

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE principal event we have to record is the successful result of our third great Masonic Charitable Festival, which took place on the 19th.

Then the Girls' School kept its annual gathering of friends and sympathizers, and under the presidency of the Earl of Shewsbury and Talbot held "high festival."

The assembly was most satisfactory and well arranged in every respect, whether as regards the numbers who attended, the straightforward addresses of the speakers, and the hearty and encouraging reception accorded by the audience, to every toast and sentiment.

The House Committee and Bro. R. W. Little, may well be equally congratulated with, at the result so remarkable in itself, namely, the announcement of donations and subscriptions exceeding £8,000.

Thus our three great and fraternal gatherings have brought into the charities the noble sum of over £21,000.

And when we remember what, a few years ago, was considered a satisfactory amount for the Festival, we cannot fail to be struck with the evidence which each succeeding year supplies, of the zeal and energy, and warm-heartedness and large-heartedness of our kindly brotherhood. It is true, it is to be wished that the support of our charities were more universally spread throughout our Order, but what we do do is a credit to those who do it, and what we do give in the best of all causes, is truly a matter of simple fact and reality, of which as Freemasons we may feel not a little proud.

As an illustration of the remarkable progress in our charitable offerings, let us take the year of grace 1856. In that year the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Royal Freemasons School for Female Orphans was celebrated on May the 21st, under the presidency of the G.M. Bro. The Earl of Zetland, who was supported by a large number of leading Freemasons.

The amount of subscriptions announced was £1,800.

THE Boys' School Festival was held that year, March 12th, also under the presidency of Bro. The Earl of Zetland, G.M., owing to Bro. Lord Londesborough's illness. The amount announced was £1,500. In the volume for 1856, there is no Anniversary Festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution recorded, as its Festivals then were triennial, but a committee was formed in that year to improve the rules and develop the resources of the Institution, and the anniversary Festival was fixed in that year by the G.M. for June 17th, 1857. Then the whole amount raised by the Festivals in 1856 was £3,100. In 1857 the Girls' School realised what Lord Dalhousie termed the munificent subscription of nearly £1,900.

The Boys' School Festival produced £1,200, and at the Royal Benevolent Institution, our well-known and much respected Bro. W. Farnfield "read a long series of lists of subscriptions, the grand total of which formed the munificent sum of £1,558 6s. 6d."

As the little French boy said at the play when some sentiment was expressed which his matured intelligence did not approve—"Mais nous avons changé tout cela," so we can repeat to-day in all fraternal complacency, the well-

known words "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

The result of 1857, "munificent" as it seemed at the time, namely, £4,658, must deeply strike us when we remember that 1874 has witnessed the return of over £21,000, and as Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot said, that does not seem even yet to mark the amount beyond which the zeal of the stewards will labour, or the charity of the Order will extend.

MAY all of good and usefulness attend those great Charitable Institutions of ours, which can evoke the active sympathy and support of so many warm-hearted and open-handed Freemasons.

ED.

OUR GRAND MASTER.

With the present magazine our worthy publisher, Bro. George Kenning, has presented the Craft with the most recent *carte-de-visite* of our most distinguished Grand Master, and which, at our request, he has most kindly placed in our hands.

We have, therefore, thought it well to compile the following short account of our Grand Master's public and Masonic career, as we think it may not be without interest to our readers, by all of whom, as by the Craft everywhere, his worth as a man is fully realized, and his remarkable excellence as a Mason is truly appreciated.

The Marquess of Ripon, better known as Earl de Grey and Ripon, and previously as Lord Goderich, is the only son of Frederick John, first Earl of Ripon.

His mother was Lady Sarah A. L. Hobart, only daughter of Robert, fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire.

He was born October 24th, 1827, and after the usual education of English noblemen, began his public life as *attaché* to a special Mission to Brussels, in 1849.

In 1852 he first appeared, we believe, in the House of Commons as member for Hull, but in 1853 was returned for Hud-

dersfield. In 1857 he was elected Knight of the shire for the West Riding of Yorkshire.

In 1859 he became Lord Ripon by the death of his father, and in the same year Earl de Grey, by the death of his uncle, the well-known second Earl.

In 1859, as Lord Ripon, he became Under Secretary for War, with then Mr. Herbert, and in 1861, Under Secretary for India.

Upon the death of Sir George C. Lewis in 1863, Lord Ripon succeeded him as Secretary of State for War, and continued so until 1866, when he succeeded Lord Halifax as Secretary of State for India.

In 1868 he became Lord President of the Council.

In 1869 he was created K.G., and in 1871 was selected as Chairman of the High Joint Commission which settled the Treaty of Washington. On his return to England from that most important duty he was created Marquess of Ripon.

His Masonic career began in the Lodge of Truth, Huddersfield, of which he afterwards became W.M.

On the death of Lord Mexborough he was appointed, to the great satisfaction of the West Yorkshire Freemasons, P.G.M. for West Yorkshire — which important position he still holds, and on Lord Dalhousie's retirement was made Deputy Grand Master by Lord Zetland. His fitness for rule, and his most successful administration of the Province of West Yorkshire, pointed him out as the undoubted successor to Lord Zetland, when our good and Grand Master resigned the high offices he had discharged so admirably for so many long and eventful years.

He was installed Grand Master of our Order, April 23, 1870, in which situation he still happily is, for the welfare and progress of English Freemasonry.

He married, April 1851, the eldest daughter of Henry and Lady Mary Vyner,

and has one son, Viscount Goderich, now member for Ripon.

It will be the fervent hope of all our English Craft, that the great architect of the Universe may long preserve him to preside over that great Order he loves so truly, and has served so well.

Ed.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

Here begins the first article.

The first article of this gemetry:—
The master mason must be full surely
Both stedfast, trusty, and true,
It shall him never then (1) arewe:
And pay thy fellows after the cost,
As victuals go then, well thou knowest;
And pay them truly, upon thy faith,
What that they deserve may;
And to their hire take no more,
But what that they might serve for;
And refrain, neither for love nor dread,
Of neither part to take no need;
Of lord nor fellow, which ever he be,
Of them thou take no manner of fee;
And as a judge stand upright,
And then thou doest to both good right;
And truly do this wheresoe'er thou goest,
They worship, they profit, it shall be most.

Article the Second.

The second Article of good masonry,
As ye may it here hear specially,
That every master that is a mason,
Must be at the general congregation,
So that he it reasonably [be] told
Where that the assembly shall be (2) hold;
And to that assembly he must needs go,
Unless he have a reasonable excuse,
Or that he be disobedient to that craft,
Or with falsehood is overtaken,
Or else sickness hath him so strong,
That he may not come them among;
That is an excuse, good and able,
To that assembly without fable.

Article the Third.

The third article forsooth it is
That the master take to no prentice,
Unless he has good assurance to dwell
Seven years with him, as I you tell,
His craft to learn, that is profitable;
Within less he may not be able
To [the] lord's profit, nor to his own,
As ye may know by good reason.

Article the Fourth.

The fourth article this must be,
That the master him well (3) be see,

- (1) Arewe: repent.
(2) Hold: holden.
(3) Be—se: to take care of.

That he no bondman prentice make,
Nor for no covetousness do him take,
For the lord that he is bound to,
May fetch the prentice wheresoere he go.
If in the lodge he were taken,
Much inconvenience it might there make,
And [in] such case it might befall,
That it might grieve some or all,
For all the masons that are there
Will stand together (4) Hol-ye fere
If such one in that craft should dwell,
Of divers inconveniences ye might tell:
For more ease then, and of honesty
Take a prentice of higher degree,
By old time written I (5) fynde
That the prentice should be of gentle kind;
And so sometimes great lords' blood
Took this gemetry, that is full good.

Article the Fifth.

The fifth article is very good,
So that the prentice be of lawful blood;
The master shall not, for no advantage,
Make no prentice that is imperfect;
That is to say, as ye may hear,
That he has his limbs whole altogether;
To the craft it were great shame,
To make halt man and a lame,
For an imperfect man of such blood
Should do the craft but little good.
Thus ye may know every one,
The craft would have a (6) mighty man;
A maimed man he hath no might,
Ye may it know long 'ere night.

Article the Sixth.

The sixth article ye may not miss,
That the master do the lord no prejudice,
To take of the lord, for his prentice,
As much as his fellows did, in all.
For in that craft they be full perfect,
So is not he, ye may see it.
Also it were against good reason,
To take his hire as his fellows do.
This same article, in this case,
Judgeth the prentice to take less,
Than his fellows, that be full perfect.
In divers matters, can requite it,
The master may his prentice so instruct,
That his hire may increase full early,
And, 'ere his term come to an end,
His hire may full well (7) amende.

Article the Seventh.

The seventh article that is now here,
Full well will tell you, altogether,
That no master, for favour nor dread,
Shall no thief neither clothe nor feed,
Thieves he shall harbour never one,
Nor him that hath killed a man,
Nor the same that hath a feeble name,
Lest it would turn the craft to shame.

- (4) Hol-ye fere: entirely bound.
(5) Fynde: find.
(6) Mighty: fine, gay.
(7) Amende: amend.

Article the Eighth.

The eighth article sheweth you so,
That the master may it well do,
If that he have any man of craft,
That be not as perfect as he ought,
He may him change soon anon,
And take for him a perfecter man.
Such a man, through recklessness,
Might do the craft short worship.

Article the Ninth.

The ninth article sheweth full well,
That the master be both wise and (8) felle;
That no work he undertake,
But he can it both end and make;
And that it be to the lord's profit also,
And to his craft wheresoe'er he goe;
And that the ground be well (9) ytake,
That it neither fly nor (10) grake.

Article the Tenth.

The tenth article is for to know,
Among the craft, to high and low,
There shall no master supplant [the] other,
But be together as sister and brother,
In this (11) curyus craft, all and some,
That belongeth to a master mason.
Neither shall he supplant another man,
That hath taken a work him upon,
In pain thereof that is so strong,
That weigheth no less than ten pound,
And if that he be injured found,
That took first the work in hand;
(For no man in masonry
Shall supplant [an] other securely)
But if that it be so wrought,
That it turn the work to nought;
Then may a mason that work crave,
To the lord's profit it for to save;
In such a case if it do fall
There shall no mason meddle withal.
Forsooth he that beginneth the ground
If he be a mason good and sound,
He has it surely in his mind
To bring the work to full good end.

Article the Eleventh.

The eleventh article I tell thee,
That it is both fair and free;
For it teacheth, by its might,
That no mason should work by night
Unless it be in practising of wit,
If that [he] could amend it.

Article the Twelfth.

The twelfth article is of high honesty,
To every mason, wheresoe'er he be;
He shall not his fellow's work (12) deprave,
If that he will his honour save;
With honest words he [shall] it commend,
By the knowledge that God thee did send;
And it amend by all that you may,
Between you both without nay.

- (8) Felle: sharp, clever.
(9) Ytake: taken.
(10) Grake: crack.
(11) Curyus: curious.
(12) Deprave: traduce.

Article the Thirteenth.

The thirteenth article, so God me save,
Is, if that the master a prentice have,
Intirely ther: that he him teach,
And measurable points that he him reche (13)
That he the craft ably may conne (14)
Wheresoever he goes under the sun.

Article the Fourteenth.

The fourteenth article, by good reason,
Sheweth the master how he shall do;
He shall no prentice to him take,
But divers cares he has to make,
That he may, within his term,
Of him divers points learn.

Article the Fifteenth.

The fifteenth article maketh an end,
For to the master it is a friend;
To teach him so, that for no man,
No false maintenance he take him upon,
Nor maintain his fellows in their sin,
For no good that he might win;
Nor no false oath suffer them to make,
For dread of their souls' sake;
Lest it would turn the craft to shame,
And himself to much blame.

(13) Reche: reach.

(14) Conne: know.

(To be continued.)

BYE-LAWS OF MILITARY LODGES.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, P.M., &c.

We now lay before our readers an exact copy of the Laws governing a *Military Lodge* of more than a century old, and which came into our possession in a strange way. The Laws are evidently the *originals* as accepted by the members, and were taken bodily by me out of the "Constitution of the Freemasons of 1723," in which they were written in the first part of the volume, the extra paper having been bound up with that old book.

That they date more than one hundred years back there is sufficient internal evidence to prove, but their precise date we have not yet been able to decide, for, unfortunately there is no "water-mark" in the paper, and there is nothing in the writing to fix positively the date of the caligraphy. Further on, at top of the "fly leaves" there occurs "November ye 6th, 1768," but the writing is not by the hand, and apparently more modern than is the former portion. Bye-laws of Military Lodges of a century and upwards in age

are rarely met with, and it is the first we have come across in our researches. Lodges held in Regiments had a most transitory or troubled existence, and for migratory proclivities could vie with the nomadic tribes. The Lodge with which we are more immediately connected by the ties of a Past Master was warranted to be held in the 67th Regiment, A.D. 1772, then transferred in 1807 to the Cornish Miners' Militia Regiment, and again, in 1826, changed to a civil Lodge. During its eventful career it must have gone with the regiments through England, Ireland, Scotland, India, and pretty well around the globe from east to west and north to south; what wonder then that all its records are lost from 1772 to 1807? We know nothing of its early By-laws, though we have succeeded in tracing its history from collateral sources from its institution down to the present day.

With respect to the Bye-laws now under consideration, we can neither decide, as yet, either as to their date or the number of the Lodge; we hope, however, ere long to report progress to our readers.

"Rules, Regulations and By-laws to be strictly observ'd by the Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Held by Authority in his Majesty's 12th Regiment of Foot, by title and Devotion, the Duke of Norfolk's Mason Lodge."

1. "The body, when assembled, shall be govern'd by one Master and two Wardens, who are to be very Diligent in Putting the by-laws in their proper force as they must answer the contrary."

2. "The Body to assemble at a house most convenient for their Purpose, the first Tuesday in every month, if conveniency will permit. That Master, Warden or Member Neglecting to appear at the place and hour appointed Except lawful Necessity calls him otherways shall be fin'd as the list of Fines annexed."

3. All Due Honour to be paid to the Mr. during Lodge hours and whenever he commands Silence in the Body, that Brother Neglecting to obey the same shall be fin'd as the List annexed.

4. "A Lecture on Masonry to be given every Regular Lodge Night by the Master or Order, for the better edification of the Brethren, the secretary to be exempt the Lecture the better to observe any misbehaviour—Cursing or swearing, Coming drunk to the Lodge, interruptions in the Lecture or otherways, and likewise to take a particular acct. of the Charges, and Acquaint

the Master when it amounts to ten Light Stivers Each member."

5. "Any member interrupting another while Addressing the chair or at any Other time during Lodge hours shall be fin'd as Annexd."

6. "Any Person who shall be desirous and found worthy to be receiv'd in this our body, at his Reception Pay the sum or value of one pound one shilling sterling money, to be appropriated for good of the Lodge. Any old Mason who shall be admitted to joyne this Body as a member shall pay the sum of five shillings for the good of the Regulation afore mention'd."

7. "The Lodge to be clos'd every night at the Discretion of the Master, but any Bro. having Business be permitted to go by applying to the Master for Leave."

8. "It is strongly recommended to every member when the Lodge is closed and the charges of the house defray'd that every Brother repair immediately to their Lodgings, as there are several bad consequences attend late hours beside the extravagant expenses we run ourselves into, and often causes great disturbances in our familys; The extreme hurt we do our bodily healths and often renders us incapable of persuing our Daily occupations, beside gives the scandalous Tongues of ill disposed people or enemies to the Royal craft, the greatest Liberty of Ridicule."

9. "Any member who shall Behave himself indecently out of the Lodge so as to be anyways a stain to the character of a mason shall be publicly excluded."

10. "Every Brother must always consider that whenever he enters the Lodge he is in a Place where masons are met in order to work and that Wisdom, Strength and Beauty are our chief supports. First, then, our Wisdom in abstaining from all rude and frothy expressions. Lett unanimity be our strength and then Beauty and order will be their natural consequences. Lett us stamp our seal of secrecy on whatever is said or done there, and never permitt anything to be publish'd out of those Doors, for when Masons are mett together they should unbosom themselves freely without reserve, well knowing and reason expecting that whatever unguarded expressions may be accidentally made use of they ought to go no further but are or ought to be lock'd safe in those breasts alone that know to whom and in what Place to reveal them, and Lett every Bro. consider that masons are a society of men closely knitt together and that true masonry will certainly like the square will reduce all rude matter into form and rub of all Rast of conversation which very often renders a man unfit for human society, Good manners, the true character of a Gentleman and good sense distinguishes us from the lower class of man-

kind—are to be attained and Improved by Masonry.”

11. “Every Brother to take his seat and keep strict silence whenever the Master shall think proper to rise from the chair and call to order; and every Bro. who shall have occasion to address the chair shall rise and keep standing till he has made his address, nor shall any presume to interrupt him except the Master find him wandering from the point in hand—shall think fitt to reduce him to order till he is sett to right again, then he may proceed if he pleases but if he refuses the Master may order him to quit the room for that night. So Brethren we are all sensible it is our duty allway to keep our Tongues within compass then we need nott doubt but we shall allways be found within the square.

12. “That our behaviour both in and out of the Lodge be agreeable for it is not sufficient that we show ourselves Masons in the Lodge only but that we lett the kind influence of Masonry at all times, and in all Places teach and direct us to govern and subdue our Passions for that man will be a very little credit to our Society, who tho’ he may behave with becoming decency in the Lodge, yett—if without—a malicious revengeful or perhaps a common swearer what opinion must sober thinking people’s have of Masons when their actions are so counter to their professions.”

13. “Every Bro. is desired to be very diligent in enquireing into the character of every Person who shall Petition them to be admitted into our fraternity, and permitt me here to observe that Masonry is universal and neither is or can be confin’d to any state or condition in life, for honour, virtue and honesty are not allways in the possession of those affluent fortunes only, but are often found amongst those of inferior Rank, nor can we as Masons reject any one on account of his station in life, so that the want of Riches and high Stations can be no reasonable objection against an honest and virtuous man that is as far as we can judge, who pays his Duty to the Grand Architect his neighbour and himself, for if they have not His fear, they can have no regard to the most solemn obligations, but will turn rebels and endeavour to bring into Disgrace that Royal Craft. Those Perfections they never can arrive at, and if by outward appearance we should be so much imposed upon as to admitt such profligates as trifle with and pay no regard to that obligation in which they have so voluntarily bound themselves, lett us not in the least be afraid to expell them immediately, but cutt them of like rotten Branches. Such resolution will bring credit to ourselves and honor to the Royal Craft.”

14. “Whatever Brother shall be so rude as to hiss at another or at what he says, or has said, shall be expell’d till another time,

and publickly owns fault before the Body, and his grace be granted by asking Pardon of the Party offended.”

15. “The Master and Wardens may alter or add to these By-laws as they shall think most convenient for the good of the Lodge. No visitor to be allowed except by consent of the body.”

Here ends the By-laws of this “Military Lodge,” of which it may truly be said that the compilers rightly appreciated the pure and high character of Freemasonry, and when viewed according to the times and circumstances, no better laws for Lodges have ever been compiled.

We consider them a most valuable addition to our Bye-laws literature, and out of some six hundred specimens of such publications we have none in which the true spirit of Masonry is better illustrated, though of course, in the more modern publications there is a polish which the foregoing necessarily lacks. Were but all Masons faithful to their obligations, none of the stupid bigots would have a “leg to stand upon” in denouncing the tendencies of the Craft.

THE NEW MORALITY, 1874.

Yet still the task is mine, still I must try,
To arrest that seething crowd all hast’ning by,
And bid them pause, bid them their steps retrace
And in the brighter hopes and purer grace,
Of wisdom’s way—ere yet their sky’s o’ercast,
To find that only course which leads to port at last?

Of all the saddest sights this world can see,
Of all the darkest fates that here can be,
Is that, which sheds on early hours bright,
Folly’s dark stain, or sad corruption’s blight,
Which makes some young heart, once so clear and calm,

Which found in life’s routine a hope and charm,
Now turn in callous sneer from duty’s claim,
And barter for a whin an honoured name!
Alas! how many hourly must deplore
These genial seasons which return no more,
And as the visions of the past appear
The scenes and friends of many a faded year
Must sigh to think, as daily cares increase,
Of childhood’s dawn of innocence and peace.
Alas, for them, who as revolving years
Add griefs to griefs, and earthly fears to fears,
Are borne along resistless on the tide,
With idle comrades revelling at their side,
Turning this sunny hour, this pleasant scene
This ardent youth, their riper years serene,
Into that dreary dream of doubt and wrong
Which many will for years and years prolong,
Until at last, when all’s, alas! too late,

They oft recall in haste a happier state,
 And as the charms of evil on them grow,
 Sigh vainly for a better "long ago!"
 Many are old time's changes, one by one—
 The scenes have faded, and the sands which run,
 From that great hour-glass of earthly life,
 Bear with them all its joys and all its strife.
 New views, new hopes, new doubts appear to-day;
 New creeds confront us with that dinner ray,
 Which in the shifting feelings of the age
 In blest confusion fill each dubious page!
 And as their novel views and claims prevail
 Alike in mythic lay—as startling tale,
 A new morality proclaims its laws,
 Unfurls its standard, and asserts its cause.
 O happier days of good old common sense,
 Of simple truth, devoid of vain pretence,
 O peaceful time, when men could still receive
 A better law, and in those Words believe,
 Which in the ages of the mighty past
 Have on our world ennobling sanctions cast,
 Falling in brightening gleams and happy trust,
 Alike on earthly scenes, and graves of human dust.
 And thus it comes to pass that all the while,
 Tho' wise men listen with a mournful smile,
 We hear it often said—all means which tend,
 However bad, to gain a long'd-for end
 Are just and proper, and that for some good
 Evil is justified. Thus understood
 None of the olden great, and with a sigh
 The muse remembers better times gone bye,
 When neither specious quirk nor gloss debased
 Had from the heavenly law its life erased;
 But sacred truth, the unflinching voice of right,
 Unfailing justice, with its solemn might,
 Still swayed us all, in loving faith and trust,
 And men deemed laws were made to make us just?
 Is that the case to-day? Ah! who can say,
 That this delineates our wiser day?
 Law still abides in this our happy land,
 On vice still censure casts its warning brand,
 But is there not with many ready heed
 To new morality's all dangerous creed?
 Which loud affirms that men may now pursue
 What they profess they think it right to do?
 That some may undertake for other's now
 Illegal service, with a smiling brow,
 And coolly say, when men their wrong proclaim
 That principals and not agents are to blame?
 Have we not heard, in words that do belong
 To Sophist school? that even contract wrong
 Is justified by subtle pleas which serve to show
 How knaves and rogues can flourish here below?
 And how amid the great eternal scheme,
 The sage's wonder and the poet's theme,
 The only Basis safe of human laws,
 Of holy enterprise, of righteous cause,
 'Neath which unflinching justice has unfurl'd
 Its sacred banner in this struggling world,
 There are no limits here to craft or ill
 The treacherous enterprise, the tainted will,
 But men will strive enactments to evade,
 And claim a franchise for each sinful trade,
 And many a sinful plan and deed of shame
 Will still from others approving sanction claim.

MENTOR.

(To be continued.)

ROOKSTONE PRIORY.

(From *Keystone.*)

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

"Heaven bless you both!"

Thus spoke aunt Jem, with tears in her kind old eyes, when, after dinner, during the evening of that same day, Lowndes told her, with a quiet gladness in his voice, all that had happened in the afternoon by the meandering brook.

No thought of a social gulf seemed to enter Mrs. Lorrimore's head. Even if it did, in the goodness of her heart she said nothing at all about it, more than content that Lowndes should have chosen a wife at last, and that the wife of his choice should be a lady in every acceptation of the word, and also a very dear little girl into the bargain. Aunt Jem was really devotedly attached to the girl who had come to Rookstone as her companion; she had never treated her as a paid dependent, for she had known from Miss West's references that her birth and education had been good, and that she was not one whit less a lady because she was compelled by necessity to face the world alone, and to earn an honest living in the best way she could.

Aunt Jem found it an easy matter to take the motherless orphan girl in her arms and whisper in her ear, "Heaven bless you, Alice."

With Mrs. Lorrimore's sanction and thorough approval, Alice was doubly happy. Lowndes forgot his terrible affliction in his newly-found joy; and, now that the engagement was acknowledged, he would have none but Alice to guide him about. She alone was his constant companion—she alone his staff everywhere.

Old John Barnes, in the servants' hall, grumbled finely about throwing overboard old friends for new.

"But then," said he, "she's a sweet young creature, and as winsome as a sunbeam. No wonder Mr. Lowndes prefers to be helped along by her. Yes, bless her heart, the change has made a different man of him already."

* * * * *

"Dear Lowndes," Alice said, timidly, one evening in the waning summer, when

it had grown too dark to read by the open window, and Mrs. Lorrimore, as usual, behind her wool-frame, was snoring audibly, her long wool-needle at rest, stuck perpendicularly through the centre of an Egyptian soldier's body, "you have never told me how you lost your eyesight. Will you tell me tonight, dear, if the recollection does not pain you? I have a reason for asking you, Lowndes," she pleaded.

In the twilight she saw his face cloud over.

"It is an old wound, Alice," he answered; "but I think it has healed now."

"Tell me about it," said she, softly, coming from her side of the window, and kneeling on the floor beside his chair.

"Of course, dear, I will," he replied, putting his arm round the small lithe figure—"though it is not a pleasant story."

"I would not ask you, Lowndes," she said, "only that my reason is a grave one. You shall know it when I have heard your story."

"Very well," replied he, smiling down at the beautiful earnest face, whose loveliness he had resigned himself never to see.

"You did not know, little one, that I had a brother once?"

He spoke in a low tone now, and had turned his sightless gaze towards the open window, as though looking intently across the shadowed twilight, out of doors. Alice thought that his face in the dark looked sterner and more set than it had been a few minutes before.

"A brother?" she repeated, gently. "No, Lowndes, I did not."

"Yes," he went on, quietly, "a younger brother. His name was Alec. It is wrong, Alice, to speak otherwise than reverently of the dead who once were with us; yet at times I have found it a difficult thing to remember my brother, Alec Forrester, with a kindly heart. He was only a year my junior, and choose, at an early age, the profession of a soldier. My father purchased a first-rate commission for him; and, had he been a temperate, steady fellow, he might have been alive and amongst us now. Naturally, I, as the eldest, remained at home with my father at Rookstone. It was the old man's particular wish, and of course it was but right

that I should obey him. Do not think me unbrotherly, Alice, if I say that Alec's conduct was deserving of the severest censure. Do not deem me unchristianlike if I speak of his character as callous, unforgiving and jealous to a degree. It is true, though it seems scarcely fair of me, his brother, to say so. Worse still, he was wildly extravagant. His expenses in his regiment were forever exceeding by many wasted thousands the handsome annual allowance which my father paid him, and when in debt he would come to Rookstone and almost drive the poor old man out of his mind with extortionate demands for ready money, which at that time was not so plentiful with the Forresters as I am thankful to say it is now. I have said that he was of a jealous disposition; he was jealous particularly of me—jealous to think that I should live in ease, as he termed it, at Rookstone Priory, whilst he, away, was made to do with a quarter of what he declared that I, in idle affluence, spent at home with our poor old father. No amount of reasoning would ever convince him that he was treated otherwise than badly, and, seeing his obstinacy, we soon gave up reasoning with him.

"One chill autumn day my brother came to the Priory totally unexpected, and demanded, as he generally did when he arrived on a flying visit, a heavy sum of money, of which, according to his own account, he was sadly in need. Of all times to come this was the worst, for just then my father was ailing. Poor old man, he had had a great deal of trouble of one sort or another during his lifetime, and now in his old age he was not very strong. That autumn day he was very ill; I knew he was not in a fit state to be bothered. So when Alec came I called him into the library, and endeavoured, as I had really done, to expostulate with him in a quiet, brotherly manner, telling him, which was the truth, that the money he required was not in the house, but that in a few days, if he would only wait, the amount, high as it was, should be paid him.

"'I want it immediately,' he said, doggedly; 'and have it I must and will!'

"Oh, Alice! I remember his words so plainly—I remember that day so well.

"'I repeat, it is not in the house,' was my answer; and I spoke with a weary firmness.

"That is a lie!" he cried, roughly.

"My darling, had he been any other than my brother, no power on earth should have prevented me from felling him on the spot where he stood. I controlled myself as well as I was able, but I know that my lips were whiter than ash itself. Drawing myself up proudly, I turned away. I did not speak, for I could not trust my tongue. My hand was on the lock of the door, when Alec clutched my shoulder.

"Don't go!" he said, hoarsely. "I beg your pardon, Lowndes. I am hard up—indeed I am! Heaven knows I don't know which way to turn?"

"That is an old story," answered wearily.

"Lowndes, I must have the money!" he cried, desperately.

"I was desperate, too. I turned round fiercely, and told him what I thought of his heartlessness. Yes, I called him heartless and cruel; but, as Heaven is my witness, I called him nothing harder. His passion rose with mine, however, and terrible and many were the evil words which he in his anger cast at me. My brother that day was dressed in full uniform, and his gloves were a curious mixture of white leather and delicate steel ornaments, a fine steel chain extending over the back of the glove, and fastening on either side of the hand in tiny steel rings. The chain of the righthand glove had in some way become unfastened, and now hung loosely and swung from Alec's wrist. The torrent of his abuse was unlimited; and among the many bitter and false things which he uttered was the accusation that I had effectually poisoned our father's mind against him, and was striving my utmost to keep him out of Rookstone altogether.

"Perhaps when the time comes you will be for altering the—you know—eh?" he insinuated, tauntingly. "Not unlikely, I suppose, Lowndes, if my share is more than you think I deserve?" and he laughed a horrible sneering laugh; and then it was, Alice, that I forgot everything—myself, the forbearance due to a brother, the better angel whispering 'Patience' at my side—all. My darling, I forgot all. To the most patient endurance there are bounds.

"It is you who are the liar!" I cried, in uncontrollable wrath.

"In another moment my brother had struck me full in the face, a straight, enerring blow, fatal and sure, the fine sharp steel chain hanging from his glove whizzing right across the pupils of my dilated eyes. I remember dimly a keen, stinging agony, a blinding rush of burning, brine-like tears; and then, in spite of my manhood and strength, of which I used to be so proud, I fainted from the sheer intensity of the fiery pain. When consciousness returned, aunt Jem was leaning over me, and I was lying on a sofa in my own dressing-room, whither I had been carried by some of the servants, John Barnes for one. I could only hear—I could not see them. Nor have I beheld the light of heaven from that dreadful day to this. Before that night closed in—before Alec, my brother, left Rookstone for his head-quarters—I had learned the bitter truth. I was blind. They broke it to me as gently as they could that my sight was gone—that I should never see again. Alice, dear, they were right."

Lowndes Forrester paused, and felt Miss West's tears dropping on his hand, which the girl was holding, clasped tightly with in her own.

"My poor Lowndes," she murmured, brokenly, "how you must have suffered—how you must have suffered!" And, looking up, she perceived for the first time the silver threads in his soft dark hair. Yes, silver threads, and he so young—scarcely one-and-thirty.

"At the time, dear," he said; "but the first great bitterness has long since passed away. I have been contented for years; but you, Alice, have made me happier than I ever thought to have been."

"Have I, Lowndes?"

"You know you have."

"And now," asked Alice, "Alec is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead," replied Lowndes. "Poor fellow, he was accidentally killed at some boisterous wine party, which he himself was giving. He never came again to Rookstone after striking the blow which made me so helpless, except when they brought him home to his last long rest, and laid him beside our mother in the Rookstone churchyard. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Alice, very softly.

Silence fell upon them, and the twilight deepened.

"Lowndes," Miss West said, presently, thoughtful and earnest, "did the doctors say that you were incurably blind?"

"Yes," was the sad reply.

"But, dear Lowndes," continued she, "have you asked them lately? Have you seen a doctor since that dreadful time when it was first done?"

"No."

"Then there may be hope," she cried joyfully; "there may be hope yet!"

Mr. Forrester shook his head.

"I fear not," he said quietly. "On the first day of my dark awful pain my father summoned a skilful oculist, and he said that he could hold out no vestige of hope; not even in the years to come. My case, he declared, was simply hopeless. After that I resigned myself as calmly as I could to a lifetime of inevitable darkness."

Alice West rose from the floor and stood by her lover's side. She laid her hand upon his shoulder with an earnest quiet gentleness. Her voice was very low in the fast gathering gloom of the waning summer night.

Aunt Jem in shadow behind the wool-frame, was still unconscious of passing events. She could not hear Alice's low pleading voice as it stole through the quietude of the cool odorous twilight. No, Mrs. Lorrimore, dear soul, was in the land of Egypt; for the time she was far away from quiet, quaint old Rookstone. Half an hour later she came back with a start from the turbulent shores of the perilous Red Sea, to find herself at Rookstone again, in the lighted drawing-room, and Lowndes and Alice West standing together in front of her big arm-chair. Alice's kiss had been the means of bringing her home from her wanderings.

"Well," said aunt Jem, looking up and smiling lazily, "you think I have been to sleep, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied Lowndes.

"We have something to tell you, aunt Jem," said Alice.

"What is it, my dear? I am quite awake."

And then the news was told; told by beautiful, radiant Alice West.

"Lowndes has consented to see uncle Richard," she said in happy excitement. "I am going to write to him to-night.

Oh, aunt Jem, dear aunt Jem, I am sure Lowndes will have his sight restored at last. Uncle Richard is so clever; he is unknown; what the world calls unknown, you know; but, oh, so wonderfully clever! Lowndes is going up to London the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Lorrimore was brisk enough now.

"To see your uncle Richard, my dear?" she exclaimed in wild astonishment. "What for?"

"Uncle Richard is an oculist," answered Alice confidently; "he will give Lowndes his sight again; I know he will. Oh, aunt Jem, are not you glad? Say that you are glad, aunt Jem."

"I am glad, my child," replied the old lady; "but Lowndes, dear boy," turning anxiously to him, "can you bear disappointment; a painful failure perhaps?"

"I have no hope myself," he answered, "but Alice has; and it is for her sake that I am willing to risk the trial."

"Ah, there it is," said aunt Jem, with a troubled brow; "there must be an operation. Is it wise, dear boy, after all these years of rest and quiet, to risk the pain of an unsuccessful operation. Think, Lowndes."

"I have decided," replied he, firmly. "Aunt Jem, it is for my dear Alice's sake."

"And I," whispered Alice, nestling close to his side, "am full of hope."

Mrs. Lorrimore sighed.

"Please Heaven it may be all for the best!" she said, as the man came in with the clattering cups and saucers and the hissing urn.

By the first post next morning a letter went off from Rookstone, and the address on the outside of the envelope was in Alice's handwriting:

Mr. Richard West,

19 Brook Crescent,

Islington.

And the mission thereof was to say that the blind master of Rookstone was coming up to London on the following day to consult Mr. West on the expediency of an operation upon eyes which had not beheld the blessed daylight for the space of nine dark, suffering years.

Accordingly, on the day mentioned in the letter, attended solely by the faithful John Barnes, Lowndes Forrester started for London.

* * * * *

Alice West sat by the deep bay-window of the library, watching eagerly, with impatient, anxious eyes, the dark green avenue up which the carriage that had gone to bring Lowndes from the station must come on its way home to Rookstone Priory. To-day Lowndes was to return. He had been in London ten days, during which the much-dreaded operation had been successfully performed, and the necessary amount of quiet and repose in darkened rooms, which inevitably follows on such a measure, patiently undergone. And now he was coming home; coming home a free and happy man. It is no wonder that since the morning when the letter containing the glad tidings had arrived, Alice had been restless, impatient, and excited, and had found it a difficult matter to settle calmly down to anything requiring attention and freedom from mental wanderings. And not one degree less eager was old Mrs. Lorrimore; her white blue veined hands positively trembled as they busied themselves among the intricacies of her many coloured wool work. She was sitting at the open window with Alice West, her wool frame in front of her, her thoughts elsewhere. It was a glorious, sweet smelling August afternoon, with Rookstone in all the splendour of its dark-hued beauty. Flocks of guats were sporting in the sunshine, and the music of the meandering brook was borne on the softness of the light summer air. Five o'clock had just struck from the ivied stables, and Mr. Forrester and John Barnes were expected every minute.

Aunt Jem, endeavouring to spend the time profitably, was giving one short glance at the angry Pharaoh and two prolonged ones at the moss-banked avenue. As for Alice, her eyes never left the shady road. When she answered aunt Jem, she did so without turning her head; and Mrs. Lorrimore would persist in talking, though Alice, poor restless child, would much rather have had peace and perfect silence.

"Alice dear," bleated aunt Jem, "what is this thing in Miriam's hand? It is

dark and light brown in the pattern, with a few bright stitches of orange yellow. She is whirling it above her head most wildly. Really I never noticed it before. It looks like a frying-pan without a handle. What can it be, dear?"

"Meant for a timbrel, probably," answered Miss West, still looking out with strained watchful eyes, and guessing that Mrs. Lorrimore was merely chattering to hide her own excitement. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes," said aunt Jem; "I remember all about it now. One, two, three, and cross; brown, yellow—"

"Here's the carriage!" cried Alice. And up she started and ran out into the hall. Standing on the topmost step of the great stone flight she waved her pocket-handkerchief right joyously. In a few seconds aunt Jem had joined her. The kind old spectacled eyes were suspiciously dim as they watched the fast approaching carriage rolling up the avenue. In a very little while it had reached them.

Old John Barnes alighted first, and threw open wide the carriage door. Out of it, unassisted, sprang a tall bearded man with a scarcely perceptible stoop in his broad, stalwart shoulders, a dark-coloured shade lowered over his eyes.

"Lowndes! Lowndes!" broke forth Alice. And quite regardless of any spectator, she ran down the steps and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, my beloved!" she murmured fervently, thankfully. "Oh, thank Heaven!" as she felt his embrace tightening around her. Then, lifting her head from his breast, she saw the glad light that was beaming from beneath the shade. Beholding it, her joy was complete.

"My own darling," whispered Lowndes; "how beautiful you are!"

Triumphantly she led him up the wide stone steps, on the top of which stood aunt Jem, a wondrous smile of greeting on her quivering lips, a world of tender love in the depths of her placid eyes. "Heaven has been very good!" She nearly wept as she hugged him to her overflowing motherly heart.

"So good, dear aunt Jem," answered Lowndes, gently kissing the soft white hair, "that my happiness seems too great to last. Oh, Alice," he cried passionately,

"can it be that I really see you, my own, my beautiful darling; my wife that will be, nay, shall be ere many days have passed!"

For answer she only clung to him, sobbing out her gladness on his breast. Through the tears that dimmed her sight she saw in the vista of the future so sunny and lovely a life of happiness that in the midst of her joy no words would come; but her tears, welling up from the very depths of her soul, were a speechless thank-offering to a merciful all-wise Providence.

* * * * *

Richard West, the oculist, is a rich man. Patients from all quarters flock to him now, and have done so since the world heard of the successful operation by which Lowndes Forrester's life was made fair. Uncle Richard and his invalid wife are great favourites with the children at Rookstone Priory, though there is somebody else living always at the old house, whom, if possible, they love more—a placid, white-haired dear old lady, whom they call "aunt Jem."

Aunt Jem is wicked enough to idolize the children and spoil them too. She is never weary of telling them about their beautiful mother, whose coming to Rookstone Priory years ago resulted in making "papa's dark days light, and Uncle Richard West a prosperous, fortunate man."

Dear aunt Jem is a very old woman, and she sits in a very big chair; a very big chair with a very gay cushion. To Alice Forrester's little ones this cushion is a marvel of beauty. They call it aunt Jem's "picture." And, if there be one Scripture story which the children know better than another it is the story of how Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and all his cruel followers, were drowned while pursuing the Israelites in their passage through the Red Sea.

HARRY HISTLAUS.

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition? "No," replied the other, "your proposition entertained me."

THE HISTORY OF FREE-MASONRY IN RUSSIA.

Translated from the Monde Maconnique, for March, 1874.

BY THE EDITOR.

The first Russian Masonic Lodge was founded at Moscow in 1731, by the English Grand Lodge, which named Captain John Phillips, Provincial Grand Master; but Freemasonry developed itself but very slowly in Russia after this beginning, so that no Lodge was established at St. Petersburg before 1771.

In 1772 the English Grand Lodge appointed Bro. Jean Zelaguine Senator, Grand Master of all Russia, who after his death was succeeded by Count Roman Woronzoff.

It is from 1772 that the serious progress of Freemasonry in Russia dates. From that time nearly all the nobility sought the honour of membership with that Association, and Paul the First himself, before he ascended the throne, solicited and obtained the privilege of initiation.

Unfortunately the invasion of the high grades which entered Russia about 1775, hindered before long the development of the Institution, and was the origin of those disorders, which had for a definitive result, the interdiction pronounced in 1798 against all the Masonic Reunions. It is principally to the regime of the "strict observance" that the responsibility is due of this interdict.

Placed under the patronage of the then Duke of Brunswick, this "regime" founded at St. Petersburg, under the title of "The Grand Order of Vladimir," a Masonic authority that pretended to direct all the Russian Lodges, and which entered at once into open warfare with the old Associations, of which the greater part worked according to the English Ritual.

It is to this warfare, and the disapproval with which it inspired

certain personages, united by these circumstances in personal feelings unfavourable to Freemasonry, that we must in truth attribute the influences which led Paul I. to interdict under severe penalties, all the meetings of Freemasons.

In 1803, Alexander I., who succeeded in 1801 to the Emperor Paul I., ordered a minute enquiry into the principles and object of Freemasonry, and on the report thus submitted to him, took off the decree of interdict, permitted the Lodges to be re-opened, and was himself initiated.

But the historians have not been able up to this time to agree as to the name of the Lodge in which his reception took place, nor the time, nor locality.

Whenever and wherever it was, Freemasonry resumed its activity, and new Lodges were constituted.

In 1805 a Lodge, working according to the Swedish rite, was opened at St. Petersburg.

This Lodge powerfully contributed to the creation of three new Lodges, a Russian Lodge, a French Lodge, and a German Lodge.

These are the associations placed under the direction of Bro. Beber, which appear to have constituted about 1810 the Grand Lodge of Vladimir.

It was also about the same time that the Masonic authority recovered its activity, that two new Lodges were besides founded at St. Petersburg "Les Amis Reunis," of which the Master was Bro. Gerebtsoff, chamberlain, and "La Palestine," whose labours were directed by Count Wielhorski, Gentleman of the Chamber.

These two Lodges were organized in the French rite, and worked in the French language.

In 1811, the Lodge "Isis" was established at the "Orient" of Revel.

Lastly in 1813, the Lodge Neptune commenced its labours at the "Orient" of Cronstadt.

All these Lodges appear to have had but a short career, since we do not find their names in the arrangements adopted in 1815.

Until 1814 the greater part of the Russian Lodges recognised as their Grand Master, Bro. Beber, but at that period, after an energetic discussion on a demand to suppress the high grades, General Aide-de-Camp Count Schouvaloff was elected Grand Master, in the place of Bro. Beber, the defender of the so-called high grades, and who failed to obtain the majority of votes.

Bro. Count Schouvaloff, having refused this dignity, Count Mousschin Pouschkin was elected in his stead at the meeting in January in 1815. From this date the symbolical Lodges and the high grades had two distinct administrations.

Bro. Mousschin Pouschkin was Grand Master of the symbolical Lodges. Bro. Beber remained Grand Master of the high grades, under the title of "Vicar of Solomon" and "Prefect of the Sublime Council."

Bro. Beber had under his direction from the commencement two Lodges, "Elizabeth à la Virtù," and "Les Amis Reunis," but a little later two other associations were constituted under his jurisdiction "L'Etoile Polaire," et "Les trois Vertus."

As regards Bro. Mousschin Pouschkin he numbered on the 20th of January, 1815, under his direction the Lodges "Pierre à la Verité" et "La Palestine" at the Orient of St. Petersburg, "Isis à l'Espérance" at the Orient of Revel, and "Neptune à l'Espérance" at the Orient of Cronstadt.

These are the four bodies which founded the Grand Lodge "Astree," of which there exists an historical document, the Constitution, such as we find it in the "pieces justificatives" placed at the end of the sixth volume of an important work which has just appeared at St. Petersburg, the history of the

Reign of Alexander I., by General Bogdonovitch. The text of this Constitution, drawn up in the French language, is printed from a manuscript preserved in the archives of the Minister of War, at St. Petersburg.

Russian Freemasonry developed itself, and continued in peace until August 12, 1822, when an Imperial ukase interdicted anew all the Masonic Meetings. Among the Freemasons who are to be found among the Members of the Russian bodies at the time of their closing are to be noticed, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor; General Benkendorf, afterwards Minister of Police under the Emperor Nicholas; General Count de Langeron, an old French *émigré* in the Russian service from the time of the revolution. Count Potocki, Lieut.-Generals Inzoff, Roth, Foerster and Count Schuvaloff, Generals Madalet, Menschikoff, Mouravieff, Foutchkoff, and Schabert; Colonel Michalovski-Danilovski, a military historian of high repute in Russia; Lieut.-Colonel Dubelt, who became, like General Benkendorf, Minister of Police under the Emperor Nicholas; Professor Arseinef, the celebrated "litterateur" Gretch; Colonel Batenkoff the poet, and a great number of other brethren whose enumeration would be too long, but who belonged to nearly all the most elevated classes in Russia.

ED.

It is not too much to say that the introduction of Pepsine into the list of modern therapeutic agents by Dr. Corvisart created a very veritable revolution in the pathology of dyspepsia, and all diseases of the digestive organs. Whereas no complaint was so common as a chronic indigestion, perhaps the most painful martyrdom to which any one can be subjected, this should now be positively unknown, for as the disease is due to a lack of gastric juice, a dose of Pepsine, which contains the active digestive principle of the gastric juice of the stomach, restores the equilibrium, and effects a cure. Fortunately, too, for its popularity, the preparations of Pepsine, for which we have to thank Messrs. Morson and Sons, of Southampton-row, are of the most elegant character, enabling it to be administered with the most extreme accuracy, and also in very palatable forms.—*The Freemason*.

SERMON BY THE REV. H. W.

KEMP, B.A., P.P.G.C.,

At the Installation of Lord Zetland, in
York Minster, April 9th, 1874.

—
"Our holy and beautiful house."—*Isaiah* lxiv. 11.
—

The preacher said, in commencing an able and eloquent sermon—Many members of a brotherhood, which extends not only over the whole of this kingdom, but also over all parts of the civilised world, and which includes within the comprehensive range of its catholic constitution all ranks of society, have come up this day, in their own peculiar pomp and pageantry to this ancient shrine of Christian worship, "this holy and beautiful house." Their object in coming is not merely to give greater dignity to the occasion which has brought them together, by making the grandeur of one of the noblest buildings in the world an accessory and climax to their high ceremonial, but far more to deepen, as far as a single solemn act can do it, the hold which the grand principles of faith in God and love for man have upon their hearts, and to give practical and convincing expression and proof of that universal benevolence, the possession and practice of which is one of the most sacred and characteristic rules of the Order. Not in processional pomp only, but with devout thoughts and kindly purpose have they come to this place. Regarding it more than a master's piece of human skill and labour, regarding it also as a beautiful house, dedicated to the glory of the Almighty and hallowed by continuous worship of centuries—there is on the very surface a manifest fitness that men who bear the name of Masons, and who inherit the symbols and rules of the ancient craftsmen, should gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of assembling together for worship in this noble memorial of the genius and accomplishments of the gifted fraternity to whom the religion and art of this country are so largely indebted. But there is a still deeper reason and fitness to be discovered when it is borne in mind that Freemasons employ the tools and implements of practical masons only as

emblems of truth and duty, and in their system architecture is employed as the chief symbol of religion and morality. Where can there be found such a treasury of symbolism, such an allegory of art, such an emblematic representation of truth and goodness as are exhibited in "this holy and beautiful house," dedicated, as it was, ages ago, to the divine honour, and employed, as it has been ever since the day of its consecration, to the exercise of devotion and the cultivation of virtue. Again, there is great fitness in the assembling together in this place of the members of this brotherhood at the present time. The occasion has been the installation of one of the nobles of the realm as Grand Master of this Province. The meeting in the Guildhall, where the installation took place, especially reminds us of the duties which men owe to each other as members of civil society, and of the allegiance which, for the sake of order, and the welfare of the Commonwealth, is due to properly constituted authority. But our meeting here has a still deeper meaning. We are reminded of the foundations upon which the distinctions of right and wrong are based, those divine laws which determine the nature and bounds of holiness and sin, and the existence, the glory, and the claims upon our affections and worship of the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity, the Supreme One, the Lord of all Lords, the Grand Master of all the provinces of the kingdom of the Universe. The preacher then said that, as a not inappropriate way of giving a moral to their gathering, he would take that holy and beautiful house as a text, and from its analogies, acknowledged alike by Masonic symbolism and Scriptural teaching, deduce a few topics of discourse. He then said that the noble pile of masonry in which they had offered up their common service of prayer and praise was a type of universal nature as viewed by the devout mind. Nature itself was nothing else than a holy and beautiful house. Nowhere was the architecture of the universe more emphatically asserted than in the assemblies of the Masonic brotherhood, and nowhere was the existence and glory of the Architect of the mighty frame of the world more devoutly and expressly acknowledged. Freemasons recognised no "fortuitous course of atoms" as the prime origin of order; they acknowledged no inherent and

self-acting power in matter as the cause of the wonderful arrangements in the earth and heavens; they did not impute to impersonal laws the attributes of will, design, and benevolent purpose; but they reverently ascribed all the beauty and majesty of the universal frame, all the exquisite varieties of form and colour, all the harmonious combinations of parts and agencies, all the adaptations of things to creatures and creatures to things, to one infinite creature, sustaining, and benevolent Mind. No more could that beautiful sanctuary, with its many parts and graceful details, so simple in first principles and yet so varied in combination, have assumed its form and size without the design of the architect and the subordinate labour of the artisan, than the frame of the earth and heavens could have been put together without the will and wisdom of the Divine Intelligence. Should they be impressed almost with awe in the admiration of the dimensions of a building like that glorious Minster—should they be affected with almost speechless delight as they gazed upon its groupings of form and delicacies of tracery, and not be moved to far more solemn awe and still deeper delight when they contemplated the grandeur, the symmetry, and the beauty of the holy and beautiful house of nature? In the next place, the preacher treated of that Cathedral as a type of that order and harmony which moral and religious culture had already brought about in the condition and structure of society. He showed that society was a building, and gave advice to his hearers as to the individual share they had in raising the fabric, observing that the rock which alone could bear the weight of such a structure was religion. He then regarded that Minster as an emblem of that character to which every man who was building unto God and for eternity should endeavour to attain. Strength and beauty were the two main characteristics of that noble edifice in which they were assembled. It had stood for hundreds of years and nothing but convulsions in nature, or revolutions in society could prevent it from standing for hundreds of years more. And so long as that ancient shrine endured, so long would it charm the senses, refine the taste, and elevate the thoughts of those who beheld it. What that sanctuary was so should they endeavour to become—strong, firmly rooted in faith, steadfast in

purpose, and established in principle, and yet beautiful, gentle in meekness and forbearance, pure in morals and loving in life. Having spoken of Christ as the Great Master, and treated of that Cathedral as a type of "the house not made with hands," the preacher, in conclusion said:—Masonry is not a religious system. Masonry ventures neither to assert nor deny the truth of dogmatic formularies. It has, at the same time, as its very foundation, a belief in God, a God revealed to the human mind and the human conscience. But Masonry is especially a system of morality viewed as nothing less than Divine law. The virtue which above all others it enjoins on the brethren is brotherly love. This can be exercised from hour to hour in a thousand ways. But I plead now but for one—the tender and gracious one of relief. Oh! when poverty and disease are associated with any human lot the case is indeed sad. And how often are poverty and disease associated in this world of trial and imperfection? Willingly, indeed, should relief, so far as human skill and care can go, be extended to such unhappy and such distressed sufferers. I have now to ask all, but especially the Masonic portion of this great assembly, to give proof of the reality of your love to man and sympathy with suffering and pain and sorrow, by subscribing liberally to the funds of the York Dispensary. This institution has been doing the work of the Good Samaritan—pouring oil into human wounds. For no less than eighty-six years has this institution been in existence. The work is a very large and increasing one. Last year upwards of 10,000 persons participated in its benefits. A growing population and an increasing demand for assistance render a corresponding enlargement of its funds absolutely necessary. Brethren, as I plead for this excellent charity many voices come to our ears—voices that are very mournful, very sad, and very moving; and I am persuaded that these sad and mournful voices will not be unheard by you, but blending with these sad and mournful voices there is yet another voice—majestic though gentle—human and yet divine, which utters to you now through my mouth these words:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it to these poor, mournful little ones, ye have done it to Me."

Masonic Poetry.

THE OLD TILER.

God bless the Old Tiler! how long he has trudged,
Through sunshine and storm, with his summonsees
due;
No pain nor fatigue the Old Tiler has grudged
To serve the great Order, Freemasons, and you.

God bless the Old Tiler! how oft he has led
The funeral procession from lodge door to grave;
How grandly that weapon has guarded the dead,
To their last quiet home, where Acacia boughs
wave.

God bless the Old Tiler! how oft he has knocked
When, vigilant, strangers craved welcome and
rest;
How widely your portals, though guarded and
locked,
Have swung to the signal the Tiler knows best.

There's a *Lodge* where the door is *not* guarded nor
tiled,
There's a *Land* without graves, without mourning
or sin,
There's a *Master* most gracious, paternal and mild,
And he waits the *Old Tiler* and bids him come in.

And there the Old Tiler, no longer *outside*,
No longer with weapon of war in his hand;
A glorified spirit shall grandly abide,
And close by the Master, high-honoured, shall
stand!

—*Light in Masonry.*

SYMBOLISMS OF THE APRON.

This fair and stainless thing I take
To be my badge for virtue's sake;
Its ample strings that gird me round
My constant cable-tow are found,
And as securely they are tied
So may true faith with me abide;
And as I face the sunny south
I pledge to God my Mason's truth,
That while on earth I may remain
My apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I raise
In memory of my apprentice days,
When on the checkered pavement wide,
With gauge and gavel well supplied,
It kept my garments free from soil,
Though labouring in a menial toil;
And, as I face the golden West,
I call my Maker to attest
That while on earth I may remain,
My apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I lower—
 Its 'prentice aid I need no more ;
 For laws and principles are given
 The fellow-craft direct from Heaven,
 To help the needy, keep a trust,
 Observe the precept of the just ;
 And as I face the darkened North
 I send this solemn promise forth,
 That while on earth I may remain
 My apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I doff ;
 And though I take my apron off,
 And lay this stainless badge aside,
 Its teachings ever shall abide ;
 That God hath given light divine
 That we may walk opposed to sin ;
 That truth and strong fraternal love
 Are emanations from above ;
 That life itself is only given
 To square and shape our souls for heaven—
 The glorious temple in the sky,
 The grand celestial Lodge on high.

N. Y. Corner-stone.

THE MASON'S WIFE.

She extendeth her hands to the poor,
 The needy she strives to relieve—
 The fallen she seeks to restore,
 And soothes the afflicted that grieve.
 She strengthens the penitent mind,
 So ready to yield to despair ;
 Every burden she seeks to unbind,
 Relieving from sorrow and care.

By her bounty the naked are clad,
 The hungry are furnished with food—
 The sick at her presence are glad,
 She visits the widow's abode.
 The virtuous exult in her smile,
 The ignorant learn to be wise—
 Her reproofs are like excellent oil,
 Which bid holy perfume arise.

Her worth, as the Wise Man declares,
 Will far above rubies be told ;
 Her counsels, her deeds, and her prayers
 Are better than silver or gold.
 If such be the spirit of those,
 Who are lab'ring the lost to reclaim,
 Ah, who can their mission oppose,
 Or fail to speak well of their name ?

Keystone.

OUR LATE BRO. WM. CARPENTER.

Masonic Literature has to deplore the loss of a very able contributor, Wm. Carpenter, who passed away on Monday the 11th, after a short but severe attack of bronchitis.

His writings have long been known to the world, and his contributions to the "Freemason" have been widely read, while his last work, "The Israelites found in the Anglo-Saxons," has interested a large circle of readers.

We all must lament the loss of so able a writer and so sincere a Mason, and we have thought it well to reprint the following brief memoir of so able a *confrere* from the pages of our respected contemporary the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, of which he was the Editor :—

It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Mr. William Carpenter, which took place on Tuesday, April 11th, at 5 o'clock, at his residence in Colebrook-row, Islington. The deceased gentleman, who had for a short time been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, was the editor of this "Gazette" from its first establishment, and remained actively engaged in connection therewith until his death. About eight days ago the symptoms became serious, and he was unable to leave his home, though until within a few hours of death it was hoped, from the vigour of his constitution, that a little rest would restore him to his usual health. This hope was unhappily not to be realised, and this vigorous and industrious writer died literally in harness, as indeed all his friends had, with a remarkable uniformity of sentiment, anticipated.

The son of a tradesman in St. James's, Westminster, William Carpenter was born in 1797, and was consequently in his 78th year. He began life early and humbly, his first engagement being as errand-boy to a bookbinder in Finsbury, to whom he was afterwards apprenticed. By a happy accident he became acquainted with William Greenfield, the self-taught and scholarly editor of Bagster's "Polyglot Bibles." Through this acquaintanceship, young Carpenter not only became fired with a laudable thirst after knowledge, but he also enjoyed many opportunities of gratify-

ing the thirst thus awakened within him, and at this period he acquired a mastery of several languages, ancient and modern. For four years these kindred spirits laboured together as joint editors of a monthly periodical of sacred literature, entitled *Critica Biblica*. It 1825 the youthful student grew bold and self-reliant, and he produced alone the *Scientia Biblica*, in three volumes, a work which is now very scarce, but was long held in high repute. The work was dedicated to the King, the proof sheets having been read by Dr. Sumner, at that time librarian to His Majesty George IV., and afterwards Lord Bishop of Winchester. But these are by no means all his contributions to what is called Biblical literature. The list of these works from William Carpenter's pen is truly formidable, and marks him as one of the most copious of lay writers on topics usually left to the treatment of divines and theologians. This list includes "Scriptural Natural History," "Guide to the Reading of the Bible," "Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation," "The Biblical Companion," "Calendarium Palestinae," "Introduction to the Reading and Study of the English Bible," besides which he was editor of the fourth large edition of "Camlet's Dictionary of the Bible," and of the Abridgment on the same. Last year Mr. Carpenter wrote a popular work in which, by ingenious arguments, he sought to prove, after the manner of Mr. Hine and Mr. John Wilson, that the Ten lost Tribes of Israel are found in the present Anglo-Saxon race.

Mr. Carpenter is further known as an author, as one among the biographers of John Milton and William Cobbett, the latter of whom he knew both personally and intimately. Among his miscellaneous writings, he has given to the world "A History of the French Revolution," and a "Dictionary of English Synonyms." But these numerous works do not exhaust the list of the produce of fifty years of sustained labour, and of literary and critical toil.

As a journalist he was editor in 1836 of the *Shipping Gazette*, in 1838 of the *Era*, in 1843 of the *Railway Observer*, in 1844 of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, in 1848 of the *Court Journal*, and in 1854 of the *Sunday Times*.

During the period of his most active

journalism he was a true champion for the freedom of the press, and as such became obnoxious to the Government of the day, and being prosecuted in a matter of alleged libel, he was condemned in heavy costs, and sent at the instance of the Crown, to the Queen's Bench, where he remained for several months in honourable imprisonment.

During the last five or six years, the city has been the principal sphere of Mr. Carpenter's toils. Here he has been incessantly engaged in writing on financial and mining topics, and in compiling statistics relating to these intricate subjects,—on which, indeed, his knowledge was truly wonderful—and gave to him the authority of a living encyclopædia. To his experience as a journalist, and to his rare fund of information, this paper has been greatly indebted, and it is a melancholy duty to note that the last labours of this indefatigable worker were for the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, and were performed in much pain within a few days of his death.

Mr. Carpenter was a Freemason, and well known and much respected in the craft—was a Past-Master, and also Past Principal of R. A. Masonry,—and has contributed many interesting articles on Masonry, among the most noticeable being "Freemasonry and Israelitism." He had a smile and an encouragement, both sympathetic and practical, for everything that was good and intended to contribute to human happiness. He was a man of blameless life, of true philanthropy, of rare attainments, and of indomitable industry, and he has gone to his rest amid the universal esteem and love of all who knew him.

We can add, from our Masonic acquaintance with his name and works, that few more earnest or able Masonic writers were to be found in this country, and that he was alike distinguished in all his Masonic controversies by a sincere love of truth and the most fraternal courtesy towards any casual antagonist.

A writer in the Freemason has borne a touching testimony to his social qualities and his domestic virtues.

Bro. Carpenter was a P.M. of the Domatic Lodge, and a P.Z. of the Domatic Chapter, and stood high we are informed in the Rosicrucian fraternity.

Ed.

UNDER THE TRAIN.

"Did you ever hear how I got my wife, Will?" inquired John Abbott, as that little lady left us after supper to put some of the young ones to bed.

"No, I never heard, John," I replied, "how was it? tell me!"

It was a bright little room in which we were seated, and the fierce snow-storm rattling against the windows, made us appreciate all the more the fire of Cumberland coal glowing in the grate. I had not seen John for many years until the fearful storm, still raging, had prevented the further progress of the train, and forced me to accept his hospitality. To be sure, it was no hardship to spend a couple of days with the generous-hearted fellow, but just at this time, when my lady love was waiting for me at the end of the road, it seemed an insult to ask me to be satisfied with anything less than her dear self, and no doubt the impression still remains on Mrs. Abbott's mind, whom I now saw for the first time, that I was a very surly fellow.

John stretched himself out lazily in his arm-chair, put some tobacco in his pipe, and began—

Well, it was about twelve years ago, when I was engineer on the Tiger, that I met my wife. We had stopped at Marl's crossing to get water, and while we were waiting, I sauntered into the little waiting-room that was kept there for the accommodation of passengers. The person who had it in charge was the widow of old Charlie Green, and one of the best women I ever knew. She was a motherly old creature, so that nobody ever thought of keeping anything from her, and she hadn't been there a week before she knew it was the secret ambition of Tom Bradley's soul to run the line, and that Ned Long was silently enduring agonies, lest the company should find out that he was in liquor the time when he ran his engine off the track. I had several times executed little commissions for her, such as bringing her down needles and thread, and getting the glasses re-set in her spectacles, which Reub King knocked out when he tried to kiss her, and so I was a prime favourite of hers. No sooner, then, did she see me than she trotted forward and said:

"John, there's a poor creature in there crying fit to wash her eyes out because some villain picked her pocket on the road, and the conductor put her off at this place because she had no ticket. Now, John, won't you get her through? She wants to go to R——, where her husband is at work. Now, you will, won't you?" and the old woman looked just as interested as if it was for herself she was begging.

"Let me see her myself, first," said I, "before I promise," and she let go of my arm and walked along in front of me, looking just as well satisfied as if the woman was already on her way rejoicing to her husband.

I always did have a soft heart—even my stepmother gave me credit for that; and I must confess to a twinge of pain when I saw the little woman crouched down on the sofa in a dark corner of the room, with her face buried in her hands.

"Madam," said I, in as soft tones as it was possible for me to utter, "Mrs. Green tells me your pocket was picked on the road. Will you let me see if I can be of any service to you?"

She raised her tear-stained face to mine, and after an involuntary start at its blackness—for we had been out on the road three days—probably encouraged by Mrs. Green's hearty advice of "that's a dear! just tell him and he'll fix it all right," she answered: "It is just as the lady says. I had scarcely time to reach the train, and could not stop to buy a ticket, and when I searched for my pocket-book, to pay the conductor, it was gone. Of course as I had neither ticket nor money, he put me off at the first station we came to, which was this."

"Where do you wish to go to?" I inquired, when she concluded.

"To——," she replied. "My husband is employed there, and I was going to him, for I fear he is ill, as he has not written for some time; but now I know not what to do, as I can neither go forward nor backward without money."

"What is your husband's name?" I inquired.

"Charlie Shafer. Perhaps you know him?" she inquired, as a faint gleam of recognition passed over my face.

I nodded my head, for I did indeed know him; a good-looking, good-hearted fellow, whose one only fault was a love of

liquor. For this he had been discharged from our road, after making several narrow escapes from smashing his train to pieces, and had since found employment on a road several hundred miles farther west.

"Just wait here a few minutes, Mrs. Shafer," said I, hastily, as an ominous rumour which had that morning reached my ears, returned to my mind. I ran to the little telegraph office connected with the station, and sent the following message :

"John Daily, Master Trans— R. R. ; Is Shafer on the road yet?"

To which I soon received the following reply :

"Dear John: Accident, Tuesday ; Shafer killed : terribly mangled ; residence unknown, and was buried yesterday."

I never in all my life saw such a white look come over any poor mortal's face as faded into her's, when at last I managed to stammer out the awful fact. She never said one word, but sat there looking so white and miserable that at last, in sheer desperation, I broke the silence by saying :

"Here is some money poor Charlie intended to send you, and which Brooks inclosed in the telegram," and I put forty dollars in her hand, which I had saved to buy a new suit of clothes.

The Lord forgive me for the lie, but I had no compunctions of conscience then, as the poor woman, never thinking of the impossibility of the money coming to her on the telegraph wires, squeezed it in her hands, while the tears rolled slowly, one by one, down her cheeks, as she murmured :

"Poor Charlie, my poor boy Charlie, that I was thinking such bad thoughts about, you did think of me and love me too, for all I said you did not. O, if I only had you back with me once more," and she fell to kissing the money as if it was the dead face of her husband, while I stood by a little conscience-smitten, thinking strange thoughts of the way Charlie's ghost would feel to see his wife kissing another man's money, under the supposition that it was his.

Just at this moment John Martin, who had been making the woods hideous by blowing the whistle for me, rushed into the room with an oath, to know what in thunder kept me so long, so that I only had time to tell Mrs. Green to put her under the care of the conductor of the down train,

take the poor little woman's hands, with the words, "Good-bye ! may God help and protect you," before I had to run for it.

Mrs. Green told me, the next time I saw her, that Mrs. Shafer had been so prostrated by the news that she thought it best to leave the room in care of the switchman, and accompany her to her home, where she had left her in care of her relatives, which was the last I heard of her for a long time.

Several years passed ; and my only interest was centered in my engine, and my only ambition was to have her make the best time of any on the road. All the love which should have been expended upon wife and children, was rubbed out upon that engine, until every piece of brass-work about her glistened in the sunshine like gold. My fireman had been married the night before to a pretty girl, and I was standing the next day in the engine-house, wondering if it would not be a great deal more agreeable to buy perfumes and pretty ribbons for some nice girl, than it was to buy tripoli and other stuffs to make our engine the shiniest on the road. You might think that a mighty easy question to answer, but it was not so with me : I had run her a great many years, and she had never played me a trick yet, and I am sure I loved her a great deal better than many men did their wives. Before I had time to make up my mind on the subject, Jim Armstrong came up to ask me if I would not run his camel engine to Cedar Point that afternoon, as his child was very sick, and he was afraid to go, lest it might die in his absence.

I was idle for a few days, as my engine was laid up for repairs, so I promised him I would, and he went home with a lightened heart.

You know I most always had a passenger train, but this was a freight train, and a very heavy one it was too, of about seventy coal hoppers. I tell you this, that you may understand what followed.

We started about two o'clock, and went along at a right good speed. This part of the road was new to me, and Tom was pointing out different places and telling me about them.

"That's where Charlie Shafer lived," he said, pointing to a pretty house surrounded by a garden, and opening out on the railroad by a little bridge. "You remember him, don't you ? He was killed about two

years ago on the _____ Road."

I leaned out of the window to examine the place more thoroughly, and was going to turn to Tom to enquire if Mrs. Shafer lived there still, when I happened to glance ahead, and I declare to the Lord, Will, my heart almost jumped into my mouth, for there, just about forty yards in front of the engine, was a little child. I looked at it horror-stricken for about two seconds before it occurred to me what to do, and then I sprang to the whistle and blowed "down breaks" so loud and shrill that I wonder it did not put them down by its own vehemence. I tried to stop the engine as well as I could, but it was difficult work, for it was down grade, and it would not do to pitch such a train as that off the track, down a steep embankment ten miles from any assistance.

Tom saw what was the matter, and waived his hands with desperate energy for him to step off the track, while I fairly shrieked in my dreadful anxiety, as the engine each second rolled so much nearer the devoted child, but all without avail, for the poor little innocent seemed fairly possessed with admiration he felt for the ponderous machine, and clapped his hands and laughed with glee as the sunlight flashed from the bright reflector into his face. We were now so near to him that we could see his bright blue eyes and pretty yellow hair waving in the wind, and just when it was almost too late, he seemed to be frightened at his danger, and turned to run. He had scarcely run ten steps when he stumbled and fell, and the engine passed over him.

For one minute everything swam before my sight, and then I sprang to the ground, giving my ankle a painful wrench as I struck. I crawled to the side of the track expecting to see his poor little body ground to a sickening mass of blood and bones, when what was my astonishment, indeed I may almost say fright, to hear him say as he lifted up his head, "Me tomming."

I had scarcely time to grasp out, "keep your head down, darling," before another car swept over him. Fortunately for the child, they had been repairing the road a few days before, and had not filled in yet, and when he stumbled he rolled in between two of the sleepers.

It seemed to me it was years while I crouched down beside that track with the

cars rolling over him, expecting every minute to have his brains spattered over my face. More than fifty times I said, coaxingly, "Just keep your head down a little longer, they will soon all be over," though my own heart sank as I looked back and saw the long line still sweeping round the curve. Several times he did not put down his head quickly enough, and he got a bump on it as the cars passed over him. I almost beggared myself by my promises to him, and only at last succeeded in keeping him still by the promise of a hobby-horse with "wockers" on it, as he himself expressly stipulated in his shrill little voice even amidst all the rumble and roar of that everlasting train.

Well, at last the long torment was over, and I crawled forward and picked the child up out of the hole, for now that it was all over he seemed to realize in a measure the danger he had been in, and lay in a kind of stupor, unable to move.

Just at this moment his mother came to the gate, and seeing the pretty head of the child on my arm immediately surmised he must be dead, and fell to the ground as if she had been shot.

Well, there I was in a pretty fix, lady in a faint, child in my arms, and my ankle sprained. Fortunately for me, before I lost my senses entirely, Tom succeeded in stopping the train, and came running back to see if he could be of any service.

He soon put matters right by throwing some water in her face and bringing her to, and then putting the child in her arms, assisted me to the house.

Mrs. Shafer, as soon as she found out her little Charlie was all right, and had leisure to give me a little attention, recognized me at once in spite of the coal dust, and then nothing in the house was too good for me. Her brother and his wife who lived in the same house with them were pressed into the service at once, the surgeon was sent for, and she herself was only too anxious to be useful.

Tom took the engine to the station safely, and reported the affair, so that was all right, and I had nothing further to do than to get well as soon as possible. It was a bad sprain, though, and took several months to heal, but long before that time I had settled the engine-house question in my own mind, and just before I left I proposed, and it is almost needless to say was

accepted, for Fannie is here still, and please God, long may she stay.

"Well, Will," he added, walking to the window and lifting up the curtain, "it has cleared up at last. The snow-ploughs will be out early, and you can continue your journey to-morrow, and come in on good time after all. I congratulate you, old fellow, on your good fortune, although I'm sorry to lose your company."

"Did your wife ever find out your fraud about the money in the telegram," I inquired, as John bid me good night at my bed-room door.

"Yes," he answered, with a laugh, "about a year after she nearly threw her brother into convulsions by asking him to send some money by telegraph to a cousin out West, and when she indignantly inquired the cause of his untimely mirth, his answer, of course, exposed my fraud at once, I believe, though, it fought half the battle for me when I came to ask the important question, for I believe the loyal little heart would have considered herself in duty bound to be faithful to Charlie's memory if he had been good and kind to her, which he was not.

The next morning I was introduced to Master Charlie, now a handsome boy of twelve, with a winning face and curly brown hair, and saw with pleasure the great love he bore his father, which was every day increasing, promising a full return for all the anxiety he endured when he rescued him from under the train.

Masonic Advocate.

AN APRIL SERMON.

Fair Nelly is a butterfly
Who loves the brightest flow'rs,
But she will pout and fret and sigh
E'en during passing show'rs;
When sunbeams gild each golden curl
She'll carol light and gay,
But, oh! I fear she's not the girl
For any rainy day!

There's dimpled Dora, sweetest pet,
And fairest of the fair;
She'll trifle with a coronet
Or jilt a millionaire:
A blue-eyed, bonny, cool coquette,
Brave hearts she will betray;
Their owners she will quite forget,
On any rainy day!

Sweet Geraldine on Summer days,
Is just the girl for me;
Her smiles are then beyond all praise,
Her heart is full of glee:

But had she not her Arab steed,
Her Ladies' Mile in May,
I fear she would look glum indeed
On any rainy day!

I fancy Alice might be true,
She's such a little dear,
If I had an estate or two,
And thousands ten a year!
A Dresden china little dear,
But not the sort of clay
To form the idol I'd revere
On any rainy day.

Majestic Maud would fix her throne
In lordly hall or park;
She could not love—for love alone,
A Foreign Office clerk;
A little house in Camden Town,
Her lover's little pay,
I fear would make my lady frown
On any rainy day!

Proud Ethel is the sort of queen
At Opera to reign,
To show her brilliants flashing sheen
And rich brocaded train:
She ne'er could wear a muslin dress
Nor "cab it" to the play;
She's not the girl, I must confess,
For any rainy day.

I know a pet of eighteen years,
Who, true in joy and pain,
Will sweetly smile through falling tears,
Like April sun through rain:
Whose bright brown eyes most brightly shine,
When skies are coldest gray,
I'd like to call that beauty mine
On any rainy day!

I would that she were close to me,
I'd read her eyes, and then
P'raps to this short homily
She'd sigh a sweet "Amen:"
How sunny life's sad monotone,
Illumined by this ray!
With such a darling for my own
On any rainy day!

—Household Words.

LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

We propose in this and a few succeeding papers to give a brief history of the organization, growth and development of language, and its adaptation to the uses of man; and then to show the uses of the Masonic language, and the final result of the same.

Many have been the arguments of philologists in regard to the earliest age of language. Some, with a very good show of reasoning, argue that it was created by the Almighty, and that our first parents

were brought into the world with as full and complete power of speech as men have to-day. If this were true, then it would necessarily follow that the language of to-day would be the same as at the time of creation. That it would be as impossible for man to improve it as it is for him to improve or develop any other of God's great works. It may be argued that man does improve other parts of creation. We submit the query: Does he improve the creation or merely develop its elements, ascertain their power, and then apply them to his own purposes and the advancement of his own interests?

Has there been any improvement in the growth of the rocks? Are there any enlargements of the forests? Have the waters of the great deep received any addition from the hand of man? Are there any additions to the Universe in the multiplication of worlds, stars or planets?

It is a manifest truth that there have been developments of Science: new bodies of water, countries and planets have been brought to light by its discoveries; but these have only been the result of the insatiable desire of man's mind to ascertain the uses of Creation, and to subject the elements to the advancement of his own interest.

Whatever may be termed improvements in the created world are merely analyses of God's work, or investigations of all the elements of the creation, to the end that they may become subservient to man's will.

These facts hold good in relation to language. If it was a creation, then we could only unravel the mysteries of the art of speaking, and develop them for our own use. But the contrary to this is true, for there have been evident and constant improvements in it since its organization to the present time.

It has not only been developed, but there have been additions in every age, so that many have supposed it was entirely the work of man. This idea has had a decided stimulus from the fact that the additions have not been universal, but national.

From this fact other philologists have argued that man had occasion to name an object, and gave a name according to a property existing in the object. But they lose sight of the fact that there must have

been a prior existence of the elements of language in order to develop the thought, arrange and classify the character of the properties of the object, before it could be expressed in a name.

Thus it may be plainly seen that all the elements of language existed in the mind before a word was spoken.

The nearest approach we can make to the true origin of language is in the blending of these different ideas, and classifying the development with such a theory as to make its growth and progress perceptible to all.

First. In the creation God created man with all the vocal organs for the enunciation of words.

Second. He created the mental power so that his perceptive faculties could appreciate the qualities and character of objects.

Third. He gave power to arrange these thoughts, so that the simplest might have a vocal sound in the pronunciation of a syllable.

Fourth. After the organization of the first sounds of names of objects, there came words to tell the character, good or bad; the colour, white or black. Then the connecting words. And so, as the necessity existed, a word was added, until we had a language of considerable scope.

But still the language of the ancients was very meagre, being confined in the main, simply to monosyllables, just sufficient to communicate concerning the simple necessities of life. But, as man multiplied and nations began to form over the world, these necessities became greater, and there was a consequent framing of new words and development of the elements of language. Still, for many centuries it was not reduced to any principle of Science.

It may not come directly under the character of this article to determine as to the national origin of language, but we may refer to the fact that it has been claimed for both the Hebrew and Chaldean tongues. It matters but little, however, for it is presumed by distinguished ancient writers, that prior to the flood there were one language. Other nationalities incline to claim the original language, as perpetrated in them. The Chinese claim to have the oldest existing language, and they have what seems to be the identical one spoken by them after the flood. Their

histories, found in their massive manuscript libraries, form a good ground for the correctness of their theory. After careful search as to the many theories extant, we incline to the opinion that the original language of man has had no existence since the beginning of the separation of Adam's family, except as here and there in the Oriental tongue, there may have been a word or idiom retained.

The mutability of language has not been the result of any one cause, but many have been the causes of change, and of the formation of tongues so contrary to each other. Men separating from each other, would soon lose the manner of expressing a certain name. Two nations of men discovering the same object, would call it by a different name. "The differences of climate, intercourse between different nations, the unsettled disposition or temper of these nations," would all have a great tendency to make languages decidedly different.

This fact may be made more apparent by referring to the difference of dialects of modern days. In Scotland, Germany and other countries, we have the different parts of the same nation speaking dialects so dissimilar that they can scarcely understand one another. In Ireland one will speak the native tongue, while another uses the English brogue. Germany has the High and the Low Dutch. While in America these things are not so clearly distinguished, yet we have enough to carry out the thought quite clearly. Canadians speak in a manner more like the mother English across the water, than the people of the United States, yet they are no more of English origin than the latter.

We see a very distinctive difference between the language of the East and West, and a still greater perhaps, between the North and South in the pronunciation of names rather than in other parts of speech. For instance: The name Norwich in New England is called Nor-rich, while in the West we hear men speak of Norwick, giving the *ch* the *k* sound. What is said then of this may be said of a thousand other words. Englishmen persist in dropping the *h* where it should be, and putting it in where it should not be.

Another remarkable fact is that members of a nation, changing their residence to another nationality, instead of conforming

to the manner of tongue of the one which they have adopted, persist in clinging to the expressions of their mother tongue.

These causes prevailed in the early history of the world, and had a great tendency in changing the language of each nation.

And they would have developed different languages even if the dispersion of the tower of Babel had not occurred.

But the ill-advised, not to say the criminal, acts of the people there had much to do in the great culmination of the dispersion and the formation of new languages.

Notwithstanding these facts there has been a oneness of language in a certain direction that we will reserve for future articles upon "The Dispersion" and "The Language of Masonry."

The latter of which, we are inclined to think, at some time in the future is to be a great power in the hand of God in the overthrow of heathenism and idolatry, and in the establishment of Christianity in the world. But this cannot be well shown until we have first seen the changing of language in all other things. It will then be our province to show how this is to be accomplished and to answer the query: "How can this be, while so many Masons though believers in God are not Christians?"—From the *Voice of Masonry*.

ST. VINCENT.

BY BRO. CHALMERS I. PATON.
(*Past Master, No. 393, England.*)

There is some talk of a new lodge being opened in Glasgow, and taking for its name St. Vincent. Under these circumstances a slight sketch of the early Christian martyr may be interesting:—

ST. VINCENT THE MARTYR, a Spanish Christian. He is said to have been of noble birth. It is generally believed that he was born at Osca—now Huesca—in Granada; but some authors say that he was born at Saragossa, and others that he was born at Valentia. The date of his birth is uncertain, but must have been some time in the latter part of the third century, as he seems to have been still a

young man when he was put to death in 304 A.D. Little is known of his early life; but it is said that he was instructed and trained for the Christian Ministry by Valerius, Bishop of Osca, by whom he was ordained a deacon at a very early age, and appointed to teach and instruct the people. It was a time of bloody persecution in Spain. Diocletian and Maximian were the Roman Emperors, reigning jointly, and the Proconsul Dacian was Governor of Spain. Edicts against the Christians were published in 303 A.D., which kindled the flames of persecution throughout the Roman Empire, and nowhere was the persecution more fierce and terrible than in Spain, for Dacian was a violent enemy of Christianity, and by nature cruel and relentless. Both clergy and laity were put to death in this persecution. Eighteen martyrs suffered together at Saragossa. There also Valerius and Vincent were apprehended, for the clergy were special objects of the hatred and rage of the persecutors. How they came to be at Saragossa does not appear. Perhaps they had fled from Osca to escape from their enemies. On their apprehension they were subjected to cruel tortures, and were afterwards carried to Valentia, where they lay long in prison, so scantily supplied with food that they often endured great distress from hunger, besides other miseries; the Proconsul hoping that this lingering torment would shake their constancy and give him the triumph of their recantation, or that, weary nature being exhausted, they would yield from very weakness of mind as well as of body. But in this he was disappointed. When, at last, he caused them to be brought before him, he was surprised to see them still vigorous in body, and as intrepid and resolute in mind as ever. Thinking that this could be accounted for in no other way, he concluded that his orders for their severe treatment in prison had been disobeyed, summoned into his presence the officers who had charge of the prison, and reprimanded them severely. Both by threats and promises he endeavoured to induce Valerius and Vincent to sacrifice to the heathen gods. Valerius not being able to answer promptly, because of an impediment in his speech, Vincent said to him, "Father, if you command me, I will speak;" to which Valerius replied, "Son, as I committed to you the dispensation of the word of God, so now I charge

you to answer in vindication of the faith which we defend." Vincent then boldly declared that they were ready to suffer for their faith, and that neither threats nor promises would avail to make them worship any but the true God. Dacian decreed against Valerius only the punishment of being banished from Spain; but enraged at the boldness of Vincent, he proceeded to subject him to the most cruel tortures, such as it seemed that no man could have endured without supernatural support. But while Dacian's whole body was agitated with the violence of his increasing rage, and his voice faltered, and his eyes flashed with fury, his victim preserved the most peaceful serenity of countenance, and tranquilly submitted himself to all that his tormentors could inflict. He was stretched on the rack, and the cords moving over pulleys were tightened till his joints were almost dislocated, and meanwhile pieces of his flesh were torn off with iron hooks. The martyr smiled, and told the executioners that they were weak and fainthearted. Dacian thought they spared him, and commanded them to be beaten, which was done, and then they returned to their horrid work, exerting themselves to the utmost to avoid the further anger of their barbarous master, who continued to incite them by many words as they went on. They were twice under the necessity of stopping to rest, which gave the martyr a little respite, but ere they had done, his body was so cruelly torn that in some places his bones and bowels were exposed to view. But the more his flesh was torn, the more did his spirit rejoice, and the inward joy irradiated his countenance, so that Dacian himself beheld it with astonishment, confessed himself defeated in his attempts and commanded the tormentors to cease. He now begged Vincent, for his own sake at least, to give up the sacred books to be burned, if he would not offer sacrifice to the gods. But the martyr answered that he feared torments less than the false compassion now expressed by the Proconsul. Upon this, Dacian, falling again into an ecstasy of rage, condemned him to be tortured by roasting on a gridiron. Vincent walked with apparent joy to the engine of torture, and cheerfully ascended the iron bed, in which besides the bars were sharp spikes, and all heated by fire underneath. On this he was stretched out, and bound

fast down. As he lay there he was scourged, and whilst one part of his body was tortured by the fire below and by the hot bars and spikes, the parts not exposed to the fire were burned by the application of red hot plates of iron, Dacian surveying all with fiendish satisfaction. The open wounds of the sufferer were rubbed with salt; and the torture by fire is said to have been carried to such an extreme that the melted fat dropping from the flesh increased the flame. But the more that Vincent suffered, the greater seemed to be his inward consolation and joy. He lay unmoved, his eyes turned toward heaven, his mind calm, and addressed himself to God in continual prayer. Dacian was continually enquiring what he did and said, and when told that he suffered with joy in his countenance, was filled with unbounded rage and confusion. At last he commanded the martyr to be thrown into a dungeon naked, and upon a floor of broken potsherds, the sharp edges of which added to his pain. His legs were fixed in wooden stocks, stretched very wide, and orders were given that he should be left without food, and that no one should be admitted to see or speak to him. But like Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi, he sang the praises of God. It is even related by some who have written of these things, that he was miraculously set free from the stocks, and that the dungeon was filled with light, which the jailor observing, looked in through a chink and saw the saints walking about and singing hymns, a sight which so moved him, that he was immediately converted to the Christian faith, and was afterwards baptized. Dacian on hearing of what had taken place, chafed with rage and even wept from disappointment; yet he ordered that there should for a time be a relaxation of severity. Christians who desired to visit the prisoner were even permitted to do so, and many came and kissed his wounds, and dipped clothes in his blood, "which they kept as an assured protection to themselves and their posterity." The Proconsul, perhaps intending to try what leniency could accomplish, after cruelty had failed, caused a soft bed to be prepared for the martyr, upon which he had no sooner lain down than he expired. But wonders did not cease on his death. Dacian commanded his body to be thrown into a marshy field; and we are told that a crow defended it from wild

beasts and birds of prey. Some authors add, that it was then tied in a sack with a great stone, and cast into the sea, but was miraculously carried ashore and revealed to two Christians, who laid it in a little chapel outside of the walls of Valentia, where many miracles attested the claim of Vincent to be reckoned among the saints. The gridiron on which he was roasted, and the other instruments with which he was tortured were likewise, it is said, preserved with veneration, although how the Christians got possession of them does not appear, nor do we know whether or not any church or monastery in Spain or elsewhere now boasts of these relics as amongst its sacred treasures. When the French King, Childeni, was carrying on a siege of Saragossa, he wondered to see the inhabitants continually making processions, and, being informed that they carried the stole of St. Vincent about the walls with prayer, and had been miraculously protected by the martyr saints' intercession, he raised the siege on condition that this precious relic should be given to him, which he carried with great solemnity to Paris, and placed it in the magnificent church and abbey of St. Vincent, built by him in the year 559. In the year 855, the bones of the saint were discovered at Valentia, and conveyed to France, where they were placed in the Abbey of Castres in Languedoc, and there some of them are said still to remain, although some were given to the Abbey of St. Germain des Pres, at Paris, and to various churches, and some were burned at Castres by the Huguenots in the end of the sixteenth century. The translation of the saints' bones from Valentia to Castres, is said to have been attended with many miracles, and great miracles are said to have been wrought by a portion of them in a church near Poitiers. There is, however, another account given by some Roman Catholic writers, of what became of the body of St. Vincent, which it is not easy, at least for a Protestant, to reconcile with this. To escape the cruel persecution of the Saracen King Abderamene, at Valentia, many Christians fled, and carried with them the body of St. Vincent, taking refuge in the South-west of Portugal, where the name of Cape St. Vincent—off which Nelson gained one of his great victories—still commemorates the fact. And Alphonsus Henry, the first King of Portu-

gal, having defeated five Moorish Kings at Ourique in the year 1139, received from its faithful keepers the precious body of the saint, carried it by sea to Lisbon, and deposited it in the Royal monastery of the Cross of the Regular Canons of St. Austin, which he built, and which accordingly became the scene of many notable miracles. The Portuguese, it is added, have ever since 1173, kept an annual festival in commemoration of the translation of the body of St. Vincent to Lisbon. The festival of this saint is the 22nd of January.

WELCOMBE HILLS, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

[The following lines, from the introduction to an unpublished lengthy, blank verse poem, by Bro. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL, entitled WELCOMBE HILLS, OR THE LAND OF SHAKSPERE, composed in May, 1873, during a week's visit to the late Mark Phillips, Esq., at Welcombe House, Stratford-on-Avon, were read at the Leamington Shakspearean Festival, on St. George's Day, April 23rd, after the poetical pilgrims had visited Shakspeare's birthplace and death-place, and deposited a beautiful floral cross of choice azaleas and camelias on his grave in Stratford Church.]

Hail, Hills of Welcombe! once again I tread
Your glorious sward; where Shakspeare oft has
 roam'd

Before me. May some ethereal flame
From his bright spirit so impregnate mine,
That I may feel the inspiration he
So oft has felt when he has wander'd here;
Feel it, as much as we poor dwarfs can feel
The mighty throbbings of his giant heart.
Lowly, O Nature! I will kneel to thee,
Submitting to be taught as best I can;
For though thou can'st not make me like *thy* bard,
In feeling, thought, or utterance; yet I
(Though but a door-keeper i' the hall of song)
May worship thee with spirit as sincere
As thy more gifted Shakspeare. Give to me
That spirit, I beseech thee; scourge all pride,
Hate, avarice, meanness, sensuality,—
Whatever severs man from God and from
Love of his fellow-man,—scourge all away
From my dull mind, whatever suffering,
Intense or lengthy as may be required,
I may undergo in the purgation.
Thrice had I left my northern home before
To tread this land of Shakspeare; and little hoped
To wander here once more. These visits are
True "things of beauty," and give joy for aye;
Sweet to call up when sorrow chills the soul;
And Memory will dwell on them as long
As life pulsates within me. Poor poet,
(Poorer in purse e'en than in gift of song,—
And I scarce claim the humblest rank among
Those deathless minds whose songs have made divine

The lands that bred them,) yet my gen'rous host,
Used to the visits of the great of earth,
Gives *me* true welcome as an honour'd guest;
Can look without his eyes being blinded by
The glare of riches, and can see in man
A brother-man, and honour him as such,
Although his raiment like his purse be poor.
Such recognitions help to reconcile
Those who have labour'd for the fickle herd
Unflinching through life, to their hard lot
Of base ingratitude from those whom they
Have studied most to serve. For it was said;
Well by an ancient Greek, that we must strive
To "advance the multitude"; advance them,
Not by pandering to their passions; not
By teaching them to hate their fellow-man,
Whate'er his nation, rank, or creed may be;
But to love the lovely, to hate the base
In human conduct; to rely alone
On Truth and Right; to elevate their minds
Above all sensual and sensuous things;
So that the earth, and all that it contains
Of worldly wealth and mental, may be theirs:
Thou, Shakspeare! art not only rich men's bard,
But bares thy beauties freely as yon moon
To all who will receive thy blessed light.
Yea, Nature yet remains to teach us too,
E'en as she taught her Shakspeare, only he
Was the more willing scholar: wayward we,
Stubborn and careless, fools who will not learn,
Even though scourged with thorns and briars, like
Elders of Succoth under Gideon's arm.

TROY.

BY THE EDITOR.

We live in a very wonderful age, but in nothing more wonderful than this, that amid our conflicts and controversies as regards the buried past, this great earth of ours is constantly giving up its long hidden testimony to the truth of scripture record, or of olden historians. Who for instance, could have foreseen that Nineveh and Babylon should, though so long concealed from the eye of man, surrender, to English energy and enterprize mainly, the storied tablets of forgotten epochs?

And here to-day, from the silent and weary plain of "Troas" comes another irrefragable witness, to the truth and reality of that "Troy Divine," which delighted us in our youth, and still has its serene charms for us in our old age.

Who, indeed, has not heard of Troy and of Hector, and of Priam, and Hecuba, and "telerrima causa belli," the fair Helen and the victimized Paris, and of Achilles and Agamemnon, and Ajax and Ulysses, and above all of Homer. To those who like Præd's ideal Etonian (we fancy they do differently there now),

"Who knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
Who supped with Fates and Furies,"

believe in Homer and in Troy, the doubts and controversies of the present day are almost painful. When Lord Byron talked of a doubter of a former generation, as that "blackguard Bryant," he but expressed in his own sincere vernacular the opinion of most classical students. It is, however, not to be denied that Wolf, a learned German, has found many supporters at home and abroad for his colder and more critical objections.

But despite of all, Bryant and Wolf, and the Bryantites and Wolfites of the hour, we prefer "errare cum Mr. Gladstone" in such a matter, than to be very wise and profoundly critical with Wolf or any English septic of lesser notoriety.

We at once say, we believe fully and firmly both in Troy and in Homer, and to all who have ever read Homer's Iliad and Odyssey (we leave out the question to-day of the Homeric Poems), their remembrance of them is ever pleasant, and their gratitude to the old bard intense. For even now we can recall, with all the "sentiment" and effusion of youth, pleasant travels on the dusty Troas, the companionship of the great, and the true, and the softer associations of poetry and pathos.

As alternately our sympathies are touched, or our interest is roused, as we deplore the fate of Hector or admire the courage of Achilles, as we pity poor old Priam, and yet sympathize with the indignant Greeks, as we are impressed, if without much of admiration, with the subtlety of Ulysses or the cleverness of Agamemnon, we yet can deeply feel for Andromache, and think

her parting with Hector the most touching of episodes.

And as we find in the Homeric Song all that can dignify virtue and all that can delight imagination, all that is high-minded, tender, feeling, and true, despite the onward march of men and the accumulated poetry of time, we yet can go back to the tale of Troy and of Hector and Achilles and Ulysses, and Penelope and Ceneas, and Priam and Cassandra, and even Briseis, with a sense of freshness which nothing can take away, with a perception of the true spirit of *ποησις*, and pleasant tender imagination, which no later poet has equalled, much less surpassed.

And to us therefore the news of Dr. Schliemann's excavations has come with feelings, both of grateful sympathy and revived interest. For three years the good Dr., we believe, as his name tells us of German extraction, accompanied by his wife, an Athenian lady endowed evidently with great energy and presence of mind, has been diligently exploring the site, as he rightly conjectured, of old Troy.

It is well-known that much difference of opinion has prevailed among even the most learned men as to the real site of the famous Ilium.

Misled by Strabo of old, some in all ages have refused to believe that New Troy was built on the ruins of its older namesake, and have therefore sought for Troy on one or other of the "debris" of old cities which still surmount the plain, like Bournabashi and Chiflak.

But Dr. Schliemann rightly conjectured that New Troy was, after all, the real site of old Troy, which, standing as it does on its own elevated plateau, and between two rivers, best answers to Homer's own description, who had clearly seen with his own eyes what he so well portrays.

The place is now called Hissarlik, and here it was that Dr. Schliemann determined to excavate, and thus by what Lord Palmerston called a "concurrence of atoms," and somebody else has termed

a "concatenation of circumstances," he has been indeed rewarded for his sagacious determination and his resolute excavation. Armed with plenty of "firmans" and supplied with plenty of money, he has laboured diligently for three long years, and has penetrated to the original rock, as we understand it, 50 feet below the present surface, and wonderful have been his discoveries.

For though, to use the words of an able reviewer, Herr Schliemann at first believed that old Troy must have been the most ancient of all these superimposed cities, yet when he had dug down beneath them all, and came at last upon the primeval rock, he was convinced that what he calls Old Troy was not the first but the second in the series of time in its construction, and that it had been built upon the ruins of a still more ancient town, the stones and dust of which covered it to the depth of 20 feet; while above this second town of Old Troy three other towns, including that called New Troy, had been erected. It will give us some conception of the magnitude of Herr Schliemann's labours if we add that the primeval rock is not found till from 45 feet to 50 feet of "debris" have been excavated, while to arrive at this depth the ruins of the temples, houses, and fortifications of the several towns had to be pierced, and in many cases cleared away and thrown down into the plain. Again, let any man accustomed to earthworks consider the difficulty of moving such masses of earth even in this country, with all the inventions of steam and tramways at his disposal, and then reflect on the enhanced toil of such operations when carried on in a wilderness and a country where the construction of even a wheel-barrow is a difficulty.

Thus, then, we come first of all to this fact, astounding in itself, that five cities have actually been built on this very site, and that Troy itself was built on the ruins of a still more ancient city. Well, in this second city of construction (to use a foreign idiom), Dr. Schliemann

has discovered alike remains, and objects of "bigotry and virtue," which have convinced him, that he at last stood within the walls of Troy, and had seen "ipsissimis oculis" the Scæan Gate, and the pavement before Priam's palace; nay, the palace itself of the good old king himself.

It was in June of last year, to use Mr. Taylor's words, "the rubbish, fifty feet deep, of three or four thousand years was slowly cleared away, and the foundation at last of Homer's Scæan Gate looked once more across the plain of Troy to Tenedos and Imbros, and the Samothracian Ida."

Mr. Bayard Taylor, we may observe, has prepared for the "American Daily Tribune," of March 2nd, an interesting paper, dated Gotha, February 10th, from Dr. Schliemann's MS., which has just appeared at Leipsic, published by F. A. Brockhaus. As the discoveries which led Dr. Schliemann to the conclusion that he had actually found Troy itself, are very important, we think it better to give them in detail, though we would premise that, in addition to the discoveries here enumerated, the Dr. has safely housed at Athens many thousand objects, including copper and stone arms, and a remarkable "basso relievo" of Apollo, which, however, did not belong to the Old Troy but to New Troy.

Let us listen to his own account of his great discovery:

"In the course of my excavations, in April, 1873, on the Trojan wall, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Priam's house, I fell on a great copper object of remarkable form, which attracted my attention all the more, as I thought I saw gold behind it. On this copper object rested a thick crust of red ashes and calcined ruins, on which again weighed a wall nearly six feet thick and eighteen feet high, built of great stones and earth, and which must have belonged to the period immediately after the destruction of Troy. In order to save the treasure from the greed of my workmen, and to secure it for science, it was necessary to use the very greatest haste, and so, though it was not yet breakfast time, I had *paidos*

or 'resting time' called out at once. While my workmen were eating and resting I cut out the treasure with a great knife, not without the greatest effort and the most terrible risk of my life, for the great wall of the old fortress which I had to undermine threatened every moment to fall down upon me. But the sight of so many objects, of which each alone is of inestimable worth for science, made me foolhardy, and I thought of no danger. The carrying off, however, of the treasure would have been impossible without the help of my dear wife, who stood by ready to pack up the objects as I cut them out in her shawl and to take them away."

Then follows a list of the objects. First, a great copper shield with a boss, then a copper kettle, and other copper objects, all bearing witness of the fury of the flames. Then a round bottle of the finest gold, weighing about 15 oz., then a cup of the same metal, weighing about 8 oz., and next the finest of these golden objects, a cup in the shape of a ship, with two great handles; on one side it has a larger, on the other a smaller mouth, out of which to drink. The use of this may have been, as an Athenian archaeologist believes, that the liquor might be first tasted out of the smaller mouth before offering it to any guest whom it was intended to honour, and who would drink out of the larger mouth. We pass over Herr Schliemann's assertion that in this cup we see Homer's *Δέπας ἀμφι κύπελλον* and proceed to remark that this large golden cup, which weighs rather more than 20 oz., is cast, and that the large but not solid handles are soldered on to it. On the other hand, the other golden cups and bottles are beaten out with the hammer. Besides these golden objects, the treasure consisted of some curious blades of beaten silver and two objects which Herr Schliemann calls silver talents. In addition to these, there were several silver cups and vases, one of gold alloyed with 20 per cent. of silver, all showing the action of the flames, from which, however, the golden objects seem luckily to have more or less escaped. These with several copper lanceheads and knives, complete King Priam's treasure, with one or two remarkable exceptions to be mentioned presently. This mingled mass of half fused and twisted gold and silver and copper was found together in the shape of a square mass, and the precious objects

were in some cases packed inside each other; in which Herr Schliemann sees proof that they had all been crammed into a square wooden box, of which close by he found the massive copper key, though of course the box itself had perished. His conclusion is that some member of Priam's family packed the treasure in a chest on that awful night when Troy fell, and, having got so far as the wall, was either killed or forced to drop his burden, which was there and then covered with red ashes and ruins from four feet and a half to six feet thick, which were heaped in that one night of conflagration, over the site of the devoted city. "That," says Herr Schliemann, "this treasure was packed up in the greatest haste is shown by the contents of the greatest silver vase, in which I found, quite at the bottom, two splendid golden diadems, a fillet for the head, and four most gorgeous and artistic pendants for earrings. On them lay fifty-six golden earrings and 4,750 little golden rings, perforated prisms, and dice, together with golden buttons and other precious things which belonged to other ornaments. After these came six golden bracelets, and quite at the top of all in the silver vase, the two small golden cups." These diadems were the remarkable exceptions to which we alluded above, and with them the tale of what Herr Schliemann calls King Priam's treasure is complete.

We think that there can be no doubt but that Dr. Schliemann has found the very locale of "Ilium," and that these interesting "souvenirs" of that famous city are incontestably Trojan. We also agree with him that in the two rivers he successfully identifies the well-known Simois and Scamander.

We do not, however, feel bound to agree with Dr. Schliemann as to all his conclusions, some of which are probably contestable and certainly immature. Even supposing that he is correct in asserting that the whole of Troy which has been excavated (he has himself excavated two-thirds) makes Troy to be less, than we understood it to be by Homer's description, it has yet to be proved that the poet is substantially wrong.

Troy may have been the great

"Acropolis" of the district, the central "Palladium," so to say, of many allied nationalities and friendly tribes and tributaries.

What may yet be buried beneath the Troas who can say? or what further discoveries may yet be made, who of us can pretend to decide?

That we are now in possession of Priam's diadem and have found Priam's Palace, who of us, five years ago, say, would have dreamt? and therefore there is no possible limit to be placed to the fulness of other discoveries, or the energy of later discoverers. Who the Trojans really were, and what their language was does not seem at all certain, but we should not be at all surprised if they turn out to have been an early Phœnician Colony, or even an offspring from some early semi-Grecian tribe.

Dr. Schliemann has done a great work, and deserves, as does Mrs. Schliemann, the greatest credit and κudos for their Homeric sympathy and zeal, for a courage which nothing could daunt, and a devotion which nothing could repress, and we thank them heartily in the name of all lovers of Homer, of archæological enquiry and historical truth, for their invaluable acquisitions, and their undoubted discovery of Troy Divine.

LECTURE BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES ON "TOM HOOD."

A short time ago Bro. Emra Holmes lectured (in connection with the Ipswich Working Men's College) in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the kindred Institution for the occasion. The subject of the lecture was "Tom Hood." About 300 were present, including the Mayor, who presided; Dr. Christian, Principal of the Working Men's College; Mr. G. M. Douglas, Collector of H.M. Customs; Mr. J. B. Lakeman, H.M. Inspector of Factories; Mr. W. Gould, Supervisor of Excise; Mr. J. Walker, Surveyor of Taxes; the Rev. F. H. Maude,

Vicar of Holy Trinity; the Rev. E. Cookson, Curate of Burstall, &c. We have thought well to give to-day the interesting lecture of our able brother.

Bro. Holmes said that nature stamped Hood as a genius, as a poet, when the world would have it he was only a comic writer, a mere punster, who could make you laugh and nothing more. From Hood's earliest years, with the exception of a few bright but transient gleams, his life was a hand-to-hand struggle with straitened means and adverse circumstances—a practical illustration of Longfellow's noble lines,

How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

With the distinct and even minute foreknowledge of organic and moral disease, liable at any moment to a fatal and sudden termination, it must indeed have been a brave spirit to bear so cheerfully and courageously as he did that life, which was one long sickness. Of Hood's birth and parentage they could glean but few particulars. His own joking account was that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, i.e., Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong, which reminded one of the gentlemen who said he was named John after his aunt Sarah. (Laughter.) His father, who came from Scotland to London, was a bookseller of the Poultry, and died of malignant fever at Islington. Having married a Miss Sands, sister to the engraver of that name, his famous son Tom, who was born in 1799, was articled to that gentleman. The lecturer exemplified Hood's devotion to his widowed mother by reading with great pathos the sweet verses he wrote entitled "To a child embracing his mother," as well as another poem, "The Deathbed," in allusion to her dissolution. Hood's first introduction to the literary world was when he was about twenty-one, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, although he had contributed productions to the *Dundee Advertiser*. In connection with the *Magazine* he amused himself by concocting humorous notices and answers to correspondents, some of which Mr. Holmes quoted. His connection with the *Magazine* led to his introduction to Mr. Reynolds (son of the head writing master of Christ's Hospital), whose sister he afterwards

married, and to many eminent writers, including Charles Lamb, Barry Cornwall, &c. "Faithless Sally Brown," one of the most humorous of Hood's poems, was read by the lecturer, as well as graver selections, including "To a sleeping child." As a descriptive poem he gave "The Romance of Cologne," styling it as perhaps as effective a piece of versification as anything of the kind in the English language. Conjointly with Mr. Reynolds, Hood wrote and published anonymously "Odes and addresses to great people," which had a great sale, and occasioned no little wonder as to the author. On the 5th May, 1824, Hood married Miss Reynolds, a woman of cultivated mind and literary tastes, and well suited to him as a companion. His poem, "I love thee," was written at this time. Mr. Holmes read extracts from Hood's letters to his wife to prove that all through their wedded life he was her lover as much as her husband, and said that it would be well if the same could be said of all great literary men. Their first child scarcely survived its birth. Amongst some old papers a few tiny curls of golden hair as soft as the finest silk, were found wrapped in a yellow and timeworn paper, on which was inscribed in Hood's handwriting—

Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me,
I but embraced thee, soon as he.

On this occasion those exquisite lines of Charles Lamb's, "On an infant dying as soon as born," were written and sent to Hood. It was to be regretted that there was no record left of the pleasant days of this intimacy with Charles Lamb and his sister. Bro. Holmes, during the rest of his capital lecture (which we regret we cannot deal with at greater length), read further illustrations from Hood, amongst them being "The haunted house," Sonnet to his wife, "The bridge of sighs," "The song of the shirt," &c. The lecture was listened to with rivetted attention, as it well deserved to be, for it abounded with interest from its opening line to its closing sentence, and proved to a demonstration, not alone that Bro. Holmes has studied Hood's life most faithfully, but has the ability to make others benefit by his labours.—Adapted from *Ipswich News*.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the *Edinburgh Review*, is surpassed by nothing which we are acquainted with in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon:"—

O, let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake

To see how soon

Life, in its glories, glides away
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,

Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find

To-morrow than to-day;

Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea

Are doomed to fall—

The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide,
To that sad wave!

Death levels poverty and pride;
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;

Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;

There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth

Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;

Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white

Has passed away;

Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and lay his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,

The heart's blithe tone?

The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!

When age comes on!