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A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE Anniversary Festival of the Boys' School has taken place at the Alexandra Palace under the distinguished presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. It was a very brilliant gathering, with two hundred and twenty stewards, and the returns amounted to £10,100. This in itself is a very large sum compared with what other Societies raise on like occasions, and what we Freemasons did ourselves, only a few years back. Remembering, too, that in 1875, Bro. Binckes announced, we believe, £12,700 in round numbers; in 1876, £12,100, and in 1877, £13,100, we might be tempted hastily, at first, to exclaim, "Oh, what a falling off is here!" But so rash a verdict would neither be just to the Boys' School nor to Brother Binckes. It must be remembered that he has had an exceptional state of things to deal with, in that trade has been bad, and commerce agitated. Under the circumstances of the case, a great margin was unavoidable, as between 1877 and 1878. So on the whole we may all feel grateful that it is no worse, and that so large a sum has been raised by the exertions of the stewards, and the zealous friends of the Charity, most useful and valuable as it really is. The £10,100 will be £10,500 probably before the end of 1878. We feel bound to remark that, from No. 1700, our Lodges seem to be "faineants" in the cause of Charity, inasmuch as only five have helped Bro. Binckes in 1878.

When we remember the current expenses of these Lodges, we feel sorry to think *how little yet they have done for charity, that charity which is often on their lips, but, it is clear, has not yet reached their hearts or pockets.* There is great room for improvement in this respect, which we trust, as regards all the Charities, our returns will show. Another point to be noted is that Lodges and Chapters, as well as individual brethren, have to do a good deal more for the Charities. There are only fifty-two Lodges and Chapters, for instance, Vice-Presidents of the Boys' School far too small a proportion, and it is not too much to say that six-tenths of the brethren, and two-thirds of the Lodges and Chapters, have as yet done nothing whatever for the Charities. Bro. Hedges has been elected, by a large majority, Secretary of the Girls' School. He was returned simply on Masonic grounds, and, to use a young man's expression, "public-running," and there can be no, doubt that the Life Governors and Voters have done wisely and well.

They have shown that, as Masons, they were bound to act on principle, and not for "persons," and that, true to their colours and teaching, they rallied round, if a humble candidate, one who united in himself all the needful and proper qualifications for the office, the business of which he perfectly understood. All honour to them!

 SKETCH OF AN OLD LODGE AT FALMOUTH.*

 BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, P.G.D., ENGLAND.

THERE are not many lodges that date before the existence of Grand Lodges, and the number now working by virtue of warrants older than a hundred years ago is not so plentiful as to make it a matter of no importance when we have to chronicle a few particulars of a lodge that was the first constituted in Cornwall, and after a lapse of 127 years is as vigorous and energetic as ever. The lodge of "Love and Honour," No. 75, Falmouth, was chartered by the Grand Lodge of England, June 12th, 1751, as No. 146. The number has since been altered many times, the last change being in 1863. These changes in the numerical position of lodges in this country are rather awkward, as it is not easy to trace old lodges, especially as, years ago, they were generally only known and described as held at "*such and such*" an inn. The records have been kept in no less than ten ponderous volumes; some being beautiful specimens of caligraphy, while at times the secretary appears to have suffered from Saint Vitus' Dance, if the shaky handwriting is any test of such a disease. The first Worshipful Master was called Pye, who, in the following year became Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall. The first clergyman admitted in the county was the Rev. William Borlase, who, after he "saw the light," in 1752, often preached the "*Annual Sermon*." The fees then were two guineas for the three degrees, now they are seven guineas. Then, there was but one lodge in the county, the membership not being a dozen Brethren, whereas at the present time there are twenty-seven lodges and about 1,600 members scattered over the Province. In early days, the first and second degrees were frequently given in one evening, and even the *three*, on a pressing emergency; but such rapid promotion has been prohibited by the Grand Lodge for many years, and whether the candidate be a prince or a peer, a month must elapse between each degree. The officers were generally elected and installed on the day of the Annual Festival, and according to the By-Laws every member was required to be in attendance on such occasions, "*in order to proceed to church in due form*," the procession being of as imposing a character as possible, the constable and sergeants with their maces generally walking as aids to the lodge. August 18th, 1755, Captain R. V. Lacey and Lieut. A. A. Fitsingh, of the "Waterland," from America, were initiated, after a unanimous ballot. May 18th, 1757, the Brethren were presented with gloves by the widow of a deceased member, whose funeral they had attended, and the gift was ordered to be recorded in the minutes. The members were as ready to pay their respects "to departed merit," in the person of an old Tyler, as to one more favourably situated. They were most attentive in that respect, and more than once undertook the whole expense of interment of their "Outer Guard," after he had succumbed to the last enemy. Bro. Wellins Calcott visited the lodge in 1763, apparently to introduce his well-known work, "*Candid Disquisitions on Freemasonry*," and succeeded fairly in Cornwall, having obtained 80 subscribers. In 1764, the ballot was taken for the admission of a Brother as a member, when "*all black balls*" were cast! It was agreed that in consequence of the "severe imputations upon his character, not only as a Mason, but as an honest man, his apron shall be burnt in the lodge, that no brother shall defile himself by ever wearing of it in future!" Feb. 27th, 1766, the captain of a ship then anchored in Falmouth harbour, was "initiated," and "passed," such rapid advancement being explained by the secretary, that "*he was only dependent upon the wind*." The old warrant of 1751 being lost, it was confirmed by a charter (duplicate),

* This interesting article is reprinted from the *Voice of Masonry*, for May, 1878.

Feb. 23rd, 1780, by authority of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Duke of Manchester. Colonel Rogers (an American officer) was relieved, with a sufficient sum to carry him to London, July 12th, 1780. The minutes frequently speak of pecuniary aid being sent to prisoners of war at the Castle. Feb. 12th, 1873, £25 was subscribed by the lodge to assist in building the Freemasons' Hall, London, by virtue of which the Master, for the time being, was empowered to wear a silver medal, indicative of the fact, and which was presented by the Grand Lodge. Alas, however, the medal is *non est*, and no living member has any knowledge of its whereabouts, and did not know it once belonged to the lodge until our search in the minutes revealed the information. Two guineas, voted to a member in distress, is recorded to be *presented to him* "in the most private and delicate manner" (May 1st, 1786). May 10th, 1787, Mr. Richard Williams was "to be initiated gratis," for painting the portraits of the Past Masters! Several copies of Bro. the Rev. J. Inwood's sermons, Linnecear's works, etc., were ordered by the lodge, the members being anxious for more light, and not averse to paying for it. May 1st, 1799, the Brethren attended their Lodge of Instruction, and "continued at work seven hours." In 1801, Finch's work was ordered. He was the noted Masonic charlatan of Canterbury. In 1809, the lodge took part in a Grand procession, in honour of the fiftieth year of the reign of his Majesty George III., and then distributed many pounds amongst the poor of the town. In 1814, 120 poor persons were "fed for some time," at the expense of the lodge. Two visitors acted as interpreters at the initiation of a Spaniard, in 1820. Of late years the lodge has proved itself worthy of its eventful history, but its deeds having been chronicled, we only say, "hearty good wishes" to lodge and members.

ANTI-MASONRY.*

WHATEVER may have been the origin of the Institution of Freemasonry, whether of comparatively near or more remote antiquity, it is well settled that opposition to it has arisen in every country wherein the Order has existed. The reason of this is not inherent in the Institution itself, but rather in that quality in the character of man which so readily prompts him to look with a jealous eye upon anything in which he cannot freely participate.

Shrouded in so much of secrecy as was necessary to protect it against evil and designing men, it also acquired an air of mystery which the curious have not been able to penetrate, nor the envious to dispel. Possibly the occasions of assembling together as Masons may have been used for other purposes than those strictly Masonic; civil governments may have been discussed, oppressions denounced, injustice censured, tyrannies, civil and religious, reproached; but these things are not permitted in Lodges, neither are they necessary in any country where right prevails over wrong, nor "in which political or civil liberty is the very end and scope of the constitution"—certainly not in any country governed by "those equitable rules of action by which the meanest individual is protected from the insults and oppression of the greatest."

If Masonry in any country ever did exceed the rules of conduct permitted by Masonic law, they found ample excuse for it in the unreasonable jealousies and restraints to which they were subjected, by bigotry and superstition on the one hand, by blind and oppressive tyranny on the other.

In the early history of the Order, as an operative society, the Masons were

* We take this interesting *resumé* of Masonic history from our ably edited contemporary, the *Liberal Freemason*.

employed in building churches and cathedrals, palaces and fortified cities, so that the rich and the noble, as well as the rulers in Church and State, were its protectors and patrons, till at length the Fraternity became conspicuous not only for its works in art and architecture, but in its speculative character, as an associate and instructor of the most refined. In this latter character, rapidly developed in the midst of unreasoning bigotry, it could not altogether escape the observation of the Church, nor did it fail to excite its jealousy. Civil governments became suspicious, till at length opposition to Freemasonry arose, and in the third year of the reign of Henry VI. of England, "the Masons were forbidden to confederate in Chapters and Congregations." This law, however, was never enforced, and it is safe to say that since that time Masonry has met with but little serious opposition in England.

The most bigoted, as well as chief opponent, has been the Roman Catholic Church, which has issued frequent edicts against the Institution, and these have been ably discussed by Mackey, under the head of *Persecutions*, to which we refer for a very intelligent and concise account. One of the first persecutions was in Holland, and broke out in October 16th, 1735. This was stimulated and enkindled by some of the clergy; the States-General yielded to it, and prohibited the meetings of Lodges, one of which persisted, till its members were arrested, when, says Mackey, "the Master and Wardens defended themselves with great dexterity; they freely offered to receive and initiate any person in the confidence of the magistrates, and who could then give them information upon which they might depend, relative to the true designs of the Institution. The proposal was acceded to, and the town clerk was chosen. His report so pleased his superiors that all the magistrates and principal persons of the city became members and zealous patrons of the Order."

In France, the Government feared that the Lodges concealed designs hostile to it. In 1737, an attempt was made to prevent the meetings, and, in 1745, the members of a Lodge were dispersed, the furniture and jewels seized, and the landlord of the hotel where the meeting was held was heavily fined.

The Empress, Maria Theresa, became excited against the Fraternity, and issued an order to arrest all the Masons in Vienna; but this was prevented by the Emperor, Joseph I., who was a Mason.

The persecutions in Italy and other Catholic countries were more extensive and permanent. Pope Clement XII. issued his famous bull against the Fraternity on April 28th, 1738. In this he says, "We have learned, and public rumour does not permit us to doubt the truth of the report, that a certain society has been founded, under the name of Freemasons, into which persons of all religions, and all sects, are indiscriminately admitted;" the bull further declares that "these societies have become suspected by the faithful, and that they are hurtful to the tranquillity of the State, and to the safety of the soul." Hence, all bishops, superiors, and ordinaries were directed to punish the Freemasons "with the penalties which they deserve, as people greatly suspected of heresy, having recourse, if necessary, to the secular arm," and this was interpreted by Cardinal Firrao, who, in promulgating the bull, forbade the meetings of Lodges under the "*pain of death*," without hope of pardon. This bull was not blindly received in France, and the "parliament of Paris positively refused to enrol it." The effects of this bull were cruelly felt in Tuscany, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and, indeed, in all countries where unreasoning submission to the Pope and the Church of Rome was conceded. The dungeons of the Inquisition, with pains and penalties, were employed; the Grand Lodge of England obtained the liberation of a man, named Crudeli, arrested at Florence, and condemned to long imprisonment, on the charge of having furnished an asylum to a Masonic Lodge. A Frenchman, named Tournon, was convicted in Spain for practising the Rites of Masoury, imprisoned, and afterwards banished the kingdom. John Coustos was subjected to torture in Portugal, and, with two companions, was sentenced to the gallows, from which they were finally released by the efforts of the British Ambassador.

In 1745, the Council of Berne, in Switzerland, prohibited the assembling of Masons under severe penalties. In 1757, the Synod of Sterling, in Scotland, by

resolution, debarred all Freemasons, who adhered to the Fraternity, from the ordinances of religion; and fanaticism, which Mackey justly observes is everywhere the same, stimulated the Divan at Constantinople, in 1748, to cause a Lodge to be demolished, its jewels and furniture seized, and its members to be arrested; but they, too, were released by the intervention of the English Minister, though the Government prohibited the introduction of the Order into Turkey.

Anti-Masonic books, more or less virulent, have been published by various authors, some by professed seceding Masons, and others by men who had no personal knowledge of the esoteric work of the Institution. In 1686, Dr. Robert Plot, in a book called "The Natural History of Staffordshire," made an attack on Freemasonry. Samuel Pritchard was more vindictive, in 1730, in his attack, which he called "Masonry dissected, being an universal and genuine description of all its branches from the original to the present." This was replied to by Dr. James Anderson, in 1738, so successfully as to secure the recent commendation of Dr. Mackey. Other books and pamphlets followed under a variety of titles, but all professing to tell something about Masonic mysteries. In 1768, a sermon was published in London, entitled, "Masonry the Way to Hell; a Sermon wherein is clearly proved, both from Reason and Scripture, that all who profess the Mysteries are in a State of Damnation." This sermon was translated into French and German, but so offensive was it that it called out numerous replies, one of which was called "Masonry the Turnpike-Road to Happiness in this Life, and Eternal Happiness Hereafter."

In 1797, John Robinson issued his "Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the secret meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati and Reading Societies;" this work was the production of a Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; hence, it is said to be more decorous in language than such books usually are, and the last of any note published by the Anti-Masonic press of England.

In France several works of like character have appeared; one in Paris, 1734, called "La Grande Lumière," others at brief intervals, and, in 1797, the most important of all, by Abbe Barruel, in four volumes, called "Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme." Of this work Dr. Mackey says: "The general scope of his argument was the same as that which was pursued by Professor Robinson; but while both were false in their facts and fallacious in their reasoning, the Scotchman was calm and dispassionate, the Frenchman vehement and abusive. No work, perhaps, was ever printed which contains so many deliberate misstatements as disgrace the pages of Barruel."

In Germany the Masonic Institution was less frequently attacked. The Council of Dantzic issued a decree against the Order; and, in 1764, a book was published entitled, "Proofs that the Society of Freemasons is in every country not only useless, but, if not restricted, dangerous, and ought to be interdicted." Other Anti-Masonic publications appeared, but chiefly as pamphlets.

In the United States, the Morgan excitement broke out in 1826, when William Morgan, who was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1775, published his famous book, which pretended to be an *Exposition of Masonry*. It is very well understood that this book originated in consequence of the refusal of the Masons of Leroy to admit him to membership in their Lodge and Chapter. Of its consequences, and of the Anti-Masonic mania which subsequently prevailed, and which separated friends; divided and sundered Churches, poisoned politics, scandalized virtuous households, and attacked reputations hitherto unimpeached, which made neighbours to be enemies, and created distrust and fear in all matters of religion as well as of politics, we shall discuss hereafter.

B E A T R I C E .

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I was looking over my "Sketch Book," like "Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman," of olden time, to see how I could best help the *Masonic Magazine*, I came upon the "jottings," if somewhat crossed out and blurred, which make up the following truthful little narrative.

I tell it, as I find it told, in much simplicity of diction, and in all the reality of veritable pathos, as one of those little chapters in the history of the human heart which always have abiding interest, come what may, for the thoughtful and the sympathetic.

I fear me, that those who take up with the high-spiced tales of the hour will, however, hardly be pleased or improved by it: "Heaven save the mark!"

I have no tale of villainy to unfold, to startle the gentle and the innocent. No monsters in disguise stalk over my humble scene, sombre and sanguinary, in slouched hats, or with scowling faces. I have no she-devil in petticoats to frighten us all with her pranks; and I do not pretend to record the feats, the conversation, or the elegant manners of fascinating ticket-of-leave heroes, dissipated roudés, or heartless swells, who ruin you, their wives, their parents, their children, their friends, with consummate grace and fashionable *savoir faire*.

No, mine is a very humble little story, "over true;" in that it represents faithfully alike what is going on amongst us all day by day, in the society in which we ourselves live contented and flourishing. As a story, the pages which follow this will appear, no doubt, humdrum to many, far too matter-of-fact to more; and if that be the case, if they neither serve to amuse, to instruct, to please, to edify, why then, in the name of all that's prosaic and uninteresting, let the readers of our *Masonic Magazine* turn over the well printed contribution alike with a yawn of relief and a sigh of satisfaction.

If beauty will "have none" of them, if wit looks down upon them, if intelligence finds in them "nothing worth reading," they must be relegated to that obscurity which is perhaps their proper position, to that forgetfulness which is so often the lot of all things and persons human!

I once sojourned, for a space of time, in a comfortable town of this good land of ours which was noted for three things,—an old church, a new corporation, and very pretty young women. Where that charming *locale* is, I cannot and dare not tell my readers; for I know enough of some of my Brethren to be aware that, were they to be able to find out the way to it in faithful Bradshaw, I might innocently be the cause of much suffering to susceptible bosoms and gentle hearts.

Well, in that same town I sojourned for a space, as I said before, and made the acquaintance of many of its inhabitants. It was one of those towns, common still in England, where the people for the most part are well-to-do, independent, and quite contented with their lot. Their forefathers had lived in the old place, or the same home for generations; and, as they had all the enjoyments of civilized life, little to them did it matter what people said or did elsewhere. A large portion of them had never left, and never intended to leave, their native county; and London was still to them a place of distance and awe, a place to hear sad tales about—a place to moralize upon, as the old clergyman always did, when he called it the "great and sinful Babel,"

but a place to be avoided by ingenuous youths and unsophisticated maidens. Some of the old crones liked to repeat a saying of an ancient pastor, who had been a great favourite in his day, that "No good ever came of going to Lunnun," and accordingly if any one (except those whose business legitimately took them there) left the good grass-green streets of Cayley for the "little village," they were wondered at and pitied accordingly—people even shook their heads at them.

It was, in truth, a town, according to our modern lights, "much behind the age." I am not sure that it was any the worse for that, but I do not wish to begin a discussion here, which, "stale, flat, and unprofitable" at all times, is alike endless and undecidable.

Among the denizens of Cayley there were two persons in whom I for one, like many more, soon learned to take a great interest, namely, Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter Beatrice, about whom a slight veil of mystery had been thrown through various causes, which added to the agreeability of their acquaintance and the charms of the situation. Mrs. Mortimer was a daughter of a very good old English family, who had done what other daughters of good old English families have done and will do to the end of time; namely, she had fallen in love with a bright-looking young officer, the son of a gentleman, too, and general officer; who unfortunately had not as "many pennies" as he had good looks, but a cultivated understanding and a warm heart.

She had a little portion of her own, (not much, it's true), but an old maiden aunt had left her an annuity, and another small sum to her only child Beatrice, with whom, after the death of her husband in the early part of their otherwise happy marriage, she had taken up her residence in Cayley, in the little old-fashioned house which her kind and ancient relative had left her. And here the two had lived, she bringing up her pleasant little girl, and Beatrice repaying her fond mother's care by growing up as charming and docile and artless a little creature as could well be found for miles, yes, many long, long miles, I make bold to add.

When I first saw Beatrice Mortimer she was just eighteen, and as fascinating a picture of English girlhood as you well could contemplate. Tall and active, she walked and moved with pleasant grace; and when once you came within the range of those dark, calm, grey eyes of hers, you found, as others have found, that a spell was over you which you could not resist or even describe! Not that Beatrice ever sought for admiration: on the contrary, she was most reserved and self-possessed and reticent, and had that indescribable charm, *de se faire valoir*, which is always so pleasant to behold in young women, and which, let men say what they will, is ever the most potent of attractions to the considerate and discerning. Of course she had had many admirers, as will be seen as this story progresses, but so far no one could say that Beatrice Mortimer had ever shown the slightest preference, or even betrayed the smallest interest for any gentleman whatever, either in her words, or doings, or presence.

Their society was limited, and it might have been supposed that they led a dull life. But such a view has always appeared to me to be most unworthy of us, whether as "ruminant" or rational animals. Life is only dull to those that make it dull, and I do contend, and always shall contend, that, given a good library, and a few pleasant friends, they must be very stupid or bad-conditioned persons who find life dreary, or existence a bore.

We cannot always be living in excitement; it would be very bad for us if it were so. We do not want always to be parading in the world, in full uniform, in court dress, or high and low habiliments, as the case may be, with the masks we all more or less wear in society. The part we all more or less play is often very fatiguing, and therefore it is good for us, really good, to be at times in "multi," to be at ease, to be natural, and to speak the truth, and to live at home!

One of the habitual visitors at the Mortimers' attracted my attention—he was a German by birth, naturalised in England—the organist at the church, and who was the teacher of the young ladies of Cayley, in music, and who had a rosy-checked niece, called Lisette, who kept his house, and put buttons on his shirt.

He rejoiced in the name of Brummer, and was a pleasant, gay, chatty Hanoverian,

who had never lost his love for the "Vaterland," an appreciation for "Kanaster," or an inordinate habitude of snuff. He had also not parted with his German inflection, and he always spoke German-English. He was, however, a very kindly, honest, true-hearted man—with a good deal of natural humour, and a quaint way of looking at things and men, which was as irresistible as it was amusing. Now, don't, my dear friend Miss Melinda Jones, turn up your nose already at such society. People always have to make society for themselves, and, as a rule, the society we live in is the best for us all!

As you will remember, kind reader, Mrs. Mortimer was not rich, and therefore she naturally did not affect that circle, which too often has only to boast that it is made up of "parvenus" and pretentious vulgarity; but she cheerfully lived in the society in which she was cast, made all things pleasant to everybody,—the more so, as in it she became a sort of natural leader. And when I add that the clergyman and his wife, a retired colonel and his family, her old family lawyer, and one or two of the smaller country gentry also frequented her pleasant little drawing-room, I think, for one, that we were in very good company and in very good "case." After all, most of the belongings of life are accidental, not essential, passing, not eternal, and the truest philosophy of all is that which never exaggerates, never undervalues anything here!

(To be continued.)

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

SCULPTURE.—I.

"Sermons in stones."

ALTHOUGH by the term "Sculpture" we usually understand what is perhaps better designated as "Statuary," for our present purpose—a series of technical papers—we prefer to use the word in its original and broad sense; any work of Art produced by the act of cutting.

The forms in which this branch of Art presents itself to us are many and various, at one time exhibiting to us the majestic group instinct with *almost more than life*, at another barely asserting itself to our view by the scarcely traceable scratches upon some rude rock-face. In the present series of papers we shall divide it as well as we can into groups generally recognised, because marked out by certain *tolerably definite* characteristics.

If we seem, at the first glance, to be somewhat bewildered by the almost infinite gradations of the different modes of treatment, we shall feel quite as great astonishment when we reflect upon the well-nigh endless variety of substances that have received the impress of the sculptor's hand. Marble and coarser stone of every variety; ivory and bone; wood and shell; iron and lead; brass and bronze; gold, silver, and well-nigh every precious gem; all alike have afforded material for human skill to work upon. Whilst, again, that skill has taken quite as many forms: "the round," "relief,"—both "high" and "low," "intaglio," "cameo," with others that we shall hope to touch upon in their turn; many in number, yet all serving one definite purpose, the embodiment in *visible shape of the sculptor's idea*.

As being, perhaps, the most perfect form of the Art, we will begin with

“IN THE ROUND.”

Whether in ancient times sculptors chiselled their productions directly from the block it is, of course, now impossible to say for certain, but there is a great probability that such was the case. Further on, in another branch of the Art, we shall show that this was really done, as we know it was by more than one master-hand of more modern times. Both Paris (the Louvre) and Florence possess unfinished works thus “roughed-out” by Michael Angelo, in which the vigour of his style of manipulation, even within one-eighth of an inch of the finished surface, is evidenced by the long chisel-marks remaining. In the ordinary course this masterly method of procedure is too dangerous, as one unlucky stroke might spoil the labour of many a long day, besides causing the waste of valuable and costly material. The usual mode adopted by the artist is to model his design in clay, generally in a small size at first. This model is afterwards enlarged and improved by “study from the life,” that is, by copying the actual things to be represented—men, animals, draperies, and the like.

For this enlarging (as we are informed by Messrs. Wills, the eminent sculptors of Euston Road, whose works of Lord Mayo, Sir Humphrey Davy, Ashworth, Mayor of Rochdale, unveiled in June last, etc., are well known and universally admired) an iron frame-work or skeleton is made to support the mass of clay; in this clay the “study” is first made of the subject “in the nude,” so that a due natural proportion of figure may be obtained; after which the drapery is added. Upon this clay “model,” when perfect, a mould is formed, from which is taken a plaster cast.

The plaster figure is next placed by the side of the marble or stone, which is, by the hands of pupils or inferior workmen, reduced to the requisite dimensions, the form being obtained by means of a “pointer.” This consists of a needle placed upon a measuring-rod. The needle, having been applied to “the cast” (or plaster figure), is turned to “the block,” which is then pierced or drilled until the pointer shows that it has gone deep enough. This is done over and over again, until, by cutting down to the depth indicated, the rough figure alone is left. The master-hand then passes over the whole until the work is perfect. The work is then smoothed or rubbed down, and, in some cases, even polished (as in some of Michael Angelo’s works, and those of still more ancient masters); but this latter process is generally objected to, as the reflected lights tend to injure the outline of the form.

Although, as a rule, sculpture suffers in comparison with painting from the want of colour and background, we find, in ancient examples, that the former was sometimes actually applied; many old statues—notably those on tombs and monuments—being coloured “to the life.” Egyptian and Ninevitic sculptors frequently painted their works “up to the life,” and even the Greek masters sometimes employed colour in the same way. In the British Museum there is a head that has been thus treated, whilst in the Vatican there is a bust which still shows that enamelled eyes and black eyelashes were inserted in the marble. In our own day Mr. Gibson has exhibited tinted female figures, but the experiment has not found universal favour.

Space forbids us to give a history of this noble Art, but we cannot pass on without noticing the prolific hand of Phidias, the Greek, and the antiquity of the works of the Egyptian sculptors, who worked probably 2,000 years before the Christian era. Following these came the Etruscans, and these again were followed by the Roman artists. The art was revived in Italy in the tenth century, coming down to Michael Angelo in the sixteenth. Cibber, who sculptured in England, was a Dane; Thorwaldsen, a native of Iceland; Canova, an Italian; whilst Flaxman brings us down to our own days.

An explanation of two or three technical terms of the remains of ancient sculpture may here be not amiss: “Busts” are heads, or heads and chests; a “Torso” is a body without limbs; whilst statues consisting of a head on a square post are called “Terminal,” from their having been employed as boundary marks.

We have next to notice a very beautiful form of this branch of the art, and one that is becoming more practised every day, and deservedly so, as it is that by means of which true artistic work can be introduced into homes to which no such princely adjunct as a sculpture-gallery can by any possibility be annexed—we refer to sculpture in its miniature form of the “statuette.” In this *bijou* shape may be found work quite as true to Art, coupled with as exquisite beauty of design, as in the largest group that can leave the sculptor’s hand. Another reason for the general favour in which statuettes are held is their adaptability for the introduction of portraiture.

By the kind courtesy of an artist who has successfully devoted much of his time to the development of this branch of his art (Mr. Rowe, of Buckingham Palace Road)—as is abundantly testified by the exhibition, by Her Majesty’s command, of a beautiful little statuette of the eldest daughter of our Royal Grand Master in this year’s Academy—we are enabled to say a few words about its manipulation.

A piece of “modelling-clay” of the required size, being placed upon a convenient stand, has first of all imparted to it the outline of the intended bust, figure, or group. This “modelling-clay” consists of potter’s-clay mixed with a proportion of finely pulverized sandstone so that it may work freely. The sculptor then, by means of small tools, gradually assimilates the features and form to the likeness of his sitter; adding any details of surroundings, etc., that may, to his artist’s eye, make the grouping perfect. Thus in the statuette to which we have referred just above, the little princess is standing in a childishly negligent attitude by a rustic garden-seat; in another exquisite little portrait group by the same artist, a boy is throwing a ball to a dog which is lying at his feet. From the model, when complete, a mould is taken; the subject is then cast in “terra-cotta,” unless the group was to have been directly sculptured in marble. This “terra-cotta” (Italian for baked clay) has been usually taken to mean any manufacture of brick-earth used for ornamental purposes, especially those of an architectural character; it was thus much used in Great Britain about the beginning of the eighteenth century, but during the reigns of the Georges its use was discontinued until it was revived some quarter of a century ago; it is almost unnecessary to add that the “terra-cotta” used for the casting of these statuettes is of the finest description.

After the group or figure leaves the mould the joints have to be smoothed off, and it is then carefully “fired” or “burnt,” when the process is complete.

With one other instance of work “in the round” we must close this present paper; we refer to statues in metal, for wood-sculpture can be more appropriately treated under its special head of “Carving!” whilst in diminutive sculptures many materials are employed—ivory, gold, silver, and the like; but as these, too, come more properly under this same head of “Carving,” we will defer the consideration of them for a future opportunity.

The metal usually employed for statue-casting is bronze—a reddish-yellow alloy of fine grain of copper and tin in proportions varying according to the use to which it is to be put; when well made, bronze is, with the exception of the precious metals, the most durable metallic material with which we are acquainted.

For a bronze, or other metallic casting, a mould is prepared and the metal cast in it; on its removal the figure passes under the finishing hand of the master in the same way that the statue of stone or marble owns his last artistic touch.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED a gracious dream of other days,
 A dream of fervent joy, a dream of light,
 When little I recked of earthly blame or praise,
 When all was very pleasant to my sight!
 That dream was once to me, ah! very dear,
 And full of glad Hope's dominating pow'r,
 Absent was doubt—distant far was fear,
 Unknown the storms, or passing clouds which low'r.
 For she was standing gaily at my side:
 I watched her sunny smile, I heard her voice,—
 Oh, best and truest of heart-friends tried,
 Her gentle presence made my heart rejoice!
 No darkness then had settled on our way,
 In the full light, we ran our "weird" apace;
 A bright companionship threw then, day by day
 On all our longings, a light of trust and grace!
 Alas! That dream has faded! past and gone
 Its pleasant hours, each sympathetic scene,
 And fitted softer souvenirs one by one,
 Filling the dimmer region of what "once has been."
 So pass away all gracious dreams from life,
 Sad memories oft of happiness gone and past,
 But ever witnesses, amid sad earthly strife,
 Of dear Realities, which one day yet will last!

W.

WHAT OF THE DAY?

WHAT of the day that has passed us by,
 Oh! what of the day may we say—
 Have we gathered fruit, or sown the seed
 That will brighten life's dusky way?
 Have we hastily pluck'd the flowers that grew
 Around us in beauty and pride,
 Cherishing but for an hour or two,
 Then heedlessly casting aside?
 Have we joined in the chase of light-wing'd things
 That invite yet elude the touch—
 Of pleasure, of fame, or power, whose charms
 In possession dissolve so much?
 What roots were planted and briars cut down,
 What branches been trained to the sun,
 And weeds uprooted that cumbered the ground,
 Where blossoms immortal should come?
 What of the day that has passed us by,
 Oh! what of the day must be told?
 That with good intentions 'twas boldly met,
 Which slipped from our careless hold;
 That we laboured and toiled for phantoms all,
 Till the shadows grew heavy, and lay
 So chill, so drear, we waked from our dreams
 To the fact of—a wasted day!

MONICA E. FEEL.

A MEMORABLE DAY IN JERSEY.

ON Friday, the 7th of June, was a memorable and mournful day in the annals of Freemasonry in the Province; for on that day a beloved and esteemed Brother was borne to his last place of rest. It was an event which will be engraven on the hearts of all those who were present, for it was the last sad duty of friendship and love paid to Wor. Bro. Albert Schmitt, P.M. 590, P.Z. 244, 491, 590; P.P.G.S.W. & P.G. Scribe E. For some time past Bro. A. Schmitt had shown signs of ill health, but little did his friends think that his end was so near at hand. On Thursday, the 30th of May, he was present at his Mother Lodge, "La Cesarie," and installed the new W.M. in the chair, and did all the duties relative thereto. The ceremony of installation being over, he was obliged to leave the Lodge, and the banquet was deprived of his presence; from that day bronchitis set in, and on the 3rd of June he breathed his last. At the news of his death it is needless to say that there was but one general wish in the Province, and that was that he should be buried with Masonic honours, to which request the Very Wor. the D.P. Grand Master willingly gave his assent. And on Friday, the 7th of June, all the respect that can be paid to mortal man was done that day by the Craft.

On Thursday evening the body was lying in state from 7 to 9.30 p.m., and on the Friday morning, from 10 to 12 a.m., upwards of a thousand people came to witness the scene. It was of a most imposing nature.

The coffin, which was covered with blue cloth, ornamented with *ormolu* handles, lay in the centre of the Lodge Room, supported on a white pedestal; all the jewels of the deceased, as well as regalia, were exquisitely arranged on the lid; four crowns of *immortelles* were lying at the base of the pedestal, and a beautiful bouquet of orange-blossoms on a small pedestal at the end of the coffin; the twelve Royal Arch ensigns encircled the whole, with the Provincial Grand Tyler to keep watch. The gas was lowered in order to bring out the Star in the East, which was lit up; the *ensemble* giving such an impression of solemnity and grandeur that it will not be forgotten by those who came to witness it.

The Brethren met at the Masonic Temple, and all the Lodges of the Province were fairly represented by the members present. The Provincial G.T.^o was very numerous. At two o'clock the Lodge was opened by the newly installed W.M., who received the Very Wor. the Deputy P.G.M. and the officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge, after which the care of the ceremony was entrusted to the P.G. Director of Ceremonies, Wor. Bro. W. H. Chapman, assisted by Wor. Bros. Moss and Le Sueur.

The procession started from the Temple shortly after three o'clock, in the following order:—

Two Tylers with drawn swords.

Band of music.

Visitors who were not members of any Lodge in the Province.

Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1003.

Banner of Lodge, carried by the Junior Member.

Inner Guard.

Members two by two.

Junior and Senior Deacon.

Treasurer and Secretary.

Junior and Senior Warden.

Worshipful Master.

St. Aubin's Lodge, No. 958.

Royal Sussex Lodge, No. 491.

Mechanics' Lodge, No. 245.

Yarborough Lodge, No. 244.

All the above-mentioned in the same order as the *Prince of Wales' Lodge*.

"La Cesarie Lodge," No. 590.

Banner of Lodge, craped in deep mourning.
Inner Guard.

Members two by two.

Treasurer.

Corinthian Light, borne by a M.M.

Junior Warden's Column, borne by a M.M.

Junior Warden, carrying Plumb Rule.

Doric Light, carried by M.M.

Senior Warden's Column, carried by M.M.

Senior Warden, carrying Level.

Ionic Light, borne by M.M.

Senior Deacon. Worshipful Master. Junior Deacon.

Provincial Grand Lodge.

Banner of Lodge.

Provincial Grand Officers in rotation, according to their rank.

The Right Wor. the Rev. Stewart Patterson.

P.P.G. Master for Manitoba.

Director of Ceremonies. The Very Wor. the Deputy Provincial Grand Master. Assistant
Director of Ceremonies.

The Jewels of deceased, carried by a Provincial Grand Officer.

The Sacred Law, with Square and Compasses, carried by a Past Grand Warden.
Clergyman. Doctor.

PALL-BEARERS.

Wor. Bro. A. Viel.

" Pallot.

" du Jardin.

THE BODY.

PALL-BEARERS.

Wor. Bro. Renauf.

" Benham.

" Durele

Chief Mourners.

Provincial Grand Tyler.

Members of the Royal Hall Club, of which deceased was the Librarian.

The procession was led to the Wesleyan Chapel, of Grove Place, where the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Dupuy, Wor. Bro. E. Dowden presiding at the organ.

On leaving the Chapel the procession was again re-formed, and proceeded to Almarah cemetery, where the remains of the deceased were deposited. Immediately after the funeral service a brother countryman of the deceased came near the grave, and drawing a little bag of earth from his breast, sprinkled a few pinches on the coffin. That earth was from their dear native Poland, for he it said they were both political exiles from that country.

The Worshipful Master of "La Cesarie" next came forward, and delivered an oration, which for eloquence is rarely surpassed.

The procession was once more re-formed and marched back to the Temple, where a vote of thanks was ordered to be presented to the Rev. Dupuy, and likewise a donation of five guineas to be distributed amongst the poor of his congregation, after which the Lodge closed in due form.

Thus ends the career of our respected Bro. Schmitt. He was one of those who devoted his existence to the welfare of the Craft; from his initiation to the day of his death he was for ever in Masonic harness. His loss will be mourned for years to come, for he was a good man and a genuine Mason.

A MASONIC ADDRESS.

From the "*Masonic Herald.*"

THE following was delivered by W. Bro. J. W. Handley, at the conclusion of the funeral service held by the Members of Lodge "Perfect Unanimity," in memory of the late District Grand Master of Madras, R. W. Bro. John Miller. It was sent to us by our esteemed Brother, P. D. Shaw, Barrister at Law, High Court, Madras, who has always evinced a kindly feeling towards us, for which we are thankful. It would have been published in our last issue, with the Obituary Notice, but as it came in a little too late, it could not therefore be inserted, but for its excellence we strongly commend it to attention, as we are sure that those who read it will not rise unedified. We also hope that the suggestion offered therein will be attended to by the Fraternity at Madras, viz., to build, as a memorial, a Masonic Temple there. The subject is worthy of attention, and we trust it will be duly considered and carried out.

BROTHERS,—

You have asked me to undertake the melancholy duty of delivering the address usual on these sad occasions. In such a case your word is a command, and to hesitate would have been unbecoming; so I shall attempt the task, though fully conscious that there are many here present of longer standing in the Craft, and perhaps more intimately acquainted with our deceased brother, who would have discharged it better. None, however, could come to the task with deeper feelings of regard and esteem for our departed brother and friend, nor with more heartfelt sorrow for the loss which Masonry as an institution, and we, both as Masons and members of society, have sustained by the untimely death. And perhaps it is not altogether inappropriate that this tribute of respect and esteem to our departed brother should be paid by myself as being, I believe, the senior member of his profession, who is also a member of this Lodge; for next to being a Mason Bro. John Miller gloried in being a Barrister. He loved his profession, and took a lively interest in its details, and threw himself into his cases with an energy and enthusiasm which was one great secret of his success. With a natural keen love of justice, and hatred of oppression and wrong, he found in the exercise of his profession, I believe, not merely the satisfaction which all men feel in that in which they succeed, but also a means of gratifying those inherent feelings of his nature; and thus, whenever he had to plead the cause of the poor, the wronged, the unfortunate, even the guilty, upon whom he thought the strong hand of power was bearing hardly and unfairly, he did it with an enthusiasm and sincerity which impressed all who heard him with the feeling that they were listening, not merely to the hired advocate pleading the cause in which he had been retained, but to the lover of truth and justice, the enemy of oppression and wrong, speaking out of the fulness of his own generous heart, for those whom he believed required his aid in their struggle to obtain their rights. It is fitting, therefore, that one of his own profession,—who has often been opposed to him in forensic warfare, but who can bear witness that, in that warfare, with all its occasionally irritating and exasperating incidents, never did anything occur to impair for one moment the feelings of closest friendship,—that such a one should be the mouthpiece of the Lodge this evening to express our feelings of loving remembrance of our departed brother, and of deepest sorrow for his loss.

But it is with his Masonic career that we are principally concerned to-night, for we are gathered here together as Masons, upon whom has fallen a sorrow such as that which fell upon King Solomon and the builders of the first temple in the untimely death of their Master-Builder. Masonry in Madras has lost its head and chief ruler, and that a head and ruler not merely in name, but one who, ever since he assumed that high

office, has made his presence known and felt amongst all Masons in this Presidency, and has directed and ruled the Craft with a tact and wisdom which must make his loss universally felt and deplored. But perhaps another time and place will be more appropriate for a tribute to the merits of our departed District Grand Master as a Ruler of the Craft. It is Lodge "Perfect Unanimity" which to-night laments the loss of a brother, and therefore it is upon our brother's character, as a brother and a Mason, I would wish to dwell to-night. A slight sketch of his Masonic career may not be out of place. Initiated in November, 1860, in this Lodge, he filled successively the offices of Steward, J. D., S. D., J. W., which latter office he filled during two years, 1865 and 1866, and finally was Master of his Lodge for two years in succession, 1866-67. In District Grand Lodge he passed through the offices of D. G. R. D. G. S. W., and lastly, in June 1875, in compliance, I believe, with the unanimous wish of the Masons of this Presidency, he was nominated by the Grand Master, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, District Grand Master.

In other branches of Masonry, R. W. Bro. Miller was equally indefatigable, and attained also to the highest rank: but of these there is now no time to speak in detail. In Lodge "Perfect Unanimity" he always took the deepest interest. Even after he attained to his exalted position in the Craft he never forgot his mother Lodge, attended its meetings regularly, and took an active part in all business connected with it. In particular, you must all remember how much interest he took in our various discussions as to the project of building a new Masonic Temple in lieu of that one on the beach built by the founders of "Perfect Unanimity," but which was disposed of as unsuited from its locality to the present wants of the Craft, and how anxious he was that immediate steps should be taken for the erection in Madras of a worthy Temple of Masonry. I would suggest that when the question is discussed, as doubtless it will be before long, of some memorial to our late District Grand Master, it will be a matter for consideration whether the most fitting memorial will not be the erection of a building such as he hoped to see, in which all the Lodges in Madras might find a proper habitation, and thus carry out one of the most cherished wishes of his heart.

Brethren, our brother has gone from amongst us. In life always a true and consistent Mason, he has received, as he would certainly have wished, the last sad offices at the hands of Masons. Masons placed his body in the coffin after performing the appropriate rites around it. Masons bore him to his grave, and around that grave united in the mystic bonds of fraternity, and now the members of his own Lodge and a large number of other Lodges have met to celebrate the Masonic Requiem for a brother departed. He is gone, but has left us his example, by which he "being dead yet speaketh." Upon the inducements which his career holds out to all, of honours and offices of trust in store for those who pursue the Masonic vocation with zeal and industry, I will not now dilate. I would rather dwell upon those moral qualities, as a man and as a Mason, of which our brother set us so bright an example. And I think the great feature of his character in this respect was the way in which he carried the principles of Masonry into ordinary life. For many Masons leave these principles at the door of the Lodge, but not so with our departed brother. The seeds of those great principles of Masonry, Brotherly-love, Relief, and Truth, falling upon a kindly and genial nature, produced a crop of good deeds and generous actions, the full extent of which is probably known to but few. Most of us know of many instances of his liberality to the poor and distressed, both within and without the Craft, in which his helping hand has preserved the unfortunate from ruin, or has enabled those to struggle on to success in life who, but for him, might have sunk beneath the withering blight of poverty. In his loss, we deplore the loss of a friend and benefactor, whose ear was ever open, and whose purse strings ever loose at the cry of suffering humanity.

Another great principle of Masonry was also, I think, carried out by our brother in a very high degree. You all remember that noble principle of the Craft as to the duty which we owe to a brother's honour in his absence. This also, I think, you will all agree with me, our brother carried into life and acted upon, both as to brother Masons and the world at large. On the day of his death, a member of this Lodge said to me,

"Miller never said ill-natured things about people," and I repeat it here, because it seems to me very high praise for a very rare virtue. We can all remember how often he would, when others were speaking hardly of the absent, interpose with a kindly remonstrance, or plead extenuating circumstances; and I think we must all have noticed how seldom he initiated any conversation upon the faults or failings of others, and when a friend or brother was attacked, he would often wax warm in his defence.

Brethren, I must now close, having, I fear, very imperfectly discharged my duty. The task is a difficult one. It is like the artist taking up the pencil to portray a departed friend. To the imagination the thing seems easy. Every feature and line of the countenance is easily recalled; but when the attempt is made, the lines are uncertain and faint, the paper is blotted with tears, and the result is but an indistinct outline of the face and form, which, in the mind's eye, are photographed with clearness and precision. So is it with the attempt to draw with loving hand a sketch from memory of our departed friend and brother. Each one of us can call up in imagination the living presence of the departed, the honest, open face with its ever kindly smile, the hearty voice, the cordial grasp of the hand, these memory can reproduce for us with unerring accuracy; but when we come to try and paint the portrait of the man, we can only put in a line here and there, and produce but a shadowy impression of what he was. You, however, know, without the help of feeble words of mine, what he was, and it is for us to strive to follow the example he has left us, that, when our time shall come, it may be said of each of us as it truly can be said of him, "He was a true and faithful brother."

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER AND ITS RESULTS.

A FORTUNATE RENCONTRE.

IT is said that misfortunes never come singly; certainly Mabel found it so, for a few days after the melancholy event chronicled in the last chapter she received an anonymous letter, which ran thus:—

"Knowing the interest you take in Reginald Fitzgerald, I am desirous of showing you his real character, and wish to enlighten you on certain points of his conduct. You remember the bespeak at the Theatre in November, and Mr. Fitzgerald's absence from your box almost all the evening. He was behind the scenes with one of the actresses, your rival, Miss Nellie Longmore. Ask him if he lifted her down after the balcony scene. As, perhaps, he may deny my statement (and, like the rest of his countrymen, I believe, he is not remarkable for veracity), I send you his own card, making an appointment with the young lady in question. All this is well known, and everyone pities you.

"YOUR FRIEND AND WELLWISHER."

* Some exceptions having been taken to the "facts" of this story, we beg to remind our readers of the wonted claims of *Fiction*. As far as we know no personal reflections are intended.

The spiteful malignity of this composition was but too apparent, and but for the last sentence Mabel would have treated it with that contempt which it deserved. But to be the laughing stock of Wolverston, to be pitied by the people there, was too bad. What did Reginald mean by putting this insult upon her!

The end is soon told. Mabel accused Fitz of being with Miss Longmore that evening. He did not deny it, and the engagement was broken off. It was, so far as the world was concerned (the little world of Wolverston), a thing of mutual consent—incomptability of temper—anything.

* * * * *

Three years have passed away, and Mabel is sadly changed; but she is still as beautiful as ever, so many think. Fitzgerald's conduct (though it was not so very dreadful, as the reader knows) had deeply wounded her pride, and Mark's death had affected her much. How she pitied him!

Yes, he must be dead, poor fellow, though since that horrid night some things had occurred which tended to throw doubt upon the evidence given at the inquest as to his falling off the pier. A boat bottom upwards had been cast ashore close to the pier the day after the finding of the corpse, with one side battered in against the rocks; and a shred of blue cloth similar to that found on the body was found fastened by a nail to its timbers. But then, if Mark had been alive, they must certainly have heard tidings from him ere this.

"Poor Mark, if he were only alive now!" Mabel said, and sighed; but she did not finish the sentence.

Mabel was no longer the flirt of former days; she had refused all offers to marry, and was living with her widowed uncle, Mr Brig. Mr Seymour had died, leaving Mabel the mistress of a few thousands, as well off as his own daughters. The vicar of Trinity Church was no longer vicar, but he had risen to the dignity of Canon of Canchester. It had come curiously about. He was so grateful to Mr Tyssen for getting his young relative into Christ's Hospital, that he called a day or two after he received the letter from Seaton informing him of his success in procuring the nomination through the kind exertions of the chief of his department—to thank that gentleman personally for his kindness, and to acknowledge the deep obligations under which he rested. For a presentation was as good as a gift of £300 or £400 when one considers that a boy receives a first-rate education, is clothed and boarded for eight years, and if he shows marked ability, and is persevering enough to become a Grecian, is sent to Oxford or Cambridge to finish.

Mr. Tyssen received him very courteously, spoke very highly of his young friend Marcus Seaton, and astonished him somewhat by stating that for some totally unexplained cause Seaton had suddenly thrown up his appointment, the reason for which no one knew.

Strange to say, no one had seen him since, and one of his great friends at the office had called at his lodgings, found that he had suddenly left them, and could glean no intelligence whatever as to his whereabouts.

Mr. Brig did not then know of the distressing news which would reach him when he went home—where he found a letter from his niece awaiting him, conveying the melancholy account of Mark's supposed death.

Mr. Tyssen was very much shocked when Mr. Brig called upon him some days afterwards to tell him what he had heard, for Mark was a great favourite with every one in the office, and Mr. Tyssen, though he was careful to show no partiality, had really a special regard for the young man.

Somehow the event and mystery which surrounded it made these two men friends,—there was a sort of bond of sympathy between them—for Mr. Brig, though he knew very little about Mark, had taken a very great fancy to him when he made his acquaintance (as for the matter of that most people did); and I don't know exactly how it happened, but I think Mr. Tyssen expressed a wish to hear Mr. Brig preach, and the latter had asked him out one Sunday to dine with them at Trinity Parsonage. Anyhow, Mr.

Tyssen found himself one day in the unfamiliar part of London in which Mr. Brig's parish lay, and after that they often met. Then one day Mr. Tyssen induced his friend, Lord Kilmalloch, to accompany him to Trinity Church, and the noble lord was very much pleased with the vicar's earnestness and manifest piety, and afterwards offered him a very good family living which happened to fall in about this time.

Mr. Brig had been ill with typhoid fever, caught whilst visiting some sick parishioner who lived in one of the evil-smelling, badly-drained parts of his parish, and they were many, alas! Poor Miss Griss had succumbed indeed to the dread disease, and the clergyman was left alone: Then Mabel had come to him, and had kept his house now for more than a twelvemonth.

Mr. Brig, at Brakesbourne Rectory, had more time on his hands than when he was in the midst of a teeming population, and was able to turn his attention to those literary pursuits which had first made him fame at Oxford, and won him the Newdegate, and one or two articles of his on theological and ecclesiastical questions had made their mark. Lord Kilmalloch, a very good Churchman, recognised and admired his learning, and bore testimony to his worth as a parish priest in the proper quarter, and just before Mr. Seymour's death he was appointed to a canonry in Canchester Cathedral.

Canon Brig's first three months' term of residence in the old cathedral town of Canchester was now at an end. They had left his new residence, which was in the cathedral precincts, and known as the Oaks, with regret, for it was a quaint old house with a lovely lawn and terrace garden, bounded by the city wall, and with an old ruined fort crowning the terraced slope, a "coign of vantage" from which one had a beautiful view of the great Bell Harry Tower, and the eastern end of the stately fabric in which some of our mightiest kings and princes were buried centuries ago, and a crowd of memories centred round the spot of traditions and events reaching back a thousand years or more, far away to the times when Christianity itself was young, and Britain itself slowly emerging from barbarism.

But the worthy canon did not altogether like the look of Mabel's pale face, and large, lustrous melancholy eyes—and he had taken her to Paris in hopes that the change might do her good. It was July, and they were walking through the galleries of the Louvre, accompanied by young Gilbert Dawson, who was spending his holidays with them. Dawson was strolling off to look at some French battle-piece, where the French and English were in action, and the French were getting very much the best of it, much to Gilbert's disgust; Mabel was lingering over a lovely picture of the Madonna, which was not at all to the Blue Coat Boy's taste.

Uncle Brig had gone to look for the boy at the other end of the vast chamber; of course, with spectacles on nose and guide-book in hand, he was prepared to be "the good Mr. Barlow" for the occasion, and instruct his young *protégé* as to the perversion of history—and everything else from Hebrew to conic sections. Dawson liked his elderly relative as much as most boys do, but he strongly objected to be instructed, so he was always dodging his Reverence and enjoying himself in his own way.

Presently, young Dawson heard the familiar phrase, "Hullo, Brother Crug!" And turning round, saw a pleasant, grave-looking stranger, with curly brown hair, and a rather military aspect.

"Well, young fellow," said the stranger, "it does me good to see a Blue Coat Boy in Paris. I was a Blue Coat Boy once."

"Were you?" said the boy—and they were friends in a moment. And young Dawson was very communicative, and told the gentleman he had come over with his cousins, one of whom was a Canon of Canchester.

"What's your name, my boy?" the gentleman said, giving him a four-franc piece.

"Dawson," the boy answered, thanking him like a gentlemanly little fellow as he was, for his cadence—quite frankly.

"Dawson!" the gentleman exclaimed, with a little start, which was however quite perceptible to the sharp eyes of the boy. "What age are you?" he said, with nervous eagerness.

"Thirteen," said young Dawson, wondering what possible interest the gentleman could have in his age.

"And your cousins," said the gentleman, "are they here?"

"Yes," Dawson answered; "that lady in mourning, with her back to us, is my cousin."

The gentleman, with a few swift steps, was at her side, and, looking apparently at the Madonna, was in reality intently examining the lineaments of a woman still so beautiful though so sad looking that at the Grand Hotel where she was staying she was known as *La Belle Anglaise*. Mabel was stills tanding with hands clasped in front of her, looking dreamily and vacantly at the picture, when looking up suddenly she was startled with the appearance of the tall military-looking stranger, whom she had caught a glimpse of before as she entered the Palace, and who had brought about a train of thought we found her in just now, and after gazing earnestly upon him for a moment, she was about to pass on, when he turned round full upon her, looked and looked again, and then at last came up to her exclaiming, "Mabel is it you?"

Mabel just uttered that one word "Mark!" and the shock overcame her, and she fainted away.

* * * * *

Marcus Seaton and Mabel Vaughan are now man and wife.

It appeared that when Mark left Wolverston, which he did immediately after wishing Mabel good-bye, he started off immediately for London. In a few days he was out of England, and a short time afterwards, through the influence of his friends, he got his resignation altered to an exchange from Somerset House into the military store department, was sent out to Hong Kong as military storekeeper, and was just returning home by way of Paris when the friends met.

He had written once to Mr. Seymour, thanking him for his kindness, but the letter had miscarried, and not receiving a reply, he had never written again.

On his return to England Mark was promoted to be lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and is now major.

It was never found out who was the drowned man, but it was supposed it had been some fisherman; and the pocket-book Mark himself had dropped in taking out his handkerchief as he walked on the pier. As it contained nothing of importance, he had made no inquiry about it.

Mabel told Mark afterwards, however, that it was that melancholy event and those sad verses which first showed her what were her real feelings towards him.

Fitz is still a bachelor, gay and volatile as ever, and he and Mark are friends again. Dawson used to come and see him on leave-days sometimes, and was always made welcome in his chambers, and tipped liberally. He is the author of two or three works of fiction, and is now dramatic critic on the *Evening Post*, and he "wears his heart upon his sleeve, but not for daws to peck at."

Young Dawson is now curate-in-charge at Brakesbourne, having entered the Church after leaving Oxford. He rose to be a Grecian at Christ's Hospital, and was sent to college at the expense of that noble institution for the sons of decayed gentlemen.

FINIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

HOW often in life, day by day, do we have to mourn the loss of relatives, friends, brethren—a loss which we never forget—a loss for which we are never recouped here. For life, after all, to us all, is in one sense an individualism, in that our feelings, like our associates, are individual, personal to us: that is, alike in the attractions they present, and the interest they evoke.

Any life which is spent apart from the gentler emotions of humanitarian fellowship, which is dead, as it were, to the voice of friends or the living reality of companionship,

is a life without real aim or true bias,—a life not a life in itself to us, and worthless to mankind. To use the words of the Great Duke, “Isolation is bad for individuals as well as nations.”

We may fancy, indeed—as the old hermits in Egypt seem erroneously to have fancied,—that the world is too bad and dangerous a world to live in, and that therefore we must exist out of it; but then, we should also bear in mind carefully that the strong mind of Dr. Johnson has disposed of the fallacy of this unreal argument, as when he said at Paris to the Abbess of some female Benedictines, about a hundred years ago, “Madam, you are not here from love of virtue, but from fear of vice.” Leaving, then, the fanatical view of the case out of the question, let us begin by laying down the proposition that gregariousness is not only advisable but needful for man,—*qua* the homo. And in that essential and happy condition of “gregariousness,” moreover, we form acquaintanceships which are amiable, and friendships which are firm; just as we give full play to all those emotions of tenderness, and sympathy, and personal attachment which constitute the charm of life, and are such affecting evidences, to the thoughtful and the reverent, of an after life, of a better life, of a life eternal and perfect, beyond the grave.

Indeed we have often thought that, were it not for this persuasion, nothing more dreary could well be conceived than the “outcome” of this earthly life of ours, with all its fond associations, enjoyable companionships, gentle links, and engaging sympathies. And for this reason, that all is so precarious and so shortlived. The best gifts and graces of earth are only for a little season; and how often, in a moment when we least expect it, the voice of friendship is hushed, the heart of affection beats no more, the loving smile fades away in that sad hour when

“decays effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,”

and we miss from amongst us, for ever here, the friend, the attraction, the companion of years. In vain, then, are the gifts and graces of earth; in vain the scholar’s mind or the statesman’s power; passed away as a shadow never to return are the beauty which entranced, the wit which delighted, and the nobility which graced; and as no rank of men is exempt from these mournful changes of life, the palace of kings, just as the house of the professional man, or the cottage of the poor, is equally visited, is equally affected. All our common life is permeated by this great controlling law of humanity, and hardly a day passes over our heads but we have to lament the sudden death, or the premature decay, the mysterious visitations of an inscrutable Providence; the end of hope, and love, and friendship, and tenderness; the close of domestic happiness and personal attachment; the conclusion, in Time, of a companionship which has been endearing, of an affection which has been fragrant, and of an intimacy which has been most intimate.

Supposing that all did end here—what then? What more could life be or do for any of us? Nothing—positively nothing! What would remain for us of hope or expectation? Still more indisputably—nothing! Like the Roman of old, we should have to say, to the dearest and best of earth, “Valeas in æternum”—for ever farewell! There would be no more of possible hope, trust, or gladness for any of us. A few short years had witnessed the birth and the death of vain emotions and vainer attachments. A few short-lived hours had listened to voices, and songs, and utterances which were hushed—and hushed for ever.

What, then, would be left for man? What would man be? Nothing but the dreariest outlook that the mind is capable of conceiving; nothing but a destiny alike hopeless and sad beyond all measure to record or realize! For “annihilation” must then be the “Ultima Thule” of man’s hopes and fears, and life and pilgrimage. With the grave all would sink into utter oblivion, silence, and darkness.

Man, himself an atom among atoms, would pass away unnoticed and unknown, to be absorbed in that Infinity which is left for that “Atomism” of humanity of which some like to write.

But, happily, as Masons we believe in something higher, and better, and truer than anything of that most mournful nonsense which perverts and distresses the minds of many at the present hour.

We lose friends, as all do; but we do not lose them *for ever*. We part from friends, as all here must do; but we hope to meet them again.

Life comes, and life goes, and death draws near us all hour by hour; but we have learned to look for death as the gate to a better country, the portal of an Eternal Life.

And so, though we mourn for friends and bewail their loss to us, they still come "In Memoriam" every moment of the day, in that, to us, they are not dead; but still live on, behind and within the veil.

As Longfellow so beautifully puts it:—

"There is no Death, what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
'They live' whom we call dead!"

And just as the poet adds so let us also say in each hour of mortal sorrow:—

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Yes, the "In Memoriam" of to-day will change, in a brighter and better hour, for the "In Visum" of gratified and beatified affection, and the temporal loss of time will be exchanged for the eternal gain of immortality. Some of us may remember Lord Derby's beautiful translation of some very touching Latin verses, which we will give both in the original and the translation, as alike true and suggestive, full of soothing memories, and better, because eternal hopes for us all alike.

"Cara vale! ingenio præstans pietate pudore,
Et plusquam natæ nomine cara vale!
Cara vale! donec veniat felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum sim modo dignus ero.
Cara redi! læta tunc dicam voce paternos
Eia age in amplexibus. Cara Maria redi!"

"Dear child farewell! Thou didst in worth,
Wit, piety, so far excel;
By closer ties than those of birth
Knit to my heart—dear child farewell!
Dear child, farewell! Till time bring round
Those blessed ages yet in store,
When I, if haply worthy found,
Shall meet thee face to face once more.
Dear child, oh come! No more to part,
Shall I exclaim in rapture then,—
To bless a father's arms and heart,
My child, my Mary, come again!"

GOD'S WAYS.

How few that from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the vision of the way
In colours soft, and bright, and free ;
How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought !
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire
Who pant and toil for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire,
The upland way of toil and pain ;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm of tranquil breast ;
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

A lower task on them is laid,
With love to make the labour light,
And then their beauty they must shed,
On quiet homes and lost to sight ;
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labour there ;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thinks, with pain,
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil,
And if it dared its life to scan
Would ask but pathway low and still ;
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought ;
For God, through ways they have not known
Will lead His own.

LOST AND SAVED ; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. IX.—*Continued.*

"MR. EVANS," said the captain, just after a huge sea swept the vessel, carrying everything that lay loose about the decks through the side into the ocean ; "that was a pretty narrow escape ; one more such may be the means of winding up our earthly career. You had better get for'ard, and order the men aft to stand by the spunkard halyards. We shall have to scud her under bare poles."

This order, which the mate went forward to give, was not to be so easily executed, and for this reason the captain had held on, hoping there would be a few minutes lull that he could take advantage of, but as the gale continued to increase in fury he reluctantly gave the order to take in every stitch of sail.

The repeated flashes of lightning revealed the men cautiously making their way aft. The decks seemed one living mass of liquid fire, as the lightning played around the bolts and chains, and ran out through the scuppers with the water.

Everything being done that could be done, the captain went below to see how the passengers were getting along.

"Captain, are we likely to ever come out of this storm?" were the words Nellie greeted him with, as he entered the cabin. "Why, it's perfectly frightful ; I have been thrown backwards and forwards across this cabin until I am completely worn out, besides being frightened more than half out of my senses." Her face told her fears more plainly than her words did. Although she tried to appear calm, yet the sound of the seas breaking on the deck, and the violence of each successive shock as the vessel plunged beneath the mountains of water that surrounded it, told her that some awful conflict was going on outside the little cabin, and tended to fill her heart with dread.

"It is a fearful gale," replied the captain ; "one of the worst I have ever seen, but I think we will come out of it all right ; we've got an excellent little sea craft under us, and if anything made by hands will hold together she will." The captain tried to smile, as he spoke in pride of his noble brig, but Nellie noticed that it was a faint smile, and not from his heart. And as he lifted his dripping sou'-wester from his head she could see anxiety pictured on his countenance.

"How do you stand it, Mr. Prescott?" inquired the captain.

"I don't stand it at all, Captain. I'm like the Irishman in the railroad car, who was jolted so much that he could neither stand up nor sit down. I have been going through manœuvres for the last two hours that would arouse a feeling of jealousy in the bosom of a circus performer ; but all this I could endure if you would only open that hatchway and let a little fresh air down here ; I am almost suffocated."

When the storm broke on them, the windows had been closed, making the cabin air-tight, and the motion of the vessel caused the foul gases to steam up from the hold.

"It wouldn't do to open the companion way, Mr. Prescott, for the first sea we took aboard would fill the cabin, so you will have to stand it a little longer, until"—

The captain was interrupted by a violent plunge of the vessel, and the loud crash of the foretopmast, as it fell across the rail into the sea. He hurried on deck again, fastening the passengers into the cabin.

Nellie tried to be as self-possessed as possible under the circumstances, and did not allow a word of reproach to escape her lips. Having early in life learned to place herself in the Lord's care, she had now in this trying time put her trust in Him ; she remembered how, in Bible times, when the sea was wroth and the tempest roared,

Christ appeared walking on the water, and as He quelled the storm then she knew He would now, should it please His will. She knew He was looking down through those dark rolling storm-clouds on the little frail craft which, so many miles out on the broad ocean, was battling with one of the worst storms that ever visited those latitudes. She knew that He held the angry billows in the hollow of His hand, and she believed He would bring them safely through all their dangers. When she heard the mighty crash, as the foretopmast fell to the deck, she knelt on the cabin floor and offered a prayer for their safety; from her unselfish heart she prayed that, should the Lord see fit to call home another soul from among that small number, He would take her, and leave the others to live and learn to love and honour Him.

Harry watched her earnestly, as she implored the blessing of God on the vessel's company. He thought he had never before seen the embodiment of so much purity, goodness, and self-sacrifice in so small a body, and if he had secretly admired her before, he now loved her with all his manly heart.

While the passengers were thus employed, below, a far different scene was being enacted on deck.

Two men had been sent aloft to clear the topmast rigging, which still clung to the mast, and bore the brig to leeward. The gale blew with indescribable fury, and when the "Sparkling Sea" sank into the trough between the great billows, they seemed to make a grand effort to engulf her at once. But she was equal to the occasion, and like a duck she rose and shook herself free of the water and perched herself on the giddy crests.

"Mr. Evans," hallooed the captain in that officer's ear, when the men who went aloft had been absent for some time, "haven't those men been aloft long enough to cut loose that rigging? What?"—

At this moment a shriek was heard above the tempest, and a flash of lightning revealed a man hastening down the rigging, while the word was passed that a man was overboard.

"I'm afraid one of the men has been blown off the rigging," said the captain to Mr. Evans. Just then Tom came aft, and said that one of the men who had gone aloft had fallen overboard.

In a few minutes Peter came aft, not knowing he had been preceded by Tom, and informed them that Jack Wright, who had been aloft cutting loose the rigging, had become entangled in the ropes, and when the rigging fell he had been drawn overboard.

An event like this would usually have thrown a gloom over the vessel, but now scarcely a thought was given to it. Each man was looking out for himself, no one knowing but that his turn would be the next, and perhaps all of them would find a watery grave.

"I should not mind it so much, Mr. Evans," said the captain, "if we were not in the latitude of the South Georgia Island. We have been making so much time before the gale during the night, that we must now be very near it;" and turning to the man at the wheel, he shouted, "How's her head?"

"Sou' half west, sir," was faintly heard above the wind, coming from the helmsman.

"I have just consulted my chart," said the captain, "and I think just that course will run us on that island in the space of three hours, at the most."

The mate gave a few moments to thought, and then said,—

"We can't alter it either way, sir, or we might do as the shore wits have it, jump from the frying-pan into the fire, or, in sea tongue, run plunk on to it. I think it will lull and clear up a little before long, sir."

The captain had been talking with Mr. Evans on a grave subject, and he must give his opinion as an officer. As a lull in the storm was the thing most to be desired, he had given it as his opinion that it would lull. Mr. Evans was a most fortunate individual; he was one of those men who would stumble against a bag of gold while many others were diligently searching for it. When he, without any forethought, predicted a fact it almost always came to pass. Now that he had predicted the lull, the guardian of his fortune saw the necessity of keeping good his reputation, and therefore,

much to the delight of the captain, and much to the gratification and pride of Mr. Evans, it began to lull.

The clouds began to part in the sky, and a faint light lit up the scene. The wind rapidly diminished its violence. Soon the clouds broke away altogether, and the sun, which many aboard that vessel had never expected to see again, slowly came up out of the sea. When the first light broke on the troubled waters, the look-out forward sung out, "Land ho." Every eye searched the water, and there, about five miles off the port bow, was the island of South Georgia.

"Had we changed our course, Mr. Evans, we might have had the pleasure of picking ourselves out from among the rocks on that lovely beach," said the captain, humorously.

As the day gradually dawned, the spirits of the crew began to revive as they saw all danger past, and Sam Watson even attempted a joke, but it only occasioned a passing remark.

The captain and the officers took an inventory of their losses, and found they had lost the quarter boat; all the loose spars were gone; two water butts, that stood on deck with the cask of salt junk, had been thrust through the waist by the seas which had swept the deck, when the brig was thrown on her beam ends. The foretopmast and the topmast rigging had gone by the board, and altogether the "Sparkling Sea" was a sorry sight. Still the men did not complain; they thanked God that their lives had been spared, and set about with a will to repair what damage had been done the best they could with the means at their command.

"Mr. Evans," said the captain, after he had overhauled what few spars remained in the hold, "we shall have to go barefooted, as regards our foretopmast, until we reach Honolulu, although we will not make quite as good time as we would if we had it."

"Yes, that's the worst of our losses," replied the mate, "and I deeply regret it." The mate cast a sorrowful look up to where the topmast ought to have been. "It was as good a stick as was ever cut down East."

"When you say the topmast is our greatest loss, you forget the loss of young Wright; we could ill spare him, poor fellow. We are now two men short, and if we keep on this way, there will only be a small company of us left to take the vessel into port."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS TRUTH? *

BY BRO. S. BESWICK.

I HAVE read with some degree of interest the two articles of R. W. Bro. Otto Klotz on "Tolerance," and your editorial remarks thereon. I am not disposed to say anything that would provoke any further discussion of the interminable question of tolerance and intolerance; but R. W. Bro. Klotz has raised a new question which demands the attention of every Craftsman; because it is presented in a form that must destroy every vestige of reliability in the practical nature of experimental science, art, and experience, if his definitions of TRUTH be admitted to be true. Bro. Klotz says: "The fact is that, TRUTH BEING AN ABSTRACT IDEA, it has itself no limits, but for the time being has a limit in every man's own brain. Thousands of things are by the uneducated and uncultivated minds taken as truths, which the man of science rejects:

* We take this striking paper from the *Canadian Craftsman*.

and thousands of things the scientists know to be truths, which the multitude disbelieves. Your analogy, Bro. Editor, between Truth and Masonry is ill-chosen, the former [Truth] being an abstract idea liable to change, and constantly changing, applied by different people to different and opposite objects, it being the very cause of so many different and often opposing parties and sects, an idea upon which in no age, in no country, even unanimity was affected, and upon which no doubt differences of opinion will continue to the end of time."—*Craftsman*, No. 4, April, 1878.

Bro. Klotz has evidently mistaken fact for fancy, opinion for knowledge, inference for positive sight, and a notion of what is probable for what is actual and certain. Listen to his reasoning on the following illustration: "Take, for instance, the shape of the earth, how many centuries was it considered a flat surface, either a disk, an oval or a square, etc. . . . various maps and books are still extant to prove this universal truth as then held by philosophers, geographers, and divines . . . which after a time proved fallacies, and were removed by new truths."

In this passage human opinions are taken to be truths, and they are styled fallacies and truths in the same sentence. There is here a sad defect in the close accuracy with which words should be used, and as great a defect in the definition of ideas intended to be expressed. For instance, Bro. Klotz says: "Truth being an abstract idea, it has no limits, but for the time being it has a limit in the man's brain." Let us test this statement. The earth is round. Now this truth certainly has a limit, not in the man's brain, but in the earth's shape. It would be round still, even if the man had no brains at all. And the truth is limited to the earth, and concerns nothing else. It has no more to do with the man's brains than the moon has to do with green cheese. It is grounded in its geometrical nature: for the earth was round before ever brains of a man had been created, and will in all probability be round when there are no more brains to know or recognise the truth. Then again, two and two make four. This truth has its limit. Two and two don't make three, nor five, nor six, nor any other product than four; and this truth is totally independent of any man's brains. It is a mathematical fact and truth, and its existence is grounded in the nature of things, and not in the nature of men's brains. (Everybody, not blind, knows there is a sun, moon, and stars. These are acknowledged truths, nobody denies them. The fact or truth of their existence does not depend on men's brains: they assuredly existed before there were any brains to take cognizance of their existence. That truth or fact of existence will never change so long as there is a sun, or a moon, and stars.)

Then again, TRUTH is not an abstract idea, as Bro. Klotz has affirmed. It is simply the property or attribute of a thing; and is, therefore, all that we actually and positively know of anything. Instead of being an abstract idea, it is the actual thing itself. My words and ideas are only images of the actual Truth. Here is a ROSE. Now everything we know of that rose is a truth—every property, and attribute and predicate is a truth, The number of its leaves, their size, colour, and arrangement. Their fragrance, softness, smoothness, and every other property and attribute are all truths and facts, because they are realities, and make the rose to be what it is. None of these facts are abstract ideas. Their images become ideas in the mind; but the facts or truths themselves are the properties and attributes of the rose—they are the rose in fact. No man in his senses would say that the attributes of so many leaves, form, size, weight, colour, etc.—in fact the rose itself—was in a man's brain. We only know a thing by its properties: and these are its facts or truths of existence. They are the rose itself—take them away and there is nothing left. When you tell these facts and properties of the rose, you are telling about the rose itself—the properties and attributes are, in fact, the flower itself: because they are all that we can see, or smell, or feel, or know of it.

But we get up some theory of the reasons why the flower has these properties, then that theory is an inference, an opinion, not a truth. It is theory and opinion based upon facts and truths; but it is not truth itself. We may be able to demonstrate the theory so clearly that our opinion may reach the highest point of probability—almost to a certainty, but it does not become absolute truth until that certainty is

attained by some one individual: though it may never become a certainty to all. But *opinion* should never be called *truth*, for it ceases to be an opinion when it becomes truth or certainty.

Thus, two and two make four. This is not an opinion, but a certainty and a truth, and no longer liable to change. A theory is liable to change only whilst it remains in the domain of opinion. The moment it becomes a certainty, it becomes *true*, and all change of opinion in relation to it is out of the question. TRUTH is not an abstract idea of anything; but theory is an abstract idea. *Truths* are the *properties* of things, or what we know of them as certainties and realities. The rest are opinions, probabilities, hypotheses, and conjectures. Inferences are not facts, and opinions are not truths.

As in the physical, so also in the moral world. Moral truths are the known facts, the known properties and predicates of a moral nature, Truths are the realities, whilst opinions are fancies and probabilities of that nature. Most assuredly, if truths are the properties of things, then it must be clearly absurd to say they are abstract ideas of things, "*liable to change, and constantly changing.*"

Among the many beautiful and appropriate definitions given to Freemasonry none is more comprehensive than the one to be found in the English lectures: "Freemasonry is a system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols." It is a series of truths organised into a beautiful and impressive system; profound lessons of Divine and Moral Truths taught by imagery. These truths are the known properties and predicates of a Divine and moral nature, capable of demonstrating the truths, properties, or attributes predicated of such a nature.

For instance: the E. A. is told that "Truth is a Divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue." Why is it so? Because Truth is an *attribute* or property predicated of the Divine Nature; and must be the *foundation* of every virtue, because every virtue must be *based* upon the properties or attributes of that Divine Nature. The four cardinal virtues, Fortitude, Prudence, Temperance, and Justice, are so many TRUTHS applied to life by a moral nature. They are not abstract ideas, but realities, positive facts, properties and attributes of a moral nature of the highest order. There are probably not two individuals in creation who have precisely the same *abstract theory* or *opinion* of these Truths when applied to the realities of life. But the Truths themselves are admitted by all moral beings, simply because they are the attributes of a moral nature. Twelve men on a jury may all know and feel a sense of justice; but they may all be in doubt about the innocence of the prisoner at the bar, simply from the want of decisive evidence in his favour. They don't differ about justice, for they one and all have a keen sense of what justice is; but they differ in dealing it out, in their theories of measures and modes, and relative deservedness.

Herein lies the radical difference between Freemasonry and religious dogma. Freemasonry deals with practical religion—the religion of the Good Samaritan. Its truths are practical, real, and positive in their nature—ignoring everything purely speculative; and thus leaving dogma and religious speculation to the individual consciences of its members. The Swedish philosopher, Swedenborg, gives a very beautiful definition of the religion of the Good Samaritan. He says, "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is doing good."

Pilate asked, What is Truth? without waiting for a reply. My answer is, Truth is the essential property or predicate of any given thing, such as the realities of its form, size, colour, weight nature, character, or being—everything that we know of anything. The rest is opinion, inference, hypothesis, conjecture or fancy, ranging from the highest probability down to the wildest speculation. These last things are the only ones worthy of being called abstract ideas. Thus mathematical truths are its certainties; geographical truths are its certainties; geological truths are its facts and demonstrable principles; astronomical truths are its verities and demonstrable principles. The facts of the earth's rotundity are one thing, and the theories and opinions of its exact figure are another thing. Men believed for centuries in the flatness of the earth; but that belief has changed, and they now believe in its rotundity. Did the actual fact change? or was it men's opinion that changed? If the actual fact of the earth's figure *did not*

change, then the TRUTH did not change; the change was in human opinion. I trust Bro. Klotz will see that it is simply absurd to make human opinion to be the TRUTH itself: and yet that is what he tries to do in the last article on "Tolerance."

IDEAS are *images*. If the idea be an image of something not really known, then it is merely an *opinion* or *conjecture* of what the real image may be. But you cannot say the idea or image is real or true, because you don't know what the real idea or image may be; therefore, a truth is a known thing, and a true idea must be a true image, and must be known to be just exactly what our idea represents it to be. Hence, TRUTH is a reality, does not change, and is anything but what Bro. Klotz represents it to be in these words: "TRUTH is an abstract idea, it has itself no limits, but for the time being has a limit in every man's own brain." A poor hypochondriac, with water on the brain, and swelled head, believes he has a glass head, which must be taken care of lest the sun crack it, the winds blow it off, or some accident may befall it. Would Bro. Klotz say, and have us believe, that this belief of the hypochondriac is *true*, because it has a limit in the man's own brain, and he believes it? Are men's beliefs to be called TRUTHS? Or are truths attributes of things themselves? The changes in men's opinions and beliefs are not changes in the *Truths* themselves. The change in men's opinion of the figure of the earth is not a *change in the earth's figure* itself. Any change in men's opinion or belief of the sun's nature is not a change in the *Truths* relating to its nature. Men formerly believed that the sun went round the earth; but nowadays men believe that the earth goes round the sun—exactly the reverse. Did the Truth change—did the sun stop going round the earth, and the earth begin to go round the sun? Or was it men's opinion that changed? Men believed, as reported by Bro. Klotz, in the flat surface of the earth, which was "enclosed by a large river, with a high wall for its outer boundary, as the absolute end of the world." But when men sailed round the world, they found no wall, nor end, nor boundary. Did the Truth change? Did the wall and boundary disappear, and the surface become round and globular? Or was it men's opinion that changed, and *became like the Truth* as they found it? Most assuredly, the earth was as round when men believed it to be flat as it is now when men believe it to be globular. The *Truth* was the same all the time. Fifty men have fifty different notions about a Polar Sea; and the TRUTH may not be like any one of the fifty. Yet Bro. Klotz would call these fifty opinions fifty different *Truths* about the same thing, and all opposed to each other, and the actual *Truth* will differ from them all.

We sincerely trust that Bro. Klotz will see the absurdity of his statement and alter his opinion accordingly. It will lead him astray every time he applies it: and lead others astray who may adopt his opinion. There is a serious responsibility incurred by public writers of any eminence, because their opinions are oftentimes adopted without due consideration by casual readers and thinkers. I respectfully submit these illustrations for his consideration.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 4.)

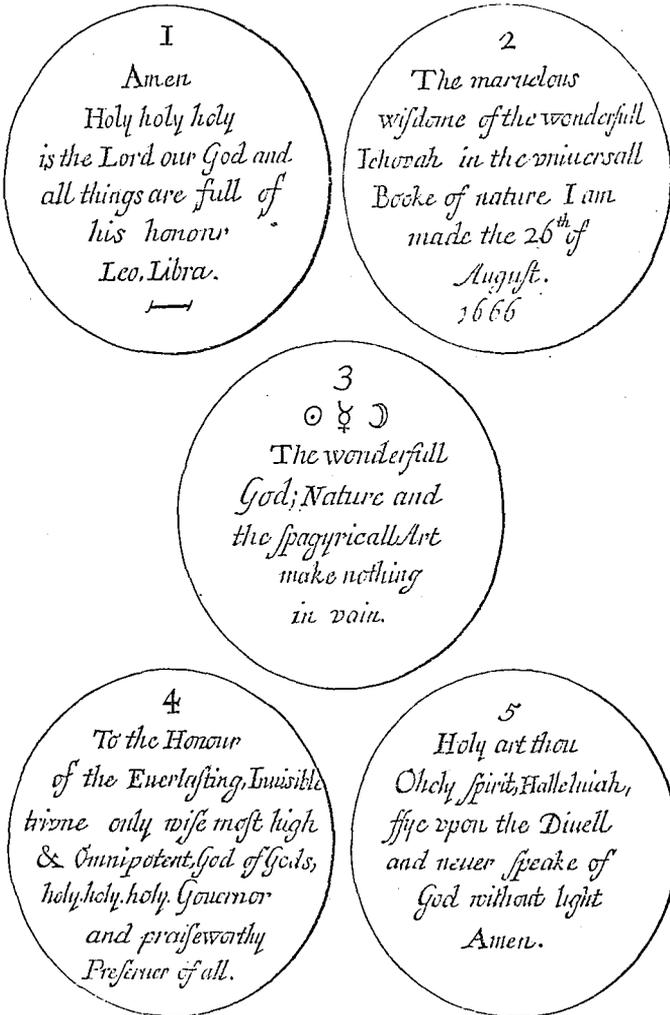
C H A P. III.

The sooner a thing promised is performed, the more grateful. Wherefore I return to my predestinated History.

THE twenty-seventh of December, 1666, in the afternoon, came a Stranger to my house at the Hague, in a Plebeick habit, honest Gravity, and serious authority; of a mean Stature, a little long face, with a few small Pock holes, and most black Hair, not at all curled, a Beardless Chin, about three or four and forty years of age (as I guessed), and born in North Holland. After salutation he beseeched me with a great reverence to pardon his rude accesses, being a great lover of the Pyrotechnyan Art; adding, he formerly endeavoured to visit me with a friend of his, and told me he had read some of my small Treatises; and particularly, that against the Sympathetick Powder of Sir Kenelm Digby, and observed my doubtfulness of the Philosophical Mystery, which caused him to take this opportunity, and asked me if I could not believe such a Medicine was in nature, which could cure all Diseases, unless the principal parts (as Lungs, Liver, etc.) were perisht, or the predestinated time of death were come. To which I replied, I never met with an Adept, or saw such a Medicine, though I read much of it, and have wished for it. Then I asked if he were a Physician, but he, preventing my question, said he was a Founder of Brass, yet from his youth learnt many rare things in Chymistry, of a friend particularly, the manner to extract out of Metals many Medicinal Arcanas by force of fire, and was still a lover of it. After other large discourse of experiments in Metals, This Elias asked me if I could know the Philosopher's Stone when I see it. I answered not at all, though I had read much of it in Paracelsus, Helmont, Basilus, and others; yet dare I not say I could know the Philosopher's Matter. In the Interim he took out of his Bosome Pouch or Pocket, a neat Ivory Box, and out of it took three ponderous pieces or small Lumps of the Stone, each about the bigness of a small Walnut transparent, of a pale Brimstone colour, whereunto did stick the internal scales of the Crucible, wherein it appeared the most noble substance was melted; the value of them might be judged worth about Twenty Tuns of Gold, which when I had greedily seen and handled almost a quarter of an hour, and drawn from the owner many rare secrets of its admirable effects in humane and Metallick bodies, and other Magical properties, I returned him this Treasure of Treasures; truly with a most sorrowful mind, after the custom of those who conquer themselves, yet (as was but just) very thankfully and humbly, I further desired to know why the colour was yellow, and not red, ruby colour, or purple, as Philosophers write; he answered, that was nothing, for the matter was mature and ripe enough. Then I humbly requested him to bestow a little piece of the Medicine on me, in perpetual memory of him, though but the quantity of a Coriander or Hemp Seed. He presently answered, Oh no, no, this is not lawful though thou wouldst give me as many Duckets in Gold as would fill this room, not for the value of the matter, but for some particular consequences; nay, if it were possible (said he) that fire could be burnt of fire, I would rather at this instant cast all this substance into the fiercest flames. But after he demanding, if I had another private chamber, whose prospect was from the publick Street, I presently conducted him in to the best furnished room backwards, where he entred without wiping his Shoes (full of snow and dirt), according to the custom in Holland, then not doubting but he would bestow part thereof, or some great secret treasure on me, but in vain; for he asked for a little piece of gold, and pulling off his Cloak or Pastoral habit, opened his Doublet, under which he wore five pieces of Gold hanging in green silk Ribbons, as large as the inward round of a small Pewter

Trencher: and this Gold so far excelled mine, that there was no comparison, for flexibility and colour; and these Figures with the Inscriptions ingraven, were the resemblance of them, which he granted me to write out.

I being herewith affected with great admiration, desired to know where and how he came by them. Who answered, An outlandish friend who dwelt some days in my House (giving out he was a Lover of this art, and came to reveal this art to me) taught me various Arts; First, How out of ordinary Stones and Christalls, to make Rubies, Chrysolites and Sapphires, etc., much fairer than the ordinary. And how in a quarter



of an hour to make *Crosus Martis*, of which one dose would infallibly cure the Pestilential Dissentary (or Bloody Flux), and how to make a metallick Liquor most certainly to cure all kinds of Dropsies in four days: as also a limpid clear water sweeter then hony, by which in two hours of itself, in hot sand, it would extract the Tincture of *Granats*, *Corals*, *Glasses*, and such like more, which I *Helvetius* did not observe. My mind being drawn beyond those bounds, to understand how such a noble juice might be drawn out of the metals, to transmute Metals; but the shade in the water deceived the dog of the Morsel of Flesh in his mouth. Moreover he told me his said Master caused

him to bring a glass full of rain water, and fetch some refined Silver laminated in thin plates, which therein was dissolved within a quarter of an hour, like Ice when heated : And presently he drank to me the half, and I pledged him the other half, which had not so much taste as sweet milk ; whereby me thought I became very light-hearted ; I hereupon asked if this were a Philosophical drink, and wherefore we drank this Potion ? He replied I ought not to be so curious. And after he told me that by the said Master's directions, he took a piece of a Leaden Pipe, Gutter or Sistern, and being melted put a little such sulphurous powder out of his Pocket, and once again put a little more on the point of a Knife, and after a great blast of Bellows in short time poured it on the red stones of the Kitchin Chimney, which proved most excellent pure Gold ; which he said brought him into such a trembling amazement, that he could hardly speak ; But his Master thereupon again encouraged him, saying, Cut for thyself the sixteenth part of this for a memorial, and the rest give away amongst the poor, which he did. And he distributed so great an Alms as he affirmed (if my memory fail not) to the Church of *Sparrenda* : But whether he gave it at several times or once, or in the Golden Masse, or in Silver Coyn, I did not ask. At last, said he (going on with the story of his master, he taught me throughly this almost Divine Art. As soon as this his History was finisht, I most humbly beg'd he would shew me the effect of Transmutation to confirm my faith therein, but he dismissed me for that time in such a discreet manner, that I had a denial. But withall promising to come again at three weeks end, and shew me some curious Arts in the Fire, and the manner of projection, provided it were then lawful without prohibition. And at the three weeks end he came, and invited me abroad for an hour or two, and in our walks having discourses of divers of natures secrets in the fire ; but he was very sparing of the great *Elixir*, gravely asserting that was only to magnifie the most sweet fame and name of the most glorious God ; and that few men indeavored to sacrifice to him in good works, and this he expressed as a Pastor or Minister of a Church ; but now and then I kept his ears open, intreating to shew me the Metallick transmutation ; desiring also he would think me so worthy to eat and drink and lodge at my house, which I did prosecute so eagerly, that scarce any Suiter could plead more to obtain his Mistress from his Corral ; but he was of so fixt and stedfast a Spirit, that all my endeavors were frustrate : yet I could not forbear to tell him further I had a fit laboratory, and things ready and fit for an experiment, and that a promised favour was a kind of debt ; yea, true said he, but I promised to teach thee at my return with this proviso, if it were not forbidden.

When I perceived all this in vain, I earnestly craved but a most small Crum or Parcel of his powder or Stone, to transmute four Grains of Lead to Gold ; and at last out of his Philosophical commiseration, he gave me a Crum as big as a Rape or Turnip seed ; saying, receive this small Parcel of the greatest Treasure of the World, which truly few Kings or Princes have ever known or seen : But I said, This perhaps will not transmit four Grains of Lead, whereupon he bid me deliver it him back, which in hopes of a greater Parcel I did ; but he cutting halfe off with his Nail, flung it into the fire, and gave me the rest wraped neatly up in Blew Paper ; saying, It is yet sufficient for thee. I answered him (indeed with a most dejected Countenance), Sir, what means this ; the other being too little, you give me now less. He told me, If thou canst not mannage this ; yet for its great proportion for so small a quantity of Lead, then put into the Crucible two Drams, or halfe an Ounce, or a little more of the Lead ; for there ought no more Lead be put in the Crucible then the Medicine can work upon, and transmute : So I gave him great thanks for my diminished Treasure, concentrated truly in the Superlative degree, and put the same charily up into my little Box ; saying, I meant to try it the next day ; nor would I reveal it to any. Not so, not so ; (said he) for we ought to divulge all things to the Children of Art, which may tend to the singular honour of God, that so they may live in the Theosophical truth, and not at all die Sophistically. After I made my confession to him, that whilst this Masse of his Medicine was in my hands, I indeavoured to scrape a little of it away with my Nail, and could not forbear ; but scratcht off nothing, or so very little, that it was but as an indivisible Atome, which being purged from my Nail, and wrapt in a Paper, I projected

on Lead, but found no transmutation; but almost the whole Masse of Lead flew away, and the remainder turned into a meer glassy Earth; at which unexpected passage, he smiling, said, thou art more dextrous to commit Thelit, then to apply thy Medicine; for if thou hadst only wraped up thy stolen prey in Yellow Wax, to preserve it from the arising fumes of Lead, it would have penetrated to the bottom of the Lead, and transmuted it to Gold; but having cast it into the fumes, partly by violence of the vaporous fumes, and partly by the Sympathetick alliance, it carryed thy Medicine quite away: For Gold, Silver, Quick-silver, and the like Metals, are corrupted and turn brittle like to Glass, by the Vapours of Lead. Whereupon I brought him my Crucible wherein it was done, and instantly he perceived a most beautiful Saffron-like Tincture stick on the sides; and promised to come next morning, by nine in the Morning, and then would shew me my error, and that the said Medicine should transmute the Lead into Gold. Nevertheless I earnestly prayed him in the interim to be pleased to declare only for my present instruction, if the philosophick work cost much, or required long time. My friend, my friend, (said he) thou art too curious to know all things in an instant, yet will I discover so much; that neither the great charge, or length of time, can discourage any; for as for the matter, out of which our Magistry is made, I would have thee know there is only two Metals and Minerals, out of which it is prepared; but in regard the Sulphur of Philosophers is much more plentiful and abundant in the Minerals; therefore it is made out of the Minerals. Then I asked again, What was the *Menstrum*, and whether the operation or working were done in Glasses, or Crucibles? He answered, the *Menstrum* was a Heavenly Salt, or of a Heavenly Virtue, by whose benefit only the wise men dissolve the Earthly Metallick body, and by such a solution is easily and instantly brought forth the most Noble *Elixir* of Philosophers. But in a Crucible is all the operation done and performed, from the beginning to the very end, in an open fire, and all the whole work is no longer from the very first to the last then four days, and the whole work no more charge then three Florens; and further, neither the Mineral, out of which, nor the Salt, by which it was performed, was of any great price. And when I replied, the Philosophers affirm in their writings, that seven or nine Months at the least are required for this work, He answered, Their writings are only to be understood by the true Adeptists; wherefore concerning time they would write nothing certain: Nay, without the communication of a true Adept Philosopher, not one Student can find the way to prepare this great Magistry, for which cause I warn and charge thee (as a friend) not to sling away thy Money and Goods to hunt out this Art; for thou shalt never find it. To which I replied, thy Master (though unknown) shewed it thee; So mayst thou perchance discover something to me, that having overcome the Rudiments, I may find the rest with little difficulty, according to the old saying: *It is easier to adde to a foundation, then begin a new.* He answered, In this Art 'tis quite otherwise; for unless thou knowest the thing from the head to the heel, from the Eggs to the Apples; that is, from the very beginning to the very end, thou knowest nothing; and though I have told thee enough, yet thou knowest not how the Philosophers do make and break open the Glassy Seal of *Hermes*, in which the Sun sends forth a great splendour with his marvellous coloured Metallick Rayes, and in which looking Glass the Eyes of *Narcissus* behold the transmutable Metals, for out of those Rayes the true Adept Philosophers gather their fire; by whose help the Volatil Metals may be fixed into the most permanent Metals, either Gold or Silver. But enough at present; for I intend (God willing) once more to-morrow at the ninth hour (as I said) to meet, and discourse further on this Philosophical subject, and shall shew you the manner of Projection. And having taken his leave, he left me sorrowfully expecting him; but the next day he came not, nor ever since: Only he sent an excuse at halfe an hour past nine that morning, by reason of his great business, and promised to come at three in the afternoon, but never came, nor have I heard of him since: whereupon I began to doubt of the whole matter. Nevertheless late that night my Wife (who was a most curious Student and enquirer after the Art, whereof that worthy man had discoursed) came solliciting and vexing me to make experiment of that little spark of his bounty in that Art, wherely to be the more assured of the truth; saying to me, unless this be done, I

shall have no rest nor sleep all this night; but I wisht her to have patience till next morning to expect this *Elias*, saying, perhaps he will return again to shew us the right manner. In the meantime (she being so earnest) I commanded a fire to be made, thinking, alas! now is this man (though so divine in discourse) found guilty of falsehood. And Secondly attributing the error of my projecting the grand theft of his powder in the dirt of my Nail to his charge, because it transmuted not the Lead that time; And lastly, because he gave me too small a proportion of his said Medicine (as I thought) to work upon so great a quantity of Lead as he pretended and appointed for it, Saying further to myself, I fear, I fear indeed this man hath deluded me; Nevertheless my wife wrapped the said matter in Wax, and I cut halfe an Ounce, or six Drams of old Lead, and put into a Crucible in the fire, which being melted, my wife put in the said Medicine made up into a small Pill or Button, which presently made such a hissing and bubling in its perfect operation, that within a quarter of an hour all the masse of Lead was totally transmuted into the best and finest Gold, which made us all amazed as Planets struck. And indeed (had I lived in *Ovids* Age) there could not have been a rarer Metamorphosis then this, by the Art of Alkemy. Yea, could I have enjoyed *Argus's* Eyes, with a hundred more, I could not sufficiently gaze upon this so admirable and almost miraculous a work of nature; for this melted Lead (after projection) shewed us on the fire the rarest and most beautiful Colours imaginable; yea, and the greenest Colour, which as soon as I poured forth into an Ingot, it got the lively fresh Colour of Blood; and being Cold shined as the purest and most refined transplendent Gold. Truly I, and all standing about me, were exceedingly startled, and did run with this Aurified lead (being yet hot) unto the Goldsmith, who wondred at the fineness, and after a short trial of Touch, judged it the most excellent Gold in the whole world, and offered to give most willingly fifty Florens for every Ounce of it.

The next day a rumour went about the *Hague*, and spread abroad; so that many illustrious Persons and Students gave me their friendly visits for its sake: Amongst the rest the general Say-master, or Examiner of the Coynes of this Province of *Holland*, Mr. *Pordius*, who with others earnestly beseeched me to pass some part of it through all their Customary trials, which I did, the rather to gratifie my own Curiosity. Thereupon we went to Mr. *Brectel*, a Silver-Smith, who first tried it *per Quartam*, viz., he mixt three or four parts of Silver with one part of the said Gold, and laminated, filed, or granulated it, and put a sufficient quantity of *Aqua Fortis* thereto, which presently dissolved the Silver, and suffered the said Gold to precipitate to the bottom; which being decanted off, and the Calx or Powder of Gold dulcified with water, and then reduced and melted into a body, became excellent Gold: And whereas we feared loss, we found that each Dram of the said first Gold was yet increased, and had transmuted a Scruple of the said Silver into Gold, by reason of its great and excellent abounding Tincture.

But now doubting further whether the Silver was sufficiently separated from the said Gold, we instantly mingled it with seven parts of Antimony, which we melted and poured into a Cone, and blowed off the *Regulus* on a Test, where we missed eight Grains of our Gold, but after we blowed away the rest of the Antimony, or superfluous *Scoria*, we found nine Grains of Gold more for our eight Grains missing, yet this was somewhat pale and Silver-like, which easily recovered its full Colour afterwards; So that in the best proof of fire we lost nothing at all of this Gold; but gained as aforesaid. The which proof again I repeated thrice, and found it still alike, and the said remaining Silver out of the *Aqua Fortis*, was of the very best flexible Silver that could be; So that in the total, the said Medicine (or *Elixir*) had transmuted six Drams and two Scruples of the Lead and Silver, into most pure Gold.

Behold I have now related the full History, from the Philosophical Eggs to the Golden Apples (as the Proverb goes), and though I have the Gold, yet where the Philosopher and *Elias* is I know not; but wheresover he is the Almighty God (protector of all Creatures) shelter him from all danger under his wings; and bring him to Eternal bliss and happiness in his heavenly Kingdom, after the end of his full pilgrimage in this life, for the succour and relief of Christendome, and the whole world, Amen.

A REVIEW.

ISLAM.*

FOR many a long day now has the Crescent been upreared above the lofty dome of Saint Sophia's faith-diverted fane, but how many to-day care to inquire about the faith of which that Crescent is the symbol? Many a year has passed since Peter the Hermit, by his earnest denunciations, shook all Europe to its foundations, and finally led forth an army against the Moslems under the renowned Solyman; but how many have ever entered into the question as to the right and wrong of those protracted struggles?

From our early days, whilst swearing fealty to Richard the First of England, him of the "lion-heart," we have still been drawn with no little affection to Saladin the Saracen, that *beau-ideal* of a Moslem hero. And yet we, while admiring in him the noblest qualities of mediæval chivalry, invincible courage, inviolable fidelity to treaties, greatness of soul, piety, justice, and moderation, that even his opponents most frankly and unreservedly attribute to him, seldom think of the *raison-d'être* of those magnificent characteristics of his—the system under which those noble and manly qualities were brought to such high perfection. Why should that system be so disregarded? Is it that we have no interest in it?

As children of those who fought and bled against the Moslem on the fields of Palestine, surely we might well ask against what principles they thus contended in the name of their holy faith?

Further, as subjects of a monarch who holds, under her gracious and gentle sway, many a thousand adherents of the Moslem Creed, surely we might be expected to evince some curiosity as to the tenets of that creed which we have always seemed to regard with a kind of mysterious and inexplicable awe.

Still further, as fellow-men, drawing the same breath of heaven, pressing the same soil of earth, fired by different aims, may be, yet ever pushing onward to the same common end of humanity; and, more than this, animated (let us hope) by the same wish to do right, however our ways of doing it may differ; surely, we might spare more than a passing thought for our brother-man.

But, in any or all of these cases, as Freemasons, it is our bounden duty to do all and each of these, and more too, if only the subjects of them should prove worthy of our paternal regard; especially as, if we are to believe Brother Mackenzie, amongst the Moslems are to be found Brethren of our mystic tie.† But how are we to solve these "ifs" and to ascertain the truth of their worthiness, or otherwise, unless we can grasp something reliable about the system itself?

There can be but little doubt that the comparative indifference with which the institutions of the Moslems have been regarded has been mainly due to the difficulty hitherto experienced in ascertaining anything concerning their bearing and tendencies. They are contained, of course, in the Koran; the Koran is to most, as it has ever been, a sealed book—"caviare to the general"—for although it is quite true that a most excellent translation of it was made by Sale, who could be found having the requisite number of decades to spare necessary to its reading? It is quite manifest then, that, unless some public benefactor could be found who would make that heavy book a study and give to the world the concentrated essence that he should distil from it, the world at large must still remain in ignorance of the ruling spirit of thousands of our fellow-men and fellow-subjects.

* "ISLAM: its Origin, Genius, and Mission." By John Joseph Lake, F.M.S.L., etc. London, Emanuel Tinsley & Co.

† See Bro. "Kenning's Cyclopædia"—*in voc.*: "Ismailites."

Such a person has arisen in the person of Mr. John Joseph Lake, who has just presented us with the result of his labours in a highly condensed, and yet pre-eminently pleasant and readable form, entitled "Islam: its Origin, Genius, and Mission."

Our author, beginning by explaining the meaning of the terms "Islam" and "Moslem," as "saved or reconciled" and "resigned to God," gives us at once a clue to what so many have often wondered at, namely, the engrafting upon the most determined bravery of the most stolid indifference to consequences. Fiercely the Moslem fights, but a blow pierces his defence. "Kismet!" he exclaims—"it is fate"—and resigns himself to his lot without a murmur; his very name is an index of his character. "Mahometan," "Mohammedan," Mr. Lake says, and all such terms are much disliked and deprecated, being only applied to the Moslems—who render no worship to their Prophet—by outsiders.

The origin of Islam, Mr. Lake contends to be the revulsion of feeling produced in the mind of Mohammed by the superstitions and abuses engrafted upon religion by Seventh-Council Christianity. Idolatry and Paganism, with all their concomitant abuses, he contends, were as rife amongst so-called Christians in "the Prophet's" days and country as ever they were amongst the most essentially heathen nations in the times of their grossest abominations. Against all these things the mind of Mohammed revolted; and, according to his light and, by the way, a little admixture of hysterical, or even epileptic, frenzy, he restored what he considered to be "the religion of Abraham" in all its vigour and purity; by which, we are told, he meant a belief in the Unity of God and the absolute rejection of every form of idolatry.

Having thus laid down the great leading principle of Islam, our author says of its genius,—

"There are two passages in the Koran (ch. ii.) that afford almost an epitome of the system of Mohammed. The first occurs at the opening, and is as follows: 'There is no doubt in this book; it is a direction to the pious who believe in the mysteries of faith, who observe the appointed times of prayer, and distribute alms out of what we have bestowed on them; and who believe in that revelation which hath been sent down unto thee, and that which hath been sent down unto the prophets before thee, and have firm assurance in the life to come.' To this may be added the Pledge of Akaba, called also the Pledge of Women, because of the exclusion of appeal to arms in case of need. It was adopted by Mohammed and his followers in their early troubles, when his system was beginning to assume a shape, and illustrates his better spirit before he was forced to adopt harsh means in self-defence, and ran as follows: 'We will not associate anything with God; we will not steal, nor commit adultery, nor fornication; we will not kill our children; we will abstain from calumny and slander; we will obey the Prophet in everything that is right, and we will be faithful to him in weal and sorrow.' These principles were subsequently developed at Mecca in the sixth chapter of the Koran, where it is said, 'Come, I will rehearse that which your Lord hath forbidden you; that is to say, that ye be not guilty of idolatry, and that ye show kindness to your parents, and that ye murder not your children for fear lest ye be reduced to poverty; we will provide for you and them; and draw not near unto heinous crimes, neither openly nor in secret; and slay not the soul which God hath forbidden you to slay, unless for a just cause. . . . And meddle not with the substance of the orphan, otherwise than for the improving thereof, until he attain his age and strength; and use a full measure and a just balance. . . . And when ye pronounce judgment observe justice, although it be for or against one who is near of kin; and fulfil the covenant of God.'"

Mr. Lake, remarking once more upon Mohammed's hatred of idolatry and zeal for the unity of God—"Say, God is one God; the eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is begotten; there is no God but He, the most merciful"—marred, however, "by a disbelief in the divinity of our Saviour consequent upon a weakness of judgment and observation," says,—

"Hence, Mohammed's system is an incomplete, imperfect, development of the truth, and one cannot help thinking that if he had had access to our Scriptures, and had not acquired his knowledge of our religion through Seventh-Council Christianity, he would have been a Christian and we should have heard nothing of Islam through him."

Of the mission of Islam our author says that it "puts in a good appearance." He lays it down that,—

"The Islam of Mohammed also contained a germ which, when subsequently more developed, spread its influence into Europe, and has been heavier on Western idolatry than its arms were upon the East. It began in the establishment of schools by Mohammed, and, to assist in these and his educational plans generally, he released such of his prisoners of war as could read and write as soon as they had taught a certain number of boys to do the same; and if any were willing to remain and take charge of schools they were liberated at once."

Thus Mr. Lake claims for Islam the mission of civilization through the great medium of education; he concludes,—

"It has been justly remarked that Islam, by converting victorious invaders of countries where it prevailed, mitigated in some degree the evils of Mongol, Tartar, and Turkish conquests. On the other hand, by its own invasions it checked the dark ages in Europe, encouraged education and civilization, and pressed them to the North, very much against the will of the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, who, in the growing freedom of mind, heard the distant sound of the knell that tolled out the death of tyranny and oppression."

There are those, of course, who will laugh Mr. Lake to scorn for his honest admiration of that which is good in the system of Islam, pointing to what the practice of its votaries has but too often been. We, here and now, as Freemasons, can take no part in the war of creeds, still less in the political issues involved in the "Postscript" of Mr. Lake's book, but still in the interests of justice and truth we can but retort with the ever fresh "*tu quoque*," for where is the teacher whose disciples ever followed his system in its entirety? Where the precept ever implicitly followed out in practice? Surely we, to-day, can hardly pour out the vials of wrath upon the Moslems for their forgetfulness of their master's injunction—"Let there be no Violence in Religion," when we reflect upon the way in which we have but too often carried out our own Master's directions, enfolded in His precept—"Blessed are the Peacemakers." It is, however, ours, to-day, to render honour where honour is due; to acknowledge the relative goodness of any system of which the aim and means are alike good; and to take with the right hand of fellowship and sympathetic assistance any human being who will conscientiously endeavour to make his rule of life the principles of our Craft—"The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man."

W. T.

FREEMASONRY.*

We give this most kindly review of "Kenning's Cyclopædia" from the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and shall in our next publish some remarks of the editor of the Cyclopædia, to point out in an equally kindly spirit some slight errors into which the reviewer has unavoidably fallen.

FREEMASONRY is still, as it has always been, a mystery; and, so far as the uninitiated are capable of forming an opinion on the subject, it seems likely to remain one to the end of time. Pretended revelations of its signs, grips, and passwords have indeed been published over and over again. But they have not as yet enabled anybody that we are aware of to gain unauthorized admission to a Lodge "just, perfect, and regular," and therein witness the imposing ceremonies which are performed and participate in the mighty secrets which are communicated. Once, and once only, is it recorded that one from the outer world penetrated unbidden, unprepared, and unobserved

* "Kenning's Masonic Cyclopædia and Handbook of Masonic Archæology, History, and Biography." Edited by the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P.G.C. of England. (London: George Kenning. 1878.)

into the arcana of the Craft, and on that occasion the intruder was a woman who could count with confidence on masonic forbearance and gallantry. Towards the middle of the last century the Irish lodge No. 44 was held at Doneraile House, Arthur, second Lord Doneraile, being the Worshipful Master. His sister, the Honourable Elizabeth St. Leger, who afterwards married Mr. Aldworth, of Newmarket, in the county of Cork—many of whose descendants are now living—determined on a certain occasion to discover what Freemasonry really was. “According to one account,” Mr. Woodford says, “she concealed herself in a clock; and according to another she saw the proceedings of the Lodge through a crevice in the wall. That she was made a Freemason is undoubted; though when so made does not quite clearly appear.” Mrs. Aldworth alone of her sex within the United Kingdom during modern times appears to have been made a Freemason, and to what “degree” she was advanced we are not informed. But in the early ages of Freemasonry in this country, as shown by some ancient manuscripts quoted by Mr. Woodford, there were “dame masons” as well as “master masons.” The “apprentice” is charged, for example, in one manuscript that “he shall not steal or pick away his master’s or dame’s goods,” and in another manuscript that “he shall not disclose his master’s or dame’s counsel or secrets:” whence Mr. Woodford infers that “at one time the widows of masons were permitted to carry on work under the guild, and in that case the apprentice would serve out his time.” “It may be,” it is added, “that this rule was even enlarged so as to admit the widows and daughters of masons”—a supposition which may well suggest misgivings about the “secrets” to matter-of-fact Englishmen. But “they manage these things differently abroad;” and formerly both in Germany and France there existed, and now there exist in America, it seems, several systems of what Mr. Woodford designates as “androgynous,” and stigmatizes as spurious, Freemasonry. Concerning the German “Mopses” a good deal of doubt prevails, inasmuch as it is even a moot point whether the word “mops” signifies “the wife of a Freemason” or “a Dutch mastiff or pug dog”—or both apparently. At any rate, the “Mopses” were an ephemeral folk, and nothing has been seen of them for above a hundred and fifty years. But in France “Maçonnerie d’Adoption,” another mixed development of the Craft, flourished during a considerable part of the eighteenth and was revived in the early years of the nineteenth century. Between about 1740 and 1760 the “polite nation” boasted of many “androgynous” orders of Freemasonry; for instance, “L’Ordre de la Félicité, ou les Félicitaires,” “L’Ordre des Chevaliers et Chevalières de l’Ancre,” “L’Ordre des Chevaliers et Nymphes de la Rose,” “L’Ordre des Dames Ecossoises de l’Hospice du Mont Thaba,” and “L’Ordre de la Péréverance”—all of them prettier names at least than the “Mopses.” But later, or for ten or twenty years before the outbreak of the Revolution, secret societies were the “rage” with all classes, even with the “great ladies” of the French Court. Under the patronage of the Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro established his system of “Egyptian Masonry,” installed himself as “Grand Cophte,” and opened lodges for sisters as well as brethren at Strasburg, Lyons, and Paris, of which lodges the two principal were named “La Sagesse Triomphante” and “Les Philatèthes.” Another order received the particular protection of the Duchesse de Bourbon and the Princesse de Lamballe, and in the “Loge St. Antoine” one of them, as Grande Maîtresse, was in the habit of conferring the four degrees of “apprentie,” “compagnonne,” “maîtresse,” and “parfaite maîtresse.” But the new sisterhood passed away with the old régime; and although, as Mr. Woodford tells us, “it was partially revived under Napoleon I., and again under the Bourbons, it gradually came to an end, and does not now exist.” In America, however, the “happy hunting-ground” for the defunct extravagances of Europe, something of the same kind seems to have been set on foot of late years. There an “adoptive right”—the term “adoptive” (why it does not appear) being the masonic equivalent for “female”—was instituted in 1855, consisting of five degrees: “Jephtha’s daughter, or the daughter’s degree;” “Ruth, or the widow’s degree;” “Esther, or the wife’s degree;” “Martha, or the sister’s degree;” and “Electa, or the Christian martyr’s degree;” the “whole assemblage” being called the “Eastern Star.” Besides, there seems to be a society of which three of the grades are—the “Mason’s Wife,” the “Heroine of Jericho,” and the

"Good Samaritan." Mr. Woodford asserts that these bodies "are not Freemasonry," and "never can be Freemasonry," which we can quite believe. But when he says that "it is very doubtful whether they can do any real good or be of any lasting use," he appears to us to hesitate where there is not the slightest warrant for hesitation at all.

Next to its mysteriousness, the most remarkable thing about Freemasonry is its antiquity, if we are to accept for truth what is often put forth by its votaries on the subject. Of these some affirm that it is as old as creation—or, at any rate, that it flourished long before the flood; and others connect it with the heathen mysteries, the Temple of Solomon, the Solar Myth, the Manichæans, the Pythagoreans, and what not besides. We are glad, however, to find from Mr. Woodford that even Freemasons when dealing with their Craft have now come to some extent under the influence of criticism, and that several of the versions of its history once current among them are either altogether abandoned or only partly and suspiciously allowed. "Our present speculative system," Mr. Woodford says, "is undoubtedly lineally and archæologically the successor of the guild fraternities of operative masons. But whence, it may be asked, did the guilds obtain the masonic legends? Brother Findel and a large and able school contend that the system was, so to say, set up in the thirteenth century by the lodges or 'Bauhütten' of Steinmetzen and operative masons in Germany. But another body of students has always existed, and still exists, which would trace back the Anglo-Saxon guilds to Roman guilds, and the Roman guilds to Greece and the East, to Tyre and Jerusalem, and Egypt above all." Mr. Woodford is disinclined altogether to give up "the legend of the Temple," or "even a connection with the ancient mysteries," which, in his judgment, "for a long time retained many lingering evidences of primeval truth." To us, we confess, Brother Findel seems more likely to approach correctness in his conjectures than Mr. Woodford—a "Grand Chaplain" not being the safest guide in the world when we have to deal with the "Temple" and supposed relations between "the ancient mysteries" and "primeval truth." But when it is conceded that Freemasonry, as we understand it, is "lineally and archæologically the successor of the guild fraternities of operative masons," which in other words means simply that it is a "survival" from a mediæval "trade union," we may leave the "Temple," "the ancient mysteries," "primeval truth," and the rest of it out of the question. That the masonic brotherhood was, early in the fifteenth century, to all intents and purposes a "trade union," is indisputable; for practically as such it was the subject of an Act of Parliament passed in 1425. By the 3rd Henry VI., c. 2, "it is ordained," as Dr. Plot in the curious notice of Freemasonry contained in his "Natural History of Staffordshire" says, "that no congregations and confederacies should be made by masons in their general chapters and assemblies, whereby the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers were violated and broken in subversion of law, and that those who caused such chapters or congregations to be holden should be adjudged felons, and those masons that came to them should be punished by imprisonment and make fine and ransom at the King's will." Whether this statute,—which by-the-by brings the told and new methods of attacking the "problem of capital and labour" into odd juxtaposition—was or was not put in force there is no evidence to show. It used to be said, on what Mr. Woodford rejects as authority, that only a few years after it was passed a great gathering and "respectable Lodge" of Freemasons was held at Canterbury under the presidency of Archbishop Chichely; that later on in his reign Henry VI. (who was only a child in 1425) was initiated into the confraternity, and that the "charges and laws" of the society were "seen, perused, and allowed" by the King and his Council. That Henry VI. and Archbishop Chichely, who were both great builders, should have been patrons of the masonic guilds would not be at all surprising, and it is given by Mr. Woodford as an ascertained fact that Henry VII. and Cardinal Wolsey, who again were both great builders, were Grand Masters of the Craft in succession to each other. Charles I., Charles II., and William III. are also in the list of Sovereigns and eminent personages who held the office previous to the formation of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717. Of these "ante-Revival" Grand Masters Sir Christopher Wren seems to have been the

last, and under him "speculative" and "operative" masonry appear to have been still in intimate association. Mr. Woodford mentions that "the maul and trowel used at the laying of the stone of St. Paul's," with a pair of carved mahogany candlesticks presented by Sir Christopher Wren, are still in the possession of the "Lodge of Antiquity." In a rather rare folio entitled "Parentalia; or, Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens," compiled by Christopher Wren, the son of Sir Christopher Wren, and published by Stephen Wren, his grandson, in 1750, it is stated that the first stone of St. Paul's was laid in 1675, and that in 1710 "the highest or last stone on the top of the lantern was laid by the hands of the surveyor's son, Christopher Wren, deputed by his father, in the presence of that excellent artificer, Mr. Strong, and other free and accepted masons chiefly employed in the execution of the work." Some pages further on it is said that Sir Christopher Wren "was of opinion that what we now vulgarly call the Gothick ought properly and truly to be named the Saracenic architecture refined by the Christians, which first of all began in the East after the fall of the Greek Empire." And the writer, still citing his father's theory, continues: "The Holy War gave the Christians who had been there an idea of the Saracen works, which were afterwards by them imitated in the West, and they refined upon it every day as they proceeded building churches. The Italians (among which were yet some Greek refugees), and with them French, Germans, and Flemings, joined into a fraternity of architects, procuring Papal Bulls for their encouragement and particular privileges. They styled themselves Free-Masons, and ranged from one nation to another, as they found churches to be built, for very many in those ages were everywhere in building through piety or emulation. Their government was regular, and when they fixed near the building in hand they made a camp of huts. A 'surveyor' governed in chief: every tenth man was called a 'warden,' and overlooked each nine; the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, either out of charity or commutation of penance, gave the materials and carriage. Those who have seen the exact accounts in records of the charge of the fabrics of some of our old cathedrals—near 400 years old—cannot but have a great esteem of their economy, and admire how soon they erected such lofty structures." Their mode of working is then described, and much more is added which we have no space to notice. Mr. Woodford does not seem to be acquainted with Wren's "Parentalia;" at any rate, we do not find that he refers to it in his "Cyclopædia."

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Author of "Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," etc., etc.

THE *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, in noticing the *Conversazione* of the Midland Union of Natural History Societies, remarks: "A fine copy of the Stratford portrait of Shakspeare was rejected on the ground that 'it would be too prominent a feature,' and that 'there were too many things else to be looked at.' The peculiarity of the picture, which is painted in a masterly manner by an eminent artist, is that it is copied from the newly-discovered portrait, after the removal of the beard and whiskers, etc., which had doubtless been painted on in Puritanic times to disguise it, and before the 'restoration' of the picture by Mr. Collins, of London. Accompanying it was also a large photograph showing the lines of the portrait before the 'restoration' and repainting, and another of equal size, taken afterwards, showing how and where the 'restored'

painting, now hung at the Birthplace, differs from the original picture. The rejection of this picture seems singular, when there were exhibited so many drawings and paintings of other subjects."

Now that we have proper medical men appointed throughout the country as paid officers of health, it strikes me forcibly that we might utilise their services much more than we are doing, in gleaning a mass of useful information on the immutable laws of nature bearing on the health both of the human race and of our domestic animals; as their careful reports (which should be required periodically and their authors properly remunerated, the whole analysed, arranged, and systematically condensed by competent philosophers) would gradually produce very important results. Take, for example, the bearings of electricity in the atmosphere on the health of the body, and through the body on the mind. The most uneducated must have noticed the difference on their own nervous system before and after a thunderstorm; and its effects on milk and on beer have long been proverbial. May not the clouds be in some measure compared to Leyden jars? It is said that when that dreadful disease, Asiatic Cholera, was doing its most direful work in this country, there was a great absence of electricity in the air we breathe, and in the condition of which we all of us have an immense interest in keeping pure and abundantly supplied to rich and poor. I have no wish to make electricity everything in relation to health, but of its vast importance there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has ever thought at all on the subject. I believe that diarrhœa, hooping-cough, scarlatina, small-pox, typhoid fever, and many other diseases are strongest in the human frame as a rule when electricity in the atmosphere is the weakest. Then again, the peculiar manner in which the germs of disease are spread among the human family is a subject on which the wisest of us have much to learn. I have known a disease called infectious attack a family in an isolated dwelling on a hill, none of whom were known to have been within a dozen miles of any person suffering from such an illness. Might not the germs of that disease have been borne on the breeze, breathed in, and germinated, where there was a predisposition for illness in the person who had retained it, whilst a more robust constitution might have thrown it out again in respiration along with the carbonic acid gas generated in the capillary fires? Doctors often half poison their patients and those about them with stinking chloride of lime, or with carbolic acid, but rarely recommend that most pleasant and efficacious of all disinfectants, Condy's Fluid—the permanganate of potass—nor are they sufficiently careful to instruct the nurses about their patients in the absolute necessity of disinfecting the filth thrown off from the bowels, skin, etc.; poisons which, I believe, may be borne on the air and sow their germs in the life-blood of people many miles off. We have yet much to learn, with all our boasted "march of intellect;" and the more I study the sanitary laws given to the children of Israel in the Volume of the Sacred Law, the more I am struck with their wise adaptability, under the circumstances, to the people to whom they were given.

Writing of Puget Sound—"that deep landlocked bay which stretches so far into the north shore of Washington territory"—Major W. F. Butler, C.B., says: "The tide in the Sound rises high and ebbs low. At some of the stopping-places it was curious to watch the antics of certain crows, whose livelihood was gained from the rocks left bare by the low water. Around the base of the wooden piles upon which the landing-stages were built mussels thickly clustered; detaching these with their bills, the crows would ascend some thirty or forty yards into the air, then dropping the shell-fish on to the rock, they would swoop after it to catch the fish detached by the fall from the shattered shell." This reminds one of the fine old legend that has come down to us of the death of the Greek dramatist, *Æschylus*, 456, B.C. Sitting bareheaded in a field, an eagle flying over him with a tortoise in its bill, and taking his bald head for a stone, let fall its prey, to break the shell, and so crushed in the poor old poet's brain-pan that he died on the spot. The legend, like the generality of such, may be taken for what it is worth; Romance has its own world as well as Fact; but Major Butler's crows dropping their mussels to smash the shells is so far in favour of eagles dropping their tortoises too, though one hopes their penetrating eyes never mistake the bald heads of

aged poets for stones. And yet who would not be made the subject of so innocent a piece of fiction for his name to be remembered kindly among men 2334 years after his poor worn-out carcase had yielded up the noble spirit which it once enshrined? I am afraid animals whom we consider much higher developed than the eagle—noble bird though he be—have mistaken the heads of their more thinking fellows for stones, judging by the hard manner in which they have treated them.

I am glad to observe that Mr. J. Tom Burgess, F.S.A., whose literary and anti-quearian labours I have already noticed in the *Masonic Magazine*, has not been allowed to leave Leamington for Worcester without a substantial Testimonial, consisting of a handsome gold watch and chain, with a purse containing £150, presented by the Mayor of Leamington, on behalf of a large number of subscribers, including a great number of the neighbouring nobility, clergy, and gentry, of all parties. Mr. Burgess has been for thirteen years editor of the *Royal Leamington Spa Courier*, and has now become editor of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*. The literary staff of the *Leamington Courier* also presented him with an illuminated address, and a valuable pocket aneroid barometer; whilst others gave silver-gilt inkstands, books, drawings, and I know not what besides, to mark their sense of his ability, industry, and geniality. Surely Mr. Burgess might well exclaim, in Shakspeare's native county, with Juliet to Romeo:—

“Good-night! Good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.”

Or with Posthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*:—

“Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow.”

May Mr. Burgess be spared to devote as much careful study to the wild flowers and antiquities of Worcestershire as he has done to those of Warwickshire, and may the people of Worcestershire equally appreciate his labours: for in the midland counties, as elsewhere, all ranks of citizens may say with Wordsworth:—

“The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!”

Yea, even among English Freemasons there are men who are totally ignorant of all Masonic Literature, and never so much as saw, much less bought or read, a single Masonic publication!

That excellent society, the Royal Archæological Institute, is just issuing to subscribers of a guinea each a General Index to the first twenty-five volumes of their valuable *Journal*. To this and kindred societies we owe much of that taste for antiquities which, in spite of the Mammon-worship of society, is daily increasing with the education of the people.

Kilmarnock is a place familiar, by name at least, to all the readers of Bro. Burns's poems, and the sum of £2,140 has been already subscribed towards the erection there of a monument to the memory of our gifted brother. A grandson of the bard, meanwhile, it is said, is an inmate of the Dundee workhouse.

Mr. C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., is publishing a third edition of his genial little treatise on *The Rural Life of Shakspeare, as Illustrated by his Works*. “I submit,” he writes of the great bard, “it is apparent and conclusive, that he must have had, in early life, unusual facilities for observing the phenomena of nature, agriculture, farms, and all the details of the entire range of rural life. Men with poetic feeling and power have depicted pastoral life; and some have written of it specially. Shakspeare did not set himself to do this: he took a loftier theme and a wider range; he worked to depict men and manners, not to write pastorals; and it is in his portraiture of human nature that he constantly uses the country with such wonderful knowledge and with such exquisite effect; far, in short, beyond any other writer in his own or any other age.”

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of Norwich and Paternoster Buildings, have just issued a neatly got up volume, to inculcate humanity to animals, from the pen of Miss Anna Sewell, daughter of the well known poetess, Mrs. Sewell. The book deserves a very wide circulation, as I hope to Show by a few extracts in another Note. It is entitled *Black Beauty, his Grooms and Companions; the Autobiography of a Horse*. As no novel is more entertaining, its fine humanity ought to recommend it to parents and teachers, and also to all who have to do with the training, riding, or driving of horses. Where Miss Sewell has picked up all her information about horses I know not; but I have read her book with immense pleasure, and as a friend of the poor brute creation, I thank her for writing it; hoping to do it fuller justice at a future time.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.*

THE funniest story that ever I heard,
 The funniest thing that ever occurred,
 Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
 Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, is a Mason true—
 As good a Mason as any of you;
 He is Tiler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
 And tiles and delivers the summons due;
 And she wanted to be a Mason, too,
 This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed him round, this inquisitive wife,
 And nagged him and teased him half out of his life;
 So, to terminate this unhallowed strife,
 He consented at last to admit her.

And first to disguise her from bonnet and shoon,
 This ridiculous lady resolved to put on
 His breech—ah! forgive me, I mean pantaloons,
 And miraculously did it fit her!

The Lodge was at work in the Master's degree;
 The light was ablaze on the letter G;
 High soared the pillars J and B;
 The officers sat like Solomon, wise,
 The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;
 The goat roamed wildly through the room;
 The candidate begged 'em to let him go home,
 And the Devil himself stood up in the East,
 As proud as an alderman at a feast,
 When in came Mrs. Byrde.

* This amusing skit we take from our admirable contemporary, the *Eclectic*.

O! horrible sound! O! horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say and do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with woe!
But this is not all my story.

For those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
The candidate howled like anything,
And thus in tones of death they sing—
The candidate's name was Morey—

“Blood to drink and bones to break,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him grim and gory!”

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word;
She staggered, and fell in the nearest chair,
On the left of the Junior Warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans—
That the chair was made of human bones!

Of human bones! On grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls;
Those skulls the skulls that Morgan bore!
Those bones the bones that Morgan wore!
His scalp across the top was flung—
His teeth around the arms were strung,
Never in all romance were known
Such uses made of human bone.

The bright stone glared in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not name;
Good angels that inquiring came
From blissful courts looked up with shame
And tearful melancholy.

Again they dance, but twice as bad;
They jump and sing like demons mad—
The tune is “Hunkey-Dorey”—
“Blood to drink,” etc., etc.

Then came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?

She saw him sink in a fiery hole!
 She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"
 While roars of fiendish laughter roll
 And drown the yells for mercy!
 "Blood to drink," etc., etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no more,
 She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
 Midst all the diabolical roar.

What then, you ask me, did befall
 Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
 She *dreamed* that she'd been in the Mason's hall!

AT THE LAST.

BY JAMES BERRY BENSEE.

THERE must be something after all this woe;
 A sweet fruition from the harrowed past;
 Rest some day for this pacing to and fro;
 A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
 Something more fair by far than starry nights—
 A prospect limitless, as one by one
 Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
 Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
 Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
 And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then, when that something lies athwart the way—
 Coming unsought, as good things seem to do—
 'Twill prove beneath the flash of setting day
 A nobler meed than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
 Hope will attain so marvellous a height,
 There can be nothing found within this life
 After this day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy
 And God's own light be ever light enough
 To guide the purified, ennobled eye
 Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
 A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
 Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
 E'en though but death and flowers at the last.

 THE CONDITION OF ART IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE recent visit of our Royal Grand Master to Nottingham, and the great success which has attended his visit, leads us to consider the present position of art in this country, which, we confess, we deem to be most hopeful. For when we recollect what it really was, say twenty-five years ago, and what it now is, we must be struck, we think, alike with the reality and the intensity of the change. What we mean is this. We have woken up at last to the conviction that art, like everything else, moral, scientific, technical, and instructional, requires education, and we have most wisely for some time been supporting and encouraging Schools of Art, Museums, and centres of scientific, technical, and artistic information. The *Times*, alluding to the subject, thus very admirably develops the same thesis, and expounds the same idea, in a manner which will be agreeable to all our readers to peruse and remember:—

“Neither the most indifferent nor the most superficial observer can deny that the condition of public taste in this country has undergone a great change in the course of the last generation. Whether the change has been wholly in the direction of improvement may fairly be open to question. It is inevitable in such an awakening of taste as we have witnessed that experiments should be tried and should fail, that faults should be committed, that fashions unsustained by discernment or instruction should come and go, and that even a sound and healthy taste should occasionally be pushed to extravagance. Those who remember the Great Exhibition of 1851 still feel a sense of humiliation at the contrast which English art and English design presented to those of other countries. We saw that we had fallen behindhand, and, though we could still point to our supremacy in machinery, in hardware, in good and solid workmanship in all departments where taste was not in question, we had to acknowledge that as far as art and design were concerned we were outstripped by all competitors. This was the humiliating fact, acknowledged on all hands, but regarded in many quarters with absolute indifference, which prompted the Prince Consort in his well-nigh solitary endeavours to regenerate the national regard for art. We had almost lost the sense of our deficiencies, and had begun to think that taste was an insignificant thing, and beauty an object unworthy of serious and rational pursuit. We have to thank the Department of Science and Art, and the taste which it first laboriously created and then successfully appealed to, for the change which has happened, and we owe the revival mainly to the bold initiative and persistent energy of the Prince Consort. There is now scarcely an article of manufacture produced in this country to which artistic design can be applied which has not been subject to a regenerating influence. In 1851, what may be called domestic art of all kinds was at its very lowest point, and most people were pretty well content that it should be so. Now, on the contrary, we are nothing if not artistic, and we are almost as fastidious as we were formerly indifferent. The movement has its extravagant and ridiculous side, no doubt, as every movement prompted by genuine enthusiasm and followed by mere gregarious fashion is sure to have. But, whereas five-and-twenty years ago it was next to impossible to gratify a refined taste in regard to articles of domestic and common use, now it is hardly too much to say that, whether in pottery, in furniture, in draperies, in carpets, in paperhangings, even in coal-scuttles and in pots and pans, it is positively bewildering to have to make a choice amid the variety of really beautiful things offered to us on every hand.

“It may be difficult as yet to say whether the revived appreciation of beauty for its own sake has taken any very deep or permanent root in the national taste. Much of it is doubtless due to mere fashion or to love of singularity and variety. But it is a significant fact that, whereas formerly no one cared for design and beauty at all, now all educated people care for them more or less. The result may be seen by anyone who will take the trouble to walk along the streets and look into the shop windows. He will see much to amuse, something to instruct, and not a little to repel him; but he cannot fail to discern a great contrast to what he would have seen only a few years ago. If, however, any improvement has yet been effected in the taste of the great masses of the population, the palpable signs of it are certainly still to seek. Popular taste is like popular education; it spreads very slowly, and it takes more than one generation to exhibit its tangible results. We know that newspapers and books of all kinds, some good, some worthless, many indifferent, are now read by thousands who formerly would never have looked at a printed page. *L'appétit vient en mangeant*, and if people begin by reading indiscriminately, some of them at least will end by reading well and acquiring a taste for good literature. Taste in art is acquired in the same way; we may educate it and elevate it if it once exists, but until it exists in some form or other there is nothing to which we can appeal. How, then, is it to be created? We certainly cannot expect it to grow spontaneously out of the squalid life of too many of our large towns. The sordid dwelling, the filthy and smoke-begrimed alley, the pinched and narrow existence, all furnish

but a meagre soil for the nurture of so delicate a plant. But, if we cannot make the life of a poor man beautiful, we can at least place beautiful things within the reach of his daily life. We are not a people with such spontaneous gifts of art that we can produce beautiful things at will and without instruction. We need education in taste, and that can only be attained by the contemplation of beautiful objects. There is scarcely a town in France which has not its museum, furnished with objects of local interest, with a few models of such great works as can be effectively reproduced, with the productions of local artists, and with specimens of design and execution specially related to local industry. In England we have hardly anything of the kind, and yet the climate of England, as well as the ordinary lives and occupations of Englishmen, are far more favourable to the growth of national taste than is the case in France. Nottingham has practically recognized our deficiencies in this respect and made a serious effort to abate them. If art and beauty are worth anything at all, they are certainly worth a serious effort to foster and sustain them. Do what we will, it will be a very long process to regenerate the national sense of beauty, but the only way to do it is to place beautiful objects within reach of all, and gradually to create a love for them. It may be long before the seed thus sown bears fruit, but when it does it will certainly be found to have been worthy of the cultivation bestowed on it."

We feel that few words of ours in addition are required to commend the good work to the sympathy and encouragement in any locality of Freemasons. We are bid, as we shall remember, pay attention to all that can develop and improve the mind, and we still believe, that in the love of the artistic, the graceful, the beautiful, lies one condition of a nation's advance, a nation's greatness, and a nation's civilization.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

(Continued from page 33.)

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Reference to the Universal Redemption of Mankind.

"Stone Tables were used by the Egyptians to write their secret laws upon, in their Mysteries, in unknown characters, which they call sacred; but God applied them to the use of public laws, plainly written and openly promulgated to all. Nor let anyone be disturbed at the supposition that, in framing the Jewish Law, regard was had to the prevailing superstitions of those times. For, from this fact, set by this other, that those very laws, so framed, were, at the same time typical of a more perfect Religion, I hope to deduce a most certain argument of the divinity of that Law."—BISHOP WARBURTON.

IT is a curious fact, and displays a remarkable instance of the exercise of a superintending Providence, that rays of truth should have been infused into an institution which was considered to be the great depository of every species of false worship that existed in the idolatrous world. This consideration makes it extremely probable that the Spurious Freemasonry was graciously permitted by an All-wise Deity to flourish in every age, from the Dispersion at Shinar to the Advent of Christ, uninfluenced by the rise and fall of states and empires, for this express purpose, that some knowledge of His designs respecting His fallen creatures might be preserved, even amongst those who had denied His omnipotence and renounced His worship. "It is an easy thing," says Lactantius,* "to show that the whole Truth was divided amongst the several sects of philosophers; and if anyone would collect the truths scattered among the sects of philosophers, and gather them into one body, he would not certainly disagree from the Christians." Clemens Alexandrinus † thought that the peculiar

* Just. l. vi. c. 7.

† Strom. l. vii.

philosophy of each sect was revealed from heaven by the ministry of inferior angels. To the same effect Socrates says in Plato, "that which is observable in the Mysteries is also to be found in philosophy. Many bear the Thyrsus, but few are truly inspired with the spirit of the Dionysiaca.

I proceed, therefore, to show that the doctrine of a Mediator, who should purify mankind by the shedding of blood, formed a prominent feature in the Spurious Freemasonry or religious mysteries of all ancient nations. Even the Chinese books, which treat of the most sacred rites, speak of a time when everything is to be restored to its primitive splendour by the advent of a hero called Kium-Tse, which signifies Shepherd and Prince; to whom they likewise give the names of the Most Holy, the Universal Teacher, and the Supreme Truth. This being corresponds exactly with the Mithras of the Persians, the Orus, or second Osiris of the Egyptians, the Apollo, or Mercury of the Greeks, and the Brahma of the Indians. And both Zoroaster and Confucius left on record a prediction that the universal Saviour should appear in the West.

It seems, from indisputable evidence, that a belief in a MIDDLE GOD, emanating from the Creator or Father, who should make atonement for sin, formed a constituent part of the system of the Spurious Freemasonry; implying an idea of crimes that merited punishment, which man of himself was unable to expiate. In pagan cosmogonies, as in the book of Genesis, the world is said to be created by the Spirit of God; but the Holy Ghost is the Sanctifier of man. It is evident, therefore, that these cosmogonies are a symbol of the formation of the universe, *treating of the regeneration of man*. The confirmation of this fact is seen in the initiation to the Mysteries, whose aim was the spiritual birth of the neophyte, and whose rites typified the creation of the world.*

The doctrine originated, most probably, from a tradition of the fall of man by the pollution of his nature. Some think, however, that this knowledge was acquired from the Jewish Scriptures; but, I am persuaded, erroneously, and I do not stand alone in this opinion. Bishop Stillingfleet says, "I do not see any reason to aver with so much confidence as some do, that those philosophers who spake anything consonantly with Moses must presently converse with the Jews, transcribe their opinions out of the Scriptures, or have them conveyed to them in some secret cabala of the creation, as it is affirmed of Pythagoras and Plato, and may, with no less reason, of Thales. But this, I suppose, may be made evident to any considerate person, that the philosophers of Greece, who conversed most abroad in the world, did speak far more agreeably to the true account of things than such who only endeavoured by their own wits to improve or correct those principles which were delivered by the other philosophers; which I impute not so much to their converse with the Mosaic writings as to that *universal tradition of the first ages of the world*, which was preserved far better among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, and others than among the Greeks."†

Lord Bacon says that they were delivered and related "as things formerly believed and received, and not as newly invented and offered to us. Besides, seeing they are diversely related by writers that lived nearly about one and the same time, we may easily perceive that they were common things derived from precedent memorials, and that they became various by reason of divers ornaments bestowed on them by particular relaters." The process, before the flood, of transmission was exceedingly simple though absolutely certain; for before the Dispersion there would scarcely be any error or variation in the events and predictions which took place in the first ages of the world. The length of life with which it pleased God to endow the antediluvian patriarchs, for the completion of His purposes, rendered the communication natural and easy; for Adam lived with Lamech if not with Noah, according to the Samaritan Pentateuch; and his sons were in existence at the building of Babel; and consequently the facts could not have received much corruption at that time, however accident or policy might contribute to their deterioration at a subsequent period.

* Weale, Archit. P. v. p. 1.

† Orig. Sac. p. 424.

The promise of restoration was subsequently transmitted through the world by the migrations arising out of the Confusion of Tongues on the plains of Shinar. Being embodied in the sacred drama of the mysteries, it was preserved there by a means which prevented it from being either perverted or lost, although too abstruse for the comprehension of those whose notions of the divine unity were, at the best, but loose and unsettled; and accordingly we find many erroneous ideas afloat in various nations respecting this fundamental doctrine of true religion. But the very diversities are strongly corroborative of the fact that such a tradition, however it might be allegorized, formed a constituent part of their religious code.

In the East, which was first peopled after the flood, we may therefore expect to find historical notices of facts and doctrines in some degree of perfection; as they would pass, without any material change, from generation to generation, down to the time when the sacred books of each country were compiled. Accordingly, amongst the Hindoos and their immediate neighbours, many religious legends approximate very nearly to similar events recorded by Moses. Thus, for instance: A son of the first man is said to have been slain by his brother. Sanchoniatho has recorded that a son of Uranus was killed by his brother. In Diodorus we find Hesperion meets a similar fate, and the Persian annals represent Siameck, the son of Cai-Amurath, the first king of Persia, as having been slain by giants. There is, however, nothing very extraordinary in the naked fact. The outlines of the history of the antediluvian world were known to the family of Noah, and consequently to their immediate descendants, the Cuthites of Shinar, and when the language was confounded this knowledge would travel with every tribe which wandered to people the distant parts of the earth.

If this reasoning have any force, we may fairly conclude that the knowledge of the great events connected with the salvation of man, which was preserved in the Spurious Freemasonry, proceeded from traditions communicated by the first man, and transmitted orally to his posterity; being recorded by Moses in the Pentateuch, but certainly known to the heathen long before the Exodus. For it is presumed that the principal incidents had become distorted by fable previously to that period; and therefore the Deity commanded Moses to make out a perfect register of them, which was preserved in the Tabernacle, and afterwards in the Temple at Jerusalem, as a record of truth from which there should be no appeal.

We are furnished with abundant testimony to prove that the expectation of a Great Deliverer was taught in the Spurious Freemasonry, although the important secret was strictly preserved in the esoteric degrees, until the period approached when the allegory should be realised by His actual appearance in the world. Daniel fixed the precise time of His appearance, which was acknowledged by Simeon and Anna to be correct, and it was the blindness and obstinacy of the Jews in refusing to receive Jesus as the expected Messiah that accelerated the destruction of their city and temple, and dispersed them over the face of the earth,—an awful monument of God's wrath to all generations.

Tertullian asserts that the philosophers of his time "had drank from the fountain of the prophets," and Clemens Alexandrinus expressly charges them with "stealing many of their facts and doctrines from the prophetic writings of the Jews." But, as I have already observed, I see no good reason for adopting this opinion. It is scarcely credible that the earliest legislators and hierophasts would adopt into their mysteries the written dogmata of a small and despised sect, who themselves evinced little faith in the efficacy of their own religion, and were continually lusting after the more licentious superstitions of their Gentile neighbours. I am persuaded that oral tradition was their guide. They flattered themselves that they possessed the especial favour of the celestial deities, and the temptation must have been strong indeed that could have induced them to deviate from it. Besides, though they might, had they been so inclined, have gleaned facts, they could hardly have extracted from those records the abstruse doctrines which were undoubtedly imbedded in their ineffable mysteries of salvation through the vicarious sacrifice of a Mediator, and a future state of rewards and punishments, which it is at least doubtful whether many of the Jews themselves believe.

(To be continued.)