in which he mentions the discovery in the Troad of a number of golden objects similar to those found by Dr. Schliemann. 'The relics consist of bars, earrings, head-pieces, &c., weighing from 100 to 200 ounces.' Mr. Calvert considers there is no doubt of the genuineness of the discovery."

WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

Hope,
While there's a hand to strike!
Dare,
While you've a young heart brave!
Toil,
While you've a task unwrought!
Trust,
That there's a God to save!
Learn,
That there's a work for each!
Feel,
That there's strength in God!
Know,
That there's a crown reserved!
Wait,
Though 'neath cloud and rod!
Love,
When there's a foe that wrongs!
Help,
When there's a brother's need!
Watch,
When there's a tempter near!
Pray,
Both in word and deed!

—*Michigan Freemason.*

To be guided by *temperance* in our personal habits; to have *fortitude* to resist temptations and to check improper desires; to let *prudence* be the ruler of our actions, and *justice* instruct us to render to every one his due—is one of the *moral* lessons of Freemasonry,

Questions and Answers.

Q. 1.—What is the real difference between P.M.'s of the lodge, and Past Masters in the lodge? [A P.M.]

A.—A P.M. of the lodge is one who has passed the chair, actually; that is, presided for twelve months over the lodge, actually, by lawful election. A P.M. in the lodge is one who has joined the lodge, as a subscribing member, being already a P.M. in another lodge. He is eligible to the W.M.'s chair, is entitled to all the privileges of a P.M., but there may be some legal doubt whether he can *preside* over the lodge until he has been duly installed W.M. of the lodge [Ed.]

Q. 2.—What is a Hiram? [N.N.]

A.—A Hiram is an old name sometimes given to the gavel of the W.M.

[Ed.]

Monthly Odds and Ends.

BY MAX ADELER.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN'S MISTAKE.—Up in Blossburg, the other day, a lightning-rod man drove up in front of a handsome edifice standing in the midst of trees and shrubs, and spoke to Mr. Summers, who was sitting on the steps in front. He accosted Summers, as the owner of the residence, and said:

"I see you have no lightning-rods on this house."

"No," said Summers.

"Are you going to put any on?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it," replied Summers.

"You ought to. A tall building like this is very much exposed. I'd like to run you up one of my rods; twisted steel, glass fenders, nickel-plated tips, everything complete. May I put one up to show you? I'll do the job cheap."

"Certainly you may if you want to. I haven't the slightest objection," said Summers.

During the next half hour, the man had his ladders up, and his assistants at work, and at the end of that time the job was done. He called Summers out into the yard to admire it. He said to Summers:

"Now, that is all well enough, but if it was *my* house, I'd have another rod put on the other side. There is nothing like being protected thoroughly."

"That's true," said Summers; "it would be better."

"I'll put up another—shall I?" asked the man.

"Why, of course, if you think it's best," said Summers.

Accordingly the man went to work again, and soon had the rod in its place.

"That's a first-rate job," he said to Summers, as they both stood eyeing it. "I like such a man as you are. Big-hearted, liberal, not afraid to put a dollar down for a good thing. There's some pleasure in dealin' with you. I like you so much that I'd put a couple more rods on that house, one on the north end, and one on the south, for almost nothin'."

"It would make things safer, I suppose," said Summers.

"Certainly it would. I'd better do it, hadn't I—hey?"

"Just as you think proper," said Summers. So the man ran up two more rods, and then he came down, and said to Summers:

"Here—that's done. Now let's settle up."

"Do what?"

"Why, the job's finished, and now I'll take my money."

"You don't expect me to pay you, I hope?"

"Of course I do. Didn't you tell me to put those rods on your house?"

"My house!" shouted Summers. "Thunder and lightning! I never ordered you to put those rods up. It would have been ridiculous. Why, man, this is the court-house, and I'm here waiting for the court to assemble. I'm on the jury. You seemed to be anxious to rush out your rods, and as it was none of my business, I let you go on. Pay for it! Come, now that's pretty good."

The Blossburg people say that the manner in which that lightning-rod man tore around town, and swore, was fearful. But when he got his rods off the court-house, he left permanently. He don't fancy the place.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—We are glad to perceive that the state of the Patent Office is attracting public attention. A deputation has waited upon the Lord Chancellor, to urge that something should be done for the Patent Museum, which ought never to have been separated from the Patent Office; and the members of the Society of Arts have been discussing how the large incomes received from patents may be best applied to the advancement of science. One useful mode of employing some of the annual surplus of £80,000 would be to prepare a general index to the patents. This has long been talked of, and has been retarded, we are told, first by the uncertainty as to what Parliament would do respecting the Patent Laws; and, secondly, because the late Master of the Rolls never attended the meetings of the Commissioners, and the Attorney-General was opposed to it. Now that the principal officials are changed, the index will probably be put into hand at once. The new annual indexes are a hindrance, instead of a help to investigation; and the partial classified indexes, however carefully compiled, can never supply the want of a complete index to every patent in the office.—*Athenæum*.