

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have not a great deal to report of Masonic doings at home or abroad. Most of the London Lodges are in recess, and our Metropolitan dull time of Freemasonry has set in.

THE Roman Catholic attacks on Freemasonry are becoming almost as bad in England as in other countries. Indeed the language of the "Westminster Gazette" passes the bounds of all habitual decorum and courtesy, and is a sad commentary on the charity and good feeling of a religious body, which permits such unseemly attacks upon our loyal, intelligent and peaceful order.

An article in July 11, is one of the most offensive which ever has issued from the Catholic press; offensive not from any weight or point of its own, but offensive from its sheer vulgarity and utter debasement of thought and feeling.

Happily Freemasonry cares little for such attacks, and can afford to treat them and pass them by with supreme indifference and calm contempt!

IN Italy we hear that Freemasonry is advancing, and that 80 Lodges are

now under the Italian Grand Orient, or Grand Lodge.

We cannot see why Grand Lodges should not call themselves Grand Lodges. There is no practical or specially appropriate meaning in the word "Grand Orient," and the French Grand Orient would, we venture to think in all respects do much better if she termed herself "La Grande Loge de la France."

THE Italian Freemasons will do well, if only they will but eschew political discussions and religious controversies, leave the "Negri" alone, and develop the true teaching of our tolerant order, in deeds of charity and labours of love.

OUR worthy and indefatigable Bro. Hughan is about to issue a most interesting account of the "Union" in 1813, called the "Memorials of the Masonic Union in 1813, together with the Constitutions of 1815." We feel, as Masonic students and "litterateurs," how much we owe to his zealous labours, in common with that faithful little band of Masonic writers and archaeologists, both in England and America, which has now for some years toiled to illustrate and explain, to correct and verify our Masonic history and traditions.

EDITOR.

ANCIENT MASONIC LODGES,
NO. IV.

(Continued from page 40.)

The minute of the 7th January, 1778, which we now present entire, fully confirms our view of the subject; but we are only anxious for the truth to be known, and "have no side to keep up." We will gladly withdraw our statements if documentary proof is forthcoming to the contrary.

"The Meeting having taken under their consideration the State and Constitution of the Lodge, and that those members who incline to raise themselves to the degree of Mark Mason and Mark Master Mason, and that in time past no benefite has accrued to the Lodge, therefore resolve—'That in time coming all members that shall hereafter raise to the degree of Mark Mason shall pay One Merk Scots, but not to obtain the degree of Mark Mason before they are passed Fellow Craft. And those that shall take the degree of Mark Master Mason shall pay One Shilling and Six Pence sterling in to the Treasurer for behoofe of the Lodge. None to attain the degree of Mark Master Mason until they are raised Master."

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"At Banff, 6th May, 1794, at a monthly meeting, *inter alia*, Compeared James Lawrence Portsoy, agreeable to his request, was passed Fellow Craft and Mark Mason, and afterwards raised to the sublime degree of Master and Mark Mr., and paid into the funds the sum of 17s. 7½d. sterling, being the ordinary dues."

The succeeding records will serve to illustrate the connection of the "Super Excellent Degrees," with Craft Masonry in Scotland during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and also to exhibit the intolerance of the Lodge, respecting its fraternal rival in the town.

"1779. Att the Anuall meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff, Proceeded to call over the List and Collect the Quarter pence.

"It was unanimously agreed to by All the Royal Arch and Super-Excellent masons of the Lodge, for the love and favour they bear to George Smith, present Treasurer of the Lodge, and for the Services he has done to Give him these two Branches of Masonry Gratis.

"Resolved that George Ogston shall be allowed for Entring six Members and Passing six Fellow Crafts as the expenses he has been at upon that Account, the Sum of Ten Shillings Str., and also to Give him these two Branches of Royal Arch and Super Excellent Gratis, and Likewise to James Smith, Dt. Mr. in Turreff for his good offices to the Lodge."

"Resolutions of the Evening Meeting of St. John's day, 1780 :—

"It is Resolved that the Master do collect all the Members Names belonging to this Lodge, whose names are not inserted in the Books of the Grand Lodge, and that he transmitt the same to Edinburgh accordingly, and get the same recorded properly, and get a Certificate of the same. And what money can be spared out of the Box the Recomend to the office bearers to pay off the Debts of the Lodge, as far as the same will go.

"The Lodge has allowed George Ogston Five Shillings Ster., which he lost by making a Fellow Craft who died soon after he was Passed."

"Att the Annual Meeting of the Operative Lodge of Banff, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty one Years, Proceeded to call over the Members names, and to Collect the Quarter pence.

[Here follows a list of the names of 35 Royal Arch Masons, 7 Mark Masters, 9 Masters, 27 Mark Masons, 26 Fellow Crafts, 41 Apprentices.]

"After Colecting the Quarter pence, the Meeting Proceeded to elect the Office Bearers, when John Rhind was

Elected Master, James Robertson, Senear Warden, Geo. Naughtie, Junear Warden, George Smith, Treasurer.

"Att the Evening Meeting, 1st, Resolved that the Petition from some Members in Doun (the present town of McDuff) be Referred to the Comitee Chosen at this Evening Meeting, and a Minute made in the Books for the Members that has joined the St. Andrew's Lodge of Banff.

"2nd Resolution. It was ordered by the Meeting that an Advertisement should be put into the *Aberdeen Journal* warning all Absent Brethren to come and pay up their Quarter pennice once in the three years, or they would be scored off the Books and have no more title to the fund.

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Master."

"Operative Lodge, Banff, 31st January, 1781. The Comitee having met and taken under their consideration the Memorial read upon St. John's Day, and referred to them by the Annual Meeting then held, which Memorial humbly proposes that the following Grievances be taken into consideration.

"In the first place whither it is proper, or not, that any Member belonging to this Lodge should, without any recommendation from us, join the St. Andrew's Lodge of this Town, which some of them has done and Advised others to follow their Example, and to consider whither or not they shall be allowed to Continue members of our Lodge and members of the St. Andrew's Lodge at the same time *Considering the terms upon which the St. Andrew's Lodge and us parted.*

"The Comitee apprehending that such conduct is contrary to the Spirit and Meaning of our Charter, have come to the following Resolutions:—That after this date they unanimously agree that if any Members belonging to this Lodge join the St. Andrew's Lodge of this Town, they will be expounded from our Society and to have no more benefite from it afterwards, nor will they be allowed to sit and vote with us; and

with respect to those who have already gone off, they request the Master to write to the Grand Lodge and get their opinion how we are to proceed with them, and delays giving any Sentence against them untill we have a return from the Grand Lodge.

"And orders this Minute to be intimated to the Brethren in and about the Town wethin the space of twenty-four hours.

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"Resolution of the Operative Lodge of Banff, 7th January, 1782.

"Resolved, that Robert Smith is to make a Seal for the Diplomas, of any Device that the Master gives him; In lue for which he is to be made an Entred Apprentice, he paying Two and Sixpence to the Grand Lodge, and Three Shillings for Entertainment, at the Discretion of the Meeting.

(Signed) "JOHN RHIND, Mr."

"At same time, Compeard Wm. Mortimer and John Robb, both in Banff, agreeable to their request, received the high degree of Knight Templar, and paid into the fund One Shilling each, with the ordinary *Trate* to the meeting.

(Signed) "J. SELLAR, Dept. Mr."

"At Banff, 5 Decr., 1794, in the lodge, at a meeting specially called, Mr. Nicol in the chair, Compeared Adam Elder Alex. Jaffry and John M'Cown and recd. the high degrees of Royal Arch Knight Templar and Malta; sametime Compeared Donald M'Kenzie, and recd. Knights of Templar and Malta, and Brs. John Watson, James Reid, and Wm. Ewing recd. Knights of Malta, each having paid the stated dues.

"At Banff, 27 January, 1795, in the Lodge, at a meeting specially called, Mr. John Nicol in the chair, Compeared Dancel Ross, in Banff, Alex. Moir, these and John Sherras, servt. at Mr. Ross, ventuer there and agreeable to their Requests, was duly recd. and admitted to the high degrees of Royal Arch, Knight Templar, and Knight of Malta, and paid into the fund each the

sum of Sixteen Shill. Ster., and are hereby admitted and Initiated to the above grand secrets day and date as above; likewise Chas. Simpson admitted to the high degree of Knight Malta, and paid into the fund the sum of Two Shills. Ster., and is hereby admitted as such to that high degree, and submit to same accordingly."

"At Banff, 1 Decr., 1795, in the Lodge, at a monthly meeting, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.—Compeared the following Brethren, viz., Neal Farquharson, Malta; Geo. Jamison, Templar & Malta; Jas. Robertson, Jr., Royal Arch, Templar and Malta; and Geo. Ogg, Royal Arch, Templar and Malta, and agreeable to their request was raised to the above High degrees, and paid into the Fund accordingly the full dues of said Stapes, as p Cash Book, page 55th. Sametime Compeared Candidates for admission, viz., George Strachan, Banff, John Jamison, Gelly Mill, & Geo. Taylor, and agreeable to their former Petitions and Recomedations, was Recd. and duly Entred Members of this Lodge, and paid into the fund Each the sum of, viz., G.S., G.T., £1 4s., and T.T., £0 19s. Ster., and 2s. 6d. to the Grand Lodge each, with Clerk and Officer dues, and submit to all the Laws of the Lodge, made and to be made."

"At Banff, 29 Decr, 1795, in the Lodge, at a Meeting specially called, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.—Compeared the folling members, viz., Geo. Taylor, Forglan, John Allan, Ship Mr., Banff, and Thos. Seal, Sailor there, and agreeable to their request, was admitted to the high Degrees of Royal Arch, Superextent, Knight Templar & Malta, and paid into the fund Each their respective moneys According to the Degrees as above. Compeared Geo. Strachan Brewry, agreeable to his request was mad Mark Mason & raised to the sublime Degree of Master & Mark, and paid into the fund accordingly."

"At Banff, 17 Decr, 1796, In the Lodge, At a Royal Arch Meeting

specially called, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.—Compeared Brothers Thos. Russall, John Ironside, Walter Allan, Peter Joass, Geo. Gordon, and Alex. Stevenson, and agreeable to their particular request and desire, they were admitted, after going through the regular forms, To the High Degrees of Royal Arch, Knights Templar & Malta, Each having paid into the Fund the sum of Sixteen Shillings Ster., and they are hereby initiated as such to the said degrees.

(Signed) "JOHN NICOL, Mr."

"At Banff, 20 Dec. 1796, Mr. John Nicol in the chair.

"*Inter alia.* Compeared Brothers William Frazer and John Morison, and agreeable to their particular request was advanced to the high degrees of Royal Arch, Knights Templar and Malta, and initiated as such, and brot forward on the books accordingly, they having each paid the full dues to the lodge."

"At Banff, 23rd February, 1799, in a lodge at a meeting of the Committee, Mr. A. Grant in the chair.

"*Inter alia.* Recd. an application from the Fraserburgh Lodge requesting the high degrees of Royal Arch, Super-excellent, Knights Templar and Malta.

"Agreed to give them their request, them paying into the fund Three Pounds ster. ALEXR. GRANT, Mr."

"At Banff, 4th February, 1800, Committee Meeting, Mr. Alex. in the chair.

"*Inter alia.* That the Keith Lodge receive the degrees of Knights of Temple and Malta, for the sum of Two Guineas to the fund and the same petty dues as our own members."

"At Banff, 13th Feb., 1800, in the Lodge.

"At the General Annual Meeting of Royal Arch and Templars and Malta, Mr. Alex. Mitchell in the chair—Compeaired, agreeable to their former request granted, the following members of the St. James's Lodge of Keith, viz., David Sutherland, James Roy, Geo. Russall, Geo. Brander, and Alex. Shaw,

and agreeable to their former request received the high degrees of Knights Templar and Malta, and paid from their lodge therefor to our fund the sum agreed on, being Two Guineas, with all the other petty dues.

"Same time, John Milne, Mason, Banff, and Alex. Reid, Mason, and agreeable to their former request received the high degrees of Royal Arch and Knights Templ. and Malta, their money being paid full dues, in the year 1778, for the said degrees, as per cash book.

"Likewise, Alex. Leveny, Wm. Smith, Andw. Wall, Geo. Brody, Wm. Reid, and James Sim recd. the high degrees of Royal Arch Knight Temr. and Malta, and John Morison the degree of Knight of Malta, all the above having paid the full dues. As also Br. William Mackie received the high degree of Knight of Malta.

ALXER. MITCHEL, Mr."

Thus concludes our sketch No. 4, of "Ancient Masonic Lodges." We hope soon to again refer to this interesting subject, and meantime we shall be glad to see a communication from our distinguished Brother D. Murray Lyon, who is well able to furnish many able histories of old Lodges.

W. J. HUGHAN.

THE OLD MASONIC POEM.

(Continued from page 41.)

For Christ himself, he teacheth us,
That holy church is God's house,
That is made for nothing else
But for to pray in, as the book tells;
There the people shall gather in,
To pray and weep for their sin,
Look thou come not to church late,
For to speak ribaldry by the (1) gate;
Then to church when thou dost go,
Have in thy mind evermore
To worship thy lord God both day and night,
With all thy wits, and also thy might.
To the church door when thou dost come,
Of the holy water there take thou some,

(1) Gate; way.

For every drop thou feelest there
Quencheth a venial sin, be thou sure.
But first thou must put down thy hood,
For His love that died on the rood,
Into the church when thou dost go,
Pull up thy heart to Christ, anon;
Upon the rood thou look up then,
And kneel down fair on both thy (2) knen;
Then pray to him so here to work,
After the law of holy church,
For to keep the commandments ten,
That God gave to all men;
And pray to him with mild voice
To keep thee from the sins seven,
That thou here may, in thy life,
Keep thee well from care and strife;
[That] furthermore he grant thee grace,
In heaven's blis to have a place.
In holy church avoid (3) wordes
Of lewd speech, and foul bordes!
And put away all vanity,
And say thy *pater noster*, and thy *ave*;
Look also thou make no (4) bere,
But ever to be in thy prayer;
If thou wilt not thyself pray,
Hinder none other man by no way.
In that place neither sit nor stand,
But kneel fair down upon the ground,
And, when the Gospel men read shall,
Fairly thou stand up from the wall,
And bless thee fair, if that thou can,
When *gloria tibi* is begun;
And when the Gospel is adone,
Again thou mightest kneel adown;
On both thy knees down thou fall,
For his love that bought us all;
And when thou hearest the bell ring
To that holy (5) Sakerynge,
Kneel ye must, both young and old,
And both your hands well uphold,
And say then in this manner,
Fair and soft, without (4) bere;
"Ihesu Lord, welcome thou be,
"In form of bread, as I thee see!
"Now Ihesu, for thy holy name,
"Shield me from sin and shame;
"(6) Schryff and (7) hosel thou grant me both,
"Before that I shall hence go,
"And true contrition for my sin,
"That I never, Lord, die therein,
"And, as thou wast of maiden born,
"Suffer me never to be lost;
"But when I shall hence wend,
"Grant me the bliss without [an] end;
"Amen! amen! so may it be!
"Now, sweet lady, pray for me."
Thus thou might'st say, or some other thing,
When thou kneelest at the sakerynge.
For covetousness after good, spare thou nought
To worship him that all has wrought;
For glad may a man that day be,
That once in the day may him see;

(2) Knen; knees.
(3) Wordes; talk.
(4) Bere; noise.
(5) Sakerynge; Sacrament.
(6) Schryff; confession.
(7) Hosel; the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

It is so much worth, without nay,
 The virtue thereof no man tell may;
 But so much good doth that sight,
 As Saint Austin telleth full right,
 That day thou seest God's body,
 Thou shalt have these full securely:—
 Meat and drink at thy need,
 None that day shall thee (8) gnede;
 Idle oaths, and words both,
 God forgiveth thee also;
 Sudden death, that same day,
 Thou need'st not dread in no way;
 Also that day I thee (9) plyght,
 Thou shalt not lose thy eyesight;
 And each foot that thou goest then,
 That holy sight for to see,
 They shall be told to stand in stead,
 When thou hast thereto great need;
 That messenger, the Angel Gabriel,
 Will keep them to thee full well.
 From this matter now I may pass,
 To tell more rewards of the mass:
 To church come yet, if thou may,
 And hear thy mass every day;
 If thou may'st not come to church,
 Where that ever thou dost work,
 When thou hearest to mass [the] Knoll,
 Pray to God with heart still,
 To give thee part of that service,
 That in church there done is.
 Furthermore yet, I (10) wol you preach
 To your fellows, it for to teach,
 When thou comest before a lord,
 In hall, in bower, or at the board,
 Hood or cap that those (11) off do:
 Ere thou comes him entirely to;
 Twice or thrice, without doubt,
 To that lord thou must (12) lowte;
 With thy right knee let it be done,
 Thine own worship thou save so,
 Hold off thy cap, and hood also,
 Till thou hast leave it (13) on to do,
 All the while thou speakest with him,
 Fair and lovingly bear up thy chin.

(To be continued.)

- (8) Gnede; require.
 (9) Plyght; promise.
 (10) Wol; will, desire.
 (11) Off do; take off, remove.
 (12) Lowte; bow, make obeisance.
 (13) On to do; to put it on.

Recent Geological surveys of the new territories of the Far West reveal the very important fact that the known coal deposits of the Rocky Mountain region extend over an area of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, in strata varying from five to thirty-five feet in thickness.

THE NEW MORALITY.

(Continued from page 42.)

Oh! no indeed, let florid pens to-day,
 Write virtue down, drive piety away;
 Let all that's base in effort or in end
 Find in the foolish an obstreperous friend;
 Amid the prurient page or vicious creed,
 The paltry sophism or the unlicensed deed,
 Old truth asserts in all her wondrous might,
 What faith reveres, what conscience says is right!
 Alas! for all who in our Vanity Fair,
 Mid pleasure's din, or sad delusion's glare,
 Tread the broad way of selfishness or wrong,
 All giddy members of a giddier throng.
 Their's is that fatal course so hotly run,
 Their's is that sad goal all too swiftly won.
 For them indeed is lost or blighted fame,
 Sorrow's dark shadow, memory's throbbing shame
 The chain is holding them so close and strong
 Of fane longings, or of open wrong,
 Or sad indulgence's all iron sway
 Binds down to earth their weak wills day by day.
 Their's is, alas! too many a doubtful friend,
 Too many a sordid gain; unwighious end,
 Their's are the echoes of the "still small voice;"
 Their's are the low pursuit, the baneful choice;
 Their's are those dreams which only end in ill,
 The feverish struggle, the perverted will;
 Their's an upbraiding retrospect of years,
 Deep-gnawing griefs and never-ceasing fears,
 Until each day indeed for them below,
 Is but an harbinger of impending woe.
 Alas! they've bartered hope and trust away,
 To gain the joys, the riches of a day!
 Is there no hope for them? can nought restore
 To them the happiness of days of yore?
 Are peace and innocence for ever fled?
 Is their will powerless? is their conscience dead?
 Can nothing change for them this sad, sad scene?
 Or make them once again what they have been?
 But must they still to hopelessness a prey
 Wend on complacently their ill-omened way?
 Oh, surely some safe cure may yet be found
 For all the evils that we see around;
 Some Panacea with its golden store
 May bid us breathe, and hope, and trust once more.
 For though indeed the horizon's dark to-day,
 When all we most revere seems past away,
 There yet must be some goodness left to fill
 This maddening concourse of tainting ill;
 And faith and peace, and trust and joy and love,
 Can still as with an influence from above,
 Our sad society all purely leaven,
 Revivify our hopes with gleams of heaven!

MENTOR.

UNDER A MASK.

BY SALLIE A. SMITH.

The morning sun shone warm and golden on a stately edifice situated a few miles from London, and everything exterior, from the emerald lawn, with marble statues gleaming white and cold amid the foliage, the pretty fountain with its sparkling waters falling in bright showers upon the water lilies that floated in the basin beneath the well-kept walks, avenues, and carriage drives, the conservatories, wooded parks, grand old forests, and rich meadow lands, to the interior, with its marble paved vestibule, its large gloomy rooms, picture gallery, billiard room, music, morning and ball room, its vast drawing-rooms rich in statues, pictures, gems of art, silken drapery, etc., and up the grand staircase, where were state bed-chambers with tall plumed bedsteads, tapestry hangings, carved furniture, all bespoke the owner of Stanhope House to be possessed of princely wealth.

On the shaded veranda, at the southern portion of the mansion, sat two persons in earnest conversation.

The elder, a lady some fifty years of age was stately and aristocratic with a fresh English countenance, bright blue eyes, sunny smile, and low gentle voice, while the looks of affection cast upon the slight figure, reclining in a rustic seat in the shadow of the vines, were there of a fond mother solicitous for the welfare of her darling child.

The summer sunbeams sifted through the green leaves above the head of the lady in the garden chair, resting like a halo of light upon the golden hair, and falling in waves of shimmering splendour over the graceful figure, the white dress, and small hands.

The face of the lady was hidden by a thick veil, and not a glimpse of her countenance could be obtained.

"Then you are still determined to carry out the plan you have formed?" said the elder lady, as though in conclusion of a long conversation. "Have you thought of all the scandal, the curiosity of the world, the embarrassments and annoyances you

will be subject to? and are you sure you are pursuing the right course for a happy future?"

"Yes, mamma, I am, after careful deliberation, determined upon acting in the manner I have told you of, and I have thought over all the consequences of my conduct, while as regards the scandal that will arise, or the embarrassments I shall undergo, that is nothing if my end is gained," and Lady Hester Stanhope, the youthful owner of Stanhope House, arose as if to close the conversation, and soon after entered the house.

Six years before the opening of my story Hester Graham was a governess, going out daily to instruct the children of a number of noble families in the city, and thus helping in the support of her widowed mother and two little sisters.

Many temptations beset the path of the fair young girl, for her face was one of the loveliest seen in all the grand city, while her extreme youth and gentle retiring manners, added fresh charms and greater fascinations to the perfections of form and features.

Among the families in which she gave instruction in music, French and drawing, was that of Lord and Lady Stanhope, and the oldest and proudest in the land, with a pedigree dating back to the time of the Crusaders, and an escutcheon unsullied by a single act of dishonour or crime.

The only brother of Lord Stanhope, a gentleman thirty-five years of age, became greatly enamored of the lovely Hester Graham, and, being a fine, polished gentleman, well versed in the ways of the world, also being good-looking, elegantly dressed, and with many rare accomplishments, the innocent governess soon learned to love him, while he, although unhappy, lonely, and discontented when away from Hester, and feeling that life would be a blank without her, could not bring his haughty pride so low as to think of marrying so far beneath him, while at heart—although he had the name among his set of being rather wild and dissolute—yet he could not crush so fair a flower, and leave it to die of neglect and shame.

Six months passed, and Hester's rosy cheek grew pale, while her bright eyes were often dimmed with tears, and her light step was slower and less elastic, for she began to think the man she had looked

upon as a noble, brave-hearted gentleman, who would be willing to acknowledge his love for her before the world, was a villain; for had he not, again and again, sought her presence upon the slightest pretext? And had he not shown preference for her society by leaving all the high-born beauties who assembled in the magnificent drawing-rooms of the nobility, to wander alone with the young governess amid the green woods, or to spend the evening beneath her mother's humble roof? while every look, every action showed his feelings towards her; and yet six months had passed, and still his love was unspoken; so no wonder hope had nearly departed from Hester's bosom.

At length Lord Stanhope was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting with the Prince of Wales and a party of noblemen; so the lover of Hester became Lord Stanhope. Then the lowly girl seemed at a greater distance than ever from the high-born gentleman; and one day, in a fit of desperation, the new-made lord, finding Hester alone in the children's school-room, confessed his passion for her, asked her to share his wealth; told her he should ever love and remain true to her; but he could not make her his wife on account of the difference in station.

With eyes flashing scorn and defiance from their dark depths, red lips curling proudly, and golden head erect, Hester replied to her lover's insulting proposals.

"How dare you, Sir Hugh, address me in such a manner? Because I am poor and lowly, with no protector but my dear mother, do you thus insult me? You are an honourable gentleman, truly. I hate, loathe, scorn you; and know, sir, I had rather wed a beggar in the street, if he had a heart that was filled with respect for woman, than be the mistress of such as you, though I could wear velvets, silks, and gleaming jewels. I had rather have true, pure love, than all your worthless splendour. Shame upon you to take advantage of an unprotected girl."

And Hester burst into an agony of weeping, for she could not help her grief, as she thought of the dreary future unlighted by a single ray of affection.

"Hester, darling, forgive me. On my knees I sue for pardon. I let pride and the opinion of the world upon my conduct for the moment get the master of my

better nature. I am ashamed of the insult I offered to you, my spotless lily, my woodland violet. Will you become my dear, my honoured wife? And although all the world may sneer, I can defy it, for I shall have my darling Hester by my side."

For a moment the governess hesitated, for she was very proud, and could not forget the insult offered to her by the man she loved, but her gentle heart soon forgave her idol, and placing her hands in her lover's she consented to be his.

So Hester Graham became Lady Stanhope, and although for a time she was unrecognized by the nobility, yet when the Queen, hearing of the sweet and endearing qualities of the young Lady Stanhope, sent for her at the palace, and giving her a place among her ladies-in-waiting, she lavished every attention upon her; then the humble governess became one of the brightest ornaments at court, while all who had slighted now followed and feted the royal favourite.

Three happy years flitted by; then Hester became a widow, and a few months after the death of her husband, while riding out in company with her mother, the horses became unmanageable, ran violently along the country road, and overturning the carriage, Hester was thrown down a steep bank, and while Mrs. Graham escaped with but a slight injury, her daughter was disfigured for life; so said the evening papers, and the conduct of Lady Stanhope sanctioned the rumours, for, from the time of the accident, she lived in strict seclusion, while in her drives and walks she always had her face concealed by a mask.

The two young daughters of Mrs. Graham being dead, Hester persuaded her mother to give up her little cottage, and for the future make her home with her.

So, at twenty-four, Lady Hester Stanhope, in spite of her youth, amiable qualities, and immense wealth, was looked upon as an object of pity by her late friends, for her deformity must be frightful, her face repulsive, to be always covered by that thick mask of silk and lace.

But although Hester's misfortune was such that she lived in seclusion, yet many sought her hand for the wealth she possessed, and knowing well the motive, the lady refused all offers with the scorn they merited.

At length Lady Hester resolved to travel, and having a long consultation with her mother in regard to her plans of the future, that lady, as before mentioned in the first of this sketch, had her doubts as to the result of her daughter's projects, fearing she would meet with many annoyances, embarrassments, and perhaps insults; but the devoted mother was ready and willing to accompany her child to the end of the world, if necessary.

So, at the end of a month, the elegant town mansion of Lady Hester was closed, and given over to the keeping of a trusty housekeeper, and her business affairs being managed by a friend of her late husband's, the young widow had no fears that in her absence anything connected with her vast estates in town and country would be neglected.

Mrs. Graham, the mother of Hester, had a number of sisters, and the elder one, having married an American, lived in New York, and her husband was one of the merchant princes of that city.

When Mrs. Lewis received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Graham, announcing the fact of her daughter's proposed visit to the United States, that lady—who, with her husband, a son, and one daughter, resided amid the aristocratic residences of Murray Hill—was delighted at the news; for, in spite of Hester's misfortune, was she not a wealthy widow?—and having a title, the two combined would render her niece charming, no matter how hideous her face.

Robert Lewis was a young man of twenty-eight or thirty, was called good-looking by the ladies, and a first-rate fellow by the gentlemen; but in his black eyes there was a hard, glassy glitter not agreeable to a physiognomist, and the full, red lips were those of a sensualist, while a lurking cruelty and a false, hollow heart were revealed in the smiling countenance and polished manner of this darling son of Mrs. Lewis.

Sallie Lewis, the sister of Robert, was a belle and a beauty, with eyes of the darkest hazel, clear and cold, hair black and glossy as satin, a faultless complexion, a delicate nose, red, thin lips, and flashing white teeth, but the forehead was somewhat low and narrow, the eyes at times had a certain hue in their depths that reminded one of a cat's eye, green changing to yellow, full of deceit and treachery.

Hester and her mother arrived in New York just at the holidays, and everybody and everything wore a festive garb, and every house was full of life, light, and joy.

The Lewis mansion was illuminated from top to bottom, while guests were bidden from all quarters to welcome the coming of the noble lady who would honour the *fete* with her presence; for Hester had determined to go into society in spite of her masked countenance.

The travellers arrived early on the morning of the day that the grand party was to be given, so Hester begged to be excused from appearing until evening, as she wished to recover a little from the fatigue of travel.

The great drawing-rooms at the Murray Hill mansion were marvels of elegance and luxury, with azure silk drapery at the plate-glass windows; Turkey carpets so thick that the feet seemed as if treading on woodland moss; furniture carved in ebony, with azure silk coverings, choice paintings, exquisite groups of statuary, bronzes, vases of purple and gold, inlaid tables, and a thousand costly trifles that made the apartment look like an enchanted place.

The rooms were filled and running over with fluttering creatures in airy raiments, and the rainbow sheen of silk and satin, and attendant cavaliers in full evening dress, all full of curiosity to see the niece of their hostess, the young English widow, Lady Stanhope.

Sallie Lewis, in her evening splendour, was bright and radiant as the morning. With a rose-hued satin, covered by airy white tulle falling in graceful folds about her perfect form, and amid the cloudy draperies gleamed blush roses and flashing diamonds, while a spray of moss buds, sparkling with diamond dew-drops, nestled in her dark braids. Sallie outshone even the rare exotics blooming in her conservatory.

Robert looked very handsome and full of manly graces, while he was all expectation, and his heart beat wildly as he thought of this rich and noble relation; for, although knowing of Hester's deformity, he had resolved to win her for a wife—not that he wanted her love, but he did want her vast wealth, and the honour of becoming the husband of a titled lady.

At rather a late hour, Lady Hester entered the drawing-room, leaning on the arm of her uncle.

Dressed in a robe of violet velvet, with point lace over-skirt, her pale golden hair braided in a coronet over the white forehead; on her perfect neck and arms shone glittering chains of sapphires; while her countenance was hid by a mask of thick black lace. The well-bred crowd stared in astonishment as this lady in the mask was introduced as Lady Stanhope, for they had not heard about the accident that had caused the unfortunate woman to shroud her face from the gaze of the world, and all marvelled at the strange sight.

Long before the evening was over Hester had been mortified and annoyed by the curious looks, low whispers, and by the remarks of the crowd in which she mingled; but resolving to bear all with patience, she walked proudly amid the throng of strangers, although her bosom throbbed with indignation at many stray words she caught as she passed groups of ladies and gentlemen.

Robert and Sallie were questioned by their friends in regard to the masked widow, but all they could answer was, their cousin had met with an accident which had deformed her countenance so much she had hidden it by a mask.

One gentleman who was a guest at the evening *fete*, and who, although a great artist, was poor, in spite of Lady Hester's covered face, was greatly fascinated by the stranger.

Her perfect form, wealth of golden tresses, graceful carriage, soft musical voice, and brilliant conversational powers, attracted and pleased him.

Sallie Lewis, although bidden by her aristocratic parents to think only of choosing a husband from among the wealthy and high-born, had fallen secretly in love with Sidney Atherton, the handsome and talented artist, and her black eyes were green with jealousy as she noted the attention paid her cousin by the artist, while she and her worthy brother could not attribute a pure motive to the attention paid by Sidney to Lady Hester. They thought he sought the widow's side because she was noble and wealthy.

But, after the party, the young artist became a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. Lewis, not that his presence was welcome

by the parents of Sallie, but their guest, the widow, invited the intruder, and they dared not show displeasure.

One evening Lady Hester, pleading illness, did not appear at dinner, and Sallie, pretending sympathy for the indisposition of her cousin—while she would gladly have welcomed the news of her death—for had she not stolen the heart of the man she loved?—went to the suite of rooms appropriated to the use of Lady Stanhope. Knocking softly several times, and receiving no answer, she opened the door and went in.

Lady Hester was fast asleep on a couch near the open grate; and although the gas was not lighted, yet the ruddy glow from the fire lighted up the room sufficiently for every object to be discernible.

Gliding cautiously towards the sleeping lady, she lifted the loose covering from Hester's countenance, and, starting back as she caught a glimpse of the face beneath, turned pale as marble, while her cat-like eyes glared with looks of hate upon her relative, and murmuring, as she left the room:

"I would kill her if I dared, for she will win Sidney from me in spite of her covered face; and if she had not intruded upon me, he would have loved me."

When she met the artist she told him about her cousin being asleep, and that she had stolen a glimpse at her countenance; and with a shudder, she declared Lady Hester to be one of the most frightful objects she ever beheld. But Sidney only felt contempt for the mean, under-handed way in which she had acted toward a guest whose secret should have been held sacred.

Sallie and her brother, finding they were about to lose the prizes they both coveted, were filled with despair, so they concocted a plan whereby Hester should be entrapped into a house of ill-repute, while the artist, seeing her enter, would think her unworthy of his love, and turn to Sallie, and Robert could then have a field without a rival; but the woman they confided in, who was to decoy Lady Hester to the mansion, pretending it was for charitable motives, proved to be one who had been befriended by Sidney, and she told him the vile plot.

Spring arrived, and Hester had long seen that she was hated by her cousin Sallie, while Robert persecuted her with

his unwelcome attentions, so she resolved to leave her relative, and for the short time longer that she would remain in New York, stop in a hotel.

The rich and titled lady, with her countenance always concealed, attracted universal attention, and it was rumoured that in spite of her deformity she was soon to be married to Sidney Atherton, the distinguished artist.

The fashionable church in which the ceremony was to take place was crowded in every part, and the street completely blocked by the dense crowd, for every one, both high and low, had heard of the Lady Hester Stanhope, who wore a mask, and all wished to see her as a bride.

On her wedding day, Hester felt supremely happy, for was she not to marry the man she loved? and she was assured his affection was true and loyal, for had he not, in spite of the mystery of her covered face, resolved to wed her? while as for her wealth, he had declared, when he confessed his love for her, he would never touch one cent of her property, but live on his own income, while she could dispose of her fortune as she pleased.

The full length mirrors revealed the figure of the bride, in garments of costly white velvet and foamy lace, with Orient pearls clasping the throat and wrists, while over the amber hair fell the bridal veil, and the white folds completely shrouded her countenance.

Sidney Atherton walked proudly up the broad aisle of the church, his bride upon his arm, and when they reached the altar, where stood the white-robed priest to receive them, Lady Hester, with a sweep of her hand, threw back the cloud-like lace that concealed her features, and revealed a face of perfect and dazzling beauty, with flashing hazel eyes, a complexion of lilies and roses, and on one rounded cheek could be seen a vestige of that awful accident, described in such glowing colours by the papers of the day.

A deep, blood-red scar, which slightly disfigured the dimpled cheek, was all that marred the beautiful face of the bride.

Sidney was delighted with his darling, but said he could hardly love her more deeply than he did when he thought her hideous.

Sallie, who knew how beautiful her cousin was, would not see the happy couple

when they called upon her, and Robert was almost insane with passion as he thought of the prize he had lost when he might have won her had he been honest in his love.

Lady Hester gained the point she had in view. She had found a man who loved her for herself, not for beauty or fortune.
—*New York Dispatch.*

THE SEASON.

BY A CONFIDING YOUNG WOMAN.

The season's nearly ended,
The streets are thinning fast,
I'm dreaming of old "Rover,"
And that sea boat with one mast;
I'm longing for the breezes
Which sweep over Horton Hill,
Where every prospect pleases,
As we ride close by the mill.

The season's nearly over,
I really can't complain,
For I have been befriended much
Nor spent my time in vain;
Two balls for nearly every night
Have taken our horses out,
Until papa began to growl,—
You know he has the gout.

But men can never comprehend
How much one dance may do,
Or a little pressure of the hand
Can make "one" out of "two;"
It's very curious to see,
How in the shortest space,
Two souls can make a stern resolve,
Together life's ills to face!

But I'm speaking of my sisters,
And not of my own lot,
Whatever has been their success,
My word it still is, "not."
I've laughed with Sir Henry Callender,
And joked with Captain Jones,
And even said "how charming,"
When he played those horrid "Bones."

I've walked much with my cousin,
 And also with a friend,
 And had the most charming waltzes,
 Which had too soon to end;
 I've sat out two dances on the stairs,
 Until my mother came
 To look for me in haste,—I fear
 I hurried the good old dame!

Well, I've had a pleasant season,
 And memory still flings,
 Brightness on little scenes and words,
 On innumerable things;
 I've had a "seance" in the park,
 And a "canter" in the Row,
 And I've seen the household heroes
 Most agile at Polo!

But as all things must finish,
 So the season's nearly up,
 Farewell to drags and dinners,
 Farewell to Champagne cup;
 Farewell to many a walk and ride,
 Farewell to many a ball,
 Farewell to thee, O faithful friend,
 The pleasantest of all.

What seventy-five's in store for me
 I really cannot say,
 What another season may reveal,
 I can't foretell to-day;
 But underneath the shady limes,
 Or in a boat upon the lake,
 When autumn heat compels us
 All exertion to forsake,

I think a friend I'm fond of,
 A very nice young man,
 May say to me in gentle tones,
 All that a "Lovier" can;
 And though my father may object,
 And my mother gravely frown,
 If he does—I am determin'd
 To be Mrs. Henry Brown!

MORAL.

O fair confiding Damosel,
 Who tell'st thy tale to-day,
 So artlessly and lovingly,
 May no dark clouds dim thy way,
 But when another season comes,
 And the world's once more in town,
 May thy friends all gladly greet thee
 As Mrs. Henry Brown.

CÆLEBS.

We scruple not to challenge our bitterest reviler to fix upon a single Mason who dare affirm that in any of our transactions, whether public or private, there is a single trait, either sentimental or practical, in all our Masonic Order which bears not even the very enthusiasm of loyalty.

MASONIC ARCHÆOLOGY.

No. IV.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

In a former paper, on the present position of Masonic History, in the Magazine, I proposed to consider the sources whence the historians of our Order may seek for their original information.

But upon second thoughts it seems to me that such a disquisition would more properly come under the head of Archæology, and I therefore have deemed it better so to treat it.

I propose then to-day to deal with our MS. authorities.

At present they are not a few, and their number is still increasing, thanks to Bro. W. J. Hughan's researches in conjunction with my own, not forgetting of course other labourers in the same field, like Bro. Matthew Cooke, Bro. B. Spencer, in England, and D. M. Lyon and W. P. Buchan, in Scotland, and several able brethren in America.

The study of MS. authorities is one not unattended with difficulty and drawbacks of various kinds.

For it is one thing to find out the existence of MSS., and it is another thing to be able to treat them critically, or treat them rightly!

The study of MSS. is a special study, and cannot be taken up at once, as you peruse a printed book, or master the first principles of some valuable science.

The study of manuscripts is often with some the study of years, of a life, and though a good many people talk glibly enough about manuscripts they have never seen, yet as all "experts" know, as a general rule their criticism amounts to nothing.

There are some students of the olden MSS. so familiar with the handwriting of successive generations, that they can

tell almost at a glance whether the MS. was written in the 8th, or 9th, or 12th, or 15th, or 17th century, as the case may be.

But, in their case, a long study of the handwriting of the past has made them observant of peculiarities which would escape a less competent judge of older handwriting, and the turn of a letter, the character of some particular portion of the MS. itself, the very abbreviations and contractions employed, which are practically Hebrew to the unexpert student, are to them indisputable witnesses of the age of the entire MS.

Hence the study of our Masonic MSS. requires a good deal of caution and of care.

It is idle, and worse than idle, for writers to do, as they so often do, in respect of manuscripts, non-Masonic as well as Masonic, to affect to decide upon the age of MSS. by printed extracts of MSS. which they have not themselves seen.

No manuscript's true age can be arrived at possibly in this way with anything like reliability.

To realize the bearing of minute differences of handwriting, as they affect the question of successive generations, you must carefully peruse, in a judicial frame of mind, the manuscript itself, with no pet theory, and no preconceived opinion. You must compare it with other manuscripts of the same age as is supposed, and with MSS. later and earlier. You must note not only the contractions and abbreviations, but you must carefully observe the archaisms, and well-known forms of expression which are found in like documents. Manuscripts in vellum, as a general rule, do not afford us much, if any clue to their age, by the material on which they are written, though "experts" can even find certain "indicia" of age, even on manuscript or vellum or parchment, as we generally term it.

There are no doubt some appearances of vellum which seem to betoken either a great antiquity, or even a special

epoch. But they are not altogether to be relied upon, and, as a general rule, the "expert" prefers to trust to his knowledge of the characters thereon traced by some long defunct scribe.

In MSS. on paper we have the water mark to go by, which, as we shall see later, sometimes helps us a little in the investigation of age and date. The oldest Masonic manuscript, so far known, is what is termed the "Masonic Poem," in the British Museum, and which is now being re-published in the Magazine in a modernized garb.

This is, as many of us well know, a long poem, probably written by a priest or monk, and not later at any rate, than the middle of the 15th century.

Some writers however place it earlier, as Mr. Halliwell, who gives it the date of 1390, and in this date Mr. Wallbran agreed.

Casley apparently regarded it as a 14th century MS., but Mr. E. A. Bond, the present keeper of the MS., British Museum, is of opinion that the MS. belongs to the middle of the 15th century. In a letter he wrote to me, dated July 29th, this year, he repeats that opinion, "the first half of the 15th century."

In my opinion the approximate date is not worth contesting, though I confess I see no reason to dissent from the opinion I have before expressed, despite Mr. Bond's admittedly high authority, that the poem may be considered as a 14th century poem.

This poem, not later confessedly, under any circumstances, than the first half of the 15th century, is composed of two if not three portions.

It has, in my opinion, two distinct "ordinaciones," probably written by the transcriber or compiler from the MS. he had seen "aforetime wryten."

The first ordinacio ends with the Articles and the "Poynts," and then commences "Alia Ordinacio," which, though very short, is certainly different from the preceding, and has in it that important passage to which Mr. Sims asked my special attention, which

appears to be an actual quotation from a speech or order of King Athelstan, at the grand "Assemblee," in the "syte" York.

"The Ars Quatuor Coronatorum" which follows, is apparently also separate, though, no doubt, transcribed by the same hand, and perhaps put together by him.

Bro. Findel bases upon this "Ars Quatuor" his argument for the German derivation of English Freemasonry. But the festival of the "Coronati" was an old English Festival, November 8th, in the Sarum Missal, and as Osmund put that missal together between 1089 and 1109, I cannot see with every submission how our good Bro. Findel can draw an inference of sole German usage from the fact.

I think we see, in the striking evidence this poem displays of the powers and learning of him who put it together, whether out of his own head, or from older legends, how it was that the operative lodges preserved alike their outer organization and inner retreat, namely the help of non-operative patrons.

The next oldest MS. is the additional MS. 23,198, British Museum, originally edited by Bro. Matthew Cooke. It is a prose constitution of very great value and importance.

Bro. Matthew Cooke seems to fix its date at the latter part of the 15th century from internal evidence, which would be practically about 1490, and which view no doubt was strengthened by the printed copy of the "Polychronicon," by Caxton, which appeared in 1482.

But it by no means follows that the compiler of this MS. referred to the printed copy. He had probably seen a MS. copy, and I confess that I never could see from any internal evidence why the additional MS. was to be so late. Mr. Bond, in the letter previously mentioned, places the additional MS. at an earlier date than has been generally received so far.

He says: "As you seem to desire that I should look at the MSS. again, I have done so, and my judgment upon

them is that they are both of the first half of the 15th century.

"I see no reason for placing the Additional 23,198 so late as 1490."

This opinion gives much importance to the Additional MS., and opens out several important questions, which, however, I will not touch upon to-day.

Bro. Jacob Norton has said, I believe, in some American or Canadian Masonic Magazine, that the Additional MS. was put together by a Protestant; but independently of the hopelessness of any such theory critically, historically, or archæologically, Mr. Bond's opinion, which I have just quoted, utterly upsets any such argument, which is, to say the truth, a little fanciful, and not marked by the usual clear-sighted acumen which distinguishes generally our Bro. Norton's disquisitions.

For though I do not and cannot agree with all he puts forth, I do not for one moment question either his honesty of purpose, his desire for truth, or his persevering energy, and his zeal for Masonry.

I propose, in other papers, to deal with Sloane 3,329; with our English MS. Constitutions, and then with the Scotch. But here I will stop to-day.

THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

To profanes 'tis a fading stem,
Which teaches nothing good to them;
But to the Mason's heart it bears
A Hope that drives away his cares,
Quiets all his disturbing fears,
And quickly checks his flowing tears.
His earthly griefs, by magic, seem
Gone at sight of the Evergreen.
In viewing it, by Faith he takes
His upward flight to Heaven's gates,
And passing through the portals wide,
Enjoys the peace for which he sighed.
Sweet emblem of eternal rest!
Of Masons' types thou art the best;
Thy silent eloquence imparts
A healing balm to wounded hearts.
O may we never shipwreck'd be,
Adrift upon the sceptic's sea,
Without a Hope, a single ray
To light us upward on our way.
May our ever attentive ear
Receive thy welcome words of cheer:
"Hope in immortal life to claim
The friends who in the grave are lain;
With them, at rest in realms above,
Share a Heavenly Father's love." HIRAM.

Memphis, May 1, 1874. — *American Masonic Jewel.*

UNVEILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but——"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them before-hand."

"There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him."

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses that form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a handsome villa directly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlour, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall-door was quietly opened, and as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake that fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the newly-trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said:

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for, were Kennedy to act in such a way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Barton; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighbourhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by-and-by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window, and, if the blind is drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh—his dinner! I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he had seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul!"

I don't know that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear! it is terrible!" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Kennedy. "But does any one visit them—have they any friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people too, in carriages; and there is he, the wretch! often with his half-sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he was the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absence."

"No; even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her; her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her! And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Barton, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent-street, all the "sacrifices" that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford-street, bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost," made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in Merton-road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

"I find," she said, in the course of conversation with that lady and her guest, "you are a near neighbour of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Morton."

"Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity. "Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about—"

"Poor, miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in London."

"Oh, it cannot be the same!" said Mrs. Barton. "I mean our opposite neighbour, in Hawthorn Villa. I thought it couldn't be—"

"Hawthorn Villa. The very house! You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who—"

"Oh, the dreadful, wretched gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't know such a man."

"He," interrupted her friend, Mrs. Law, "he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighbourhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable—who—"

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Law. "Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called his misfortune, but not his fault!" And the lady warmed as she spoke till she had to untie her bonnet, and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune," murmured Mrs. Barton; "how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what is his business?"

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. "Why, he's the editor of a morning newspaper!"—
American Keystone.

Charity is a complete and consistent thing. It is not a *segment* but a *circle*. Its affections stream from God, as their *centre*; all mankind compose their *circumference*; they go forth, not only in one, but in all directions towards the production of others' good.

DIFFICULTY OF ASCERTAINING
THE AGE OF UNDATED OLD
MASONIC MSS.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

No one feels more grateful to Brethren who disinterestedly labour for our Instruction than we do. We therefore felt exceedingly pleased to learn that Bro. Hughan's untiring efforts in that direction were in a measure rewarded by the distinction conferred upon him by the M.W.G.M. of England. But while we sincerely congratulate Bro. Hughan, and were, and are ever ready to acknowledge his services, and those of his co-labourer the Rev. Bro. Woodford, yet we must not allow even the feelings of gratitude to overcome the feeling of duty. We also claim the pursuit of truth for truth's sake, and therefore deem it our duty to question and criticise the writings of Brethren, regardless of their rank, learning, or even the important services they may have rendered. With these preliminary remarks, which we are sure will not offend our friends, we shall proceed to question the dates affixed to our old undated MSS.

In the preface to Bro. Hughan's Old Charges, Bro. Woodford dates the Dowland MS., as A.D. 1500, and the Landsdown, as of 1560, etc. Now, we would like to know the reasons of our esteemed Brother for giving just those dates? True, our Brother added the word "*circa*" or uncertain to those dates. But why may not those MSS. have been written in the year 1600? Be it further remembered, that Bro. Woodford never saw the Dowland MS., and Mr. Dowland who owned it, assures us that it was written, not in 1500, but in the 17th century. The opinion of Mr. Dowland certainly deserves more

weight than the opinion of those who never saw it. Besides which, the MSS. is totally minus of all allusion to the Virgin and other Roman Catholic dogmas; it could therefore not have been written either in 1500, or during the reign of Philip and Mary.

The Sloane MS. 3329, edited by Brother Woodford, if its date could be fixed with certainty, would indeed settle the question that our system of degrees is older than 1717. Bro. Woodford says: "I have no doubt whatever that my learned and lamented friend Mr. Wallbran was quite right when he fixed the date of the MS. from the internal evidence at not later than 1640." Our Brother also says, "the archaisms and peculiarities of spelling, date really and truly, from any part of the 17th century, but rather earlier than later." But yet Bro. Woodford admits that the handwriting of the said MS. is probably not earlier than 1710; consequently, it may have been written in 1730. Our Brother also admits that the writer of the MS. was an uneducated man. Further on, our Brother says: "The narrative is not an original draft, but an evident copy, as witness the words printed in *italics*, which are *interlined* in the original, arising from a mistake of the copyist in omitting to notice the words, 'in form of a square' occur twice." These then are all the internal evidence our Brother adduces that the MS. is a copy of a still older MS., not later than 1640.

Now, it seems to us, that the bad spelling and interlined words, may be better attributed, first to the fact admitted by Bro. Woodford, that the writer was an uneducated man, and secondly, the writer of that MS. may have been duped by a sharper, who imposed all that trash upon him as Masonic secrets, and finding that he could not with those secrets obtain admission into a Lodge, he wrote the instruction he received in his own way, but here and there he discovered mistakes, so he corrected them by interlining the omitted words.

That the spelling is no proof of its having been written in the 17th century, I could prove from hundreds of documents in our Law Courts, written after 1733. But I beg to call Bro. Woodford's attention to the fac-simile of the Boston petition in 1773, to Henry Price, to constitute the undersigned, into a Lodge, which accompanied Bro. W. S. Gardner's address on Henry Price. Therein, he will find, Brittain, y^r y^r y^c capacitys, y, att, wth etc, and if in addition to the above, our Brother would reperuse the fac-simile of Henry Price's letter (which we sent him about a year ago), dated 1770, he would become fully satisfied that bad spelling, etc., is no evidence of its being written in the 17th century.

The fact is, it is possible that two MSS. were written in the same year, say 1730. Yet one of them may appear as being one hundred or even more years older than the other. This may be owing to the different standards of education of the writers. As an instance, the chirography and spelling of Henry Price's letter of 1770, seems older than the Sloane MS., which was probably written in 1725 or 1730. Secondly, the oldest looking M.S. may have been written by a Provincialist, where the old style of writing, spelling, and speaking, is a hundred years behind that of the intellectual centre, which leads the way to innovation or improvement in language, spelling, etc. And thirdly, the two MSS. may have been penned by educated men, say in London at the above date, but one of the writers was seventy-five or eighty years of age when he penned the scrawl, and the other was only twenty-five years old; one left school sixty years before 1730, and the other only ten years; hence, the penmanship, spelling, language, etc., of one will have the appearance of greater antiquity than that of the other.

Our esteemed Bro. Woodford alludes to Bro. Findel's supposition, that Dr. Plot, who abused the Freemasons in 1686, in his *Natural History of Staffordshire*, must have seen the identical

Sloane MS. To make this clear to our less informed readers, we shall give from Bro. Findel's *History of Freemasonry* (page 118, second edition), the quotation from the above-named work of Dr. Plot. The doctor says, "When any one is admitted into this society (of Freemasons), a meeting or lodge (as it is called in many places) is convoked, which consists at least of five or six of the elders of the confederacy; they and their wives receive presents of gloves from the candidate, and are entertained with a collation of some sort, regulated according to the usages of the place where they may happen to be. At the close of the repast, the ceremony of initiation begins, which consists principally in the communicating of certain secret signs, whereby they recognise each other anywhere, and are therefore sure of protection wherever they may travel; for when any one appears, and makes these signs to any member of the society who is an Accepted Mason, though mutually unknown to each other, yet the latter is compelled to attend the summons in whatever company or whatever place he may be, should he have to descend from the top of a church steeple to do so." To this Bro. Findel adds in a note, "Plot had two sources whence he derived his communication, viz., a copy of the old Constitutions, and a MS. of the signs and usages of Freemasons."

We shall show that our worthy friend Bro. Findel was rather too hasty in his inference with regard to the Sloane MS. Dr. Plot mentions a "scrole of parchment volume," and makes no allusion to a MS. written on paper. Furthermore, Dr. Plot seems to have imbibed so great a hatred to the Masons, as not only to lay the subject of Masonry into a work professing to treat of Natural History, but even took the trouble to hunt up the history of Athelstan, and to ridicule the notion of Edwin being the son of the King. Now, if the Sloane MS., or any other MS. of the kind had been in Plot's possession, that *Mason hater* would not

only have mentioned it, but he would also have informed us about the signs and ceremonies; he would not have contented himself with merely mentioning the repast, gloves, and "certain secret signs," but would have described them together with the ceremonies of the *three degrees*. These ludicrous ceremonies as described in the said MS. would have furnished him with the very materials which would have delighted him to criticise and to ridicule. His utter silence upon those topics proves conclusively that he had no kind of knowledge of the nature of the signs and ceremonies of the Craft. All that he did possess, was a *ritual* like that of the Dowland MS. The information about the repast, gloves, and church steeple sign, he probably ferretted out of some Mason. The church steeple story was probably a joke of his informant. This steeple story was in 1724 improved by the author of the Briscoe pamphlet (reprinted in the Masonic Magazine). Thus, page 192 of said Magazine we find as follows: "A member to touch the right leg as he goes along the streets, brings a member (if he sees him) from his work on the top of a steeple." This pamphlet, though a catch-penny, was cleverly spiced, and well written, and two editions of it were disposed of. The sharper who imposed the *trash* on the writer of the Sloane MS., improved the church steeple sign, with a crooked pin and a piece of paper cut into a square. When the owner of all those secrets found that the Briscoe pamphlet was a success, he bethought himself of making a penny out of the information which he purchased, but our would-be author lacked the talent in the art of spicing, and consequently he could find no publisher to risk an investment in publishing his tasteless rubbish, hence it remained in MS. Sir Hans Sloane who died in 1753, some-how got hold of it, and placed it among his curiosities. This is a mere supposition; but whether

correct or otherwise, no one can deny the fact, that Plot never saw the said MS., or anything kindred to it.

We now come to the consideration of the older MS., viz., those of Halliwell and Mathew Cooke. Of the former, Mr. Halliwell says, that it was written not later than the latter part of the 14th century. Mr. Ed. A. Bond, keeper of MSS., and Egerton, librarian in the British Museum, dates that MS. not earlier than the middle of the 15th century. Dr. Kloss considers it was written between 1427 and 1445 (Hughan's unpublished records of the Craft), and our worthy Bro. Woodford says, that it dates back "unquestionably to A.D. 1390." Now, with all due respect to Bro. Woodford, we should like to have his reason for fixing *just that date*. Our Brother also expressed an opinion, that the poem is composed of two legends, the first ending with the four hundred and ninety sixth line, and the second beginning with "Pray we now to God almyght," and he intimates that these two parts were originally written by two distinct persons, and these were joined together in 1390 by the person who wrote the Museum copy. It seems to us, however, that his reasons for that conjecture are not quite satisfactory. True, there is an apparent break in the poem, and with a little more skill the author might have bridged it over. But yet there is throughout an evident unity of design, so as to leave no doubt that it is the composition of one and the same individual. That priests used to be attached in olden times to the operative fraternities, and that the author of the poem was a Roman Catholic priest, we need not demonstrate. Equally certain it is, that previous to the reputed date of its composition, there existed in England rhyming chroniclers, and rhyming chronicles. Now, our author, attached to a Lodge as its chaplain, and possessing the gift of rhyming, thought proper to please himself and the fraternity, by putting into rhyme, the laws and ritual of the Craft; the former he prefaced

with the story of Euclid, then suddenly brings the history of the Craft into England. "This craft came into England as you I say, in the time of good kind Athelstan's day,"—"you I say," implies that it was simply a hearsay legend), and after this, follows the fifteen articles and fifteen points, consisting of the laws of the Craft. This being finished, he next began the *ritual* with a prayer, followed by the legend of the Four Martyrs, The Flood, the Tower of Babel, the Seven Sciences more fully explained than in the first part. The rest of the poem is exclusively devoted to exhortations to observe and to meditate on the Roman Catholic Religion with all its dogmas. The author of the Cooke MS. re-arranged the ritual; he *began* with an invocation, followed it with legends (most of them were his own collection from authors which he mentions), and winds up the whole with the laws as they existed at the time. And the Dowland and kindred MSS. were no doubt directly or indirectly copied and condensed from the Matthew Cooke MS., with some additions here and omissions there.

In studying the age of modern MS. such as the Sloane 3329, we may form some judgment from its spelling, by comparing it not only with other MSS., but also with the spelling in printed books. But even in this, the utmost caution should be used, as already shown above. In old MSS. written previous to the invention of printing, or even a century after, spelling is no guide whatever to the inquirer. We know that Shakspeare spelt his own name several different ways; the probability therefore, is, that every one of the early English writers spelt after his own fashion, or even different fashions in the same MS. This may be even proved from the Halliwell MS. As an instance, the 31st line, he says, "He that lernede best, and were of *oneste*," and in line 231, he spells it *honeste*. Chirography or the style of penmanship, is also useless in the investigation of old MSS. We may naturally presume

that the old MSS., consists of two kinds of penmanship, viz., those written by individuals in their own regular style, and those written by professional writers; these last were a kind of artists in their vocation. They could imitate every kind of lettering with the same accuracy as our modern sign painters can. We have seen a MS. charter of Charles the 2nd in our State House in Boston, all beautifully written in the Gothic style. When, therefore, a professional writer was employed to transcribe a MS. he would adopt the style of lettering, either according to his own taste, or that of the author. As an illustration of the two kinds of MSS. we think that the Halliwell poem was written by an unprofessional penman, while that of Matthew Cooke seems to have been penned by a professional.

There is still another mode of inquiry, viz., to study the status of the English language of each century, and then, by comparing the unknown with those MSS. whose dates are known, the enquirer may be able to guess somewhere near the time, say within a century, or even within a half century, the age of a MS. A few specimens of the English language from the earliest time to the period of the Reformation, each consisting of about twenty words, will give the reader an approximate idea, judging from the per centage of words, which he may, or may not understand. Here is the Lord's Prayer of about the year 700:

"Fader uren thu arth in heofnum sie gehalgud noma thin; to cymethric thin; sic willo thin suaels in heofne and in eorþo."

Here is the King Athelstan's English 938, "Æthestan cyning eorla drihten heorna heah gyfa, and his brothor eac Eadmund Ætheling ealdor langyne tyr geslogon aet secce sweorda eegum." The next is from a Chronicle about the death of King Stephen, which took place in 1154. "On this gaer waerd the King Stephene ded, and he byried ther his wif and his sune waeron be beryried aet Fanresfeld." This is the English of the 12th century.

Here is a specimen of Robert of Gloucester's rhyming chronicle. He lived during the time of Edward the 1st. This therefore, was the English in Gloucestershire at the close of the 13th century:—

"Engelond ys a wel god lond, ich wene of eche lond best,

Y-set in the ende of the world, as al in the west
The see goth hym al about, he stont as an yle
Here fon hes durra the lasse doute, but hit be
throw gyle,

Of folc of the selve he ys long eight hundred myle."

Here is an extract from the Fabric Rolls of York Minster, 1370: "Itte es ordayned by ye Chapitre of ye Kirk of Saint Petyr of York yat all ye masounes yt sall wyrke till ye werkes of ye same Kirk Saynte Petyr, sall fra Mighelmesse day untill the firste Sondag of Lentyn." (Notice the different spelling of *Saint*.)

The last specimen comes up to the style of our Masonic poem. But to show that the modernization of our language did not advance spontaneously throughout the kingdom, we copy the following from Disraeli's *Amenities of Literature*, written by a Kentish monk for the instruction or edification of the humbler classes in 1340:

"Nou ich wille that ye ywrite hou hitt is ywent
Thet this Boc is ywrite mid Englis of Kent,
This Boc is ymade vor lewede men
Vor Vader and for Moder and vor other Ken."

The following brief epitaph upon the death of Caxton, 1491, will give an idea of the English at the close of the 15th century:

"Moder of Merci shylde him from thorrbul fynd
And bring hym to lyff eternal that neuer hath ynd."

And here are the titles of a Bible and of a New Testament of 1537: "The Byble which is all the Holy Scripture, in whych are contayned the Olde and Newe Testament truly and purely translated into Englysh."—"Hearcken to ye heavens and thou earth geaue eare, For the Lorde speaketh."—"The Newe Testament of our Sauyur Jesu Christ,

newly and dylygently translated into Englyshe, with annotacions in the mergent. To help the reader to the vnderstandyng of the text" (notice here again the spelling of *Englysh*, and *Englyshe*. On the title page of a Bible of 1539, it is spelt *Englyshe*, and *Englysshe*).

We have already shown that the English language, in its development, was not uniform throughout the kingdom; that in Kent in the 14th century, it was a century behind to what it was in York. Disraeli quotes Caxton, that in his time (the close of the 15th century), "The English spoken in the Weald of Kent was as broad and rude English as is spoken in any place in the kingdom." Therefore in examining undated MSS., where we have to rely wholly on the evidence which its idiom affords, we should at least avoid expressing with certainty the precise age of such MS., unless we know the place of its birth. Thus, if we knew that our Masonic poem was written in London, we might fix its age to about the close of the 14th century. But on the other hand, if it was a Kentish production, then it might have been written one hundred years later. There are, however, other evidences connected with our MSS., about which we may express ourselves with more certainty. First, the purely Roman Catholic tone of the older MS. demonstrates clearly that it was written before the Reformation. And second, the total absence of all allusions to Roman Catholicism and its peculiar dogmas, is in our opinion sufficient evidence that the *Matthew Cooke MS.* was not compiled until after the Reformation.

Once more we beg most respectfully to remind our brethren, when writing for the Masonic press upon any doubtful or disputed question, not to content themselves with merely saying, 'I have no doubt it is so,' but to furnish for our information, full reason for the faith that is in them.

JAM SATIS EST!

Enough! enough! time fades away,
Swiftly from you, from me to-day,
 Adown these careworn years;
Its darkened pages hourly tell
Of many a sad and long farewell,
 Of ceaseless falling tears.

Enough indeed this life has brought
Of sadden'd scenes, and sadder thought,
 To us poor students here;
Vain for us now the schoolman's theme,
Vainer each gay and golden dream,
 Each voice of grief or fear.

All, all are gone; and in their place
Stern Nemesis, with angry face,
 With grave upbraiding mien,
Recalls the flight of days and hours,
Of waning joys and wasted pow'rs,
 The scenes that once have been!

O foolish mortals, "lingering long,"
Such seems the burden of her song,
 "Vanish'd your little day,
Gone in a moment—nor return
The hopes which bless, the fires which burn,
 Your penance, or your play."

How idle then at last appears
This onward march of hurrying years,
 To those who stop and think;
Alas! how many only seem
Vainly to strive and vainly dream—
 Who loiter on the brink

Of that old stream in rapid flow
Upon whose surface swiftly go
 The waste and waifs of men;
But all who watch that sparkling tide
Know that in swiftness side by side,
 All floats beyond our ken.

Enough, old wisdom's voice has said,
Enough by all may still be read
 On time's illumin'd page,
To warn us all how we should strive,
We who still happily survive,
 To live above the age.

Yes, in God's better hopes of love,
In peaceful promises above,
 In heaven's own golden gates,
We find a holier, truer lore,
Which fails us never, never more,
 Amid our fears and fates.

Enough for us that we have learn'd,
As human hearts have ever yearn'd,
 For that great truth of all,
Amid the years which roll away,
Amid the joys which will not stay,
 The trials which befall,

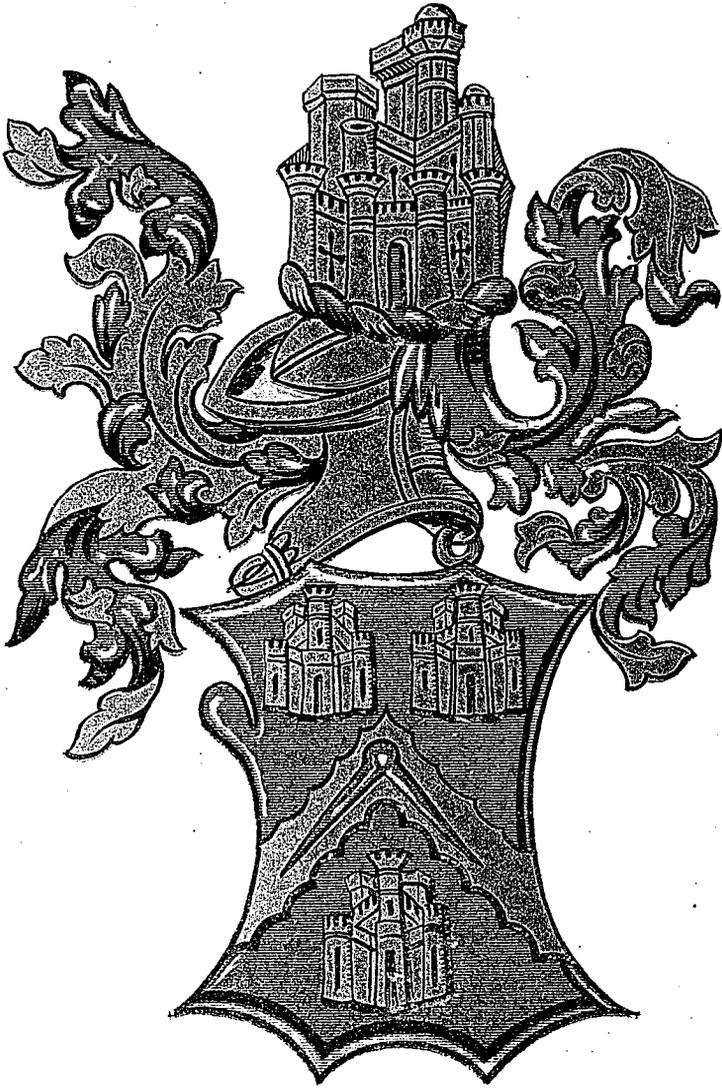
Which bids us trust securely now,
And learn submissively to bow
 To His supreme decree,
Who gives and takes at His good will,
Whose tender care and wisdom still
 Eternally agree!

Enough for us that life is o'er,
Enough we see the deathless shore,
 Where neither care nor pains
Can try or trouble all who there
Have found that land so dear and fair,
 Where peace for ever reigns!

A. F. A. W.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Masonry lives in the light; her deeds are deeds of light; her words are words of light; and to the light she brings all who kneel at her sacred altar. With her eye fixed on the great moral laws, as the setless sun of her firmament, which ever sheds refulgent beams of light on the pathway which leads to the fulfilment of her destiny, and the accomplishment of her humane purposes, she utterly abhors and contemns the traitor to her teachings, who skulks in the darkness, and amid the ebullitions of an unhallowed passion, or the jeers and jests of an unthoughted mirth, or the polluting demands of an insatiable appetite, makes a plaything of God's name, and wallows in the mud which his own debauchery has made without the fit emblem of the baseness within.—*Grand Master Charles C. Clark, of North Carolina.*



*Original Coat of Arms for the "Crafte and
Fellowshippe of Masons", Granted by
William Hawkeslowe, Clarenceux King of
Arms.*

TEMPORE EDWARD IVTH

Our Archaeological Corner.

ORIGINAL GRANT OF ARMS TO THE
CRAFT AND FELLOWSHIP OF MASONS.

BRITISH MUSEUM,

Add. Chart. 19, 135.

To alle Nobles and gentilles theise present lres heryng or seyng William Hawkeslowe othir wise called Clarenceux Kyng of Armes of the Sowthe Marches of Englonde sendeth humble and due recommendacon as apperteyneth for soo moche as the Hole Crafte and felawshipe of masons corogowsly meoved to excircise and use gentill and comendable guydng in such laudable maner and fourme as may best sounde unto gentrice by the whiche they shall mowe w^t goddis grace to atteigne unto honoure and worshipe have desired and Praide me the saide Kyng of Armes that I by the powre and auctorite by the Kynges goode grace to me in that behalve comeynted shuld devyse a Conysaunce of Armes for the saide Crafte and felawshipe which they and their successours myght boldly & vowably occupie chalenge and enJoie for evermore woute eny prejudice or rebuke of eny estate or gentill of this Reame at the instaunce and request of whome I the saide Kyng of Armes takyng respecte and consideracon unto the goodly intent and disposicion of the saide Crafte and felawshipe have devysed for them and their successours thise Armes folowing that is to sey a feld of Sablys a Cheeveron silver gailed thre Castellis of the same garnyshed w^t dores and wyndows of the feld in the Cheveron a Cumpas of Blake whiche armes I of my saide powre and auctorite have appoynted Yeoyne and grauntene to and for the saide Crafte and felawshipe and their successours and by theise my present lres appoynte yeve and graunte unto them the same To have chalenge occupie and enJoie woute eny prejudice or empechement for evermore. In witness wherof I the saide Kyng

of Armes to theise presentes have sette my scale of Armes with my signe manuell Yevene at London the yere of the Reigne of Kyng Edward the fourthe aftir the Conquest the xijth.

I thomas benolt alias

Clarenceux

Kyng at Armes of CLARENSEUX,
the Southe King of Armes.

East and West partes of the Realme of England by the Kinges full power unto his lres patentes to my onely gyvene. Conforme & Ratefie tharmes in the margen herein depict before gyven by my predecessor Clarenceux. In wytnes therof I have signed this patent w my hande the xijth yere of o^r Souverain lord King henry the vijth

per my Clarenceux King at Armes
B.

Entred in the Visitacon of London made 1634 Hen[ry] St. George Richmond

THE SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

Lieutenant Conder, R.E., who has charge of the survey of the Holy Land for the Palestine Exploration Fund, has returned to England for the hot season, bringing with him nearly all the results of his two years' work. These consist first, of three complete sheets, each 30 inches by 24, i.e., 720 square miles—one, in which Jerusalem occupies the centre; another, in which the Plain of Esdraelon is the principal feature; and the third, the sea coast with the town of Caesarea. The largest existing map of Palestine, that of Vandevelde, published in 1865, is on a scale of four miles to the inch, and the new map issued by Mr. Murray, and embodying all the geographical work in Palestine, including that of the Palestine Exploration Fund, previous to this survey, is on a scale of five miles to the inch. So great is the difference, independently of topographical accuracy, between the old and the new maps that the number of names on Lieutenant Conder's sheets may be reckoned to be on an average eight times that on any corresponding portion of Vandevelde. Thus the Jerusalem sheet contains 1,800

names, the same portion on the Vandevelde contains not more than 250; and this is the part of Palestine best known and most frequently visited. Of course this enormous increase in the number of names does not mean that Lieutenant Conder has actually discovered all these new places, most of which were already known to travellers; but that he has fixed their positions and noted them for the first time on a map. Many of them are modern villages, many are ruins, some are mounds—"tells"—hills, or watercourses. Side by side with the beautifully drawn maps are the hill contours, drawn by Lieutenant Conder himself. In these labyrinthine lines lies an amount of work not likely to be suspected by an outsider. There is no single line that has not been laid down after scientific observation, both in breadth and length, and from these contours, properly laid in their places, it will be possible, when the whole is finished, to construct an accurate model of the Holy Land, as well as a map showing the position of the villages, and a collection of names. The importance of the latter is easily estimated when we remember the tenacity with which the ancient names cling to the soil. The waves of conquest pass over the country; but the Greek, Roman, and Christian names have all given way successfully, leaving the ancient Jewish names yet clearly traceable in the degenerate forms used by the modern *fellaheen*. It is in the recovery of these names, as was first shown by Dr. Robinson, that the chief hope lies of completing the identification of Biblical names. The portion of the map now completed is about 3,000 square miles, or nearly half of Western Palestine.

There are, next, the water-colour sketches taken by Lieutenant Conder on the spot, to illustrate places, manners, and incidents. Many of these are of great beauty, and deserve to be finished and exhibited by themselves. Geological notes and natural history collections have occupied the attention of the officers of the survey during their leisure moments, the results of which are also brought home and are now at the office of the Fund. Perhaps the most interesting part of Lieutenant Conder's work will be found in the "special surveys;" that is, the

plans and measurements taken of the ruins over which his surveys has extended. There are fifty of these, every one of which has been scientifically examined by the surveyors for the first time. Among them is the remarkable circular fortress in the Frank Mountain, where was Herod's summer-palace, and perhaps his tomb: a complete plan of the traditional cave of Adullam, forming a network of passages and cavern, large enough and complicated enough to give concealment and safety to David and all his men. Here is the castle of King Baldwin, second of the Christian kings; here the ruins of the convent built in the 5th century over the traditional site of Gilgal: here is Joshua's tomb: here the traditional site of Abraham's altar, near Bethel: here the remains of Athlit (*castellum peregrinum*), where the pilgrims disembarked under the protection of the Christian fort: and here are the probable tombs of the Maccabees. The ruins of Palestine are of every age. Often a shattered tower of crusading times is found to have been built up with materials taken from ruins of earlier date, and Lieutenant Conder's sketches show with remarkable impartiality tombs, synagogues, churches, mosques, and temples. Two of his "special surveys" are those of two previously unknown towns, one on Mount Carmel, and the other called Esrur, about ten miles west of Samaria. The latter, which must have been an important place, has walls, towers, fortresses, and the remains of its houses. It was previously entirely unknown, and as yet no clue has been found to its identification with any place mentioned in history. The ruins appear to be Herodian. It is hoped that the Committee of the Fund will be enabled to publish the whole of this important collection of plans, with the others yet to be made.

To have *faith* and *hope* in God, the Supreme Architect, and *charity* towards man, the master workmanship of His hands, is the *keystone* of the arch, on which every other bears; which unites all to itself, and cements the several parts into one strong, solid and beautiful whole.

HOW HE LOST HER.

BY CHARLES FLETCHER.

I knew Margaret was engaged, but I told her that I loved her.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orbs beneath avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be saucy in my turn.

"It is of no consequence that you should, of course; but you didn't imagine that you were going to flirt all summer with a fellow of my stamp, and get off unsinged yourself?"

"Why not?" she laughed. "You don't seem seriously damaged."

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp as a wafer."

"Really? Well, I don't know what can be done about it."

"I am going to show you." And so on, for half an hour. We spoke jestingly, both of us, but the laugh with each covered deeper feeling.

She was beautiful, my Margaret; fond of homage—as what woman is not!—and accustomed to receiving it. It was not her fault, after all, that I loved her, but her glory, as an honest man's love is always a true woman's glory; and Margaret was a true woman, though I had called her a flirt.

She was promised in marriage to Ross Bentley before she ever saw me, long enough. He had stopped a horse which had been running away with her, and so saved her life. When he asked her to give him what he had saved, what woman with gratitude and a whole heart would not have said "Yes," as she did. Besides, she loved him, for aught I knew. I had seen him, and he was a handsome enough man to win a woman's love, if beauty would do it.

A handsome couple, but somehow, seeing the two together, they did not seem to be fond of each other; and so I took courage. Certainly, Margaret never looked at Ross Bentley when I was by, as she had looked at me many a time that summer, as we two strolled along the beach.

Ross Bentley once stayed a week, and went back to town. He was a man of business, keenly devoted to money making: fonder of that, I fancied, than of the beautiful woman he had won, and upon that imagining I hung another hope. Margaret was an heiress. If Margaret had been dowerless, I fancy that Mr. Bentley would never have wooed her. But how to prove it.

Margaret and I did not relapse into the old fashion of strolling about the beach by moonlight after Ross Bentley had come and gone, and we stopped looking and talking nonsense, watching each other furtively. I felt confident that Margaret was wondering if I had been jesting when I said I should not give her up; and I was wondering if I had anything to do with those moods of pensiveness which had come upon my dark-eyed queen of late.

One day I found her upon the balcony, with an open letter in her hand.

"I am a very fortunate girl," she said, glancing at the letter. "Did you know that Clark, Vernon & Co., the bankers in New York, failed last week?"

I had heard of it.

"The bulk of my fortune was in their hands at one time. I did not know but it was still. My guardian writes to tell me, however, that he removed it months ago."

I came forward eagerly at that, extending my hand.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Stone."

Margaret laughed rather confusedly as she put her little hand in mine. I saw that she was surprised at my eagerness.

"Miss Stone," said I, "did you believe me when I said that I loved you, somewhere about a month ago?"

Margaret coloured vividly, as she gave me a doubting look.

"Yes. What of it? Do you want to take it back now?" she laughed.

"Not I. But, in consideration of my great affection for you, I want you to do a favour for me."

"Name it," she said, looking puzzled.

"I am going up to New York to-morrow. Will you humour me by permitting me to be the bearer of a letter from yourself to Mr. Bentley?"

"This is an odd request."

"I am aware of it. Will you write to Mr. Bentley a letter, asking him to inquire into this matter of the bank failure, and let you know how serious a business it really is?"

"But I don't care about knowing."

"I do."

"Why not inquire yourself, then?"

"He has so much better facilities for investigation. The truth is, Miss Stone, I am very much interested in this failure, and Mr. Bentley can find out all about it for me. But I don't like to ask him to do so much for a comparative stranger."

Margaret looked doubtful still, but she wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day.

Ross Bentley grew slightly pale as he read.

"I suppose you know that the bulk of Miss Stone's fortune was in the hands of Clark, Vernon & Co.," I carelessly observed.

"I was not aware of it," Bentley said, losing another shade of colour.

"Oh, well, it was. Can anything be saved out of the crash, do you suppose?"

"Not anything, I am very sure," he stammered. And thinking he might like to meditate upon the aspect of affairs, I took my departure saying that I would call before I went away again to take any message he might like to send.

When I called the next day, he gave me a letter for Margaret; but he looked anywhere but at me as I took it.

I caught a glimpse of Margaret's blue dress on the piazza as we drove up to the hotel; and without waiting to go to my room first, I hastened to her, and gave her the letter.

Then, much as I would have liked to stay until she had read it, I had no excuse for doing so, and therefore left her. I waited with something more than curiosity for her appearance at dinner time, but she did not come at all. I ate nothing myself, and spent the evening pacing the piazza with my cigar, and watching her window. Not so much as a shadow of what I watched for crossed my vision.

Remembering Bentley's face as he gave me the letter, I could imagine that he might have written something unpleasant; but even I was not prepared for the contents of the missive Margaret placed in my hands the following morning, coming

suddenly upon me where I lounged on the shore.

"I suppose that was what you went to town for!" she said, with an angry scorn, under which I quailed, for I felt guilty; and, as I read, I winced again.

The scoundrel! A more disgraceful epistle I never perused. If Margaret had loved him ever so dearly, this would certainly have ended it. He dissolved the engagement without so much as saying "by your leave." He did, indeed, say something about hastening to speak while there was yet an uncertainty as to how seriously the failure had involved other people. But that was the merest gloss, and only gave Margaret the clue to the selfish reasons for his extraordinary conduct.

I folded the letter, and gave it back to her without remark.

"Well," she asked, "really you have nothing to say?"

"Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horsewhips?" I inquired.

Tears of anger sparkled in Margaret's beautiful eyes.

"How could you humiliate me so?"

"I? Miss Stone!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gurney," she said, haughtily.

"And I beg yours, Miss Stone, for meddling. I suspected Mr. Bentley, but not of anything quite so cold-blooded. Shall you break your heart about such a selfish fellow?"

"Indeed, no! But I am very angry."

"At whom?—him or me?"

"At both of you."

I suppose I must have looked terribly abashed and confounded—I tried to, for she put a little hand on my arm, and then would have swiftly withdrawn it, but I captured the frail thing, and held it.

"I suppose I ought to be very thankful to you," she said, struggling a little, and blushing in the most lovely manner.

"If you will permit me, I will punish him for you," I said, gravely.

She looked up inquiringly.

"By marrying you!"

"Oh!"

"Don't you think it would?"

"Perhaps."

We were quite sure of it the first time we chanced to meet Bentley after our marriage. His face was as good as a picture.—*Saturday Evening Post, America.*

 OLD AND NEW LODGES.

When King Solomon wrote that there was nothing new under the sun, he seemed to overlook new Lodges. And yet, in one sense they are not new, except in name. They are formed exclusively from old materials. They are subtractions from the Old Lodges—units composed of mixed fractions. Their creation makes the Craft none the richer. It is analogous to taking money out of one pocket and scattering it into others; there are more pockets with money in them, but not more money. This, however, does not long remain the case. These Lodges after their constitution, grow to be new very rapidly. Proposals of new members in large numbers occur, often upon the very day of constitution, and the Masonic Mill is kept so rapidly in motion grinding out Masons, at both regular and special meetings, that it soon grows to be a matter of wonder where all the material comes from. We have heard of as many as twenty candidates being balloted for and approved at one meeting. There were not twenty Masons made, of course, but they were booked for making, and waited their time, and no long time, either, before in due course they entered the mystic portal. If you were present on the day of constitution, you saw none around you but old Masons, and you could scarce persuade yourself that it was other than an old Lodge; but three or four months later, "all things have become new." The charter members are lost in the throng of their fellows. There is something new under the sun. The apprentices and fellow crafts perhaps outnumber the masters. You now realize that you are in a new Lodge, new in material as well as new in name.

It is not a matter of course, nor ought it to be, that a new Masonic body, whether Lodge, Chapter, Council or Commandery, should obtain a warrant. Various lawful forms must be complied with; the consent of other sister bodies must be obtained;

and finally it must be made apparent to the Grand Body that the best interests of Freemasonry will be advanced by the grant of the new warrant. Safeguards have not been omitted to insure, so far as general regulations can do so, the healthy progress of the Craft, and prevent anything like a forced growth; and yet when one recalls the number of warrants returned or revoked, after having been worked under for but a brief season, he cannot but feel that wisdom does not always direct either the asking or the granting of warrants. The possibility of evil is so great, and the benefit in comparison so small, attending the creation of new Masonic bodies, that it ought to be done only after the most deliberate forethought, and with the exercise of the maturest judgment. The granting of the warrant of every new Lodge on the instant weakens several old ones; and the drain upon the parents does not cease then, but continues indefinitely. The new Lodge draws its support from the ailment of the old Lodges—petitions for membership continually go into the former at the expense of the latter. But this evil is trivial, in comparison with another we are about to name. No thinking Freemason who observes the wholesale manner in which petitions are often presented in new bodies, can help feeling that their growth are more or less forced. As soon as Masonry shall be found opening recruiting stations, it will be time to think of enacting such stringent rules, bearing directly upon this point, as shall ensure the voluntary system being strictly observed. We may ask a man home to dinner with us, or to vote our political ticket, or to join our church, but never to be made a Mason. Candidates must freely and voluntarily offer themselves; they must come seeking neither our own nor their own selfish ends, but solely with a view to share in that Masonic light and knowledge which it is the gift of the Craft to dispense, and to become members of the only ancient and accepted Brotherhood.

No old Lodge *must* be supported, because it is worn out with age; no new Lodge *must* be built up, to keep it from dying in infancy. Better both old and new perish together, rather than be made merely temporarily and nominally strong, by the accretion of bad material, gathered by unlawful means.—*American Keystone.*

BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.

BY M. QUAD.

Do I believe in advertising? Certainly I do; I have seen its benefits too often to doubt that it pays big. I remember the case of Cushman, right here. He saw an advertisement of "A dog wanted," and while crawling under the bed to get hold of one of those numerous canines always to be found on the premises, he found his new axe, which had been lost for three months, half a keg of nails, and enough coal to last him a week.

A neighbour of mine once asked my advice about advertising for boarders, and I told him by all means to advertise. He inserted three or four lines in a daily paper, costing thirty or forty cents, and in two days after his house was jam full of boarders. The crowd was composed of his brother's wife and nine children, who learned his address through the advertisement, and that man was satisfied of the benefits of advertising before he got that family off his hands.

There was Dunneback. He inserted a two line advertisement, saying that he had some choice grapes to sell. The paper was published at five o'clock in the evening, and before daylight the next morning every pound of grapes was gone. I have understood that they went off in bags during the night; but that makes no difference—I am showing that people read and heed advertisements.

I now remember a young man who advertised for an easy situation where a young man could render himself useful and receive a small salary. Some people laughed at him, but I advised him to stick to his faith in advertising. It wasn't long before he secured such a situation. I don't exactly remember where it was, but I think they called the place Sing Sing, or some such name. At any rate, all he has to do is to sit on a bench and drive pegs into shoes, and they think so much of him that they are going to keep him for ten years.

There was the case of Taylor. He advertised for information concerning his long lost brother, whom he had not seen for twenty-one years, and a Texas Vigilance

Committee sent him one of the prettiest ropes you ever set eyes on—worth ten times the cost of the advertisement. They say it was all that was left of the long lost.

Look at the case of Smallman. He was a dusty old merchant, with an antiquated stock and a cross-eyed daughter. He was seduced into advertising, and his daughter brought a breach of promise suit against a young man who bought some sugar and soap of her, and the verdict of the jury was 7,500 dols. The family are now able to spend a portion of each year at the seaside.

Keystone (American).

ANCIENT CRAFT MASONRY.

BY A CRAFTSMAN.

It was the universal custom in earlier times—even during the present century—among Masons, to prepare for the regular monthly meeting of the Lodge. The Brethren all knew the time. (Is it possible that there ever was a Lodge when all the Brethren knew the time of meeting?) The Tyler spent a half or a whole day cleaning up the Lodge-room, putting everything in its place. He had his broom, brush, woollen cloth and buck-skin, and with sleeves rolled up, coat off, plied them briskly—polished the jewels until the image was reflected in them. All the furniture of the Lodge was properly distributed. The Brethren were certain to call during the day and exchange compliments with the faithful sentinel, and as he had but a poor chance to tell what he knew about Masonry he always presided on such occasions, and generally told the W. M., Wardens and Deacons who came under the sound of his gavel that day, what he knew about men and Masonry, and he often became eloquent on such occasions, and sometimes instructive. When the hour of meeting arrived the officers and members were found in their places. All the W. M. had to do was to sound his gavel, take his seat, and the work commenced.

There was another peculiarity which was always observed—no one appeared except in clean clothing. No mechanic or labourer came into the Lodge with his daily working apparel on—all were neatly

clad from the Tyler to the W. M. There was no exception to this rule. The writer avers he never knew it violated in the early days of his experience. There was no smoking allowed in the Lodge, and the tobacco chewers were very careful where they made their deposits.

We do not remember a single instance when the Tyler had to go out and drum up members enough to make a quorum; *they were there*, and they came too of their own free will and accord. It seemed to be a pleasure to every one to meet his Brother in fraternal greetings. The country members were there too unless they were excused, but they seldom asked to be excused. The punctuality in attending the meetings of the Lodge made bright Masons, and it was a rare thing to witness a Brother who could not perform his part unless prompted by the Master or a Warden. If a visitor attended Lodge he was received courteously, and before he left he was made to feel that he was among gentlemen and Brothers. The Lodge was seldom *nonplussed* by the appearance of a distinguished Brother. If an officer or a past officer, his rank was respected, and the usual fraternal courtesies of the Craft were cheerfully extended to him. We do not mean to say that these things are neglected now by all our Lodges, but we believe many of them are neglected, and some of them scarcely ever observed.

The Brethren who have never witnessed a strict observance of the rules we have mentioned do not know what a difference it makes in the social enjoyment of Lodge meetings, and how much it detracts from the pleasure in attending them if neglected.

Masons of the present day have many advantages over those who lived in the first part of the present century. Masonic light beams with greater effulgence now than it did then. There were very few books on Masonic subjects which the Brethren could command even as late as 1840 and 1850. The *Universal Masonic Library* was published about 1855-57. That consisted of thirty volumes averaging about 325 pages, and embraced nearly all the old works on Masonry, and their circulation among the Craft infused new light into the votaries of Masonry. This work was published under the editorial auspices of Dr. Morris. It proved an

unprofitable investment, owing to the fact that he published too many volumes, as the supply was greatly in excess of the demand. Ten volumes at that day would have been ample, and with the charts and monitors, and the periodical Masonic literature which began to increase from 1840 up, would have supplied the necessary wants of the Craft in the United States.

We well remember when Webb, Cross and Tannehill, with *Calcott's Masonry* and a few other stray books, were all the body of the Craft had access to as reading matter for even the most intelligent and intellectual Masons in the land. Perhaps in the large cities some few Masons may have been more fortunate and possessed more light on Masonry. The knowledge of the ritual was then more universal, and Masons were brighter, take them as a body, than they have been since up to within the last twenty years, but they knew but little as to the legendary history of the degree, and still less on Masonic law and jurisprudence.

The Fraternity are greatly indebted to the energy, industry and research, and the use of the facile pen of Dr. Morris, for more works on Masonry than to any other man in America, who has been a Mason only about thirty years.

But we did not set out to write on our Masonic literature, and regret that we have been led off in that direction, believing that a separate article on that subject would be more appropriate, hence we will not pursue it at present. We may, before we get through with our series, allude to the subject again by way of urging our Brethren to read more on the subject of Masonry than they have hitherto done, and they will find new beauties and illustrations hitherto unknown to them. The experience of the writer is, the more we read and reflect the more we learn the ritual; the better we understand the monitor or the manual, and the oftener we work, the better Masons do we make in every point of view. We earnestly advise a trial by every Brother, and we vouch for it that in nine cases out of ten the Brother will make a good Craftsman by perseverance. There is a motto which we use sometimes that is not inappropriate here: "That by time, patience and perseverance we may accomplish all things."—*Masonic Jewel (America)*.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

We wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family or friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfish dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptation of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and in all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favour, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honourable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honour of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh at his calamities. When he dies in a ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the glass they drink, and say, "after all, he was a Good Fellow."

The features of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he is a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to

do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of the honour and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise, is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character; he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honour, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honour, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of the good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*Scribner's American Monthly.*

TIRED.

O for wings, that I might soar
A little way above the floor—
A little way beyond the roar—

A little nearer to the sky!
To the blue hills, lifted high,
Out of all our misery.

Where alone is heard the lark,
Warbling in the infinite arc,
From the dawning to the dark.

Where the callow eaglets wink
On the bare and breezy brink,
And slow pinions rise and sink.

Where dim white breakers beat
Under cloud-drifts of our feet,
Singing, singing, low and sweet.

Where we see the glimmering bay
Greyly melting far away,
On the confines of the day.

Where the green larch-fringes sweep
Rocky defiles, still and steep,
Where the tender lichens creep.

Where the gentian-blossoms blow,
Set in crystal stars of snow;
Where the downward torrents flow,

To the plains and yellow leas,
Glancing, twinkling, through the trees,
Pure, as from celestial seas.

Where the face of heaven has smiled,
Aye on freedom, sweet and wild,
Aye on beauty, undefiled.

Where no sound of human speech,
And no human passions reach;
Where the angels sit and teach.

Where no troublous foot has trod;
Where is impressed on the sod
Only Hand and Heart of God!

—American Keystone.

DISTINCTIONS OF LANGUAGE.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

I have on my desk a letter from "Germany," asking the distinction between "high and low Dutch," as used in my article in the February number of the "Voice," and saying:—

"Now your humble servant, hailing from 'Fatherland,' would be pleased to be enlightened as to the meaning of said sentence. In my ignorance I have always believed that the Germans spoke the German language, but I see I was mistaken."

The tenor of Germany's letter seems to indicate the feeling that the expression "high and low Dutch" was used as a term of derision. In this he is mistaken, for I use no derisive epithets in regard to other peoples or nationalities, and merely used that common expression to plainly express a thought used in the more literary circles as "high and low German."

I used the words, not to express a thought of my own, but to state a fact patent to all who have looked into the history and development of language, namely, that no language remains long the same.

The German language as spoken to-day is very different from that of a hundred years ago. The English of one hundred years ago if spoken to-day would not be readily understood by those best versed in the English language. There is no country where there is not a great difference in the dialects spoken.

In one part of Ireland one class of people speaks the native Irish, while in another part other classes speak the English. There is a great difference in speaking the English language by the people of Ireland, England and America.

The same difference exists in America in pronunciation, inflection and intonation. A man of New York has a very different manner of speaking from one in Ohio or Illinois.

This same truth prevails in the countries of Europe and the East. Even the Arabs with all their unity of race and ties of nomadic life show these same differences.

Among the Mongolian races these different manners of expression and dialects

exist to a marvellous extent. In India and China men who have a large commerce with the natives must learn many different formulas of expression, or dialects. This same fact prevails in the states of Germany. The German people are not all united under one confederate head, yet the same generic language is theirs whether they are under one or many kingdoms.

There is a manifest difference in the manners of expression and in the formulas of language between the citizens of Holland and Prussia.

There is a greater difference in these same dialectic elements between the people reared near the Rhine and those brought up in the remainder of that large territory. In one case there is a mingling of the French and German that does not exist elsewhere. There are distinctions known as the "high and low German," more commonly called "high and low Dutch." To this latter term "Germany" takes exception, but no true German should, nor consider it a term of reproach, because it is not, or at any rate, was not so intended as I used it.

The term Dutch is a word applied to anything new, and was originally applied to this language because it was new, while later, the term German was applied because the people speaking it were inhabitants of Germania. As to the real distinction of the terms "high and low Dutch," or "German," I would refer "Germany" to the American Encyclopedia as affording a much better description than I can give in a brief paper.

The nearest approach to the Dutch language is that now spoken in Holland, which for dignity, emphasis and power is much superior to the English language, and which is formed, not as the French and English largely are, from other languages, but from roots. For instance, Astronomy is *Sternkunde*, from *ster*, a star, and *kunde*, a science; and so with other words.

The language spoken in the land more properly and politically called Germany, is very rich and copious, but this does not prevent the dialects which give character to the distinctions named.

Fowler says in his "English Language": "The High Germanic to which the current German belongs, is spoken in the south part of Germany and is bounded on

the east by the Lithuanic, Slavonic and Hungarian languages, while on the south it touches the Italian and French, and on the north it joins the Low Germanic divisions."

The division of the language received a great prominence by the writings of Luther, and has been distinguished by some of the greatest writers of modern ages.

"The Low Germanic comprises: 1. The Anglo-Saxon and the Modern English. 2. The Old and Modern Friesian. 3. The Modern Dutch. 4. The Old Saxon and the Platt Deutsch."

The Friesians occupied a territory south and west of the Anglo-Saxons and probably spoke nearly the same dialect. Encompassed on one side by the sea and on the other by the Saxons, they have retained their dialect to a remarkable degree, and none of the German tongues approaches as closely to the Anglo-Saxon as theirs.

"BROTHERLY LOVE" WRIGHT, AND HIS TRIAL.

Bro. James Wright, D.D., who was Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Scotland during the years 1786-7, was known in Masonic circles by the nickname of "Brotherly Love," given him in consequence of the earnestness and frequency with which he urged the practice of this virtue. In his ministerial capacity he was a prominent actor in a case of rather singular character. The bad weather in 1807 injured the crops so as to lead to a distressing advance in the price of food. It so happened that at the end of a certain week the weather brightened up, and a drying wind prepared the corn for being housed on Sunday. At the conclusion of the forenoon's service on the day referred to, the Rev. Dr. Wright stated to his congregation that he conceived the favourable temporary change in the weather might, without violating the sanctity of the Sabbath, be taken advantage of to save the crops. For this advice, which was adopted by several of his parishioners, he was denounced as a violator of the Fourth Commandment. The case was brought into the Ecclesiastical courts, but was eventually dismissed by the Synod of the district.