THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal event of the last month has been the Installation of that justly popular nobleman, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as Grand Master of Irish Freemasonry. The attendance was very large, the appearance of Grand Lodge most imposing, and the speeches of Bro. Shekleton and of the new Grand Master were most admirable and most Masonic. We congratulate the Irish Grand Lodge once more on their wise and opportune choice; we congratulate our Irish brethren on having so efficient and genial a ruler, to replace the venerable "Geraldine." May all of prosperity wait on Irish Freemasons, and Irish Freemasonry.

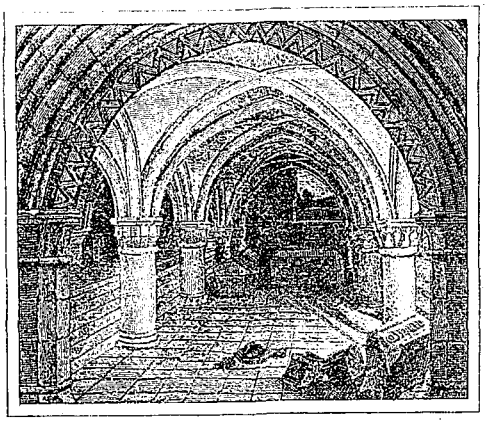
The question of the Pope's Masonic membership seems to be pretty decidedly settled by the able article of the *Philadelphia Keystone*, which we have thought well to print in this month's Magazine, and which, we believe, is from the pen of its accomplished editor, our kind confrere and correspondent, Bro. Clifford P. McCalla. Our opinion entirely coincides with his. There is clearly so far no evidence that can be relied on of the Pope's affiliation. The statement of the Sicilian Lodge that the Pope was made a Mason at Philadelphia, in a lodge called "Li Figli de Hiram," is disproved by the simple fact that no such lodge ever existed. If the "local habitation and name" of such a lodge could have been substantiated, another question would have arisen, was it, "a priori," likely that a Papal Nuncio would attend an illegal assembly, (illegal to him as a Pontifical representative), whether at Philadelphia, and above all Madrid? Such an assertion must be a great trial on our belief, at any rate we who know the "customs of war in like cases," the habits of diplomats, the rules and regulations of the Roman Curia. One should, however, like really to know whence the Italian Freemasons got their alleged Masonic speeches of the Pope from? from what records? from what minutes? The name of "Scevola" suggests a Spanish origin to the "canard." In Italy we do not believe that they give symbolical names. An Italian Bro. tells us so, but they still do in Spain. In fact the only available evidence of the Pope's initiation is the Havannah story of "Martin Ferretti." So here the matter must stop, as we feel bound to say we do not believe the fact, not that it matters much either way. We trust that we shall hear no more of these ill-timed manifestoes and sentences of expulsion from Italy, as they only tend to throw ridicule on true Freemasons.

A Defence of Masonry, published by Bro. Kenning, has recently appeared, which deals with the recent attacks on our Order, and the actual position and true teaching of Freemasonry. The price, 2s. 6d., places the little work within the reach of our Order generally, and Bro. Kenning's endeavours to promote the cause of Masonic Literature deserves recognition and support at the hands of the Craft.

Bro. Constable has also put forth a very interesting and well-written Lodge History, namely, that of the well-known Tranquillity, which we commend to the studious notice of all our Brethren. We hope sincerely that it will be largely patronized by our Brethren, as such histories are very important aids to Masonic Archæology, and form the materials on which the true Masonic Student builds up his painstaking work. The work will well repay perusal, and Bro. W. J. Hughan's able preface will commend it to the notice of many of our readers.

We do not think that there is much more Masonic intelligence worth noting, either at home or abroad.

Our Lodges will soon now resume their active working. May all good go with them, and pleasant reunions and prosperous gatherings be their's, alike in the Metropolis, and in the Provinces.



CRYPT OF YORK MINSTER,

Where it is said that the Freemasons anciently held their Assemblies.

We give the above engraving by the kind permission of the York Brethren, and of Bro. Todd, as we think that it may prove interesting to the Craft at home and abroad.

We call attention to the accompanying commentary on the engraving, as there can be no doubt that it is an authentic record, and adds value to the representation, and confirms the old tradition of the York Brotherhood.

It is just possible that in this minute of the York Grand Chapter we find the continuation of an old practice of the York Grand Assembly.

There is no reason why, "a priori," it should not be so, and we think it more than probable that such was the case, and if it were so, we find another proof of the close relationship existing between the Church in those days, and the Masonic Guild.

"According to tradition, the Freemasons in ancient times held their meetings in the Crypt of York Cathedral, represented in the above engraving.

"In the minute book of the Grand Chapter formerly held at York (which is in the custody of the York Lodge), there is a record that on Sunday, May 27, 1778, the Royal Arch Brethren assembled in the ancient Lodge, now a sacred recess within the Cathedral Church of York, and then and there opened a Chapter of Free and Accepted Masons of the Most Sublime Degree of Royal Arch.

"This, in all probability, was the last occasion when a Masonic meeting was held therein."

We trust that, from an archæological point of view, this extract from the York Grand Chapter Minute Book, will justify our printing the Vignette for the information and approval of the Brethren.

IS POPE PIUS IX. A FREEMASON?

Every few years the question is sprung upon the Fraternity—is the Pope a Freemason? We have a number of original documents bearing upon this subject in our possession, and we have examined others, *pro* and *con*, and give below such light as they afford, to the readers of the *Keystone*. We may premise, however, that *we* do not consider the question *so important* as some of our contemporaries seem to. Whether *any* single man is a Freemason is not important; it may be curious or interesting, but it is nothing more. So far as the Pope is concerned, we should respect him far more as a man if he were not a Freemason, for then he would not have proved recreant to his voluntarily assumed obligations, by his excommunication of his Brethren, merely because they were Brethren.

The London *Freemason* of October 31, 1874, has an editorial on this topic, from which we quote as follows; and in reply to it we do what we can to answer the question it propounds. The *Freemason* asks:

IS THE POPE A FREEMASON?

"A most important question. Yet how can we answer it? We have heard it repeated so often lately, with great emphasis and energy of expression, that it is by some taken to be an admitted and an ascertained fact. Indeed, one or two Italian and Sicilian Lodges have, we believe, on the faith of the story, expelled, as far that is as they could do so, Bro. Pio Nono from Freemasonry. Now we confess to have some doubts on the subject, and we should greatly wish to have those doubts removed. If the fact be a fact, let it by all means be established, but on the rules and laws of evidence, so far, the actuality of the Pope's Masonic affiliation is, in our humble opinion, 'not proven.' It has been stated that he was made in Italy, a young man, just as it has been averred, that in his juvenile years he displayed proclivities for 'Giovene Italia.' It has been announced that when on an ecclesiastical mission in one of the South American Republics, he was initiated under one of the symbolic systems, or the 'Rite Ecossaise.' But up to this hour when we write, no one, as far as we are aware, has ever thought well to supplement these loud assertions by simple and satisfactory evidence. If the fact be really so, it surely can be proved to the satisfaction of all true Freemasons, and all honest men. If it be merely a device of partisan warfare; a 'fraus pia' for the purpose of discrediting an antagonist, the sooner such an indefensible system is put a stop to the better, especially amongst Freemasons, who so deeply prize honour and truth at all times and in all things."

Let us first examine the affirmative evidence. We have just received from Bro. Signor Anselmo Carpi, of Leghorn, Italy, an original document, in the Italian language, issued July 16th, 1874, by the Lodge "*Luce del Tirreno*," with the seal of the Lodge attached, which Lodge is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of Palermo, Italy. We are also under fraternal obligation to W. Bro. A. Gallico, of London, England, for a literal translation of this paper, which is such an extraordinary document that we spread it before our readers, entire. It is as follows:

Mastai Ferretti, K. of the R. C. †, *now Pope Pio IX. Letter of the W. Lodge "Luce del Tirreno," under the jurisdiction of the G. O. Palermo, to the Freemasons spread throughout the world.* 1874. *To all Brother Masons throughout the world and to all the world at large. The Lodge "Luce del Tirreno," Or, Rio (Elba), under the High and W. auspices of the Supreme Council of the G. O. of Italy of Scotch Rite A. and A., established in Palermo, sends Health, Strength and Unity.*

The chief of the Roman Catholic Church, forgetful of the holy precepts bequeathed by our G. M. Jesus, and setting aside the very just teaching of the Apostle Paul, wherein he exhorts all men to speak the truth, and never to lie (we find it written let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay), has recently launched severe anathemas against our noble institution; the more to be condemned inasmuch as he, Pio IX., ought to remember how much he owes to our Order, and how much he formerly wrought in its behalf; but unfortunately to Pope Mastai gratitude is not esteemed a virtue, and truth finds no shelter under the guilded domes of the Vatican! Be it known, therefore, that we, Freemasons of the Lodge Luce del Tirreno, have the moral courage and strength to rebut slander, from whatever source it may proceed, and

under whatever colour it may clothe itself, and we assert that the words of the self-styled "*prisoner of the Vatican, Pio IX.*," under 23rd March, 1874, are a tissue of slanders and lies, and will prove it by one of the many incidents in that man's life.

Every one knows that a Bishop of the Brazilian empire, within the last few months, proceeded against the Masons with such virulence that the Brazilian Parliament, having heard the declaration of the minister for Foreign Affairs, the Viscount of Rio Branco, G. M. of the G. O. of Brazil, Vale of Lauradio, condemned the Bishop and protected the Craft. Pope Mastai, in the presence of his satelites, in the course of a speech, uttered these words:

"Amongst the ministers of that government (Brazil) there are Masons in high and exalted positions in the sect; the just have been persecuted, in order that these sectarians, who are poisonous snakes, should be supported."

Nay, Pope Mastai! You have forgotten the precepts of Jesus, whose "infallible Viceregent" you style yourself—knowing that you uttered falsehood, and you are also convicted thereof. Remember Pope Pius, that when you were *Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti*, being invested with the office of Pontifical Nuncio in America, and, precisely, *in Philadelphia*, you eagerly sought to be initiated in the mysteries of Freemasonry, and when that was done, after your solemn oaths in the Lodge of the "Sons of Hiram," you enthusiastically uttered words of fidelity to the Craft! you even assumed the symbolic name of "*Scevola*," and replied as follows to the address of the speaker:

"I indeed receive from you, W. M., the true light, whereas before I was in the densest darkness. I am now fully convinced that Freemansory is the most important and beneficent association known in the world, and am highly pleased to belong to the Order."

Such are the words of this man, and it is well to compare them with those he uttered as Pope in the Vatican, in March, 1874, as well as with those he spontaneously uttered in the Temple of "the Sons of Hiram," when it will be evident to all that he ignominiously betrays the oath of fidelity to the Craft. Every one with a grain of common sense can see that Freemasonry is not a sect, nor are its followers sectarians, and of the truth Pope Pius IX. was convinced; in fact at a meeting he thus characterized our noble institution:

"It is an order whose mission is to improve the morals of the universe, and to raise fallen humanity." And full of zeal, he concluded his speech in these words: "I will always be a warm defender of this very noble Order."

As if his words and oaths were not sufficient, he so actively laboured by writing on behalf of our Order that he was deemed worthy to be exalted to the 18° R. C. †. *The documents produced by our Brethren of Philadelphia prove the truth of our statement, and may be seen on application by anyone.* Exalted to the 18°, on returning from America he frequented many Madrid Lodges, as Brethren from Spain assert. Likewise the Lodge of Sinigaglia, situated on the second floor in a house on the left of Via Emilia, in that house, the ground floor of which was occupied by a chemist. This did Bro. Mastai, then only a Monsignore, and he worked so much for the Craft, that we *smoothed the way for him to the Throne of Peter*, believing that when he attained the supreme power, he would scrupulously adhere to his oaths, and dedicate himself to the welfare of Humanity, alleviate the forsaken, and shed a tear of sympathy for the wounded and the afflicted.

Mastai Ferretti, K. of R. C. †, having become Pope, has forgotten his engagements, perjured himself, and shamefully broken faith. He rebels against the Order which he had sworn warmly to uphold, and slanders it. He seeks to vilify it in the face of all people, having stained his hands in the blood of so many noble victims of liberty, and given himself over body and soul to the Jesuits, whose infamous tool he he is, *nolens volens*. For his purposes he wishes to make the world believe that we are poisonous snakes, as it does not suit him to state the truth, that Freemasons are supporters of Humanity, believe in the Most High God, and the immortality of the soul; that they are honest, intelligent and tolerant, seeking to solve the great problem, to issue a law which may satisfy all without wounding the opinion and faith of any one, and that Masons in their labours will have no political or religious discussion, but proclaim for all liberty of conscience, and

thus seek to render their watchwords,
(Liberty—Equality—Fraternity),
glorious.

But you, old man and Brother of the R. C. †, do you not see that by your inconsiderate words of 23rd March, 1874, you have slandered your Brother Masons, and your wrath is out of place, whereas you ought bitterly to lament your broken plight tendered in the Lodge "Sons of Hiram," in Philadelphia? Weep! O Pope Mastai. You have had a long life to behold the triumph of Masonic principles, in spite of you, and now behold the City of the Seven Hills advancing in grandeur, so that one may fairly anticipate its eventual restoration to ancient splendour. Repent, Pope Mastai, you recreant Brother of the R. C. †, at having in a state of complete liberty, and knowingly, violated your oath; for remember you can only obtain forgiveness from the G. A. U. for such a crime, by giving honour to those you have slandered. You who, according to your priests, are the chief master in Divinity, must know this as well as us. Humble yourself, and before dying be not ashamed to acknowledge that you have slandered the Craft, and utter again the words you pronounced in the W. Lodge, "Sons of Hiram," of Philadelphia, about our institution. It is a most noble Order, aiming at improving the moral tone of the Universe, and raising fallen Humanity. Courage, be not ashamed to recall your slanders, remembering that "to err is human, but to persist in error is diabolical."

We, the "poisonous snakes," pray the G. A. U. to grant you genuine repentance, so that death, which soon will overtake you, be to you a relief, and peaceful, and introduce you to the rest of the upright, and you will acknowledge that your thunders against us Freemasons had no strength, being an obsolete and useless weapon, and our work will proceed without fear of the slander and lies and machinations of traitors.

This, Brother Masons, and ye inhabitants of the whole world, is our reply to the slanders and curses of Pope Mastai, formerly Knight of the R. C. †, and this brief statement of facts will suffice to show the difference between Mastai before and after ascending to the Chair of St. Peter, and how much his mind is inferior to corruptible matter.

Having now made the foregoing statements, we challenge Pope Mastai, as well as the whole clerical press, to deny the truth thereof if they can, exhorting them, however, not to shape their reply by false statements and abuse, as they are accustomed to do, and as is the custom of all whose cause is a bad and weak one; and meanwhile we wish unto all, Health, Strength, Unity.

Given at the Lodge "Luce del Tirreno Or. di Rio Elba," subject to the jurisdiction of the Grand Order of Italy, of Scotch Rite, A. and A., established in Palermo, this 16th day of July, 1874.

(Here follow the signatures and official seal.)

It will be observed that this official Italian document positively asserts that Pope Pius IX., when he was plain Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, and a Papal Nuncio in America, was made a Mason in the city of Philadelphia, in the "Lodge of the Sons of Hiram." This is *one* story as to where the Pope was made a Mason; but it is only one of many, and if all are as false as this, then the Pope is *not* a Freemason. We have never had a "Lodge of the Sons of Hiram" in Philadelphia, and Mastai Ferretti was never made a Mason in this city in any Lodge. There may be a shadow of truth, however, in the assertion, which we shall explain before the close of this article.

Fra Paolo Sarpi, a Roman Catholic newspaper of Venice, Italy, devoted to ecclesiastical reform, some time ago made this same assertion, as to the Pope having been a Philadelphia Mason, and also that he continued to be a Mason for two years after he became Pontiff.

Another account is to the effect that the Pope was made a Mason under the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. We cite to this affect, the following paragraph from the *Masonic News*, as quoted in the London *Echo*, of October 14, 1874:—

"At the semi-annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Scottish Rite of the Orient of Palermo, Italy, held in that city on the 27th of March, 1874, Mastai Ferretti was expelled from the Order for violating his vows and for perjury. Mastai Ferretti is no other person than Pius IX., Pope of Rome. The decree of the Lodge at Palermo is published in the official paper of the Order of Freemasonry at Cologne, Germany, and dated March 27th. It is preceded by the minutes of the Lodge in

which Mastai Ferretti, in 1826, was initiated into the Order under the old Scottish Rite. The decree reads as follows:—A man named Mastai Ferretti, who received the baptism of Freemasonry, and solemnly pledged his love and fellowship, and who afterwards was crowned Pope and King, under the title of Pio Nono, has now cursed his former brethren and excommunicated all members of the Order of Freemasons. Therefore, said Mastai Ferretti is herewith, by decree of the Grand Lodge of the Orient, Palermo, expelled from the Order for perjury. The charges against Mastai Ferretti were first preferred in his Lodge at Palermo in 1865, and notification and copy thereof sent to Rome, with a request to attend the Lodge for the purpose of his vindication. To this the Pope made no reply, and for divers reasons the charges were not pressed until the Pope urged the clergy of Brazil to aggressive measures against the Freemasons of that country. Then the charges were pressed, and the second and third notifications sent, and after a formal trial, a decree of expulsion was entered, and caused to be published. The decree bears the signature of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, Grand Master of the Orient of Italy."

In August, 1868, *Le Monde Maconique* (The Masonic World), a monthly, published in Paris, France, contained an article entitled: *Initiation de Pie IX.*, which quoted a letter from the Masons of Messina, Sicily, to the Very Rev. M. Aglotti, Vicar of that Diocese. It asserts that Mastai Ferretti, while Gregory XVI. was Pope, was sent on a mission to North America; that after it was completed he went to Philadelphia, where he remained some time, and was made a Mason. The letter proceeds to give his speeches on Masonic occasions, in which he extols Freemasonry. For example, he is quoted as saying: "I am fully convinced that Masonry is one of the best associations that is known in the world." Again: "I shall ever be a warm defender of this sublime Order, whose mission is to moralise the universe, and to relieve and protect suffering humanity."

Now, so far as Philadelphia is concerned, we are prepared to say that *Mastai Ferretti* was never made a Mason in any Lodge in this city; and we are also prepared to say that he was never made a Mason in any Lodge working under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, whether in the State of Pennsylvania, or in any foreign country included in the "Masonic Jurisdiction thereunto belonging." There is, however, a shadow of a proof that Pope Pius IX. may have been made a Mason in Havana, in a Lodge which at the time was working under the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. We have carefully examined all the Minute Books and Records of this Grand Lodge, in the Grand Secretary's Office in the New Masonic Temple, and know what we now assert. The "shadow proofs" are these:

On March 2nd, 1818, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania warranted Lodge "*Les Delicias de la Havana*, No. 157," working in Havana, Cuba, which Lodge surrendered its warrant on June 4th, 1821, at which time it came under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Havana. On November 17th, 1819, *Martin Ferrety* was raised to the Sublime degree of a M. M. in this Lodge.

On December 17th, 1804, the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania warranted Lodge "*La Temple des Vertus Theologias*, No. 103," which Lodge surrendered its warrant at the same time and for the same reason, as the Lodge last mentioned. In Lodge "*La Temple*," *Juan Augustus Ferrety* was made a Mason on January 16th, 1815. He resigned his membership March 21st, 1817, and affiliated with Lodge "*Les Delicias de la Havana, No.* 157," in which Lodge he was Crafted and Raised.

Martin Ferrety and Juan Augustus Ferrety, are the *only* Ferretys whose names are on the records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

Our readers may form their own conclusions as to whether either of these Brethren was the present Pope Pius IX. Although one of them may have been, we scarcely think either was. For ourselves we are not anxious to claim the Pope as a Freemason. A great backslider is no credit to the Fraternity. If Pius is a Brother, how far he has slidden back! almost beyond the hope of recovery, we fear, for he is now ignominiously expelled for persecuting the Brethren whom he once swore to love. We shall forward a copy of this week's *Keystone* to His Holiness, with the request that he send us at once a cable telegram informing us, and through us the Masonic world, whether he ever, under his

own, or an assumed name, was made a Mason. Until we have his reply, we shall take for granted that the record proves him *not* to be a Mason. We have given the whole record, as it appears in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and from this source of Masonic information nothing further remains to be obtained.—*The Keystone.*

ANOTHER NEW YEAR.

How the years flow on! how rapidly they pass,
From human sight and consciousness,
One by one, in glad or drear array.
How noiseless is their march.
They seem to flit from us as if by magic,
Leaving us nothing but their solemn memories.
Another year has left us, and we greet
With altered hopes and fears, another.
But yet how small's the sum of all these years,
Which have been ours on this nether earth.
For joy and sorrow, friendship and affection,
The living sympathy and the gentle will,
The happiness which entered like a passing guest
Into our humble homestead, all are gone,
And in their stead, like dimly-shrouded ghosts,
Are sighing recollections, and aching hearts.
For with another year there crowd upon us
The voices of the past, the joys that are no more,
The echoes of dead hours, buried years,
In all their retrospect of vain regrets.
And those who once were ours, still are ours
In the great unseen land, seem fresh and fair as ever,
As time records once more its mystic calendar.
Yet earth and life have no abiding charm for us,
No rest, no satisfying, no portion here.
We have, and still we have not;
We have and yet we keep not;
All things pass, if one by one, yet pass they do and must.
Mirth and emotion, and joy and tenderness,
Affection's flow, and guileless innocence
Leave us ere long, the flowers of an hour.
In this how like is life to that old manor house,
We oft have seen surrounded by long grass
And moaning woods, all stately yet forlorn;
It once could echo with soft childhood's laughter,
But now deserted in its grey decay,
Is but a shattered token of bye-gone strength and grace.
And so the years which leave us in their turn,
Tell but their silent tale of faded happiness,
And are but a shattered monument of the past,
A crumbling milestone on the pilgrim's road.
Yet here's another year before us now!
Who of us all can say that we shall see another?
Who of us all can reckon on twelve months more?
No, this very year may be our very last,
Our last in time, our first in God's eternity.
So let us listen to the softening message
Which each new year has for our toiling race,
In faith and fear, in trust and truth.
And let us move on calmly, humbly,
Ever believing that midst this troubled world,
The great Invisible still rules this earth and us,
That all things here are for the best,
Be they what they may, they are the best,
Best for all the fleeting years of human life,
Best for that blessed dawn when time has ceas'd to be. A.F.A.W.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1875.

WAITING FOR HER—A MESMERISTS' STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Uncle Archdale gave a Christmas party two years ago, and, of course I was there. He was our bachelor uncle, you know. We have no parents, Lizzie and I, but every Christmas-day uncle had his nephews and nieces with him to dinner, and we always went with the rest.

That year we were all together; not one had left the nest; now, alas, they are all scattered, and perhaps may never meet again on this side of the grave.

Tom has gone to Australia, Philip has married my sister Lizzie. He is a clergyman in the West Riding, and she makes a very good little parson's wife. My cousin Maud, dear Maud, she has gone out as a governess, but some day I hope to be able to offer her a home. You see I live in a large town, and I am a young surgeon without many friends; but I mean to push my way, and Maud is willing to wait, so I daresay we shall be married some fine day. Bertie, Mary and Constance are with an uncle in Ireland, and Willie, poor boy, went to India and was drowned. Dear old uncle Archdale died last year, he was then 60, but looked at least ten years older; and so I have told you how we were all separated.

Well, as I was saying, uncle Archdale gave his usual Christmas party, and we were all there. I hardly know why he liked to give it either, for he was always rather grave on Christmas-day, though merry at other times; but though he was kindness itself, yet on these occasions of our annual visit we always felt it rather melancholy dining at Stainley House.

Philip had been trying to draw me out during dinner on the subject of the new anæsthetic sulphuric ether as applied locally (by the way an old idea), which he said was not by any means so perfect an anodyne as another remedy of which he spoke in great praise. We afterwards had some conversation about Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," which I said was rightly described as a "sick man's dream," but which he maintained contained the germ of many truths which the world did not perceive as yet.

Quoting Hamlet, he said impressively, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and then abruptly changed the subject. Uncle had been roused to some strange show of interest whilst Philip was holding this argument with me, but presently lapsed again into a fitful dreamy state which overcame him frequently now. He was a man who had evidently seen much trouble in his younger days. We had heard that there was some romantic love affair which had saddened his youth, but he had always been strangely reticent about it, so we had never learned particulars. But for this conversation I do not think we should have heard it then, and as I look back upon the memory of that day, I remember uncle seemed distressed at the enthusiasm Philip displayed when talking about this science or art, or mystery (he said it was all three), in which he had so suddenly become interested. That he intended to warn Philip and two or three more of my fair cousins who seemed equally fascinated with the study of the occult sciences I feel now quite sure, but at that time I did not see it all so clearly. But to resume. We were all sitting round the table at dessert, the yule log was burning in the grate, uncle had feasted us well, and we young fellows were very happy sipping our wine; some of the port was 1820 brand, whilst my fair cousins were more intent on the walnuts and chestnuts, the almonds and rasins, preserved ginger, ratafias and so forth, though of course they drank to a merry Christmas like the rest.

Said uncle Archdale "I think, my dears, I'll tell you a story." "O do, uncle," we all answered. "Tell us about that pretty locket you always wear round your neck," Lizzie slyly put in.

I never saw the locket, but uncle seems almost to wince as Lizzie speaks. "Tell us, uncle," said Mary, "why you always are so grave on Christmas day?"

"No, no, tell us," says Philip, "why you never got married?"

"Well, my dears," said my uncle, "suppose I answer all three, and yet make one story of it."

"Oh, do, uncle; we should like it so much," we all chorused.

"I don't know that you will care about the story, my dears," he said, "but perhaps it may do you no harm," he continued, looking particularly at Philip and me. I think then he knew all about our feelings and about Lizzie and Maud, for he smiled very kindly on them, and I think also that he wanted to correct Philip's credulity and my scepticism as to that other subject.

"It is a long time ago, my dears," he said, "since I first remember *waiting for her*, and I must wait a long time yet, I think, before she comes. You can look at her likeness if you like."

"Here it is;" and the old man—older

in trouble and grief and care than in years—handed us out the locket containing the likeness of Milicent. I have it now before me; he left it amongst other treasures to me in his will. What a sweet face it is. What soft earnest blue eyes she has, eyes that when you look into them you fancy you see heaven far off; what a placid calm look of gentle innocence is there! She has her fair hair parted smoothly from her forehead, and looped up simply behind, and fastened with some pretty comb, perhaps, and she wears a little cross upon her breast; and what a sweet oval pensive face it is; the small well-shaped mouth, the pure serene brows, the smooth forehead, not so high as to make her look ugly and learned, nor yet so low as to be unintellectual. She must have had a graceful figure too, for though we have but the head and bust here, we can see by the sloping shoulders, the well-set head and swan-like neck that the harmony of nature *could not* be disturbed by giving a faulty figure to such a perfect face.

"It was Christmas time," my uncle continued, "in the year 1822, when I first saw Milicent, and at a Christmas party. I was only 18 and a mere boy; she was as old as I in years, and a great deal older in mind. Twelfth night, and my father, your grandfather (who was an artist, you know), had gathered the young people round him on this occasion, as was his wont, and a very jolly party it was. We used to romp more in those days, my dears, than you do now, I fancy, and I think we loved each other more ardently than you do now. I daresay we fought more, too, and I don't suppose we were so refined altogether as the new generation is. However, we had dancing, and hunt the slipper, and blind man's buff, and, after supper, kissing under the mistletoe. And I remember I kissed Milicent. I think I almost wish I had not done so now, for that kiss cost me a good deal, it cost me my heart, my dears.

"I don't know how it was, but so it was—from that hour to this I have loved Milicent.

"She didn't care for me, though," the old man continued, "she thought me a mere boy and scorned my love. But what was that to me? I loved her, and I thought, foolish lad that I was, that if I were only constant to her, some day or other, Milly would be mine, and so for years and years I was *waiting for her*."

"But did you never ask her to marry you," Lizzie asks.

"Oh, yes, but I shall come to that presently.

"Well it was before railways were thought of, and we were down in Somersetshire. We lived there then, and I was going up to town to walk the hospitals. I had come up from Exeter the night before, where I had been sent by my father to see some creditors of his (he was an extravagant man, your grandfather, and always in debt), and who should get in at Bath but Milicent. She was also going to London to see her mother, who had been taken dangerously ill there. I had seen her many times since that twelfth night party, and two years had gone over our heads. We had met frequently at various houses at Bath and Warminster, where she had relatives, and I had friends; and we were now pleasant acquaintances, if nothing more.

"So we journeyed on together, and, as you may imagine, I did not lose any opportunity to improve the occasion, and before we got to London, I had asked her to be mine. Milly laughed outright at what she call my effrontery in proposing to her, and 'such a boy as I was,' she said.

"Mortified, deeply wounded at her cruelty, so I thought it then, I determined to leave the coach at the next stage, which was Reading, and leave Milicent and her aunt Frances to continue the journey by themselves. We soon reached Reading, and the coachman, whom I had suspected of imbibing, got down to have 'just another glass' at the hotel where we changed horses.

"It was a bitter cold night, and the 24th December, 1824, when the 'Highflyer' left the George and Dragon Hotel, at 5 p.m. for London. I was standing outside the door of the inn looking at the travellers with a pitying self-satisfied air, as I thought how cold and uncomfortable they were, and how cosy I should be when I went into the bar parlour and had a chat with mine host and his pretty daughter over a glass of his famous milk punch before the great blazing fire that was burning so pleasantly within.

"What made me order the hostler to get

ready the light trap I had seen in the coach-house just as they had gone, the four greys darting away with one bound as John lightly touched the off leader on the flank with his whip, and the guard blew his bugle merrily as they dashed off through the streets and out on the hard frozen high road, on their way to the modern Babylon? Perhaps some presentiment of evil unlooked for, unforeseen. Perhaps only the fear arising from the very perceptible condition of the driver when he got on to his box, and 'handled the ribbons.'

"It was a quarter of an hour, however, before we started, and it would be only by hard driving that we could catch the Highflyer,' one of the fastest and most famous coaches of those days. I knew that about ten miles from Reading on the London Road, the high road turned an angle sharply over the low bridge which just at this point spanned a tributary of the Thames. The stream was wide here, and shallow enough to be easily forded in summer, but after the recent rains we had had, and the frost only now setting in, I knew the place to be a dangerous one, even to the most wary traveller, and doubly so, when as in the present case, it was very doubtful whether the bridge was not in an unsound state from the rottenness of the timbers of which it was principally composed; and the condition of the coachman gave me also great uneasiness.

"'Now, my man, hurry on,' I said to the lad, half stable boy, half groom, who was driving me, 'I'll give you a crown if we catch them.' 'All right, sir, we'll do it,' he answered. 'Go it Bess,' he continued, to the horse, a young mare it was, I remember, touching her sharply with his whip. She answered with a bound, and set off at a fast trot, which, had it continued, would have soon brought us up with the object of our anxiety.

"We were now three miles out of Reading going nine good miles the hour. The Highflyer did ten, but then she would probably stop at M———, a little village about eight miles from Reading, the lad said, as he heard the stout gentleman with the big cotton umbrella say he should get down there. He would persist in sitting outside with the guard, because he said, 'He wasn't going to be boxed up with a parcel of women, though it was a cold night. Thank goodness, he had enough of them at home without meeting his troubles half way by seeking them elsewhere,' he gruffly and not very politely added. 'Mr. Markham,' that was the coachman's name, 'he'll stop, at the "Bag and Feathers," *too sir*,' the lad continued, 'he always does stay for a toothful of "cold without" when he's had a drop, sir.'

"'If you don't mind, sir,' the boy said presently, 'we'll just cut across the common here, sir: It's rather dark, but I know every inch of the way, and it'll save us a good three miles, sir, every bit of it.'

"'All right, my lad,' I said, 'only catch the coach before she passes Hammon's Corner (the place I have alluded to), and I'll give you another crown.'

"Away we went over the common. It was now pitch dark, a cloudy sky, and the snow lightly falling across the smooth and hardened turf. At full gallop away we went for life and death. Presently we heard the sound of wheels, distant at first, but growing painfully nearer every moment. Oh, if they should pass the corner before we were there. If the huge coach, guided by the drunken brute who now held the reins (but who was only overtaken at Christmas time, and who was famed as the best whip in the three counties, as his apologists averred), should swerve but a few inches from the path, it and its precious cargo would be submerged in the now rapid rushing stream, and Milly, my own darling Milly, would be drowned before my eyes.

"The thought maddened me. Lashing the horse furiously, we dashed forward at renewed speed, and crossed the bridge just before the mail coach came up. Markham was driving furiously.

"One moment more and we should have been too late.

"The leader, frightened at the coping stones of the bridge now covered with snow, and wild with the treatment he had evidently received, now suddenly turned, was rushing across the road, making as it were for the parapet of the bridge, and in a moment the coach, which had been swaying to and fro, was dragged forward towards the stream, into which it would have fallen had not I drawn up across the road, jumped out of the trap, seized the leader, and forced him almost on his haunches, till I had driven back the coach, which had received a check from coming

into contact with the large curb-stone at the corner of the bridge, into the road again.

"Another dash made by the off horse, another swerving of the coach and she was thrown violently over on her side, and two horses fell to the ground.

"Hi! lad, here; not a moment to spare," I shouted to the boy, who hurried to my assistance, and by great exertions we broke open the door and helped the ladies out.

"Poor things! they were both hurt seriously, though not so seriously as I feared. The coach was smashed in at one side, and the coachman lay with his leg broken at some distance from the vehicle. The horses were soon disengaged from the harness, and the old gentleman, who, wonderful to say, had got off with only a few bruises, rode off on one of them in search of a doctor, I determined to take the ladies back with me to Reading, leaving the guard, who was almost uninjured, to attend to the coachman and the horses.

"Poor Milly! how brave she was. I helped her up very tenderly, you may be sure; her arm was broken, but she bore the pain so quietly, bidding me only look after aunt Frances, who was very much terrified, and whose nerves appeared to have been terribly shaken by the unfortunate mishap, but who was otherwise uninjured as far as I could learn.

"'Herbert,' she said presently, 'will you forgive me behaving so unkindly to you as I did to-day? I am very grateful to you for coming to our assistance when you did. I feel somehow as if I owed my life to you—and you can do with me what you like now.'

"'Thank you, dear,' I said quietly, 'I shall always love you.' That was all the answer I made.

"We got back to Reading, and as we had no friends there, the ladies stopped at the George and Dragon, and I determined to stay by them until some one should come to take charge of them, or they should be able to go on to London.

"You see we had no telegraphs then, and no express trains to summon or bring our friends in an hour or two after the accident had happened.

"We are in advance of the good old times at all events in those respects. It would take two days at least to bring our friends from Bath, and a whole day or more to get to London. So I remained where I was as *cavalier servante* to my lady love, simply writing to my father and to Milly's telling what had happened.

"The few days that followed, my dears, were the happiest in my life, I think.

"Aunt Frances—I used to call her so, though she was no actual relation of mine, only an old friend of my mother's—was very poorly the next day, and poor Milly was quite feverish and low; but yet she would not obey the doctor's directions to stay in bed after the second day, but would come down stairs into the parlour (I had taken private rooms for the party) and talk to me.

"Oh! how I drank in the music of her voice.

"How I listened and looked, and loved! I knew she was grateful to me for *saving her life*, she said, though I don't know that I did that exactly, and I felt that she was mistaking that sentiment for love.

"She thought at that time that she might *some day*, that she did *then*, return my affection. She was, oh, so kind and gentle to me in those days, and never was slave more willing than I to wait upon her, and obey her behests. It was one long golden dream. I knew it could not last long. I knew the spell would be broken soon. I knew that in a few days, perhaps a week at the farthest, her mother, who we had heard was getting better, would send some one for her, and I knew that when that some one came I must be gone. The arm was obstinate, or the surgeon unskilful, and what should have taken only a fortnight or so, took a month or more.

"And as the days wore on we became more and more to each other. Milly was becoming all the world to me, and I was ceasing to be merely a pleasant passing acquaintance in her eyes, but a warm admiring friend. Sometimes I used to fancy that she loved me, but I soon found that love was only gratitude. I think at that time, my dears, Milly would have married me; but I knew it would not have been for love and love only, and I scorned to take her, simply for gratitude's sake. Was I right, I wonder, in going away as I did without saying another word?

"I don't know, I only know that she was my heart's own idol, and I was *waiting for her.*"

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUITY OF MASONRY.

BY W. S. HOOPER.

There is always a positive and a negative way to treat a subject, and, in many cases, a point may be established by either of these modes of arguments. When the entire line of facts in connection with a subject can be given, it is an easy matter to prove anything. But when facts are given of which but few persons are aware, they are often denied by the general reader, and when thus denied by one who puts forth no proof to substantiate the denial, it is vain to undertake to convince him. The endeavour to satisfy anyone who denies facts that are placed upon historic records or the page of personal experience, is useless. We may argue points and give facts from a strictly historical standard, and yet, because they do not suit the reader, they may meet an absolute discredit, but this result does not invalidate nor refute them.

When the argument is from the positive stand-point, it is not always necessary to be confined to the facts in the written histories upon the subject treated of, because there may be very important facts connected with it of which the historian was not cognizant, or which transpired after the history was written.

In the research for the establishment of any peculiar truth about which there is doubt, it is a credit to no one to be confined to the writings of any particular author because there is no research, but merely an acceptance of what he has written. True research goes into the field of literature trodden by few or none. Had Columbus been content with the history of the world furnished by the historian of his day, or with the geographical knowledge of his time, there would have been no discovery of America by him. Being dissatisfied with both, and seeing, by existing evidences, there were lands of which the people would not believe, he launched out on an untravelled and untrammelled field, and brought great knowledge and value to the world.

Thus every advance of science and literature is brought about. Many times, by provoking discussion, we awaken slumbering truth and establish former well-known facts on a more substantial basis. Because we cannot at once accept a theory, we must not discard it. Because we do not like to believe, and are unable to refute it, we should not denounce it, for truth, however unpalatable, remains the same. By accepting history as far as it goes, and exploring new fields, we many times develop a well-known theory into a positive fact, which in time weaves itself into undeniable history.

In the negative argument it is proper to admit things or facts to exist because the contrary cannot be proven, and to apply evidences which generally are supposed not to have any connection with the matter in question. In this kind of argument it matters very little whether there be any corroborative history or not. For instance, Masonic history gives no record of the existence of Masonry among the Japanese, but that for hundreds of years their government has been so exclusive as to permit no communication between its subjects and those of enlightened governments, and to give no opportunity to introduce Masonry there. Now, if there were no antiquity of Masonry, any casual observer would at once say it would be impossible to find Masons in that land. If we acknowledge the historic fact of the locking of that semi-barbarous nation against all the civilized races, and find they have words expressing the name of God very differently from any civilized race, and no word expressive of the same in the manner of an Oriental language, we have two more facts of their history. If we further find no civilized race has any word expressive of the *one word*, or idea, in the language of an Oriental race, we have another fact in the history of civilization. Now, these are commonly accepted facts, and to apply them in regard to the "Master's Word," we find that the Japanese, English and French have no such word in their language. Second, we have the fact of the locking of the ports of Japan against other nations. Third, the fact that these ports have been opened during the last few years to civilized races. Now, if the natives of these islands come together and find that on the points of the Masonic signs, grips and this *one word* they are a unit, there is one fact firmly established, viz., that Masonry existed in Japan at some time prior to the locking of her ports against the civilized races. What time that was depends on two other facts. First, at what age in the world the ports were thus locked,

and second, whether there ever were any social relation or communication existing between these races. These we leave for the objector to establish, and will finish by giving the facts in the case as another link in the chain of unexplored and unhistoric evidence of the antiquity of Masonry.

After the Commodore Perry expedition, it will be remembered a large embassy of distinguished men in authority in Japan visited the United States. During that visit a distinguished Mason, at that time the Grand Secretary of our western states, visited the embassy. Hearing some of them were Masons, he concluded to test them in the manner usual among the fraternity, and he did this so effectually that he found every tenet, sign, grip and word of our Order intact amongst them. That it had been the same with them in ages past, and so far back that their history of its origin was lost. In this one fact, then, we have the solution of all the propositions we have made above.

Stepping aside from the history of the discovery of this land and its gradual development, and the knowledge we have of the native Indian, we find, in the various implements and pieces of pottery which have been discovered, evidences that a nation existed in this land ages past. Also, in Mexico and Arizona the remains of cities, and elsewhere, mounds, etc., plainly tell of races long since dead. Yet, except in these relics of their past, their history is unknown. The same facts exist in regard to ancient Masonry. There are evidences, found in reading certain works whose authors were not Masons, of the ancient existence of Masonic knowledge. In the ruins of Pompeii, Babylon, Yucatan, and elsewhere, there are certain evidences existing which plainly show there must have been a bond of union which was not common to the races there. In Yucatan, in some of the ruins, there is an immense hand, plainly printed on the walls; while in Pompeii and Babylon there is a corresponding sign, made in a similar way, and from the same kind of material, while it exists in no other buildings. Now, could these exist at distances so great, separated by great oceans, were there not some bond of union existing between them, and which was common only to a portion of each of the races. This fact exists in regard to the Masonic Arch, and to some of the sculptured emblems on the door posts in the ruins of Yucatan, Pompeii, Babylon, and Egypt. If these were common in all the buildings of each of the nations, it would only show there was a decided similarity of architecture, but the emblems exist regardless of that. This being true, the query arises, What are they but signs of some strong bond of union or brotherhood?

We are not to decide Masonry is a merely modern institution because wo cannot ascertain the date of its origin.

It is not enough to show the difference of a year or more between the saying of a legend and the existence of a fact, as Bro. Norton does in regard to one of the higher degrees, because a legend may mistake a fact. His seeing a record so near the time given by the legend is strong evidence of a great date. As to the antiquity of the high degrees, we have no disposition to argue, but the substantial basis of Masonry, we do believe, has greater antiquity than that usually given it. Its date may be so ancient that its knowledge is covered up, and can only be found by research among the recently discovered antiquities and by the analogy of history.

If it is of modern date and its antiquity a legend, then the entire organization is a deception, and the sooner it is exploded the better.

As we have taken the idea of antiquity, and Bro. Norton the opposite, we leave it to him to prove learned Masons have imposed on the credulity of the world the idea of its antiquity, when, in fact, it is only a modern invention.

— *Voice of Masonry.*

MY BOOKS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah! well I love these books of mine,
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line,
(Fat "*quartos*" jostling modest "*twelves*")
A curious company, I own;
The poorest ranking with their betters:
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A pure Democracy—of Letters.

A motley gathering are they;
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;
Some just too good to throw away;
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.
Yet well I love them, one and all,
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,
Who never fail to come at call,
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favourites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That *this* I take and *that* refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book-relations,
Nor envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
Which otherwhere one vainly seeks,
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
He never *uninvited* speaks;
And should he prove a fool or clown,
Unworth the precious time your spending,
How quickly you can "put him down,"
Or "shut him up" without offending!

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood
Of critics from dissension cease;
And—stranger still!—no more at feud,
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
See! side by side, all free from strife
(Save what the heavy page may smother),
The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
For conscience' sake had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks,
(What living friend has done the same)?
And, for companionship, how few,
As these, my cronies ever-present,
Of all the friends I ever knew
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

—*Michigan Freemason.*

NAMING THE BABY.

I have lately attended a christening which produced a great effect, from various circumstances, on my own mind, and I think well to describe it, if possible, for my readers. My young friend Front de Bœuf Pugmore (they are a very romantic and novel-reading family the Pugmores,) married some time back a very charming Miss Baliol, who has lately presented him with a remarkably fine son and heir. This interesting event has caused great excitement in the two families of Pugmore and Baliol, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony, at which the Bishop of Barnstaple had kindly consented to officiate. I may remark here that as a great friend of both the two estimable families, I am habitually consulted on those many little questions which, though unimportant in themselves, and uninteresting to others, are so very serious often in their consequences to all well-regulated domestic circles!

Life is made up of trifles some one has said, and most true it is; but trifles neglected or disregarded may become very stern and unpalatable realities.

For of course when this little howling Pugmore had appeared, the next question was what were they to call the red and roaring brat? There were many family consultations, and many select conclaves, but all in vain; for once in the "multitude of councillors" there was not "wisdom," "too many cooks spoiled," as too many cooks do generally, the "broth," and the result of many anxious confabulations was "confusion worse confounded." I had originally suggested that this pugnosed specimen of conjoint Baliols and Pugmores should be called Thomas, after a grandfather, but the name was considered low, and Mrs. Pugmore said decisively that she would not have her boy called Tommy. As she said this with much dignity and determination, elements belonging to the Baliol character in marked measure, the subject was at once dropped, the more so as Front de Bœuf Pugmore pathetically observed, that he could not have his darling Juliana agitated in her present maternal anxieties and duties. Mrs. Baliol, senior, proposed Gamaliel as an old Baliol name, but this was stoutly objected to by

Mrs. Pugmore, senior, who suggested Tristram, after an equally old but very good-for-nothing Pugmore.

Pêre Baliol recommended Henry, after an uncle, but a maiden aunt remarked that she had a footman called Henry; while the ancient Pugmore thought Charles was the proper name, the Pugmores having been most loyal to the "White King" of sacred memory. A married sister proposed Walter, and an unmarried sister-in-law proposed Wilfred, while a young Lieut. from the Curragh said Lothair was a good name, and that he had drawn it in a regimental sweep. Still none of these names seemed to suit the family "caucus," and as an irreverent Pugmore youth said, we can't "go ahead."

At last Sybilla Baliol, the "Dea ex Machina," appeared on the scene, and came to the rescue! Sybilla Baliol is a young lady endowed with very deep blue eyes, and long eyelashes, which fall on the cheek, and with clustering chestnut hair, and is in truth a very attractive young woman. And when I add to this, that she is vivacious and agreeable, full of fun and pleasantry, my readers will require no more information from me to conclude that she is both a very fascinating and important member of the family circle. And not only this, but I don't know, I confess, a more dangerous party, whether in a rainy day, or in fine weather, in a walk or a ride anywhere and anyhow, alike for excitable young gentlemen and sentimental old bachelors. And so she gave her advice in her usual half-serious, half-chaffing way as follows, and to her advice, strange to say, everybody listened, old and young, which does not always happen in this queer world of ours.

"I vote," she said, "that we go to the past for a name, and not to this dirty, half-hearted, hypocritical, nipping present. Both our families were Saxons originally, at least I have read so, and we once had ancestors, who loved mead and metheglin, just as some of our modern Anglo-Saxons like 'B. and S.' and 'Phiz.'

"Athelstan Pugmore was hanged by Edward the Confessor for sheep stealing, though I believe it is a mistake of the Saxon Chronicle, and that he was a fine fellow, and loved a 'raid,' and only attacked a fellow Thane's domain, and took away all his cattle, and a few of his serfs. So I propose that we call the little wretch Athelstan, hoping as I do sincerely that he won't meet with the same fate, or rather be sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice, with his customary suavity, to penal servitude for life."

"Yes," said a romantic unmarried Rosalind Pugmore, "as Front de Bœuf's name was taken from dear Ivanhoe, I vote that we call that young howler Brian, in memory of the famous Knight Brian de Bois Guilbert. I am afraid," she added pensively, "he was a very bad man, but he was a very courageous Templar."

"And now," said Mrs. Pugmore, with all the wisdom of years, "let us add Julian, after his dear mother, and I think Athelstan Brian Julian Pugmore will sound very well."

An uncle George was standing by, somewhat gifted with a sense of the ridiculous, and a good deal of quiet humour, and he said very gravely, "let me recommend an addition. St. Julian was the patron of thieves, it is said in mediæval times, and as this young Athelstan's ancestor was a 'gentleman of the road,' let us call him St. Julian, instead of merely Julian. There's a great deal in a name."

Mrs. Pugmore, jun., somewhat objected to the "Saint," but as all the company, and Sybilla especially, applauded "Uncle George," it was decided *unâ voce* that the young and vociferous hope of the Pugmores and Baliols should have the saintly addition given to his name. At length the memorable day arrived, and we all repaired to the church, where the Bishop of Barnstaple, the most punctual of men, was awaiting us, accompanied by the able and energetic incumbent, the Rev. Templeman Badger. I, for one, always like to hear the baptismal service, it is both so simple and yet so impressive, so touching and yet so effective, that one almost feels alike the solemnity of the occasion, and the sanctity of the rite. And as the circle stood round the font, I never saw a more pleasant family party assembled, and above all I never beheld a more good-looking godmother. As Sybilla stood there, with that yelling baby in her arms, in her very charming white dress and bonnet, she really was like a picture of the old masters, both for the magical charm of her appearance, and the gracefulness of her calm repose. Despite

the beauty of the service, and the silvery tones of the good bishop, I am afraid that my eyes kept wandering where stood that most demure and comely of godmothers, soothing the little brute, if it could be soothed, with smiles which were invaluable, and with attentions which were most delightful. But I fear that I am getting sentimental. The excellent Bishop hesitated a little at St. Julian, it was somewhat of a strain upon his Protestant principles, but he at length named the shrieking baby Athelstan Brian St. Julian, and gave it back somewhat hastily to Sybilla, who equally hastily, and, I thought, with no little satisfaction, consigned it at once to the care of the venerable maid.

I hope that Athelstan Brian St. Julian will behave better in after years, for not only did he forcibly yell all through the beautiful service, but he kicked the kind Bishop with the greatest energy.

Still the sacred ceremony was over—another little Neophyte was admitted into the great army of the faithful, and if (true type of human life), its career began in tears, let us hope that in its after struggles it may one day yet "reap in joy."

I said to Sybilla after the service, "you seemed to have hard work to hold the baby." "Oh, yes," she replied, "the little varlet was like most men in general, they never know when they are well off. But to tell you the truth, I don't often officiate, as I always think 'maiden aunts' and women of a 'certain age' make the best godmothers." "Nobody could do it better, or look it better than you," I observed, "and I think that the baby, as everybody else thought, was very lucky, young cub, to be so petted and taken care of." And then we adjourned to the hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Baliol, where we wished life, happiness, and prosperity to the youthful Athelstan, to the two grandfathers and grandmothers, to Front de Bœuf, and to Juliana, to the good Bishop, and above all to the young Christian's fair and fascinating godmother.

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

GRAND PRIORY OF CANADA.

(*Continued from page* 220.)

Address of the V. H. and E. Sir Kt. Col. W. J. B. MCLEOD MOORE, *Grand Cross of the Temple, Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada. Delivered to the Sir Knights assembled in Grand Priory at the Masonic Temple, Ottawa, on the 15th October, A.D.* 1874.

Some of the best Masonic authorities of the present day repudiate the claim of the Order to be considered the legitimate descendants of the Templars of the Crusades, asserting our order was first introduced from the continent of Europe in the middle of the last century, when it is well known the old military orders of the knighthood were much prized in the so called higher degrees of Freemasonry, and which led to the formation of Masonic degree of knighthood, the names and historical legends being identical with these old Orders. In this I cannot entirely agree, as I think there appears sufficient evidence to shew that the Templar Order was never entirely suppressed, and that their legitimacy has been preserved and handed down to the present time by their connection with other orders of knighthood and the Masonic society; for so far as can be collected from Masonic history and tradition, and tradition must not be entirely set aside, an intimate connection had long existed between the Chivalric Templars and Freemasonry represented by the travelling Guilds or Societies who worked in stone and wood, and who, under the direction of the ecclesiastical class, the chaplains or clerks of the Templars, constructed the magnificent architectural and engineering works that still exist in Asia and Europe, the admiration of all who behold them.

It is a mistake to suppose that the dropping of the word "Masonic" can be held as in any way altering the connection between the Order and Freemasonry. It is not inserted in the title of the Orders in Ireland, Scotland, or the United States, and it may not be known that the name "Masonic Knight Templar" was first used at the revival in 1846 on the installation of Sir Knight Charles Kemys Kemys Tynte as Grand Master and successor to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, when also the control of the "Rose Croix" and "Kadosh" degrees, formerly given in Templar Encampments was surrendered to the "Ancient and Accepted Rite" a short time previously introduced from the United States of America. At this revival of the Temple, new statutes, as well as changes in

the ritual and costume took place; the former dress being black, the colour of Malta, the white mantle, the true badge of the Templar, not having been hitherto worn.

With respect to the abolition of past rank a most radical change for the better has taken place. Such rank, though purely honorary, gave the right to vote in perpetuity in Grand Conclave to any Knight who held the same, thus placing the actual Preceptors (Commanders) of private Preceptories (Encampments), who might be supposed more directly to represent the opinions of the various Preceptories, below all past Grand Officers, and in a considerable minority in Grand Conclave.

With reference to the changes in the insignia and costume as laid down in the Convent General Statutes. The Templar Cross is now *charged*, as it is heraldically called, with the eight-pointed white Cross of Malta, that is, placed on the centre of the Templar Cross, to signify the union of the two Orders, and is called a cross "patent." I must confess, although versed in heraldry, I am at a loss to understand the meaning of this term; at first I thought it was a mis-print for "potent" in allusion to the cross of Jerusalem, but from the illustrations it appears to be one of the forms of crosses of the old Teutonic Order, a modification of the cross *pateè*, but more elongated. The other devices on the Jewels are badges of the ancient Templars; the Angus Dei, or Holy Lamb, bearing the Red Cross banner; and the representation of two knights mounted on one horse, intending to denote the original poverty of the Order. The armorial bearing of the Temple Barristers of the present day is a pegasus or winged horse, absurdly, it is said, derived from the latter badge, the two knights being mistaken in later times for wings.

The staff or badge of office, hitherto borne by Preceptors, but now limited to Great Priors, National Sub-Priors, Seneschals, and Provincial Priors, is erroneously called an *abacus*, and this misnomer is unfortunately continued in the new statutes; the proper name is *baculus*, meaning a staff carried by a Bishop or Abbot as an ensign of dignity and authority, and is the proper Templar pastoral staff of office, on the top of which is an octagonal figure surmounted by a cross-pateè; the cross referring to the Christian character of the order, and the octagon, in this and other cases where it is found, alluding, it is said, to the eight beatitudes.

A tunic or cassock, the regulations say, *may* be worn with a cross gules on the breast; the term cassock seems to me the more correct one, the tunic being in fact the surcoat of old which we know was used to protect the wearer of armour from the effect of the sun, and the armour itself from dust and rain. The cassock was no doubt part of the habit worn in times of peace and in council; the cross, interpreted literally, would mean a plain (Greek) cross, although drawings have been sent out from London in which a long Passion Cross is depicted on a white tunic, the same as worn by Scottish Templars. I should recommend that a black cassock be worn with the plain Red Cross, the change of the outer mantle for meetings of the Preceptory or Priory seems to be quite sufficient, and it should be left optional to have the under habit black or white, so many garments and so much changing being very inconvenient. The peculiar form of the well-known Cross of Malta has been always looked upon as a mystery; it is formed evidently in the shape of fishes' tails joined in a small centre. Now, as the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ contained the initials of the name and titles of Christ the figure of a fish was one of the early Christian symbols, and this form of Cross may have been adopted as an allegorical allusion to the Saviour. The eight points of the Cross are also said to refer to the eight beatitudes.

My long connection with the Orders of "The Temple" and of "St. John," and the attention I have given to their history and organisation, induces me thus far to supplement my explanations given last year of the object and intention of the late alterations, in reply to the objections of many old members who will not admit that any change from the established usages they have been accustomed to can be of advantage.

In concluding these remarks a question naturally arises. To what purpose and practical use can these Orders be now applied. The answer to which is that while the actual cause which called forth all the religious and military enthusiasm of their founders has long ceased to exist, there are

still in the present day solemn duties to perform, by practising that charity and love to our fellow-creatures which consists principally in alleviating the sufferings of the destitute and oppressed.

Fratres!—We are shortly to be formed into an independent and influential national body. Let us then, at the commencement of our career, follow the example of the Protestant Branch of the Order of St. John in England, and devote a portion of our time and means to the hospitaller duties enjoined by the rules of the Order, "*Pro utilitate hominum*," and as far as lies in our power advance and promote the usefulness of the various Masonic institutions organised for the relief of the aged, the sick, and the destitute.

Brother Soldiers of the Cross, I am ever faithfully yours, in the Bonds of the Order,

V.D. + S.A.

A PLACE IN THE LODGE FOR ME.

A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright:
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.
Not here, not here is bliss:
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My heart it yearns for peace—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge, &c.

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears,
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But "there's one green spot below,"
There's a resting-place, a home—
My heart it yearns to know:
Say, brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge, &c.

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear;
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near;
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home
My heart still yearns to share:
Say, brothers, say, is there room?
A place in the Lodge, &c.

With God's own eye above,
With Brother hands below,
With friendship and with love,
My pilgrimage I'll go;
And when in death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
O Brothers, give me room.
A place in the Lodge, &c.

—*The Keystone.*

RUDDER GRANGE.

For some months after our marriage, Euphemia and I boarded. But we didn't like it. Indeed, there was no reason why we should like it. Euphemia said that she never felt at home except when she was out, which feeling, indicating such an excessively unphilosophic state of mind, was enough to make me desire to have a home of my own, where, except upon rare and exceptional occasions, my wife would never care to go out.

If you should want to rent a house, there are three ways to find one. One way is to advertise; another is to read the advertisements of other people. This is a comparatively cheap way. A third method is to apply to an agent. But none of these plans are worth anything. The proper way is to know some one who will tell you of a house that will just suit you. Euphemia and I thoroughly investigated this matter, and I know that what I say is a fact.

We tried all the plans. When we advertised, we had about a dozen admirable answers, but although everything seemed to suit, the amount of rent was not named. (None of those in which the rent was named would do at all.) And when I went to see the owners, or agents of these houses, they asked much higher rents than those mentioned in the unavailable answers—and this, notwithstanding the fact that they always asserted that their terms were

either very reasonable or else greatly reduced on account of the season being advanced. (It was now the fifteenth of May.)

Euphemia and I once wrote a book,—this was just before we were married,—in which we told young married people how to go to housekeeping and how much it would cost them. We knew all about it, for we had asked several people. Now the prices demanded as yearly rental for small furnished houses, by the owners and agents of whom I have been speaking, were actually more than we had stated a house could be bought and furnished for!

The advertisements of other people did not serve any better. There was always something wrong about the houses when we made close inquiries, and the trouble was generally in regard to the rent. With agents we had a little better fortune. Euphemia sometimes went with me on my expeditions to real estate offices, and she remarked that these offices were always in the basement, or else you had to go up to them in an elevator. There was nothing between these extremes. And it was a good deal the same way, she said, with their houses. They were all very low indeed in price and quality, or else too high. She assured me several times that if we could find any office on the second or third floor we should certainly be suited. But we never found such an office.

One trouble was that we wanted a house in a country place, not very far from the city, and not very far from the railroad station or steamboat landing. We also wanted the house to be nicely shaded and fully furnished, and not to be in a malarious neighbourhood, or one infested by mosquitoes.

"If we do go to housekeeping," said Euphemia, "we might as well get a house to suit us while we are about it. Moving is more expensive than a fire."

There was one man who offered us a house that almost suited us. It was near the water, had rooms enough, and some—but not very much—ground, and was very accessible to the city. The rent, too, was quite reasonable. But it was unfurnished. The agent, however, did not think that this would present any obstacle to our taking it. He was sure that the owner would furnish it if we paid him ten per cent. on the value of the furniture he put into it. We agreed that if the landlord would do this and let us furnish the house according to the plans laid down in our book, that we would take the house. But unfortunately this arrangement did not suit the landlord, although he was in the habit of furnishing houses for tenants and charging them ten per cent. on the cost.

I saw him myself and talked to him about it.

"But you see," said he, when I had shown him our list of articles necessary for the furnishing of a house, "it would not pay me to buy all these things, and rent them out to you. If you only wanted heavy furniture, which would last for years, the plan would answer, but you want everything. I believe the small conveniences you have on this list come to more money than the furniture and carpets."

"Oh, yes," said I. "We are not so very particular about furniture and carpets, but these little conveniences are the things that make housekeeping pleasant and,—speaking from a common-sense point of view,—profitable."

"That may be," he answered, "but I can't afford to make matters pleasant and profitable for you in that way. Now, then, let us look at one or two particulars. Here, on your list, is an ice-pick: twenty-five cents. Now, if I buy that ice-pick and rent it to you at two and a-half cents a year, I shall not get my money back unless it lasts you ten years. And even then, as it is not probable that I can sell that ice-pick after you have used it for ten years, I shall have made nothing at all by my bargain. And there are other things in that list, such as feather-dusters and lamp-chimneys, that couldn't possibly last ten years. Don't you see my position?"

I saw it. We did not get that furnished house. Euphemia was greatly disappointed.

"It would have been just splendid," she said, "to have taken our book and have ordered all these things at the stores, one after another, without even being obliged to ask the price."

I had my private doubts in regard to this matter of price. I am afraid that Euphemia generally set down the lowest prices and the best things. She did not mean to mislead, and her plan certainly made our book attractive. But it did not work very well in practice. We have a friend who undertook to furnish her house by our book, and

she never could get the things as cheaply as we had them quoted.

"But you see," said Euphemia, to her, "we had to put them down at very low prices, became the model house we speak of in the book is to be entirely furnished for just so much."

But, in spite of this explanation, the lady was not satisfied.

We found ourselves obliged to give up the idea of a furnished house. We would have taken an unfurnished one and furnished it ourselves, but we hadn't money enough.

We were dreadfully afraid that we should have to continue to board.

It was now getting on toward summer, at least there was only a part of a month of spring left, and whenever I could get off from my business Euphemia and I made little excursions into the country round about the city. Sometimes we had only an hour or two of an evening, but on Sundays we had all day. One afternoon we went up the Harlem river, and there we saw a sight that transfixed us, as it were. On the river bank, a mile or so above High Bridge, stood a canal-boat. I say stood, because it was so firmly imbedded in the ground by the river-side, that it would have been almost as impossible to move it as to have turned the Sphinx around. This boat we soon found was inhabited by an oyster-man and his family. They had lived there for many years and were really doing quite well. The boat was divided, inside, into rooms, and these were papered and painted and nicely furnished. There was a kitchen, a living-room, a parlour and bedrooms. There were all sorts of conveniences—carpets on the floors, pictures, and everything, at least so it seemed to us, to make a home comfortable. This was not all done at once, the oyster-man told me. They had lived there for years and had gradually added this and that until the place was as a we saw it. He had an oyster-bed out in the river and he made cider in the winter, but where he got the apples I don't know. There was really no reason why he should not get rich in time.

Well, we went all over that house and we praised everything so much that the oyster-man's wife was delighted, and when we had some stewed oysters afterward, eating them at a little table under a tree near by,—I believe that she picked out the very largest oysters she had, to stew for us. When we had finished our supper and had paid for it, and were going down to take our little boat again,—for we had rowed up the river,—Euphemia stopped and looked around her. Then she clasped her hands and exclaimed in an ecstatic undertone:

"We must have a canal-boat!"

And she never swerved from that determination.

After I had seriously thought over the matter, I could see no good reason against adopting this plan. It would certainly be a cheap method of living, and it would really be housekeeping. I grew more and more in favour of it. After what the oyster-man had done, what might not we do? *He* had never written a book on housekeeping, nor, in all probability, had he considered the matter, philosophically, for one moment in all his life.

But it was not an easy thing to find a canal-boat. There was none advertised for rent—at least, not for housekeeping purposes.

We made many inquiries and took many a long walk along the water-courses in the vicinity of the city, but all in vain. Of course, we talked a great deal about our project and our friends became greatly interested in it, and, of course, too, they gave us a great deal of advice, but we didn't mind that. We were philosophical enough to know that you can't have shad without bones. They were good friends and, by being careful in regard to the advice, it didn't interfere with our comfort.

We were beginning to be discouraged, at least Euphemia was. Her discouragement is like water-cresses, it generally comes up in a very short time after she sows her wishes. But then it withers away rapidly, which is a comfort. One evening we were sitting, rather disconsolately, in our room, and I was reading out the advertisements of country board in the "Herald," when in rushed Dr. Heare—one of our old friends. He was so full of something that he had to say that he didn't even ask us how we were. In fact, he didn't appear to want to know.

"I tell you what it is, Arden," said he, "I have found just the very thing you want."

"A canal-boat?" I cried.

"Furnished?" asked Euphemia, her eyes glistening.

"Well, no," answered the doctor, "I don't think you could expect that."

"But we can't live on the bare floor," said Euphemia; "our house *must* be furnished."

"Well, then, I suppose this won't do," said the doctor, ruefully, "for there isn't so much as a boot-jack in it. It has most things that are necessary for a boat, but it hasn't anything that you could call house-furniture; but, dear me, I should think you could furnish it very cheaply and comfortably out of your book."

"Very true," said Euphemia, "if we could pick out the cheapest things and then get some folks to buy a lot of the books."

"We could begin with very little," said I, trying hard to keep calm.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "you need make no more rooms, at first, than you could furnish."

"Then there are no rooms," said Euphemia.

"No, there is nothing but one vast apartment extending from stem to stern."

"Won't it be glorious!" said Euphemia to me "We can first make a kitchen, and then a dining-room, and a bedroom, and then a parlour—just in the order in which our book says they ought to be furnished."

"Glorious!" I cried, no longer able to contain my enthusiasm; "I should think so. Doctor, where is this canal boat?"

The doctor then went into a detailed statement.

The boat was stranded on the shore of the Scoldsbury river not far below Ginx's. We knew where Ginx's was, because we had spent a very happy day there, during our honeymoon.

The boat was a good one, but superannuated. That, however, did not interfere with its usefulness as a dwelling. We could get it—the doctor had seen the owner—for a small sum per annum, and there was positively no end to its capabilities.

We sat up until twenty minutes past two, talking about that house. We ceased to call it a boat at about a quarter to eleven.

The next day I "took" that boat and paid a month's rent in advance. Three days afterward we moved into it.

We had not much to move, which was a comfort, looking at it from one point of view. A carpenter had put up two partitions in it which made three rooms—a kitchen, a dining-room and a very long bedroom, which was to be cut up into a parlour, study, spare-room, etc., as soon as circumstances should allow, or my salary should be raised. Originally, all the doors and windows were in the roof, so to speak, but our landlord allowed us to make as many windows to the side of the boat as we pleased, provided we gave him the wood we cut out. It saved him trouble, he said, but I did not understand him at the time. Accordingly, the carpenter made several windows for us, and put in sashes, which opened on hinges like the hasp of a trunk. Our furniture did not amount to much, at first. The very thought of living in this independent, romantic way was so delightful, Euphemia said, that furniture seemed a mere secondary matter.

We were obliged indeed to give up the idea of following the plan detailed in our book, because we hadn't the sum upon which the furnishing of a small house was therein based.

"And if we haven't the money," remarked Euphemia, "it would be of no earthly use to look at the book. It would only make us doubt our own calculations. You might as well try to make bricks without mortar, as the children of Israel did."

"I could do that myself, my dear," said I, "but we won't discuss that subject now. We will buy just what we absolutely need, and then work up from that."

Acting on this plan, we bought first a small stove, because Euphemia said that we could sleep on the floor, if it were necessary but we could'nt make a fire on the floor—at least not often. Then we got a table and two chairs. The next thing we purchased was some hanging shelves for our books, and Euphemia suddenly remembered the kitchen things. These, which were few, with some crockery, nearly brought us to the end of our resources, but we had enough for a big easy-chair which Euphemia was determined I should have, because I really needed it when I came home at night tired with my long day's work at the office. I had always been used to an easy-chair, and it was one of her most delightful dreams to see me in a real nice one, comfortably smoking my cigar in my own house, after eating my own delicious little supper in company with my own dear wife. We selected the chair, and then we were about to order the things sent out to our future home, when I happened to think that we

had no bed. I called Euphemia's attention to the fact.

She was thunderstruck.

"I never thought of that," she said. "We shall have to give up the stove."

"Not at all," said I, "we can't do that. We must give up the easy-chair."

"Oh, that would be too bad," said she. "The house would seem like nothing to me without the chair!"

"But we must do without it, my dear," said I, "at least for awhile. I can sit out on deck and smoke of an evening, you know."

"Yes," said Euphemia. "You can sit on the bulwarks and I can sit by you. That will do very well. I'm sure I'm glad the boat has bulwarks."

So we resigned the easy-chair and bought a bedstead and some plain bedding. The bedstead was what is sometimes called a "scissors-bed." You could shut it up when you didn't want to sleep in it, and stand it against the wall.

When we packed up our trunks and left the boarding-house Euphemia fairly skipped with joy.

We went down to Ginx's in the first boat, having arranged that our furniture should be sent to us in the afternoon. We wanted to be there to receive it. The trip was just wildly delicious. The air was charming. The sun was bright, and I had a whole holiday. When we reached Ginx's we found that the best way to get our trunks and ourselves to our house was to take a carriage, and so we took one. I told the driver to just drive along the river road and I would tell him where to stop.

When we reached our boat, and had alighted, I said to the driver:

"You can just put our trunks inside, any where."

The man looked at the trunks and then looked at the boat. Afterwards he looked at me.

"That boat ain't goin' anywhere," said he.

"I should think not," said Euphemia. "We shouldn't want to live in it, if it were."

"You are going to live in it?" said the man.

"Yes," said Euphemia.

"Oh!" said the man, and he took our trunks on board, without another word.

It was not very easy for him to get the trunks into our new home. In fact it was not easy for us to get there ourselves. There was a gang-plank, with a rail on one side of it, which inclined from the shore to the deck of the boat at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and when the man had staggered up this plank with the trunks (Euphemia said I ought to have helped him, but I really thought it would be better for one person to fall off the plank than for two to go over together), and we had paid him, and he had driven away in a speechless condition, we scrambled up and stood upon the threshold, or, rather, the after-deck of our home.—*Scribner's American Monthly Magazine.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

WHAT GOOD?

"He is a Mason. What good does it do him?" This is a question frequently asked. Generally it is intended to elicit an enumeration of the material benefits that accrue to the person spoken of in consequence of his connection with the Masonic Order. "Does it pay?" And *pay*, in the mind of the catechist, is dollars and cents, or influence that leads to the acquisition of office or power. Does it bring him trade, patients, clients, employment, constituents? Now, while we hold that the Scripture maxim "in honour preferring one another," in other words, that the principle, "all things being equal, to patronize those nearest to you," are just and equitable principles of action, at the same time we maintain that Masonry is not designed to build up the material fortunes of men, and that the Mason who becomes a mere hunker and traffics with his profession is recreant to every true conception of the dignity of his vows and associations. Masonry may put no money in a man's purse, it may yield him no votes—but if it serves to ennoble character, to enlarge human sympathies, to mitigate the wants and woes of suffering humanity, to break down the barriers of caste, to extend the brotherhood feeling among men of diverse views, pursuits and races—then it pays. The good it does may not be expressed in statistical tables and find a fair exponent in Federal money; but it introduces a man into a wider society than his native selfishness would prompt him to enter, and makes him feel that he is not an independent

unit, but a factor in a community, which has for the end of its organization the support of human virtue and the relief of human suffering. Since "man does not live by bread alone," but by noble thoughts and feelings as well—since existence is not merely physical, but also spiritual—Masonry is highly compensating in all its lessons, associations and charities. When a man does good he is blessed in the deed. When he associates himself with the good he feels that he is ennobled by their society. No one makes a mistake who puts himself into wide commerce with his fellows in the endeavour to cultivate the graces and virtues of a true life. A self-contained "I" is not only hateful to others, but becomes so narrow in all his opinions, feelings and activities as to so abridge soul-life, that the interior consciousness is affected by that debasement. Suppressed sympathies are as dangerous to spiritual health as suppressed secretions can be to physical. A thoroughly developed, well-rounded manhood can only proceed from generous outgoings of heart towards others. What exercise is to the body, philanthropic activity is to the spirit. As paralysis results from indolence and somnolence, so does physical palsy ensue upon mental and moral inactivity and slumber. A creed and platform-bound soul develops the bigot and demagogue. A man needs a larger development than comes of denominationalism and partizanship. When a man joins the Masons from a heart desire to enlarge his relationships, he at once feels that he is a member of a community which extends beyond the boundaries of mere nationalities and leaps the hedges of dogmas and articles. He becomes a citizen of the world, and expresses his cosmopolitan citizenship in the inquiry of the great-hearted poet:

> "Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
> In the cause of mankind, if our creeds do agree?"

The idea of true life is not mere money-getting and the soft ease that comes of affluence. He is the largest man who can feel the most friendly towards his kind. You cannot measure him with a tape-line or weigh him upon a pair of avoirdupois scales. Feet and pounds cannot express his girdle, height or weight. You cannot estimate him from the assessor's books. His wealth does not enter into the tax lists. What is he worth? has a wider meaning than can be answered by an appeal to the sordid standards. The elevation of his thoughts, the nobility of his feelings, are his treasures, and only angel book-keepers reckon such accounts. Masonry does good in associating men in benevolent efforts. It dries the tear of the orphan and hushes the widow's wail and helps to bear the burden of the virtuous poor. To engage a man in such enterprises is to do him good. But we take it that the widest benefit of such an institution as ours is beyond statistical expression, and in the souls of those who have been made to feel its character-raising power.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

VAIN REGRETS.

BY MADAME VON OPPEN.

When next you see a Water-mill,
Just watch its silvery spray,
And hear the clicking of its wheel
Grinding the hours away.
Then fix this maxim in your brain:
(Learn it now, and hold it fast,)
"The Mill can never grind again
"With the water that is past!"

How the little stream glides on
Rapidly and still,
Nevermore to glide again
Past the Water-mill;
Thus let us all our bye-gone pain
Into oblivion cast:
"The Mill can never grind again
"With the water that is past!"

Oh! the wasted hours and years
That have drifted on;
The vacillating hopes and fears,
The chances that are gone!
To call them back is now in vain,
Old age must come at last:
"The Mill can never grind again
"With the water that is past!

MASONIC JOURNALISM.

In Masonry, as in politics, in literature, in science, in religion, and indeed in every division of human knowledge and every special direction of human effort, journalism has become an important element. On the importance of the daily newspaper or the monthly magazine as a means of eliciting thought or of communicating information it would be idle to discant, at this day, when such things have ceased to be luxuries, and have assumed the nature of actual necessities. The man who dispenses voluntarily with his newspaper at breakfast affords an evidence, not of the uselessness of the journal, but rather of some deficiency in his own mental constitution. The member of a church who does not patronize the paper which is issued by the denomination to which he is attached shows simply his real indifference to the condition or the progress of that denomination. The physician would have but little claim to character in his profession who did not read habitually at least one medical journal, and the same might be said of the lawyer, or the pretended scientist, who felt no curiosity to learn the regular progress and the discoveries in that branch of knowledge to which he was devoted. And so on this general principle—that journalism in its different phrases has become a necessity to the thinking mind, or, in other words, that all men who think at all have a natural and irrepressible inclination to know what is going on in the world around them, not from prurient curiosity but from the healthy desire of knowledge—we feel justified in saying that the Mason who never reads a Masonic journal is a Mason only in name; that such a one has received the light, but is still living in darkness; and that he has no right, with such indifference to an increase of knowledge, to take any part in the great business of the Order.

Masonic journalism, being so important an instrument in the working of the Order, exerting so much influence, and justly demanding so elevated a position, it may not be altogether intrusive if we, who have the experience of more than a score of years in the editorial chair of Masonic journalism, should venture, almost as a parting offering, to say something of its aims and its character.

Masonic journalism differs in the abstract very little from journalism of any other class. It demands that its objects may be faithfully carried out, the three great and indispensable qualifications that every other species of journalism requires, and these are *courtesy*, *ability*, and *independence*. To each of these a few lines may be devoted.

And first of *courtesy*. A perusal of the non-masonic newspapers of the day will show that while the greater number of their conductors respect, in their editorial intercourse with their contemporaries, those amenities and courtesies of life which the ordinary principles of politeness require, there are some who seem to forget that the editor should necessarily be, or at least act like, a gentleman. Coarseness of language, virulence of abuse and bitterness of denunciation are the chosen weapons with which they attack those who differ from them in opinion.

When we read such imitations of Billingsgate, in the editorial columns of a journal, we are disgusted at the spirit which mistakes foul invectives for sound arguments, and vituperation for criticism. In such a case, we take for our guide the judgment of the ignorant bumpkin, who being present at a scholastic disputation conducted in Latin, which language he did not understand, yet rightly determined who was the victor by declaring that the man who got into a passion must have had the worst of the argument.

Although we have placed courtesy in the first rank of qualifications, because no amount of talent or learning will compensate for the want of gentlemanly bearing or be an apology for coarseness or rudeness, yet the *ability* to conduct a journal is equally indispensable for the true editor. Ignorance can never be adequate to the importance of the position which an editor occupies nor to the great responsibility that that position implies. An English statesman has said that the press constituted the fourth estate of the kingdom—the other three, King, Lords, and Commons scarcely, in their aggregation, exceeding it in power. The phrase may not have been strictly correct, for the press has neither executive nor legislative power; but the influence that it exerts over public opinion, being actually in most instances its own creation, can hardly be exaggerated.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, said that he knew

a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. So, too, we might say, that if a man were allowed to write or suggest the editorial articles of all the leading political newspapers of a country, he would be sure to mould the direction of its public policy.

Such too is the influence exerted by Masonic journals. Thousands of the craft read little else in Masonry than the magazine to which they have been persuaded to subscribe. Its opinions are adopted by them without any doubt as to their correctness. Each subscriber, or each reader—for, unfortunately, all its readers are not its subscribers—has in the course of the year some dozen or twenty questions to propose in reference to the literature, the jurisprudence, or the ritualism of the Order, and it is taken for granted that the editor is an accomplished Œdipus, who has a solution at hand for every difficulty. Accepting him thus as their "guide, philosopher and friend," his errors, if he make any, are perpetuated in the circle, large or small, of his patrons; his mistakes are undetected and adopted as axioms not to be controverted. Hence it would seem that to make a good and safe Masonic editor requires the preliminary possession of some amount of brains. The editor who is without them is as bad as the Will-o'the-wisp, whose false light is used only to lead benighted travellers into pitfalls and morasses.

The ancients said that a statue of Mercury could not be made out of any kind of wood. It was a proverb by which they meant to indicate that there should be some sort of congruity between the character of the god and the material which was to represent him. The worthless fig might serve for the statue of a lazy, garden Priapus, but "the winged messenger of heaven" demanded a more costly wood.

It was a long time before the significance of this thought, applied to Masonic editorship, began to be understood. The saying has almost become a proverb that there are two things which every man thinks he can do: namely, drive a gig and edit a paper. But unfortunately many find themselves thrown out behind a fractious horse, and many also thrown over by a resentful public. Thus it is that some have ascended the sacred tripod in whom there was no inspiration of a seer. Here now lie before us the "Freemason's Magazine" published in England at the close of the last century, and a work with the same title printed in this country about the beginning of this century; compared with some of the Masonic Magazines which are issued in the present day, they are scarcely worth the binding which encloses their utterly valueless contents, so far as Masonic science or literature is interested.

Long before these the Masonic periodical literature of Germany and France had been developed in Magazines worthy to be read and to be preserved; but it was not until the appearance of the "Freemason's Quarterly Review," in London, in 1834, conducted by Dr. Crucefix, and the "Freemason's Monthly Magazine," in Boston, in 1842, edited by Charles W. Moore, that English-speaking Masons were enabled to obtain from the journalism of their Order anything that was worthy of their respect.

Since then there has been a steady progress of improvement in our periodical literature. Entering the field ourselves in 1850, we have, during the more than two decades that have passed, witnessed with much pride and satisfaction the increasing usefulness and elevated tone of the Masonic Magazines of this country. If there are some, the editors of which would be more usefully employed in some other and less intellectual vocation, the exceptions are too few to affect the general character of the class.

The third qualification of *independence* remains to be considered. Independent journalism is often spoken of in the political world as something greatly needed but not always found. The mercenary greed for gain, the influence of patronage, and the snobbish veneration of wealth and power sometimes combine to make that most contemptible of all sights—a newspaper without independence, whose editor lives in the serfdom of political clientship. He is the mere echo of the views of his masters, and not, as he should be, the exponent of public opinion and the maintainer of right and truth. Fortunately in Masonry there is neither the patronage of power nor the ambition for office to present temptations for editorial subserviency, and hence the Masonic press has always been independent. There have been Masonic journals which

wanted great brilliancy, whose conductors were not men of expanded thought, or even of moderate intellect, but we have never known in all our experience a subservient Masonic editor.

And so of the three great qualifications that should combine to make a perfect journal, courtesy, ability, and independence, we think we may safely say that Masonic journalism at this day shows more than an average proportion of each.

We have so long been a part of the fraternity of Masonic editors, that we enjoy a natural pride in the thought that that fraternity is entitled to so much praise. If not always, nay, if very seldom, receiving the substantial reward which such qualities should receive, the fault is simply that the Craft does not properly appreciate the merits and the needs of Masonic journalism. The feast is spread, but those who are to be fed are without the appetite. The loss is theirs.—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

THE OLD TYLER.

BY JEFFERSON.

At the outer door, well armed, he long hath stood,
The faithful sentinel of mystic hours.
None pass or repass, but the favoured few—
So truly hath he kept the outer gate.
When winds have swept the skies in fearful gale,
When Winter's cold congealed the nightly air,
When Summer's heat poured down its burning rays—
He still for duty cared, and held his trust
Like one commissioned by the higher powers.
His jurisdiction ne'er was intervened—
So conscientious was he – that none should
Pass the sacred threshold which he guarded
With such Masonic care.

We have met this good old Tyler—often met him—and often stopped at his outer gate to have a passing word. He is now gray in years, and his form is bent with the weakness of age. Long years ago he first saw the *light* of the Temple in a distant State. Then the craft was a small band in Israel, and the obscurity of the Order made it seem little and insignificant in the eyes of the world.

To join the Fraternity then was largely a venture in the dark compared with the present day, for the simplicity of its ancient prestige held the institution in modest reserve, while the crowds held themselves aloof from it, because it was far from being popular. The Churches even looked upon it with suspicions and jealousy as a semi-infidel association, and in most instances protested against their ministers and members joining it; and in many parts of the country it was no easy matter for outsiders to find out who were Masons, for there was then no display of jewellery such as we have in these days. Even the fact of being a Mason was ordinarily concealed from the world. It was none of their business. It never is any of their concern; and therefore, as all know, it is not necessary to carry an emblem of any sort to convince any Master Mason that we are one. There used to be, and there is yet, a sort of private way of giving this information, which, after all, is much to be preferred to any other

This much of Masonry the old Tyler could teach us, as he had had long years of experience, and though most of the time he was outside the Lodge-room, he had, by critical attention, gathered more knowledge of the history of the Lodge, and of the character and standing of the members than perhaps any other officer in it. Many a long yarn he has told us while we smoked our cigar at his stove.

"Brother Tyler," we asked him, one night, "did you ever have any one come up here who was not a Mason, who wanted admission to the Lodge-room."

"Why, yes," said he, with a laugh, "I once had a woman to knock at the door, and I opened it, and asked her to walk in and take a seat, which she did, for she knew me, as I had done some painting for her."

"Mr. Tyler," said she, "I'm in hunt of my husband, and he told me he was coming to the Lodge to-night, but to tell you the truth, I am very much afraid he has gone somewhere else."

"Your husband, madam," said I, "is sitting in the Lodge-room; he is our Senior Warden."

"Was he here last Saturday night?" she asked.

"He was," I responded.

"Was he here two weeks before that?" she enquired.

"Yes, madam, he was," said I.

"Well, I guess I'm a fool," said she, with rather a serious laugh.

"Why, what's the matter, madam?" I asked.

"Why, to tell you the truth," she answered, "I've been jealous of my husband, and I did'nt believe he was attending the Lodge. I thought he was going somewhere else."

"He never misses a Lodge meeting, madam," I replied.

"Will you let me look into that room?" she asked.

"Why, madam," said I, "I could not without the permission of the Worshipful Master."

"Ask him," said she, "for I feel that my happiness depends in seeing in that room."

Knowing they were about to close, I rapped at the door and informed the Junior that Mrs.—— was in the outer court and wished to look in that room. The door was closed, and the Lodge in due form adjourned; when I was informed that I could conduct Mrs.—— into the room and introduce her to each one of the leading officers of the Lodge. I understood the joke at once, and I said to her, "Madam, I have been Tyler of this Lodge for many years, and I believe I have never seen a woman in that room when the Lodge was in session, but the Worshipful Master, on this occasion, in view of your high character and the fact that your husband is the Senior Warden of this Lodge, has given me permission to conduct you to the sanctum sanctorium and to introduce you to each one of our principal officers. Are you willing to proceed?" I asked her.

"I am," said she, with a great deal of firmness.

I then offered her my arm, which she took, and I rapped at the door, which was opened. I saw all the officers were in their places, minus their aprons and jewels, and I led her first to the sacred alter, and I said to her, "here is where we say our prayers, madam, and that Holy Bible contains every moral principle of Masonry." I then led her to the East and introduced her to the Worshipful Master; then I led her to the Junior Warden, and introduced her as the wife of our Senior Warden, after which I led her to the West, where I said: "This gentleman, madam, you know; he is our Senior Warden, and we esteem him as one of the very best members of this Lodge. We claim him as our brother, but you claim him by a still higher and stronger tie, and therefore I cheerfully surrender you into his hands." The Senior Warden took her by the hand kindly and affectionately, and kissed her before us all. The Lodge then came up and shook hands with the good lady, and I reckon, Sir, you never saw a much better pleased woman than she was. She never gave her husband any more trouble on Masonry.—*American Masonic Advocate.*

PARTING GREETING.

BY J. D. C. HOIT, M.D.

Written for the occasion of Past Masters and Bros' B. Kersey and G. N. Pierce taking leave of Yates City Lodge, No. 448.

Brothers, as you journey from us,
As our paths diverge and sever,
In our loss and in our sorrow
We would say, *here* stay for ever;
Long you've stood amidst our numbers
Working as our brightest lights,
Fost'ring with true human grandeur,
All good Masons' sacred rights.

Thus our ancient creed has prospered,
Grand, majestic in her sway,
Speeding on a glorious mission,
Brighter than the brightest day;
And that *Eye, All-Seeing*, watchful,
Will our tenets still maintain,
If from discord, pique, and malice,
We as Craftsmen but refrain.

Should a traveller and a brother
Writhe in sickness and despair,
Your's have been the hands to comfort,
Glad his anguish thus to share.
Through our trials you have led us,
Brothers of the mystic tie,
And 'twill be our constant effort
In such duties all to vie.

Now accept this humble token
As a tribute from our hand;
Strong the *grip* and faithful ever
You have *proved* to this firm band
True it is, where'er you wander
In this vale kind friends you'll see;
'Tis the glory of our Order,
And we say, "So mote it be"

THE TRUE MISSION OF FREEMASONRY.

It is very remarkable how of late years the popular estimation of Freemasonry has been clearly rising in the great open market of English thought and opinion. As long as our useful and excellent Order took the form, to a great extent, of a secret and social assembly—as long as it bore among men in general the reputation of a harmless but mainly convivial fraternity—so long, for the most part, with the exception of those who had the courage to lift the veil of our Masonic Isis—the greater part of society took the easy but general explanation of what it was, and what it professed both to be and to do. In short, they accepted our own valuation of ourselves. But when, gradually, Freemasonry, so to say, detached itself from its social character, the merely convivial aspect (though sociality must always be a great characteristic of our Order, and, we will add, innocent conviviality), from the hour that Freemasonry exhibited clearly to the world that its profession and practice went hand in hand, immediately many saw good in Freemasonry who had never seen it before, and the world, which is generally guided, as is society, to a great extent, by the opinions of the many rather than the few, chimed in at once with expressions of admiration and of praise. And hence, as we are inclined to think that the world is sometimes right—that is, that it is not always wrong—in the views it entertains of things and persons and events, we wish to impress upon our readers that this active manifestation of our great principles, which has so struck men and society, is, after all, the true mission of Freemasonry. We have nothing to do with politics, that is quite clear; we have no concern with the polemics of denominationalism, or that "odium theologicum" which some writers tell us is the bitterest of all hatreds. We have little interest in the passing frivolities of the hour, and less in the outward exhibition of folly or fashion; but, as Freemasons, we profess to be tolerant and kindly, large-hearted and fraternal, looking beyond the narrow limits of local, or national, or sectarian divisions, and regarding with sympathy and interest every "brother of the dust." Yet, as we also know that true charity begins at home, we equally believe that that is falsely called true charity which, indulging in high-flown sentimentality or unreal emotions, neglects those who have the first claim upon its heart and means, and leaves them to suffering or privation, while it relieves with an overstrained zeal those who are far away, and who might fairly look to their own friends for succour and support. So Freemasonry first of all cares for her own. And we in England have of late years shown how fully we value the privileges of Freemasonry, and enter into the spirit of our teaching, as loyal members of our beneficent Order, that we have munificently aided every form of Masonic benevolence and utility, which seemed to have a fair claim on liberality, to call for our assistance, or to invoke our cheerful support. Thus we have, both in the metropolis and by our provincial grants, by large sums from our benevolent funds, by constant donations from our lodge pedestals, alike assisted increasing indigence or failing old age, relieved the widow and the unfortunate, and educated with an unsparing liberality the orphan daughters and sons of our deceased or less prosperous brethren. Whatever opinions some may still entertain of Freemasonry, however some foolish prejudice may still linger, however unfounded impressions may still survive, however the mistaken views of earnest religionists may question the propriety of our broad platform, or the expansiveness of our unsectarian teaching, none will venture to assert that our works of charity and utility are not alike deeds of mercy and labours of love. Above the din of human controversy, over the strife of tongues, surmounting the Babel of wild struggles and

confusion, there arises again, so to say, as once, angelic voices sweetly singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." This is ever the true motto of Freemasonry; for in relieving distress, in succouring old age, in providing for weakness, in mitigating misfortune, in training up the young orphan children of our brotherhood, and fitting them as well as we can for the sterner battle of life, we are indeed showing that we love our neighbours as ourselves, that we are alive to the true mission of Freemasonry, that we are intent in practising its unchanging precepts, and that we have indeed realized how true it is that "Charity, like its divine sister Mercy, is twice blessed, in that it blesses him who gives, as well as him who receives it." How beautiful is the picture thus represented to the mind's eye of the reflecting Freemason. Freemasonry is endeared to us by many warm and active memories of the past. It recalls many happy hours and faithful friends, summons up even now, amid prevailing sorrow or depressing care, a vision of "cari luoghi" of days of yore, when we found in the select circle of a genial friendship, many a plesant and refreshing season amid the trying calls of duty or the continuous exertion of business and toil. But beyond this, and above this, Freemasonry is invested for us with still more radiant lures of beauty and of grace, when it comes to us in the garb of charity. Then we feel how great and good a thing Freemasonry really is, how admirable the Institution, how wise its aims, how noble its end. Thus, raised above the passing interests of the day, we see at once how real, after all, is the true mission of Freemasonry and in what it indeed consists. Not in angry strife or uncharitable debate, not in the prolix utterances or mournful "outcome" of censoriousness or detraction, not in the perpetuation of angry feelings or hostile camps, but in the peaceful avowal of a universal sympathy, and the glad belief of a universal brotherhood. Here, then, we venture to think, is the true mission of Freemasonry, and those who, like us, thus make Freemasonry mean both the practical development of charity and mercy and sympathy, who believe that otherwise Freemasonry sinks into an aggregation of useless ornamentation or garish show, they will ever hail that happy and onward movement in our honoured English Craft, which has of late years placed Freemasonry in its true position before our fellow-citizens, has promoted so greatly the true cause of Masonic liberality and benevolence, has conferred countless blessings on young and old, the happy recipients of the generous and sympathetic aims of our fraternity, and is a lasting proof, if proof be needed, that we are in England, at any rate, faithful brethren of our good old Order, and thoroughly understand and faithfully carry out the true mission of Freemasonry in the world.—*The Freemason.*

INFLUENCE OF MASONRY.

It was one of those disagreeable, rainy days of last week, when the rain poured down in torrents, when heavy, dull clouds hung overhead, when the streets were deserted of pedestrians, and when everything wore that dreary look which one always sees on a rainy day, that we strolled into Langlois and Roman's billiard store, more to get out of the rain than in the hope of finding any items, though we were sadly in need of something of the kind. The store wore a look that corresponded with the weather; it was dark and silent, and although the afternoon was but half spent, the gas jets twinkled where the senior member was industriously at work over his volumes of accounts. There was no one in to buy, and the clerks were lounging about in the most comfortable attitudes possible upon the softest bales of canvas, while the unfortunate but classical Heyer (having been beat out of his seat by a customer calling) leaned pensively against a barrel of ochre. Near the stove were seated a few outsiders, among them two or three lake captains. As is customary upon such occasions, the conversation embraced all topics ranging from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and at last—now we cannot tell how—the subject of Masonry was brought up, and its influence upon the world, and its good in a general sense was discussed, when Captain P—, a gentleman well known in this city, interrupted the speaker with the remark, that whatever good or evil Masonry may do in the world or even has done, it was at one time the means of saving his life.

There are, as everybody knows, thousands of instances related where men have been saved from death, even among the rude and savage tribes, where civilisation had no existence; but we venture to say that this was the first instance which any of us had ever heard related by a party particularly interested. Without much urging the Captain was prevailed upon to give us the story of the adventure, which in substance is as follows:

"Many years ago—the first voyage I ever made, by the way—I shipped as cabin boy in the old brig Hope, commanded by Captain Roberts,—we sailed from Liverpool, bound for the port of Rio Janiero. There was nothing to mark the outward bound passage, and nothing of interest transpired while we were in Rio, save that interest that everything had to me, a stranger in a strange land. I will not attempt to describe my astonishment at the sights I saw—of the quaint houses, the throngs from all nations, the dress and the dialect of the people. Captain Roberts was very kind to me, and often took me ashore with him, and seemed to take a pleasure in answering my many questions, which certainly was a condescension on his part. Sailoring was not in those days what it is now. I noticed that very often as we walked along the streets he would salute people, sometimes even stopping to shake hands with them; they were from all nations, and I wondered at his extensive acquaintance, and boy-like I asked him about it. 'Why,' said he, 'I do not know one of them; never saw them before; and probably shall never see them again; they are Masons.' I started back with something of horror, I suppose, as I asked him, 'Why you are not a Mason?' And never shall I forget the feeling that came over me as he answered in the affirmative. Had he acknowledged that he belonged to a band of pirates and assassins, I could not have been more shocked; for, from earliest youth I had been trained up to the idea that Masonry was an evil principle—the fatal tempter of fallen mankind—that beneath the mantle of mystery that surrounded it was practised Pagan rites of idolatry; that it abjured the Christian religion, and that its members were joined together in unholy alliance by the most frightful oaths and ceremonies to defend one another against all assaults, and to wage an infernal war upon virtue. Do you wonder that I was shocked?

"We were not long in getting in our load, and then, with many a fond farewell in our hearts, we bade adieu to Rio, and turned again towards home. There was nothing worthy of note transpired until we arrived near the equator, when a dead calm fell, and for days we lay idle, with not breeze enough to fill the sails that hung flapping against the masts. About the fourth day a slight breeze sprung up, the sails filled, and once more we heard the ripple of water under the bows of the Hope.

"Breakfast was just over when the cry of 'Sail ho!' from the masthead attracted the attention of all. Some ran up the rigging to catch a glimpse of the stranger, and in the course of an hour she was plainly to be seen from the deck. And then a hot controversy sprung up as to who and what she was—so hot but for the interference of the Captain there would have been a fight among the parties. I have often noticed that men are always readiest to fight about that of which they know the least. Still the 'Hope' held on, and as the hours went by the stranger steadily gained upon us. The 'Hope' was but a slow sailor at the best, and by the middle of the afternoon she was within but a few miles of us. Nearer she came, and still steadily gaining. And now we could see that her decks were crowded with men; and then suddenly there floated up from the deck to the masthead the black flag, and from the portholes grinned the muzzles of cannons.

"Never shall I forget, to the longest day of my life, the consternation that the sight of the flag produced among the crew. Some cried, some swore, others prayed, while some—I among the number—stood as if transfixed with horror at the sight of that emblem of death. Captain Roberts was the only man who was calm. Calling the men together, he told us, as we all knew, that our hour had come; that flight or resistance was alike impossible, and that all there was to do was to die like brave men, and thus defeat the hell-hounds of the pleasure of seeing us terror-stricken.

"I heard all he said, and yet I did not. I thought then of my home, and heard again the voice of my mother; and there, on that foreign sea, I could have sworn I heard the old church bell, and it seemed to be tolling for the dead.

"By this time the strange vessel was within musket shot, when a voice hailed

us, ordering us to heave to, which was obeyed, and then from the side of the pirate craft a boat was lowered, filled with armed men, and started towards us. I watched that boat with the feelings that a doomed man watches the approach to the scaffold. Nearer and nearer it came. There were no prayers now, no sobs. On our ship all was still and silent, and every eye was fixed upon the approaching boat, when suddenly Capt. Roberts, who was standing apart from the men, gave a shout, and then burst into a hysteric laugh. I thought, as the men did, that his mind had left him. But no! Raising himself, he spoke with a voice and look I shall never forget.

"'We are saved! We are saved! That captain in the boat is a Mason.'

"And so it proved true. The boat came alongside; only one man—the pirate captain—came on deck, and he unarmed. He shook hands with Capt. Roberts, spoke a few words in Spanish to him, and together they went into the cabin. What passed between those men I never knew, but when they came on deck again, both were in tears. The pirate captain again shook hands with our old captain, sprang over the side of the vessel into his boat, and was rowed back to his craft. I watched her as she bore steadily away—watched her until darkness closed around her; but the last thing I saw was the black flag at the masthead.

"I often think of that event in my life, and wonder what power there is in Masonry that will still keep a man true to it, when he has cast aside every other obligation, both human and divine, and abandoned a virtuous for a sinful life. But, whatever it is, there, on that silent sea, the influence of Masonry, and the memories that cluster round it, once moved the heart of even a pirate, and saved my life."—*Racine (Wis.) Journal.*

HAIL!

Hail to the star of Masonry! whose pure and radiant light
Resplendent shines o'er land and sea, by day as well as night;
How great its charm there's none can tell but those who know its power—
Its mystic, magic-working spell, to cheer life's darkest hour.

Hail to the gem, True Charity! O may it e'er be worn
By every Mason, just and free, the Order to adorn!
Hail to the three grand principles on which Freemasons rest—
Fraternal Love, Relief, and Truth, enshrined within each breast.

Hail to the Craft! whose secret arts and hidden mysteries hold
A wondrous power o'er all the hearts of Masons, young and old;
And while that power retains its sway with undiminished might,
With fervent zeal and freedom pay glad homage to the Light.

Hail to the Craft! to which belongs a great and mighty band
Of brethren famed in art, in song the noblest in the land;
Princes and Dukes its ranks still seek; where'er its flag may wave,
Hails the just, the free, the meek, but ne'er admits the slave.

—*Masonic Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine."

Dear Sir and Bro.,—I have a copy of the Poem "Trust in God and do the Right," which is said to have been composed by the late Rev. Norman McLeod, D.D., and I have understood that eminent Divine was the author of the lines. In the "Masonic Magazine" for January you insert the Poem, and credit it to the *American Freemason.*

Is it not worth while to discover which is correct.

Yours obediently,
W. J. HUGHAN.

Truro, 2nd January, 1875.

Chippings.

A BIG RATTLESNAKE.

HOW THEY PLAYED IT ON DOUGHERTY.

One day last week four or five Detroiters went into Macomb county to shoot squirrels and kick their shins against logs and fence rails. They had just eaten a cold lunch in the woods one noon when one of the party, a young man named Dougherty, stretched out on his back, pulled his hat over his eyes, and gave his mind up to the work of assisting his body to catch a little rest. The remainder of the party having an understanding beforehand, quietly withdrew, one by one. One of them passed round to a bush, near Dougherty's feet, and took a tin rattle-box from his pocket. Another stood close to the young man's legs, and, in a suppressed voice, when the signal was given, whispered:

"For your own sake, Dougherty, don't move as much as a finger? A big rattlesnake is right under your leg!"

Dougherty was flat on his back, eyes covered, arms sprawled out, and his voice trembled as he replied:

"Oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Keep perfectly quite! It is your only hope! If you even raise a finger he will dart his fangs into you!"

The man with the rattle-box gave it a shake, and reached out and laid a club across Dougherty's legs, while the other man moved off about twenty feet and exclaimed:

"Gracious, what can we do? If we shoot we may kill Dougherty."

The club was rolled off on the ground, and the victim whispered:

"For mercy sake kill it?"

The club was rolled over his legs again, the box shaken, and the man whispered back:

"Be quiet, or it is instant death! I think the snake wants to go to sleep, and if you will keep still you will be all right."

The box was shaken, the club moved round, and finally the "snake" seemed to Dougherty to settle down on his breast. He dared not whisper for fear of rousing it, but one of the men called out:

"There it is asleep. We'll move away and wait for it to glide off!"

The whole crowd moved off behind a bank, and laughed and rolled and tore up the dirt until they were exhausted, while poor Dougherty lay there like a log, not even daring to draw an ordinary breath. The perspiration ran down his face, and started out from his body until his shirt was ringing wet. The fellows took their guns and tramped away, leaving him thus, and were gone for an hour and a half. When they returned Dougherty was sitting up, having discovered the joke about five minutes previously. He did not have a word to say, but there was a whole unabridged dictionary in his eye. They spoke to him, but for answer he rose up, shouldered his gun, made a bee-line for the highway, and none of the party has met him since.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a very well-known town in Vermont there is a flourishing colony of Irish settlers, who have cultivated the soil to some profit. Some of the number emigrated a few years since to seek their fortune elsewhere. One of them returned for a visit, and making enquiries as to his old friends, amongst them was one Jim Donnovan. "Ah! Ned, where is Jim Donnovan?" "Oh! sure, he has settled down intirely, and is well on; but, bad luck to him, he went to Montreal, and married a little Protestant girl." "Married what?" "A Protestant girl." "May the divil fly away with him. Why didn't he marry one of his own six?"

A very beautiful Jewess at a party lately was much annoyed by an impertinent fop. At length he asked, tauntingly, "And you never eat pork, Miss M.?" "Never, sir," she replied, "our religion teaches us to avoid everything swinish; you will, therefore, excuse my declining any further conversation with you."

A witty man, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone. "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the bye-laws."

A gentleman was examining an umbrella, and commented upon the fine quality. "Yes," said a person present, "he fancies everything he sees." "And," added a third party, "is inclined to seize everything he fancies."